

WOLVES of the SEA

By RANDALL PARRISH

CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

She turned her head, and I felt her eyes searching the dim outline of my face questioningly.

"Of course I did everything I knew," she replied. "Why should I not? You are here, Captain Carlyle, for my sake; I owe you service."

"And must I be content merely with that thought?" I urged, far from pleased. "This would mean that your only interest in me arises from gratitude."

"And friendship," her voice as confidential as my own. "There is no reason why you should doubt that surely."

"It would be easier for me to understand, but for the memory of what I am—a bond slave."

"Your meaning is that true friendship has as a basis equality?"

"Does it not? Can real friendship exist otherwise?"

"No," she acknowledged gravely. "And the fact that such friendship does exist between us evidences my faith in you. I have never felt this social distinction, Captain Carlyle, have given it no thought. This may seem strange to you, yet is most natural. You bear an honorable name, and belong to a family of gentlemen. You held a position of command, won by your own efforts. You bore the part of a man in a revolution; if guilty of any crime, it was a political one, in no way sullied your honor. I have every reason to believe you were falsely accused and convicted. Consequently that conviction does not exist between us; you are not my uncle's servant, but my friend—you understand me now?"

"And you would actually have me speak with you as of your own class—a free man, worthy to claim your friendship in life?"

"Yes," frankly, her face uplifted. "Why should it be otherwise? No man could have done more, or proved himself more staunch and true. We are in danger yet, but such peril is nothing compared with what I have escaped. I feel that your skill and courage will bring us safely to land. I am no longer afraid, for I have learned to trust you. You possess my entire confidence."

"But do you understand fully?" I questioned anxiously. "All I have done for you would have been done for any other woman under the same conditions of danger. Such service to another would have been a duty, and no more. But to be with you, aiding and protecting, has been a delight, a joy. I have served Dorothy Fairfax for her own sake—not as I would any other."

"Did you not suppose I knew?" Her glance flashed into mine through the star-gleam, with a sudden message of revivification.

"You know—that—that it was you personally I served?"

"Of course I knew. A woman is never unaware of such things. Now, if ever, I must tell you the truth. I know you care for me, and have cared since first we met. An interest no less fateful has led me to seek your acquaintance, and give you my aid. Surely it is not unmanly for me to confess this when we face the chance of death together?"

"But," I stammered, "I can scarcely believe you realize your words. I—I love you Dorothy."

"And is it not also possible for me to love?"

"You—you mean, you love me?" "I love you—are you sorry?"

"Sorry! I am mad with the joy of it; yet stricken dumb. Dorothy Fairfax, I have never even dared dream of such a message from your lips. Dear, dear girl, do you forget who I am? What my future?"

"I forget nothing," she said, proudly. "It is because I know what you are that my heart responds. Nor is your future so clouded. You are to-day a free man if we escape these perils, for whether Roger Fairfax be alive, or dead, he will never seek you again to hold in servitude. If alive he will join his efforts with mine to obtain a pardon because of these services, and we have influence in England. Yet, should such effort fail, you are a sailor, and the seas of the world are free. It is not necessary that your vessel fly the English flag."

"You give me hope—a wonderful hope."

"And courage," her hands firmly clasping mine. "Courage to fight on in faith. I would have that my gift to you, Geoffrey. We are in peril still, great peril, but you will face it beside me, knowing that whether we live or die we are together. I am not afraid any more."

CHAPTER XXVI.

A Floating Coffin.

The laboring boat rested so low in the water it was only as we were thrown upward on the crest of a wave that I could gain any view about

through the pallid light of the dawn. It was all a desolate, restless waste in the midst of which we tossed, while above hung masses of dark clouds obscuring the sky. We were but a hurtling speck between the gray above and the gray below.

The first thing needing my attention was the food and water. I crept forward cautiously and soon had Sam busily engaged in passing out the various articles for inspection. Only essentials had been chosen, yet the supply seemed ample for the distance I believed we would have to cover before attaining land. But the nature of that unknown coast was so doubtful I determined to deal out the provisions sparingly, saving every crumb possible. The men grumbled at the smallness of the ration, yet munched away contentedly enough, once convinced that we all shared alike.

