

# WOLVES of the SEA

BY RANDALL PARRISH

## Safe—for a Time—on the Deck of the Namur.

Synopsis — Geoffrey Carlyle, master of sailing ships at twenty-six, is sentenced to 20 years' servitude in the American colonies for participation in the Monmouth rebellion in England. Among the passengers on board the ship on which he is sent across are Roger Fairfax, wealthy Maryland planter; his niece, Dorothy Fairfax, and Lieutenant Sanchez, a Spaniard, who became acquainted with the Fairfaxes in London. Carlyle meets Dorothy, who informs him her uncle has bought his services. Sanchez shows himself an enemy of Carlyle. The Fairfax party, now on its own sloop in the Chesapeake bay, encounters a mysterious bark, the Namur of Rotterdam. Carlyle discovers that Sanchez is "Black Sanchez," planning to steal the Fairfax gold and abduct Dorothy. He fights Sanchez and leaves him for dead. In a battle with Sanchez's followers, however, he is overpowered and thrown into the bay. In a desperate effort to save Dorothy, Carlyle decides to swim to the Namur.

### CHAPTER X—Continued.

"Him? Oh, Jose an' me carried him inter the for'cassal, an' shoved him inter a berth ter sleep off his liquor. That was the last I ever see or hear o' him fer 'bout six hours, when this yere feller must a woke up in the for'cassal sum crazy. He cum a chargin' out on deck, whoopin' like an Indian, wavin' a knife in his hand, intendin' fer ter raise h—l. Well, it happened that the fust feller he run up against was LeVere, who was cumin' forrard fer sumthin', an' fer about a minute thar was one h—l or a fight. It was so dark I couldn't tell what did happen, but it was fust mostly, till the mate droye the poor devil, cussin' like mad, over agin the rail, an' then heaved him out inter the water 'long-side. I heerd the feller splash when he struck, but he never let out no yell."

"What did LeVere do?"

"Him? He didn't do nuthin'. Just stared down over the rail a bit, an' then cum back, rubbin' his hands. Never even asked who the feller was. Thar ain't nuthin' kin skeer that black brute."

"He ain't got no human in him. It's h—l when English sailormen hes got ter take orders from a d—d nigger, an' he knocked 'round if they don't jump when he barks. He's goin' ter get a knife in his ribs sum day."

"Maybe he is; but yer better hold yer tongue, Tom. Sanchez don't stand fer that talk, an' he's back o' LeVere. Let's go in; them gaskets will hold all right now—cum 'long."

I could now perceive now clearly the character I was destined to assume when once safely aboard the Namur. Such an assumption would involve but slight danger of discovery. It was as though a miracle had opened the way, revealed to me by the unconscious lips of these two half-drunken, gossiping sailors. The story told fitted my necessities exactly. Had I planned the circumstances myself nothing could have been better prearranged. No one on board had seen the missing man by daylight; he was believed to have sunk without a struggle. Yet no one knew positively that this was so, because no one cared. The death of the lad had simply been taken for granted when LeVere had failed to see his body rise again to the surface. Yet it was quite within the realm of possibility for the fellow to come up once more in that darkness, beyond LeVere's range of vision, and even to have remained afloat, buoyed up by clinging to the anchor hawser, until strong enough to return on board. At least there was no one aboard the Namur able to deny that this had been done.

Satisfied by this reasoning of being able to pass myself off as the dead man, I began slowly and cautiously to drag myself up the taut hawser. I had chosen a fortunate moment for my effort; no one heeded the little noise I made, and when I finally topped the rail and was able to look inboard it was to discover a deserted fore deck, with the watch all engaged at some task amidships. I crept down the fore-castle ladder and worked my way aft beneath the black shadow of the port rail, until able thus to drift unnoticed to a group talling onto a mainsail halyard. The fellow next to me, without releasing his grip, turned his head and stared, but without discerning my features

"Whar did yer cum frum?" he growled, and I as instantly recognized Bill Haines. "Been sojerin', have yer? Well, now, lay to an' pull."

Before I could attempt an answer a tall figure loomed up before us, the same high-pitched voice I had noticed previously calling out sharply:

"There, that's enough, men! Now make fast. We can head the old girl out from here in a jiffy, if it really befits to blow. Jose, you stand by at the wheel, in case you're needed; some of the rest ship the capstan bars, and remain near for a call."

"Whar are ye swingin' the yards fur, anyhow, LeVere?" asked Haines insolently. "Just fer exercise!"

"Because I am a sailor, Haines," he replied angrily. "Anyhow it is none of your business; I was left in command here. Those clouds don't look good to me; there is going to be a blow before morning."

Haines growled something and LeVere wheeled sharply about to go forward. This movement placed him face to face with me.

