A Man To His Mate

J. ALLEN DUNN

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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"MEBBE A QUEEN!"

Synopsis.-Loitering on the San Francisco water front, John Raincy, newspaper reporter, is accosted by a giant blind man, who asks Rainey to lead him abourd the sealing schooner Karluk. In the cabin they find Captain Simms and a man named Carlsen. Simms recognizes the blind man, calling him Jim Lund. Lund accuses Simms of abandoning him, blind, on an ice floe, and denounces him. Simms denies the charge, but Lund refuses to be pacified. He declares his intention of accompanying the Karluk on its expedition north, where it is going in quest of a gold field which Lund has discovered. Peggy, Simms' daughter, is aboard, and defends her father. Carlsen, who is a physician, as well as first mate, drugs Rainey. Awaking from his stupor, Rainey finds himself at sea. Carlsen informs him he has been kidnaped. He offers Rainey a share of the gold, and Rainey is forced to declare himself satisfied. Lund gives him a brief account of a former expedition of the Karluk, tells him he distrusts Carlsen, and suggests a "partnership," Rainey to act as Lund's "eyes." Rainey is made second mate. Captain Simms is ill and the navigation is entirely in the hands of Carlsen. At the latter's suggestion a shooting match is staged and the seal hunters exhaust their ammunition. Carlsen shows his skill with the pistol and Lund does some astonishing shooting "by sound." Sandy the shop's boy, is swept overboard and is rescued by Rainey, who thus wins Peggy's admiration. The captain gets worse. Sandy tells how Carlsen is stirring up trouble over the division of the gold, Carl-sen draws a gun on Rainey, who overpowers him. Tamada, the mysterious Japanese cook, declares himself neutral. Lund, his sight restored, kills Carlsen. Captain Simms dies. The hunters attack Lund, who has taken charge of the They are beaten after a fierce fight.

CHAPTER X-Continued. -10-

Rainey was a little surprised at this show of thoughtfulness, but he did not remark on it. He was beginning to think pretty constantly of late that he had underestimated Lund.

The giant's hand dropped automatically to the handle as if to assure himself of the door being fast. Suddenly it opened wide, a black gap, with only the gray eye of the porthole facing them. Lund had brought up the muzzle of his pistol to the height of a man's chest, but there was nothing to oppose it.

"Hidin', the d-n fool! What kind of a game is this? Come out o' there.' Something scuttled on the floor of the room-then darted swiftly out between the legs of Lund and Rainey, on all fours, like a great dog. Curlike, it sprawled on the floor with a white face and pop-eyes, with hands outstretched in pleading, knees drawn up in some ludicrous attempt at protection, calling shrilly, in the voice of Sandy:

"Don't shoot, sir! Please don't shoot!"

Lund reached down and jerked the roustabout to his feet, half strangling him with his grip on the collar of the tad's shirt, and flung him into a chair.

"What were you doin' in there?" Sandy gulped convulsively, feeling at his scraggy throat, where an Adam's apple was working up and down. Speech was scared out of him, and he could only roll his eyes at

them. "You d-d young traitor!" said Lund. "I'll have you keelhauled for this! Out with it, now. Who sent

ye? Deming?" "You've got him frightened half to death," intervened Rainey. "They probably scared him into doing this.

Didn't they, Sandy?" The lad blinked, and tears of selfpity rolled down his grimy cheeks. The relief of them seemed to unstopper his voice. That, and the kinder quality of Rainey's questioning.

"Deming! He sald he'd cut my bloody heart out if I didn't do it. Him an' Benie. Lookit."

He plucked aside the front of his almost buttonless shirt and worn undervest and showed them on his left breast the scoring where a sharp blade had marked an irregular circle on his skin.

"Beale did that," he whined. "Deming said they'd finish the job if I come back without 'em."

"Without the shells?" Gord, they'll kill me sure! Oh, my your honeheads that I'm runnin' this "A king and his kingdom," suggest-Gord!" His staring eyes and loose ship from now on. I can sail it with- ed the girl.