"All right, lads," I said cheerfully. "Now we understand each other and can get at work. We'll divide into watches first of all—two men aft here and one at the bow. Watkins and I will take it watch and watch, but there is enough right now for all hands to turn to and make the craft ship-shape. Two of you ball out that water till she's dry, and the others get out that extra sail forward and rig up a jib. She'll ride easier and make better progress with more canvas showing."

The men gradually knocked off work and lay down, and finally I yielded to Dorothy's pleadings and fell into a sound sleep. It seemed as though I scarcely lost consciousness, yet I must have slept for an hour or more, my head pillowed on her lap. When I awoke Schmitt was again at the steering paddle, and both he and Dorothy were staring across me out over the port quarter.

"What is it?" I asked eagerly, but before the words were entirely uttered a hoarse voice forward bawled out excitedly:

"There you see it; straight out sign that cloud edge. It's a full-rigged schooner."

"Ay," boomed another, "an' headin' straight cross our course astern."

I reached my feet, clinging to the mast to keep erect and, as the boat was again flung upward, gained clearly the glimpse I sought.

"Ay, you're right, lads!" I exclaimed. "It's a schooner, headed to clear us by a hundred fathoms. Port your helm, Schmitt—hard down, man. Now, Sam, off with that red shirt; tie it on the boat hook and let fly. They can't help seeing us if there is any watch on deck."

We swept about in a wide circle, headed straight across the bows of the on-coming vessel. All eyes stared out watchfully, Sam's shirt flapping above

us, and both Watkins and Schmitt straining their muscles to hold the plunging quarter-boat against the force of the wind. A man forward on his knees growled out a curse.

"What's the matter aboard there?" he yelled. "Did yer ever see a boat yaw like that, afore? Damn me, if I believe they got a hand at the wheel."

The same thought had leaped into my mind. The schooner was headed to pass us on the port quarter, yet yawing so crazily at times as to make me fearful of being run down. I could perceive no sign of life aboard, no signal that we had been seen. The sight angered me.

"Stand by, all hands," I cried desperately. "We'll board whether they want us or not. Slip across, Miss Fairfax, out of the way. Now, Watkins, run us in under those fore-chains; easy man, don't let her strike us. Lay hold quick, lads, and hang on for your lives. Give me that end of rope—ready now, all of you; I'll make the lead. Now then—hold hard!"

It was five feet, and up, my purchase the tossing boat, but I made it, one hand desperately gripping a shroud, until I gained balance and was flung inboard by a sharp plunge of the vessel. My head was at a level with the rail, yet I saw nothing, my whole effort being to make fast before the grip of the men should be torn loose. This done, I glanced back into the upturned faces below.

"Hand in slowly, lads; yes, let go, the rope will hold, and the boat ride safely through. Let a couple of men come up till we see what's wrong with the hooker—the rest of you trail on. Let Schmitt and Sam come with me."

I helped them clamber up and then lifted my body onto the rail, from which position I had a clear view of the forward deck. It was inax-

pressibly dirty, yet otherwise ship-shape enough. Nothing human greeted me, and conscious of a strange feeling of horror, I slipped over onto the deck. The next moment the negro and Dutchman joined me, the former staring about wildly, the whites of his eyes revealing his terror.

"My Gawd, sah," he ejaculated. "Ah done know dis boat—it's shore de Santa Marie. Ah's cooked in dat galley. She was a slaver, sah." He sniffed the air. "A kin smell dem niggers right now, sah. Ah suh reckon dars a bunch o' ded ones under dem hatches right dis minute."

Schmitt's hand fell heavily on my sleeve and I glanced into his stolid face.

"I just bet I know vat was der trouble."

"What, man?"

"Cholera," he whispered; "we haf boarded a death ship."

CHAPTER XXVII.

On Board the Slaver.

