

WOLVES OF THE SEA

By RANDALL PARRISH

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CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

"Vot was eet you say 'bout dis sheep? Eet haf cholera—hey?"

Dorothy took a step forward, and confronted them, her cheeks flushed.

"You are sailors," she said, speaking swiftly, "and ought not to be afraid if a girl isn't. It is true this vessel was ravaged by cholera, and the crew died; but the bodies have been flung overboard—Captain Carlyle risked his life to do that before he asked us aboard. Now there is no danger so long as we remain on deck. I have no fear."

The Swede shook his head, grumbling something, but before the revolt could spread Watkins broke in.

"An' that's right, miss. I was on the Bombay Castle when she took cholera, an' we had twenty-one days of it bent'n' agin head winds off the Cape. We lost sixteen o' the crew, but not a man among us who stayed on deck got sick. Anyhow, these blokes are goin' ter try their luck aboard yere, er else swim fer it."

He grinned cheerfully, letting slip the end of the painter, the released quarter-boat gliding gently away astern, the width of water constantly increasing.

"Now, hullies, jump fer it if yer want ter go. All right then, my hearties, let's hunt up something to work with and scrub this deck. That's the way to clean out cholera."

He led the way and they followed him, grumbling and cursing, but obedient. I added a word of encouragement, and in a few minutes the whole gang was busily engaged in cleaning up the mess forward, their first fears evidently forgotten in action. Watkins kept after them like a slave driver.

It was not difficult finding plenty for the lads to do, making the neglected schooner shipshape, and adjusting the spread of canvas aloft to the new course I decided upon. Sam started a fire in the galley and prepared a hot meal, singing as he worked, and before noon I had as cheerful a ship's crew forward as any man could possibly ask for. Dorothy and I glanced over the log, but gained little information. As the sun reached the meridian I ventured again into the cabin and returned with the necessary instruments to determine our position. With these and the pricked chart, I managed fairly well in determining our location, and choosing the most direct course toward the coast.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A New Plan of Escape.

Nothing occurred during the afternoon to disturb the routine work aboard or to cause me any uneasiness. Sunset brought clouds, and by the time it was really dark the entire sky was overcast, but the sea remained comparatively calm and the wind steady.

It was a pleasant night in spite of the darkness, the air soft and refreshing. The locker was filled with flags, representing almost every nation on earth. I dragged these out and spread them on the deck about the cabin, thus forming a very comfortable bed, and at last induced the girl to lie down, wrapping her in a blanket. Finally I found a seat beside her on a coil of rope, and we fell into conversation.

This was the first opportunity we had enjoyed to actually talk with each other alone.

"Dorothy," I said humbly, "you were frightened last night. I cannot hold you to what you said to me then."

"You mean you do not wish to? But I was not frightened."

"And you still repeat what you said then? You said, 'I love you.'"

"Yes, I can repeat that—I love you."

"Those are dear, dear words; but I ought not to listen to them, or believe. I am not free to ask a pledge of you, or to beg you to trust me in marriage."

"Is not that rather for me to decide?" she questioned archly. "I make a confession now. You remember the night I met you on deck, when you were a prisoner, and told you that you had become the property of Roger Fairfax? I loved you then, although I scarcely acknowledged the truth even to myself. We are all alike, we Fairfaxes; we choose for ourselves, and laugh at the world. That is my answer, Geoffrey Carlyle; I give you love for love."

"I would ask an opportunity denied me—to stand once more in honor among men. I would not be ashamed before Dorothy Fairfax."

"Nor need you be," she exclaimed impetuously, her hands pressing mine. "You wrong yourself, even as you have been wronged. You have already done that which shall win you freedom, if it be properly presented to those in power. I mean that it shall be, once I am safely back in Virginia. Tell me, what are your plans with—this schooner?"

"To beach it somewhere along shore, and leave it there a wreck, while we escape. The men insist on it with good reason. They have been pirates, and might be hung if caught."

"And yet to my mind," she insisted earnestly, "that choice is most dangerous. I am a girl, but if I commanded here, do you know what I would do? I would sail this vessel straight to the

Chesapeake and surrender it to the authorities. The men have nothing to fear with me aboard and ready to testify in their behalf. The governor will accept my word without a question. These men are not pirates, but honest seamen compelled to serve in order to save their lives; they mutinied and captured the bark, but were later overcome, and compelled to take the boats. The same plea can be made for you, Geoffrey, only you were there in an effort to save me. It is a service which ought to win you freedom. If the governor fall me, I will bear my story to the feet of the king. I am a Fairfax, and we have friends in England, strong, powerful friends."

"I am convinced," I admitted, after a pause, "that this course is the wiser one, but fear the opposition of the men. They will never go willingly."

"There is an argument which will overcome their fear. I mean cupidity. Each sailor aboard has an interest in the salvage of this vessel under the English law. Also there must be gold aboard—perhaps treasure also. Let the crew dream that dream and you will need no whip to drive them into an English port."