Forceful Evidence,

A lawyer was once, at short notice, called upon to defend a horse thief. He did not know that the thief had Circumstances Over Which He Had No pleaded guilty and made un impassioned speech in the man's defense. He believed he had made an impression and the man would be acquitted. But the judge's summing up distilusioned him. "Gentlemen," said the At the other end of the lot was a judge, "you have heard his counsel. group of boys playing as only a lot of Only, remember this-the prisoner healthy boys can. was there when the horse was stolen

and the learned counsel was not."

look like a fresh-landed cod.

"You ain't much use alive," said

with the desperation of a cornered I've lived worse'n a dorg on this bloody schooner. I'm fair striped an' bruised wi' boots an' knuckles an' ends o' rope. I'd 'ave chucked myself over long ago if-"

"If what?"

The lad turned sullen. "Never mind," he said, and glared

almost defiantly at Lund. "Is that door shut?" the glant asked Rainey. "Some of 'em might be hangin' 'round." Rainey went to the corridor and closed and locked the en-

trance. "Now then, you young devil," said Lund. "What they did to you for'ard ain't a marker on what I'll do to you | Thet kid's stayin' aft after this. One | With plenty of gold they ain't much if you don't speak up an' answer when I talk. If what?"

Sandy turned to Rainey. "They said they was goin' to give me some of the gold," he said, "They sald all along I was to have the hat go 'round for me. I told you I was dragged up, but there's-there's an ing her meals in there. Rainey could old woman who was good to me. She's up ag'in it for fair. I told her I'd attitude that seemed to him normal bring her back some dough an' if I can hang on an' git it. I'll bang on. But they'll do me up, now, for keeps."

Rainey heard Lund's chuckle ripen to a quiet laugh. "I'm d-d if they ain't some guts to the herrin' after all," he said, "Hang-

in' on to take some dough back to an old woman who ain't even his mother. Who'd have thought it? Look here, my lad. I was dragged up the same way, I was, An' I hung on, But you'll never git a cent out of that bunch. I don't know as they'll have enny to give you."

His face hardened, "But you come through, an' I'll see you git somethin' for the old woman. An' yoreself, too. What's more, you can stay aft an'



"That's a Man's Life," Went on Lund.

wait on cabin. If they lay a finger on you, I'll lay a fist on them, an' worse,' "You nin't kiddin' me?"

"I don't kid, my lad. I don't waste time that way."

Sandy stood up, his face lighting. He began to empty his pockets, laying shells and shotgun cartridges upon the table.

"I couldn't begin to git harf of 'em." he said. "The rest's under the mattresses. They said they on'y needed a few. I thought you was both turned in. When you come out of the corridor I was scared nutty."

Between the mattresses, as Lund bad guessed, they found the rest of the shells, laid out in orderly rows save where the lad's scrambling fin-gers had disturbed them. Lund in the redwoods looking over the sea, stripped off a pillow-case and dumped them in, together with those on the

"You can bunk here," he told the grateful Sandy. "Now I'll have a few words with Deming, Beale and company. Want to come along, Rainey?"

Lund strode down the corridor, bag in one hand, his gun in the other. servant, a porcelain bathtub, an' Rainey threw open the door of the hunters' quarters and discovered them travel an' see stuff as it is? How in like a lot of conspirators. Deming blazes are you goin' to write advenwas in his bunk; also another man, whose ribs Lund had cracked when he had kicked him along the deck out of his way. The bruised faces of the a kicker engine in it, mebbe, an go rest showed their effects from the round the world. What's the use of fight. As Lund entered, covering them livin' on it an' not knowin' it by sight? with the gun, while he swung down Books and pictures are all right in the heavy slip on the table with a clat-

expectation to consternation. Lund. "Two tries at mutiny in one somethin out of 'em. Not jest copra "Yes, sir. Yes, Mr. Rainey. Oh, day, my lads. You want to git it into an' pearl-shell, but cotton an' rubber."

mouth, working in fear, made him out ye and, by God, I'll set the bunch "Mebbe I ain't," returned the lad, glanced at the orderly display of felt was bound to come, rising to the weapons in racks on the wall-"are surface. rat. "But I got a right to live. And to valuable to chuck over, but here go the shells, ev'ry last one of them. So that nips that little plan, Dem-Ing."