The terror of the two men as this thought dawned upon them in all its horror was apparent enough. Nothing, not even fire, was more to be dreaded than a visitation of this awful nature on shipboard. Charnel ship though this might be, it was safer by far than the cockleshell towing alongside.

"Let's find out the truth first, men," I said quietly. "Hold your tongues. There is no use giving up until we know what the danger is. Will you come with me?"

The terror in Sam's eyes caused me to laugh and my own courage came back with a rush.

"Afraid of dead men, are you? Then we'll face them together, my lads, and have it over with. Come on, now, both of you. Buckle up; there is nothing to fear, if you do what I tell you—this isn't the first cholera ship I've been aboard."

It was no pleasant job confronting us, although we had less dead men to handle than I anticipated. Indeed, we found only five bodies on board. There were only two on deck, a giant, coal-black negro, and a gray-bearded white man, his face pitted with smallpox. Determined on what was to be done, I wasted no time with either body. The two sailors hung back, terrorized at the mere thought of touching these victims of plague. I steered myself to the job and handled them alone, dragging the bodies across the deck and launching them over the low rail into the sea. I ordered Schmitt to cut the lashings and take charge of the wheel.

"See here, Sam, and you too, Schmitt, I am in love with that girl in the boat. Do you suppose I would ever have her come on this deck if I believed she might contract cholera? You do as I say and you are perfectly safe. Now, Schmitt, remain at the wheel, and you, Sam, come with me. There will be a dead nigger aboard unless you jump when I speak."

He trotted close at my heels as I flung open the door leading into the cabin. The air seemed fresh enough and I noted two of the ports wide open. A tall, smooth-shaven man, with an ugly scar down one cheek, lay outstretched on a divan at the foot of the after mast, his very posture proclaiming him dead. His face was the color of parchment, wrinkled with age.

The negro crept up behind me and stared at the upturned face.

"My Gawd, sah, he was de ol' captain. Paradilla, sah; damn his soul!"

In what was evidently the captain's room I discovered a pricked chart and log-book, with no entry in it for three days. Without waiting to examine these I stowed them away in my pocket. Between us we forced the stiffened form of the captain through the open after port and heard it splash into the sea astern. There were two dead seamen in the fore-cabin, both swarthy fellows, with long Indian hair. I never saw a dirtier hole, the fifth overpowering, and once satisfied that both men were beyond help, I was content to lower the scuttle and leave them there. God! it was a relief to return once more to the open deck and breathe in the fresh air. I hailed the boat towing below.

"Come aboard, Watkins," I called sharply. "Pass the lady up first, and turn the boat ardu."

I caught Dorothy's hands and aided her over the rail.

"Why was the vessel abandoned?" she asked. "What has happened? Do you know?"

Quietly I told her the truth and assured her that if we staid on deck and used our own bedding and provisions we were in no danger.

"How can I help you?"

"Tell me just what I have told you," I said gravely. "They will be ashamed to show less courage than you."

We turned and faced them together as they formed a little group against the rail. Hallin was first to speak.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Soul That Is Truly Great.

Emerson, that greatest of modern philosophers, has told us that it is easy when in a crowd to allow ourselves to be swayed by the opinions about us and comparatively easy to keep our individuality and sweetness when alone, but that the great soul is he who in the midst of a mass of other individuals can still keep the poise and sweetness of solitude.

Work and Workers.

There is not so much difference in the world's work as in the world's workers. It is not so much difference what we are doing—so long as it is useful—that counts as the way in which we are doing it. The work of which we are ashamed we either have no right to do, or we are not doing it as we should.



Now that ostrich feathers have returned to favor the woman that has cared for her plumes will bring them out to find them increased in money value and available in a number of ways. Fashion approves of ostrich plumes in many forms and plumes are used not alone in millinery but as decorations for evening dresses and for making the handsome fans. The flues form innumerable fancy feather millinery ornaments, neckpieces, wreaths and fringes and are fashionable in both the curled and uncurled state. Handsome wreaths for hats are shown with the feathers along one side of the rib curled and along the other straight.