"Full pardon, and possibly wealth with it," I laughed. "A beautiful scheme, Dorothy, yet it might work. Still, if I know sailors, they would doubt the truth, if it came direct from me, for I am not really one of them."

"But Watkins is. Explain it all to him; tell him who I am, the influence I can wield in the colony, and then let him whisper the news to the others. Will you not do this—for my sake?"

"Yes," I answered; "I believe you have found the right course. If you will promise to lie down and sleep I will talk with Watkins now. I may catch some catnaps before morning, but most of the time shall be prowling about deck. Good night, dear girl."

She extended her arms, and drew me down until our lips met.

"You are actually afraid of me still," she said. "Why should you be?"

"Somehow, Dorothy, you have always seemed so far away from me I

until my hand was on the companion door ready to slide it open.

"I'll not be long below," I said soberly. "Better go forward and see that your lookout men are awake, and then come back here."

The port stateroom I had not previously entered because of a locked door. I determined on breaking in here. There was no key in the lock, and the stout door resisted by efforts. Placing the lantern on the deck I succeeded finally in inserting the blade of a hatchet so as to gain a purchase sufficient to release the latch. As the door yielded a sharp cry assailed me from within. It came forth so suddenly and with so wild an accent I stepped blindly backward in fright, my foot overturning the lantern, which, with a single flicker of the candle, went out. In that last gleam I saw a dim, grotesque outline fronting me. Then, in the darkness, gleamed two green, menacing eyes, growing steadily larger, nearer, as I stared at them in horror. Was it man or beast? Devil from hell, or some crazed human against whom I must battle for life? The green eyes glared into my face. I lifted my hand toward him, and touched—hair! My antagonist was a giant African ape.

Even as the big ape's grip caught me, ripping through jacket sleeve to the flesh, I realized my great peril, but I was no longer paralyzed with fear, helpless before the unknown. I drove my hatchet straight between those two gleaming eyes. The brute staggered back, dragging me with him. His humanlike cry of pain ended in a snarl, but, brief as the respite proved, it gave me grip on his under jaw and an opportunity to drive my weapon twice more against the hairy face. The pain served only to madden the beast, and before I could wrench free he had me clutched in an iron grip, my jacket torn into shreds. His jaws snapped at my face, but I had such purchase as to prevent their touching me, and mindless of the claws tearing at my flesh I forced the animal's head back until the neck cracked and the lips gave vent to a wild scream of agony. I dared not let go; dared not relax for an instant the exercise of every ounce of strength. I felt as though the life was being squeezed out of me by the grasp of those hairy arms; yet the very vice in which I was held yielded me leverage. The hatchet dropped to the deck and both my hands found lodgment under the jaw, the muscles of my arms strained to the utmost, as I forced back that horrid head. Little by little it gave way, the suffering brute whining in agony, until, the pain becoming unendurable, the clinging arms suddenly released their hold letting me drop heavily to the deck.

By some good fortune I fell upon the discarded hatchet, and stumbled to my feet once more, gripping the weapon again in my fingers. I sprang straight toward him, sending the sharp blade of the hatchet crashing against the skull. The aim was good, the stroke a death blow, yet the monster got me with one paw, and we fell to the deck together, he savagely clawing me in his death agony. Then the hairy figure quivered and lay motionless. I released the stiffening grip, rising to my knees, only to immediately pitch forward unconscious.

When I came back once more to life I was upon the schooner's deck breathing the fresh night air, Dorothy and Watkins bending over me.

I Dared Not Let Go.

have never been able to forget. But now the touch of your lips has—"

"Broken down the last barrier?"

"Yes, forever."

"Are you sure? Would you not feel still less doubt if you kissed me again?"

I held her closely, gazing down into the dimly revealed outline of her face, and this time felt myself the master.

I left her there and groped my own way forward. I found Watkins awake. He listened gravely to what I had to say, with little comment, and was evidently weighing every argument in his mind.

"I've bin in Virginia and Maryland, sir," he said at last seriously, "and if the young woman is a Fairfax, she'll likely have influence enough ter do just what she says. I'll talk it over with the lads. If they was only sure thar was treasure aboard I guess most of 'em would face hell ter git their hands on a share of it."

"Then why not search and see?"

He shook his head obstinately.

"Not me, sir! I don't prowl around in no cholera ship, loaded with dead men—not if I never git rich."

"Then I will," and I got to my feet in sudden determination. "You keep the deck while I go below. Light the lantern and bring it here. If there is any specie hidden aboard this hooker it will be either in the cabin or lazaret. And, whether there is or not, my man, the Santa Marie turns north tomorrow if I have to fight every sea wolf on board single-handed."

CHAPTER XXIX.

A Struggle in the Dark.

He came back with the lantern in his hand, a mere tin box containing a candle, the dim flame visible through numerous punctures. Neither of us spoke

CHAPTER XXX.

Opening of the Treasure Chest.