"Whar are you loafing here fer? Who are you?"

"Joe Gates, sir," I answered quickly, mousing the first name which came to my lips.

"Gates—Joe Gates?" peering savagely into my face but unable to distinguish the features. "I never heard of anybody on board by that name. Who is the fellow, Haines?"

The Englishman gripped me by the sleeve to whirl me about, but as his fingers touched the soaked cloth of my jacket he burst forth with an oath. "He's wet enough to be the same lad you chucked overboard an hour ago. I believe he is. Say, mate, are you the guy buck we hauled aboard drunk, and dumped into the for'cassal?"

"I dunno, sir," I answered dumbly, believing it best not to remember too much. "I couldn't even tell yer what



"What Are You Loafing Here For?" ship this is, ner how I signed on. Last I seem ter remember I was ashore frum the schooner Caroline; but this yere is a bark."

Haines laughed, already convinced of my identity, and considering it a good joke. Then he proceeded to tell me all about it.

LeVere broke in with a savage snarl. "Whar's all that? Do you mean, Haines, that this is the same d—d scamp who tried to stick me?"

"No doubt of it. But he never knew what he was doin'—he was crazy as a loon. There's nuthin' fer yer ter fuss over now. Tell us about it, Gates—the bath must have sobered yer up."

I watched LeVere, but he remained motionless, a mere shadow.

"I suppose it must have been that, sir," I confessed respectfully, "if things happened as you say they did. I haven't any memory o' tryin' ter slash nobody. Leastwise I seemed ter know what I was about when I cum up. I don't remember how I got thar; fust I knew I was slushin' 'round in the water, a tryin' ter keep afloat. It was so blame dark I cudn't see nuthin', but sumhow I got grip on a hawser, an' hung on till I got back 'nough strength ter clime on board. I knew this w'n't my ship, so I just lay quiet awhile, figurin' out whar I was."

"Yer English?"

"Born in Bristol, sir, but I was workin' on the Caroline—she's a Colony schooner, in the fish trade. At sea since I was twelve. Whar's this yere bark—Dutch, ain't she?"

"Once upon a time; just now we are flying whatever flag comes handy. We ain't got no prejudice in flags."

"Is that a gun 'errard, covered with tau-pallin'?"

"Yes, an' yer might find another aft, if yer looked fer it. Mor'n that, we know how ter use 'em. Now see here, Gates; thar's no reason why we should beat about the bush—fact is we're sea rovers."

"Sea rovers—pirates, sir?"

"Bah! whar's a name! We take what we want; it's our trade, that's all. No worse than many another. The question is, are yer goin' ter take a chance 'long with us? It's the only life, lad—plenty of fun, the best of liquor and pretty girls, with a share in all the swag."

"Whar is the name of this bark?"

"The Namur—out o' Rotterdam till we took her."

"Who's the captain?"

"Silva Sanchez."

"Gawd! Sanchez—not—that Black Sanchez?"

"That's him; so yer've heerd o' 'Black Sanchez? Well, we're sailin' 'long with him, all right, mate, an' yer ought ter know what that means fer a good man."

I hesitated, yet only long enough to leave the impression I sought to make on them both.

"Likely thar ain't no sailor but what has heerd o' him," I said slowly. "It don't look like thar was much choice, does it?"

LeVere appeared amused in his way, which was not a pleasant one.

"Oh, yes, friend, there is choice enough. Bill, here, had exactly the same choice when he first came—he, Bill? Remember how you signed on, after we took you off the Albatross? This is how it stands, Gates—either go forrard quietly yerself, or the both of us will kick you there. That will be enough talk. Go on, now."

It was a curt dismissal, coupled with a plain threat, easy to understand. I obeyed the order gladly enough, slinking away into the black shadows forward, realizing my good fortune, and seeking some spot where I could be alone.

The crew had 'disappeared, lying down no doubt in corners out of the wind. And this wind was certainly rising. I wondered that LeVere hung on so long in his perilous position, although, in spite of the increased strain, the anchor still clung firmly. It seemed to me that no hawser ever made could long withstand the terrific strain of our tugging, as the struggling bark rose and fell in the grip of the sea. To him must have come the same conviction, for suddenly his high-pitched voice sang out from the poop:

"Stand by, forrard, to lower the starboard anchor; move lively, men. Everything ready, Haines?"

"All clear, sir. Come on the jump, bulles!"

"Then let go smartly. Watch that you don't get the line fouled. Aloft there! Anything in sight, Caverre?"

From high up on the fore-top yard, the answer, blown by the wind, came down in broken English:

"Non, m'sieur; I see nottings."