He turned back the slip to display the contents. "Open a port, Rainey, an' heave the

lot out."

gazed on in slient chagrin. Lund, grinning at them. "If enny of to me. you saw a man hurtin' a dog, you'd jest what he's bin doln', wish you was dead an' overboard."

He turned on his heel and walked to the door, Rainey following.

The girl kept below and seldom came out of her cabin, Tamada servsee Lund's resentment growing at this enough, though it might present difficulty later if persisted in. But the morning that they headed up through Sequam pass between the spouting reefs of Sequam and Amlia Islands, raised her hand to where Rainey was she came on deck and went forward sure she kept the little pistol, touched to the bows, taking in deep breaths of the bracing air and gazing north to the free expanse of Bering strait. Lund chuckled, but shifted his eyes to Rainey left her alone, but Lund welcomed her as she came back aft.

"Glad to see you on deck again, Miss Peggy," he said. "You need sun and air to git you in shape again." "How far have we yet to go?" she

asked. "A'most a thousan' miles to the tell." strait proper," said Lund. "The Nome-Unalaska steamer lane lies to the enst, Runs close to the Pribliofs, three hundred miles north, with Hall St. Matthew three hundred further. Then comes St. Lawrence isle, plumb in the middle of the strait, with Siberia an' Alaska closin' in."

He was keen to hold her in conversotion, and she willing to listen, asthe chart, spread on the cabin table. Lund talked well, for all his limited and at times luridly inclined vocabulary, whenever he talked of the sea and of his own adventures, stating From that time on Peggy Simms came to the table and talked freely with Lund, more conservatively with Rainey.

The girl, Rainey decided, was hu-Her coldness, it seemed, she had cast

And Rainey's valuation of her resources increased. She was handling mire her looks? her woman's weapons admirably, yet when he sometimes, at night, under light glowing in Lund's agate eyes, he knew that she was playing a dangerous game.

"What d'ye figger on doin' with yore share, Rainey?" Lund asked him the night that they passed Nome. It was stormy weather in the strait, and the Karluk was snugged down under treble reefs, fighting her way north. The cable was cozy, with a stove going. Peggy Simms was busied with some sewing, the canary and the plants gave the place a domestic atmosphere, and Lund, smoking com-

fortably, was eminently at ease. "'Cordin' to the way the men figgered it out," he went on, "though I reckon they're under the mark more'n over it, you'll have forty thousan' dollars. That's quite a windfall, though nothin' to Miss Peggy, here, or me, for that matter. I s'pose you got it all spent already."

"I don't know that I have," said Rainey. "But I think, if all goes well, and write. Not newspaper stuff, but what I've always wanted to. Stories. Yarns of adventure!"

"Goin' to write second-hand stuff?" asked Lund. "Why don't you live what you write? I don't see how yo're goin' to git under a man's skin by squattin' in a bungalow with a Jap breakfast in bed. Why don't you ture if you don't live it?

"Me, I'm goin' to git a schooner built accordin' to my own ideas, Have their way, I reckon, but, while my ter, their looks changed from eager riggin' holds up. I'm for travel, Mebbe I'll take a group of Islands down in "Caught with the goods!" said the South sens after a bit an' make

the rest of the boys?" "They don't want me to play with em," he replied bitterly.

"Are you sure of that?" he was asked. He nodded his head despairingly.

"Aye, an' mebbe a queen to go with of ye ashore same's you figgered on it," replied Lund, his eyes wide open doin' with me if you don't sit up an' in a look that made the girl flush and take notice! The rifles an' guns"-he Rainey feel the hidden issue that he

"That's a man's life," went on Lund. "Travel's all right, but a man's got to do somethin', buck somethin', start somethin'. An' a red-blooded man wants the right kind of a woman to play mate. Polish off his rough edges, mebbe. I'd rather be a rough castin' that could stand filln' a bit, Rainey did so while the hunters than smooth an' plated. An', when I find the right woman, one of my own "There's one thing more." said breed, I'm goin' to tie to her an' her

