

# WOLVES OF THE SEA

By RANDALL PARRISH

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CHAPTER XXII.

The Crew Decides.

Except that many of the men remained armed there was no suggestion of violence. But for the gleaming cannonade trained on the main hatch, and the small group of gunners clustered about it, the scene was peaceable enough, resembling the deck of some merchant ship. LeVere stood motionless at the poop rail, staring down and his attitude and expression of face aroused within me a doubt of the man, a determination to put him to the test. Evidently he had held aloof and refrained from taking even the slightest part in our activities. The men themselves were mostly forward, grouped together and still excitedly discussing the situation.

"Stand by to reef topsails," I shouted. "We're all one watch now. Go at it lively, lads, and when the job is over we'll eat, and decide together what's our next move. Two of you will be enough to guard the hatch and one of you go into the cabin and relieve the girl there. Keep your eyes open. I'll be down presently. Aloft with you and see how quick a job you can make of it."

Watkins led the way up the mainmast ratlines, and Cole was first into the fore shrouds, the others following eagerly. I watched them lay out on the yards and was heartened to hear the fellows sing as they worked, the canvas melting away as if by magic. I climbed the ladder to where LeVere stood on the poop, but carefully ignored his presence, my gaze on the scene aloft. Twice I gave orders, changing the steering direction slightly, and commanding the lower sails reefed. The mulatto scowling, joined me at the rail.

"What's all this about?" he asked. "That's no storm cloud yonder." "There is always danger in fog," I answered coldly, "and besides there is no use carrying on until we know where we are bound. My purpose is to keep the men busy, and then talk the situation over with them. Have you any criticism of this plan, Senior LeVere?"

He hesitated, but his eyes were narrowed, and ugly.

"You'll do as you please, but you told me we sailed for Porto Grande. Was that a lie?"

"Not necessarily," and I smiled grimly. "Although I should not have hesitated to tell one under the circumstances, I mean to leave that decision to the men themselves. It is their lives that are in danger."

"That scum! half of them are English and French. All they want is to get away; they will never go back to Porto Grande without you make them."

"How make them?"

"By false observations; there is no navigator forward. It is a trick easy enough to play with a little nerve. I would never have taken part in this mutiny if I had supposed you meant to play into the hands of the men."

"It is very little part you took Senior LeVere, judging from what I saw. You seemed quite content to stand aft here and look on. However you are in it just as deeply as I am, and are going to play the game out with me to the end. Do you understand that?"

"What you mean, senior—play it out?"

"Go on with the rest of us; take your chance with the men and do your duty. I am captain here. The first sign of treachery on your part will send you below with those others. I don't trust you, and all I want is an excuse to put you out of the way—so be careful what you do."

I turned and walked away from him toward the forward rail. The men were still aloft but coming in from off the yards. Below me in the door of the companion, stood Dorothy, her eyes peering curiously about the deserted deck. She glanced up and saw me.

"May I come up there?" she asked. "Certainly; let me help you. Stand here beside me, and you can see all that is being done. That's all, lads; breakfast is ready; lay down all except the lookout."

We watched while they streamed down the ratlines and gathered forward of the galley, squatting in groups on the deck. To all appearances the fellows had not a care in the world, or any thought of the stirring scenes just passed through. The girl's hand touched my sleeve, and I turned and looked into her face.

"Have you considered Captain Sanchez?" she asked.

"Why no," in surprise, "he is helpless below, badly wounded."

"Not so badly as you suppose," she said swiftly. "He is able to be up and about his stateroom. I heard him moving, and I believe the steward has told him what has occurred on board, and endeavored to bear a message from him to those men amidships. I held my pistol to his head and locked him in the pantry. He is there now, with the sailor you sent on deck to tell you."

"He is a danger, of course, but not a serious one," I said confidently. "It

is safe enough to leave him undisturbed at present. The first thing I need to do is to satisfy those men. I'll attend to that now, and then see to the proper securing of Sanchez. Remain here with LeVere while I go forward, and watch that he does not attempt to get below."

The fellows had not finished mess, but I felt the danger of further delay, and talked to them as they sat on deck, explaining briefly the entire situation, and the causes leading up to the mutiny. I dealt with the matter in plain terms, making no apparent effort to influence them, yet forcibly compelling each individual to realize what would be the result of our recapture. They listened earnestly, asking an occasional question, and passing comments back and forth freely among themselves.

I sent Watkins to the cabin for a roll of charts, and spreading these out, endeavored as well as I could, to make clear our probable position and the nearest point of land. When I had completed the explanation, and stood before them awaiting decision, it was Haines who acted as their spokesman.

"This yere is Cape Howarth?" he asked, a grimy thumb on the point indicated. "An' yer say it's 'bout a hundred and fifty miles west?"

"Yes, about that?"