I joined the watch forward. The number of men on deck was evidence of a large crew, there being many more than were necessary for the work to be done. Most of them appeared to be able seamen, and Haines drove them mercilessly, cursing them for lubbers, and twice kicking viciously at a stooping form. Then the great rope began to slip swiftly through the hawse hole, and we heard the sharp splash as the iron flukes struck the water, and sank. Almost at that same instant the voice of Caverre rang out from the masthead:

"A sail, m'sieur—a sail!"

"Whar away?"

"Off ze port quarter. I make eet to be ze leetle boat—she just round ze point."

### CHAPTER XI.

#### The Return of the Boat.

The crew hurried over to the port rail. Beyond doubt most of those aboard realized that this had been an expedition of some importance, the culmination of their long wait on the coast, part of some scheme of their chief, in the spoils of which they expected to share. Moreover this boat approaching through the darkness was bringing back their leader, and however else they might feel toward him, the reckless, daring, and audacious resourcefulness of Sanchez meant success.

I was made to comprehend all this by the low, muttered utterances of those crowding near me, spoken in nearly every language of the world. Much I could not translate, yet enough reached my ears to convince me of the temper of the crew—their feverish eagerness to be again at sea, under command of a captain whom they both hated and feared—a cruel, cold-blooded monster, yet a genius in crime, and a natural leader of such men as these. Black Sanchez! I listened to their comments, their expectations, with swiftly beating heart. I alone knew what that boat was bringing. What would be the result when the dead body of their leader came up over the rail?

With dangers threatening from every hand, Carlyle faces a problem. Shall he save himself while there is yet time, or shall he face the danger, kill and perhaps be killed? Shall he take the one desperate chance of aiding the girl who fills his thoughts or shall he play the craven coward?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Can, but Don't. German experimenters have found that explosions can be caused in gas works by sparks from telephones, although nothing of the kind has been known to occur.

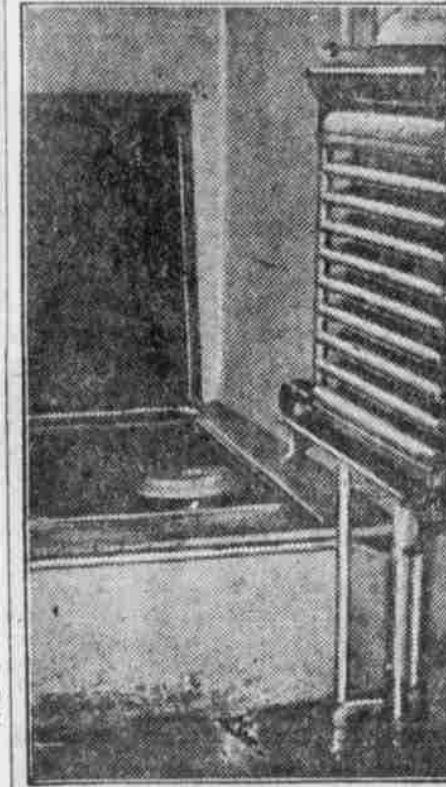
# DAIRY FACTS

## COOLING MILK ON THE FARM

During Hot Weather It Is Best to Arrange System So That Water Comes Direct From Well.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Milk may be cooled most efficiently on the farm by running it over a surface cooler in which the available water supply is used at its coldest temperature and the cooling completed by storing the cans of milk in a tank of ice water. It is possible in that way within a short time to lower the temperature of milk to below 50 degrees F. Frequently the water used for cooling milk is not used to the best advantage. Spring water is sometimes allowed to flow over the surface of the ground and is warmed several degrees before reaching the cooling apparatus. During the summer water from a storage tank above ground is usually much warmer than that drawn directly from the well. It is best, therefore, to arrange the cooling system so that the water which flows through the surface cooler or cooling tank comes directly from the well or, if from a spring, it is conveyed in a pipe well below the surface of the ground. If ice is used in a cooling tank the quantity of water surrounding the cans should be as small as possible to give satisfactory results. Space enough should be provided between the sides of the tank and the cans of milk to allow for a sufficient quantity of ice and water to cool the milk properly. If a large volume of water has to be cooled much more ice will be necessary. If it is desired to cool milk quickly from an initial temperature of about 85 degrees F. to one of 50 de-



An inexpensive concrete ice-water tank.

grees F. by setting the cans in a tank of ice water, the ice water in the tank should have a temperature of about 37 degrees F. Under these conditions about four gallons of water will suffice for each gallon of milk.

In order to cool and hold milk at low temperatures on the average farm a properly constructed cooling tank is necessary. In fact most dairy farms have some sort of tank in which water or water and ice are used to cool and store milk. When an abundant supply of cold-running water continuously passes through the tank it is unnecessary to go to the expense of insulation.