"I'm goin' to be rich. They've probably fetch him a wallop. But you cleaned up the sands of Nome, but don't think ennything of scarin' the there's others'll be found yit between life out of a hal's-baked kid an' mark- Cape Hope an' Cape Barry. Mean-'in' up his hide like a patchwork quilt. time, we've got a placer of our own. of you monkey with him, an' you'll do limit to what a man can do. I've roughed it all my life, an' I'm not lookin' for ease. It makes a man soft. But-

He swept the figure of the girl in a pause that was eloquent of his line of thought. She grew uneasy of it, but Lund maintained it until she raised her eyes from her work and challenged his. Rainey saw her breast heave, saw her struggle to hold the gaze, turn red, then pale. He thought her eyes showed fear, and then she stiffened. Almost unconsciously she something as though to assure herself of its presence, and went on sewing. Rainey.

"Why don't you write up this v'yage? When it's all over? There's adventure for you, an' we aln't ha'f through with it. An' romance, too, mebbe. We nin't developed much of a love-story as yit, but you never can

He laughed, and Peggy Simms got up quietly, folded her sewing, and said "Good night" composedly before she went to her room.

"How about it, Rainey?" quizzed Lund, "How about the love part of It? She's a beauty, an' she'll be an heiress. Ain't you got enny red blood in yore veins? Don't you want her? You won't find many to hold a candle senting almost eagerly when he of to her. Looks, built like a racin' fered to point out their position on yacht, smooth an' speedy. Smart, an rich into the bargain. Why don't you make love to her?"

Rainey felt the burning blood mounting to his face and brain. "I am not in love with Miss Simms,"

them without brag, but bringing up he said. "If I was I should not try striking pictures of action, full of to make love to her under the circumcolor and savor of life in the raw. stances. She's alone, and she's fatherless. I do not care to discuss her." "She's a woman," said Lund. "And

yo're a d-d prig! You'd like to bust me in the jaw, but you know I'm stronger. You've got some guts, moring Lund, seeking to know how Rainey, but yo're hidebound. You with her feminine methods she might ain't got ha'f the git-up-an'-go to ye control lum, keep him within bounds. that she has. She's a woman, I tell you, an' she's to be won. If you want aside as an expedient that might her why don't you stand up an' try prove too provoking and worthless. to git her 'stead of sittin' around like a sick cat whenever I happen to ad-

longer, you know. She's a woman an' the cabin lamp, saw the smoldering I'm a man. I thought you was one, with 2,258 cars to the same date last But you ain't. Yore idea of makin' love is to send the gal a box of candy an' walk pussy-footed an' write poems to her. You want to write life an' I want to live it. So does a gal like that. She's more my breed than yores, if she has got eddication. An' she's flesh and blood. Same as I am. Yo're half sawdust. Yo're stuffed."

He went on deck laughing, leawing Rainey raging but helpless. Lund appeared to think the situation obvious, Two men, and a woman who was attractive in many ways. The only woman while they were aboard the schooner, therefore the more to be desired, admired by men cut off from the rest of the world.

"That's a patrol bost, Japanese, for a million!"

CTO BE CONTINUED.

Chaleur Bay's "Fire Ship,"

According to investigations of Professor Ganong, the traditional "fire ship" of Chaleur bay, New Brunswick, appearing usually before a storm, has a basis of fact. It is a hemispherical light, with the flat side toward the water, glowing sometimes without much change of form, but at other times rising into slender, moving columns, in which an excited imagination might recognize the flaming rigging of

The general explanation offered is that this object is a manifestation of St. Elmo's fire, an electrical phenomenon, but the reason for its appenrance only on or near Chaleur bay s not known.

Letter Box Novelist's Invention. The letter box was invented by Anthony Trollope, the novelist, who was a surveyor of the post office in England from 1841 to his retirement from the service in 1867.

If in coubt about an experiment get some other fellow to try it first.

"Naw, you can't help me none."

hard, "I'm twins with a girl!"

decided to confide.

me," the lad answered, trying hard to keep back the tears. "Was it something bad?"

"They think so, But-but I can't help it!" the boy defended himself, you could only have nothing to do with "Come or, tell me all about it," he was urged. "Maybe I can help you."