"An' that's no settlement?"

"Some colonists fifty miles north is all."

"That's 'bout right." He turned to the others. "Say mates, this is how I figure. We can't go on no long cruise with all those bloody rats in the hold. They're bound ter find some way out if we give 'em time 'nough. Fer as I'm concerned, I'm fer dividin' up what we've got, and ter hell with platin'. What 'er yer say, mates? Shall we run the ol' hooker ashore, an' leave her there, while we tramp the coast? We're just a shipwrecked crew. What say yer?"

There was a chorus of approval sufficient in volume to satisfy me, and I accepted this as a decision.

"All right, lads," I said briefly. "In my judgment your choice is a wise LeVere?"

He hesitated, but his eyes were narrowed, and ugly.

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deed. Then there was but one to suspect—Sanchez!

I flung open the pantry door, but one glance inside told me that Gunsauls had vanished. On the deck lay the strands of rope with which he had been secured—they had been severed by a sharp knife, the ends discolored with blood stains. I held these out to Watkins.

"Cut since the murder," I said, "and by the same knife. What do you make of it, Tom?"

"Well, sir, the thing he'd most likely try for wud be ter release them lads amidships. My idea is, sir, he thought he'd have time ter git the bulkhead door open, before anybody cum below—he an' the steward, who'd know whar the tools was. That was the scheme, only we hustled in too quick. That's whar they both are—skulkin' back in their shadows."

He fitted the smoking lantern back onto the shelf to have his hands free for action, and drew a cutlass out of the arm rack, running one leathery thumb along the blade to test its sharpness. His eyes sought mine questioningly.

"Probably your guess is the right one," I said soberly. "We'll give it a trial."

Murder had been committed for a purpose—it was the first step in an effort to retake the ship. If we were to retain our advantage there was no time to be lost; we were pitted now against Silva Sanchez, and he was a leader not to be despised or temporized with; no cowardly, brainless fool.

The passage leading forward was wide enough to permit of our advancing together and for a few steps the light dribbled in past us, quite sufficient for guidance. I had been down this tunnel once before, and knew the bulkhead was not far away, but the few steps necessary plunged us into profound blackness, through which we advanced cautiously with outstretched hands. No slightest sound warned of danger and I was already convinced in my own mind that the refugees were not hiding there, when it happened. Within an instant we were fighting for our lives, fronted not by two men, but by a score, who flung themselves cursing upon us. Their very numbers and the narrowness of the passage was our only salvation. At first our resistance was blind enough, guided only by the senses of touch and sound. We could see nothing of our antagonists, although their fierce rush hurled us backward. I fired into the mass, as Watkins slashed madly with his cutlass, both manning in some way to keep our feet. Hands gripped for us, a bedlam of onths splitting the air; yet, even in that moment of pandemonium, I was quick to realize the fellows were weaponless, seeking only to reach and crush us with bare hands.

The same discovery must have come to the mind of the sailor, for he yelled it out defiantly, every stroke of his blade drawing blood. I joined him, striking with the butt of the pistol. We killed and wounded, the curses of hate changed into sharp cries of agony, but those behind pressed the advance forward, and we were inevitably swept back into the light of the cabin lamp.

Then I saw faces, hideous in the glare, demoniac in their expression of hatred—a mass of them, unrecognizable, largely of a wild, half-Indian type, with here and there a bearded white. Nor were they all bare-handed; in many a grip flashed a knife, and directly fronting me, with a meat cleaver uplifted to strike, Sanchez yelled his orders. Ignoring all others I leaped straight at him, crying to Watkins as I sprang.

"Back lad; dash out that light; I'll hold these devils here a minute!"

I did—God knows how! It was like no fighting ever I had done before, a mad, furious melee, amid which I lost all consciousness of action, all guidance of thought, struggling as a wild brute, with all the reckless strength of insanity. It is a dim, vague recollection; I am sure I felled Sanchez with one blow of my pistol butt; in some way that deadly cleaver came into my hands and I trod on his body, swinging the sharp blade with all my might into those scowling faces. They gave sullenly backward; they had to, yelping and snarling like a pack of wolves, hacking at me with their short knives. I was cut again and again. I stood on quivering flesh, crazed with blood, and seeking only to kill. I saw faces crushed in, arms severed, the sudden spurting of blood from ghastly wounds. Oaths mingled with cries of agony and shouts of hate. Then in an instant the light was dashed out and all was darkness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XXIII.