If plumes that have been laid away are in good condition but soiled it is not a difficult matter to clean them, except that the curling process is a little tedious. They may be washed in a lukewarm suds of soft water and castile soap. They are shaken in the suds and drawn through the hand to squeeze out the soiled water. After they are clean they should be rinsed in warm, clear water and wrapped in cheesecloth or other absorbent material and put through an ordinary clothes wringer. But the rolls of the wringer must not be close enough to damage the feathers.

After this washing process they should be shaken until dry. Holding the feather by the rib it is shaken and gently beaten against the other hand. If the little flues cling together this may be corrected by holding them over the spout of a steaming kettle. When the plume is thoroughly dry it is ready for curling.

An ordinary table knife will answer for curling a plume. The plume is drawn along the edge of the knife between it and the thumb. The trick is to curl the flue only at the end and not too tightly. Each flue is to be curled to correspond with the others.

A faded plume may be tinted or a white plume given a color by dipping them in gasoline into which a little oil paint, such as comes in small tubes, has been dissolved. One has to experiment to get the tint wanted. Gasoline will not affect the curl of a feather. This tinting should be done by an open window in a room that has no fire of any kind in it, or in the open air.

It takes a professional feather manufacturer to make fancy feather ornaments, wreaths and pompons of the flues. There are many new ways of using ostrich flues on the new millinery for fall and winter and the possessor of plumes will not look far before finding a use for them.

Top Coats Are Full and Soft



Already coats for winter, both in cloth and fur, have passed and are daily passing in review before merchants and buyers and reporters who publish the styles. Certainly no winter wear was ever heralded by more comfortable or more becoming garments. They are fuller than last year's models and the same materials that were so successful then are used to make them. Duvety, velours and similar cloths appear in lighter weights than last year so that top coats and suits may be full and draped without being clumsy. This ampleness of cloth makes the top coat easy to slip on and off and adds to its warmth, and there is room under it for panniers and other arrangements of drapery for wide hip effects. These are fairly well established in the styles and must be reckoned with. Heavy homespuns are used in some of the handsome and practical new models.

Collars are either of fur or of the cloth in the coat. They are very cozy looking in either case. The fur collars are wide and fit snugly, coming up about the face and chin and very high at the back. The cloth collars are managed so as to give the same effect of coziness with the face snugged down into them; very often they button across at the front and become a small cape when unbuttoned.

The coat shown in the picture is a good example of the new styles in substantial and practical top coats. It is of heavy cloth and therefore not as full as dressier models. Its narrow belt of the cloth fastens at one side, and its very odd and smart cuffs are finished with a single large button.

The pockets are set in. This coat is long and reaches to within six inches of the bottom of the dress skirt, which is almost instep length. Its collar could hardly be improved upon. For street wear or motoring or as a steamer coat this model may be worn with assurance. And the silk hat trimmed with fluted ribbon that bears its company is of just the same character as the coat.

Julius B. Bromley

Feminine Friveries.

Velvet figures, cut with raw edges and applied on capes and evening coats of heavy silk jersey, are an effective trimming. Sometimes they are edged with silk floss, sometimes with jet or colored beads.

For the woman who enjoys sport togery great enveloping scarfs of the softest Shetland wool woven on the diagonal and made in the most fascinating misty colors are to be found in a few of the smartest shops and appear to be finding favor when worn straight around the neck, with the wide soft ends tucked under the belt in front.

Dainty Collars.

Dainty collars make their appeal to the purse of the shopper, both by their colors and fabrics. Natural and colored linens embroidered in wool are good. Small collars in flit lace may be purchased very reasonably, while the ruffles of georgette in various shades are always acceptable.

Can You Afford That Bad Back?

Nowadays, to be half crippled with a lame, aching back is mighty expensive. If you suffer with constant backache, feel lame, weak and all-played out; have dizzy, nervous spells and fits of "blues"—look to your kidneys. You can't do a full day's work without well kidneys and a sound, strong back. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's have helped thousands of workers. Ask your neighbor!

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