The dawn came slowly, and with but little increase of light. The breeze had almost entirely died away, leaving the canvas aloft motionless, the schooner barely moving through a slightly heaving sea, in the midst of a dull-gray mist. When Watkins emerged from the mist I proposed to him that we go below and continue the search for gold. He was not anxious to go and Dorothy persuaded me to let her go with me. In the room where the ape had been hidden we found a big chest and I set to work to open it.

It proved harder than I had believed, the staple of the lock clinging to the hard teak wood of which the chest was made. The lid was heavy, but as I finally forced it backward a hinge snapped and permitted it to drop crashing to the deck. For an instant I could see nothing within.

"Lift up the lantern, Dorothy, please. No, higher than that. What in God's name? Why, it is the corpse of a woman!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Good Fight.

A good fight is never for its day alone. It is for many days. And it is not alone for him who bears its utmost stress. No man can live his own life bravely and not be an enemy of social good, virtue proceeding forth from him to heal some brother's wounded heart. There is a riddle here for us to guess.—John White Chadwick.

An Advantage.

Another advantage of tortoise shell glasses is that they cover up a good deal of face.—Kansas Industrialist.



Cleaning Suits at Home.

Summer suits made of Palm Beach cloth—that is, of strong, plain weaves in cotton that go by that name—are cool and serviceable and they are very popular. But they require frequent cleaning, and cleaning done by professionals has become expensive. The Palm Beach suit is apt to prove a costly luxury unless it can be cleaned at home. The process which follows is about the same as that used by professionals, except that they have special facilities for pressing. But if one has a sleeve board the pressing ought not to present any very great difficulty.

Before washing, garments should be run in gasoline to remove grease or oily matter of any kind, allowing them to remain for five minutes. For washing, make a suds of lukewarm water and a good neutral soap. Wash in this suds for about fifteen minutes and rinse three times thoroughly.

After washing, the suits should be carefully examined for remaining stains, such as grease, paint, varnish and stains from automobile seats. Stains of this nature should be scrubbed with a brush and a good quality of soap. A few drops of carbon tetrachloride should be dropped on the stain and worked into the soap.

Fruit stains should be treated with a warm perborate of sodium solution, using one ounce of perborate to a pint of warm water. The spot is immersed in this solution from five to fifteen minutes. Ink stains should be treated with a weak solution of muriatic acid first (ten drops to a pint of cold water), then placed in a warm

Veils Return With Small Hats.

The veil is very much in demand for wear with the small hat or the toque, particularly a large square style with a silk hexagonal mesh in black, maroon, blue, or blue, and a border more or less lavishly embroidered in chain stitching. One of these veils has a hexagonal mesh, bordered with a row of large embroidered pastilles; another has a square meshed foundation in a fllet pattern, surrounded by a large Greek border embroidered in silk.

Pretty and Practical Hat.

A practical black hat which may be worn with white summer frocks or with dark costume has a brim of shirred black lace and tulle and a French blue picot ribbon is tied around the crown and made into a small bow across the back. Blue and rose-colored flowers and sheaves of maize-colored wheat give color to the hat.

SILK FROCK FOR A JUNIOR MISS



There is no haphazard designing of clothes for girls and misses these days. Styles for the several stages of girlhood, from six to twenty years, are definite. These are the school years, and designers that give all their care and attention to the needs of the schoolgirl have thought out apparel that is correct for all her activities and occasions. The average busy mother cannot do better than to rely upon these specialists in choosing clothes for her young daughters. They will not suffer by comparisons in school, academy or college (where they must be outfitted for study and for athletics and social activities) with any of their classmates.

The frock of taffeta silk shown in the picture is intended for a girl from eleven or twelve to fifteen years. Taffeta has a crisp quality that makes it especially suited to sprightly dresses for junior misses, and this particular frock is very cleverly put together. It has little niceties of finish that make it engaging, while they also play a part in educating their young wearers in the value of details. It is a pretty frock for dress-up occasions.

For a girl of eleven or twelve this model shows the skirt cut knee-length, but a few additional inches are to be added for girls who have entered their teens, the lengthening to be governed by the discretion of the mother. Six inches above the narrow hem there is a deep tuck, two and a half inches wide, otherwise the skirt is plain and gathered to the bodice.

The bodice has a front panel cut in one piece with a shaped girle that curves into a scallop, making an opportunity for pendant cords ending in little silk balls that match the frock in color. The long sleeves are finished with cuffs shaped to correspond with the girle. Vertical buttonholes, worked in the panel on the bodice, have narrow velvet ribbon brought through them to make a trim little tie, and there are neat and dainty over-cuffs of white organdie to protect the sleeves at the wrist. There are not many social doings, connected with school or otherwise, that call for anything more pretentious than this pretty frock.

Julia Bottomley

Bead Frogs.

Bead frogs are a novelty that forms an interesting trimming for chiffon and other sheer fabrics. They are frogs of the regulation shape, formed of beads strung and sewed into place.

Pretty Combination.

Hair braid in dark brown combined with mallines formed a smart little Hindu turban that was both light and comfortable for city wear.

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Such is Human Nature.

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