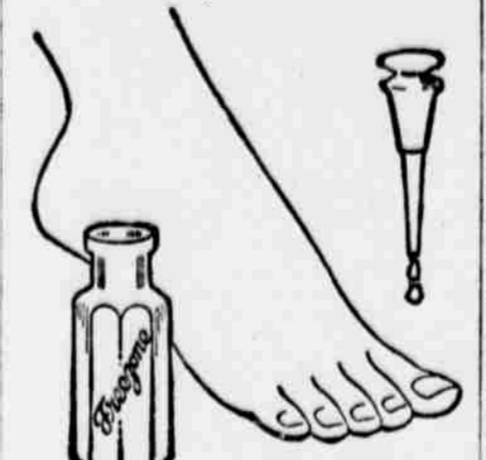
The Prisoners Escape.

The two men followed me silently as far as the companion, where we paused a moment staring blindly about us into the fog. Even the guard at the main hatch was invisible.

"Carter, guard this after deck until Watkins and I come back. Under no circumstances permit LeVere to enter the cabin."

With the door closed, we were plunged into a darkness which rendered the interior invisible. I wondered dimly why the man on guard had not lighted the swinging lantern. I stumbled over something on the deck, as I groped forward, but did not pause until I had lighted the lantern. It blazed up brightly enough, its yellow flame illuminating the cabin and the first thing I saw was the outstretched figure of the sailor almost between my feet. We needed to ask no questions, imagine nothing—the overturned chair, the stricken sailor told the whole story. He had been treacherously stuck from behind, the blade driven home by a strong hand, and was dead before he fell to the deck. It had been silent, vengeful murder, and the assassin had left no trace. Who could it have been? Not Gunsauls surely—the steward lacked both nerve and strength for such a

Lift off Corns!  
Doesn't hurt a bit and Freezone costs only a few cents.



With your fingers! You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin caluses from bottom of feet. A tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs little at any drug store; apply a few drops upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!

**Lonely Job.**  
"You want to get away from people," said the doctor wisely. "Your nerves are in a badly shattered condition. You must get somewhere you will be entirely alone."  
"Alone!" exclaimed the patient. "You have me wrong doctor. I'm a night watchman."

**Warned Her.**  
"Where are you going?" asked the butcher's wife.  
"I'm going out to get some butter."  
"Well, say—don't buy it at that store across from my place. The man over there borrowed my scales this morning."—Boston Evening Transcript.

**Nothing But Trouble.**  
"Ever have any trouble with your automobile?"  
"Yes. Ever since I got it, all my wife's relatives expect me to be their chauffeur."

**If you use Red Cross Ball Blue in your laundry, you will not be troubled by those tiny rust spots, often caused by inferior bluing. Try it and see.**

Only a wise girl selects for a husband a man whose mother didn't know how to cook.

Why is it we always need a handkerchief most on the day we forget it?

ALLIGATOR HAS GOOD POINTS  
South Carolina Newspaper Gives Some Reasons Why Indiscriminate Killing Should Be Stopped.

The alligator is another good citizen whose usefulness is overlooked, for killing alligators has been from time immemorial a popular pastime. In Louisiana it was found that when the muskrats multiplied and destroyed the levees; also the cotton-mouth moccasin, the garfish and the carp increased wonderfully. Whereupon protection was given to the alligators. This lacertilian, to give him his correct family name, has probably kept the muskrat away from the South Carolina coast, for the muskrat is unknown on the coast. If allowed to multiply the alligator will make inroads on the carp, the garfish and the cotton-mouth, all undesirable members of our fauna. The sum total of the alligator's evil doing amounts to this: He catches a dog now and then; once in a long while pulls a hog or bites the tail off a cow, for sundry stump-tailed cows along the Atlantic Coast Line ridge of way have met misfortune in this way. The cow, the dog and the hog are out of place when the alligator can get at them; but at best very little of this happens.—Charleston News and Courier.

**Getting Madder All the Time.**  
Bobby noticed that his friend Johnny was sitting on little Willie's neck, while the latter was faced to the ground in a helpless position.  
"What are you sitting on Willie for?" demanded Bobby.  
"Oh, I'm just going to sit on him till I count a hundred, 'cause my mamma told me to always count a hundred when you are angry before striking anyone, and I don't want him to get away."

**His Idea of Bigness.**  
During the examinations at the close of school, the fourth-grade teacher asked her history class to name the five most important men of the recent war. One boy, in all seriousness, answered the question thus: "General Pershing, President Wilson, General Foch, my big brother Tom and Andy Sullivan's brother Pat."

**Rather Neat.**  
"I object to admitting the plaintiff's ankles as evidence."  
"On what grounds?"  
"Ahem! Your honor, this is a breach of promise suit and I don't want my client's judgment to appear at fault in passing up a pair like that."

**Deduction.**  
"What's a polyclinic, Jim?"  
"I don't know exactly, but I guess it's a hospital for parrots."

## A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

Miss Kelly Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.