## MAKE AND USE STERILIZER

Necessary for Production of Dairy Products of High Quality—Steam Is Recommended.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Sterilization of dairy utensils is necessary for the production of dairy products of high quality, particularly milk and cream, because the washing of dairy utensils, at least by the process generally used, is not sufficient to insure freedom from infection and contamination. Steam is necessary to kill the disease germs and harmful bacteria that lurk in milk cans, buckets and other such equipment used wherever milk is produced. Dairy utensils on small farms are not often sterilized efficiently because steam is not available. The United States department of agriculture has devised a simple and inexpensive, yet efficient, steam sterilizer which can be provided at such a small cost as to justify its use on any farm from which milk or cream is sold. The additional keeping quality which the sterilization of utensils will give milk and cream probably will pay for the cost of the sterilizer in one season. Full particulars on how to make and use this device are described in Farmers' Bulletin 748, a copy of which can be had, so long as the supply lasts, on application to the United States Department of Agriculture.

Helps teeth, breath, appetite, digestion.

HERMETICALLY sealed in its wax-wrapped package, air-tight, impurity proof—WRIGLEY'S is hygienic and wholesome. The goody that's good for young and old.

The Flavor Lasts

Be sure to get WRIGLEY'S Look for the name

Hard Task. Tom—Halloo, Dick, old boy! Writing home for money?

Dick—No.

Tom—What are you taking so much trouble for? You've been fussing about two blessed hours over that one letter.

Dick—I'm trying to write home without asking for money.

Eventually. "I say, Fritz, I've found a diamond stickpin."

"Where is it?"

"For the time being over there in the scarf of the old gent with the monocle."—Ulk, Berlin.

Everything Spread Out. Mistress—Is the table all set.

Maid—Yessum, I think so. I don't see anything that isn't here.

It's easier to acquire a poor wife than a good servant girl.

A man imagines he meets a lot of inferiors daily—but he doesn't.

THIN PEOPLE SHOULD TAKE PHOSPHATE

Nothing Like Plain Bitro-Phosphate to Put on Firm, Healthy Flesh and to Increase Strength, Vigor and Nerve Force.

Judging from the countless preparations and treatments which are continually being advertised for the purpose of making thin people fleshy, developing arms, neck and bust, and replacing ugly hollows and angles by the soft curved lines of health and beauty, there are evidently thousands of men and women who keenly feel their excessive thinness.

Thinness and weakness are often due to starved nerves. Our bodies need more phosphate than is contained in modern foods. Physicians claim there is nothing that will supply this deficiency so well as the organic phosphate known among druggists as bitro-phosphate, which is inexpensive and is sold by most all druggists under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. By feeding the nerves directly and by supplying the body cells with the necessary phosphoric food elements, bitro-phosphate should produce a welcome transformation in the appearance; the increase in weight frequently being astonishing.

Increase in weight also carries with it a general improvement in the health. Nervousness, sleeplessness and lack of energy, which nearly always accompany excessive thinness, should disappear, dull eyes become bright, and pale cheeks glow with the bloom of perfect health.

CAUTION:—Although bitro-phosphate is unsurpassed for relieving nervousness, sleeplessness and general weakness, it should not, owing to its tendency to increase weight, be used by anyone who does not desire to put on flesh.

The Way Around. Mrs. Wakeup—Where did Mrs. de Style get her new hat?

Mrs. Blase—That's a problem. She bought it with the money which her husband borrowed from her uncle, who had won it in a poker game from her brother, to whom she had loaned it shortly after her mother had taken it from her father's pockets and given it to her for a birthday present.—New York Globe.

Fur Fashions. "When did the custom of wearing summer furs originate?" asked the woman.

"I dunno," replied the man; "probably among the Eskimos."

Would Trouble Anyone. "Poor Jones is troubled with dyspepsia."

"Well, who wouldn't be?"

Wait! "Phwat's that noise, Mrs. Mullally?"

"Mary Ann's practicin' th' scales."

"Begorra, she musht weigh a ton!"

When speaking of her age a woman doesn't tell you one thing today and another thing ten years later.

It sometimes comes to pass that a newly married man is almost as fond of his wife as he is of himself.

Your Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggists or by mail 60c per Bottle. For Book of the Eye free write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

KOR-KER Eliminates Eye Troubles

Seals Punctures Stops Slow Leaks Gives 50% more mileage. Preserves tubes. 7 year success in 40 countries. Not a filler. Does not affect resiliency. Keeps tubes fully inflated. Prevents rim cuts, etc. Send for booklet of testimonials. Dealer correspondence invited. ALCONO MFG. CO. 128 South St., Newark, N. J.