"Well, tell me about it, anyway." The boy hesitated for a moment, but "Did the sar-major go this way, sen-"Well, mister, these fellows say I'm a sissy 'cause I'm," and he gulped

ness, it would be a relief.

Compiled by the Nebraska State Bureau.

GRAIN REACHES NEW LEVEL

Live Stock Strong. Hogs Nearing 10c. Lamba up 25c.

LIVESTOCK.

Cattle:-Receipts of cattle at Omaha included a larger percentage of good to choice beef steers. Buyers wanted well-finished beeves and the better grades sold at prices fully steady. Plain, short-fed and medium grades sold on a quiet market. A small lot of choice heavy beeves made a top of \$8.25 Wednesday and there were other sales of full carlots at \$8 to \$8.20. Medium to good yearlings sold around \$6.75@7.50. The bulk of medium beef steers sold at \$6.50@7.00. Choice beef cows changed hands up to \$5.75 with several lots moving at \$5.25 @5.50. Choice fat helfers, \$6.40. Choice light veals, to packers, up to \$9.00. Shippers top, \$9.50. Heavy veals, \$7.75 and down.

Hogs:-Receipts of hogs were normal. The market was featured by strong outside demand and a broad local packer outlet. Prices advanced 25@40c getting pretty close to the \$10 mark the middle of the week. Light butchers sold Thursday at \$9.75@9.95. Packing grades mostly \$8@8.50.

Sheep:-Receipts of sheep and lambs were liberal and with some inquiry from shippers and favorable reports from outside markets, prices held steady to strong. For the week, lambs made a gain of 25c. Top Thursday, \$14.45. Ewe top, \$7.65; Feeder lambs, \$13.50.

GRAIN

Wheat:-Prices tranded steadily upward, both May and July wheat selling at new high levels on the crop. Unfavorable crop reports from the Southwest and Argentine, high foreign markets, improved milling demand and confirmation of close adjustment of world wheat supply to demand were influencing factors. For the week, Chicago May wheat advanced 10c. Vislble supply, 2,117,000 bushels, a de-

crease of 163,000 bushels for the week. Corn:-The visible supply of corn was 34,772,000 bushels, an increase of 2,994,000 bushels for the week. Prices advanced with wheat and markets were active. Generally speakings, country offerings were reported lighter with farmers showing a disposition to hold for higher prices. Locally, the move-

ment was heavy. Potatoes:-Movement was steady and supplies were liberal at all markets. Northern stock, No. 1 sacked, sold in Chicago at \$1.65@90. O sacked Early Ohios U. S. No. 2, \$1.60 @65. Western Nebraska, Irrigated District: Carlots f. o. b. vacked No. 1 white varieties, \$1.30. Total ship-"I've seen you. I ain't blind enny ments of western Nebraska to February 13 inclusive, 3,587 cars compared

POULTRY.

year.

Receipts of poultry were lighter and prices advanced slightly. Springs, 18 @20c; Stags, 15@16c; Hens (light) 19 @20c, (heavy) 21@23c; Old Roosters, 12c : Ducks, 16@18c : Geese, 16@20c.

For the week, eggs were about steady in New York and 2c lower in Chicago. Local prices were also about 2c lower at 28@30c.

DAIRY.

Production was slightly lower for the week but still considerably in excess of last year. Markets were steady to strong at the close of the week but slightly lower than the previous week. 92 score sold in Chicago at 36%c. Local prices, country butter, 22c.

World's Future Lumber Producer. South Africa is now pointed out by leading authority as one of the world's best fields for timber growing. The work, he says, must be done on a large scale by the government, as individuals cannot wait for the returns. Various kinds of pine are declared to be the trees most suitable. The variable winds exert such a twisting upon growing trees that straight-grained timber of certain kinds is difficult to obtain. Pine seems to withstand the contoring influence more effectively than other kinds, and very fine, straight-grained timber of this sort is produced.

Overdoing It. The man who lays by a berrowed umbrella for a rainy day is altogether too thrifty.-Boston Transcript.