Newark, N. J.—"For about three years I suffered from nervous breakdown and got so weak I could hardly stand, and had headaches every day. I tried everything I could think of and was under a physician's care for two years. A girl friend had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and she told me about it. From the first day I took it I began to feel better and now I am well and able to do most any kind of work. I have been recommending the Compound ever since and give you my permission to publish this letter."—Miss FLO KELLY, 476 So. 14th St., Newark, N. J.

The reason this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, was so successful in Miss Kelly's case was because it went to the root of her trouble, restored her to a normal healthy condition and as a result her nervousness disappeared.

## Let Cuticura Be Your Beauty Doctor

All druggists; Soap 25c, Ointment 25c & 50c, Talcum 25c. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. 2, Boston."

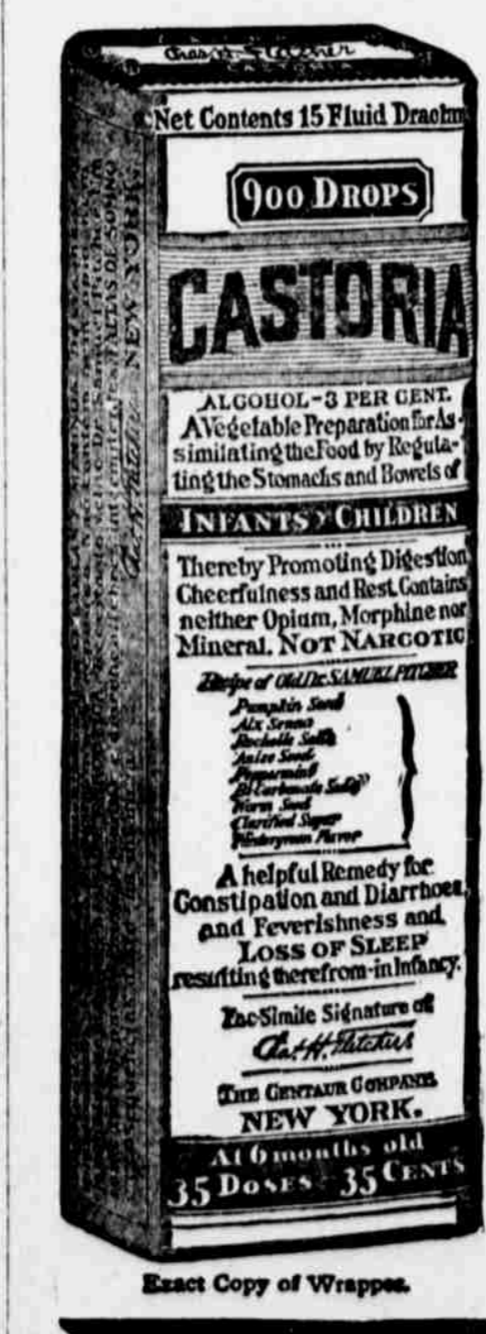
**PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM**  
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**HINDER CORNS** Removes Corns, Callouses, etc., stops all pain, restores comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. See by mail for particulars. Hiseor Chemical Works, Patheogue, N. Y.

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## Imitations Are Dangerous.

AN OHIO druggist writes to "The Practical Druggist," a prominent New York Drug Journal, as follows: "Please furnish formula for Castoria. All the formulas I have worked with are either ineffective or disagreeable to administer." To this "The Practical Druggist" replies: "We do not supply formulas for proprietary articles. We couldn't if we wanted to. Your experience with imitative formulas is not surprising, but just what is to be expected. When Castoria is wanted, why not supply the genuine? If you make a substitute, it is not fair or right to label it Castoria. We can give you all sorts of laxative preparations for children, but not Castoria, and we think a mother who asks for Castoria would not feel kindly toward you if you gave her your own product under such a name." No mother with a spark of affection for her child will overlook the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher when buying Castoria.



## Children Cry For Fletcher's CASTORIA

**Mothers Must Use Care.**  
Why do we so often call your attention to imitations of Fletcher's Castoria? Because it is a baby's medicine and imitations are always dangerous, particularly imitations of a remedy for infants.  
Your druggist may not keep an imitation but they are to be found on drug-store shelves. Reliable druggists think only of the welfare of their customers. The other kind only of the greater profit to be made on imitations.  
Your own judgment tells you that Fletcher's Castoria having for over thirty years at great expense held up its reputation, must jealously guard it. Then, it follows that this company must use the very best of material. Must employ experts in the selection of the herbs. Must retain skilled chemists in its manufacture.

Your same good judgment must tell you that these irresponsible imitators are trading on your credulity and the reputation built up by Mr. Fletcher, during all these years, for his Castoria.  
MOTHERS SHOULD READ THE BOOKLET THAT IS AROUND EVERY BOTTLE OF FLETCHER'S CASTORIA  
**GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS**  
Bears the Signature of  
*Chas. H. Fletcher*  
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.