Mammoth Organs,

Amongst the largest organs in the world are the Haarlem instrument, which possesses sixty stops and 8,000 pipes; the Albert Hall organ, with 125 stops; the organ in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, with 110 stops; one at St. Louis, which boasts 150 stops; and one in Sydney Town Hall with 126 stops .- London Tit-Bits.

Therefore Avoid Mean Actions. One great trouble in doing a mean action is that your are compelled to associate with yourself afterward. If a man who was guilty of such mean-

Punched Time Clock.

try?" "I don't know corporal" "Well, keep your eyes open. What do yeu think you're here for?" "Here for? Two perishing hours!" -- Calcutta Looker-On.



NEW IDEA IN HOUSE BUILDING

Claim Made That by This Method Unskilled Labor Can Be Put to Practical Use.

Axel Wedberg, Floral Park, L. I., has made an invention that is said to be of great importance in house building, says Foreign Language Informa-

tion Service. Mr. Wedberg's idea is to build houses with cast concrete walls made in molds, which can easily be joined by means of hooks and props. The concrete blocks are then put together in the corners by dovetailing. The roof and the sidewalls are joined in the

same way. One outstanding advantage in this method is that houses can be built by almost unskilled laborers, as most of the cast concrete blocks are made to fit exactly where they belong before

being erected. Another feature is the easy way a damaged building can be repaired, the defective block only being replaced by a new one. Wall paper and paint are easily applied. The blocks are not solld, but are provided with a four-

inch air and insulating hole. The inventor came over to this country in 1903, and has since been studying and working. For the last twelve years he has been connected with several house-building concerns.

HAVING SHOP WINDOWS CLEAR

No Need to Lose Effect of Display Because Jack Frost Raises Seem ingly Effective Barrier.

During cold weather many retail merchants lose the effect of their window display by allowing their shop-

windows to become covered with frost. The covering of frost is due to the change in temperature in the window space. The remedy lies in having the space inside the windows cold all day. Back windows which partition the window space from the store itself

help, but are not sufficient. Several small holes should be drilled in the top and floor of the window



The Ventilators Should Be Hooded to

Shed Rain and Snow. space to connect it with the outside. About three holes, each one inch in diameter, are sufficient for a window of average size. These holes allow the outside cold to penetrate, and equalize inside and outside temperatures.-Popular Science Monthly.

Few New Yorkers Own Homes. Fewer New Yorkers own their own homes than do inhabitants of any large city in America. There are 11278,341 homes in New York and only one-eighth are owned by the occupants. This is revealed in a study made by the division of building and housing of the federal bureau of standards, which included cities of the United States having a population of over one hundred thousand. Des Moines, Ia., with over half, or 51.1 per cent of its 31,644 homes owned by their occupants, has the best record.

Obnoxious Advertising Signs.

Eliminating the signs from state roads should provide a good example for other roads, and in time it should have its effect upon the cities, where the citizens are obliged to wage a continuous battle to keep obnoxious advertising signs from parks and boulevards. The argument that in some cases the signs are better than the unimproved tracts of lane which they hide carries some weight, but it merely invites attention to bad housekeeping methods.-Exchange.

Home Ownership.

The more home and farm owners the country has the better. Men who own their homes are likely to be good citizens. They respect property rights. They take an interest in government because they have something at stake. They increase the production of wealth. They bear responsibilities.

The Days Gone By. "Don't you long for the good, old-

fashloned days?" "Sometimes," replied Miss Cayenne, "when I see pictures of gowns that cover the knees, But never when I

think of a man with side whiskers,"

That's Not a Sure Sign. Dadd-Why do you say that Mr. Hypp is not a good man? He goes to

church more often than any man I know. Kenne-Yes; he devotes all his religion to going to church.-Answers.

WAS HANDICAPPED FOR LIFE

Control Certainly Had Made Life Hard for Boy.

The youngster was sitting on a pile of bricks at the edge of a vacant lot.

"What's the matter, sonny?" a passerby asked the lad who was sitting

all alone. "Why don't you play with

"What's the trouble that the other boys don't want to play with you?" the

stranger persisted. "They found out sumpthin' bout