

WOLVES OF THE SEA

By RANDALL PARRISH

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Dare He Confide in Anyone? Carlyle Takes a Chance.

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' followers, however, he is overpowered and thrown into the bay. In a desperate effort to save Dorothy, Carlyle decides to swim to the Namur. By a ruse he gets aboard and mingles with the crew. The pirates return to the Namur with Dorothy, the captured gold and Sanchez, badly wounded but still alive.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

He glanced about warily, lowering his voice until it became a hoarse whisper.

"Three years, mate, and most of that time has been hell. I haven't even been ashore, but once, and that was on an island. These fellows don't put any trust in my kind, nor give them any chance to cut and run. Once in awhile a lad does get away, but most of them are caught; and those that are sure get their punishment. They never try it again. I've seen them staked out on the sand and left to die; that ain't no nice thing to remember."

"But how did you come into it?"

"Like most of the rest, I was second mate of the Ranger, a Glasgow brig. These fellows overhauled us at daybreak about a hundred miles off the east end of Cuba. Our skipper was Scotch, and he put up some fight, but it wasn't any use. There was only three of us left alive when the pirates came aboard. One of these died two days later, and another was washed overboard and drowned down in the Gulf. I am all that is left of the Ranger."

"You saved your life by taking on?"

"Sanchez had the two of us, who were able to stand, back in his cabin. He put it to us straight. He said it was up to us whether we signed up or walked the plank; and he didn't appear to care a damn which we chose."

"And you say others of this crew have been obtained in the same manner?" I questioned, deeply interested, and perceiving in this a ray of hope.

"Not exactly—no, I wouldn't precisely say that. It's true, perhaps, that most of the Britishers were forced to join in about the same way I was,



He Glanced About Warily.

and there may be a Scandinavian or two, with a few Dutch, to be counted in that list; but the most are pirates from choice. It's their trade, and they like it. Sanchez only aims to keep hold of a few good men, because he has got to have sailors; but most of his crew are nothing but plain cutthroats. Indians and half-breeds, niggers, creoles, Portuguese, Spanish, and every mongrel you ever heard of, Sanchez himself is half French. The hell-

bound who kicked you is a Portuguese, and LeVere is more nigger than anything else. I'll bet there is a hundred rats on board this Namur right now who'd cut your throat for a sovereign, and never so much as think of it again."

"A hundred? Is there that many aboard?"

"A hundred an' thirty all told. Most o' 'em bunk amidships. They're not sailormen, but just cut-throats, an' sea wolves. Yer ought ter see 'em swarm out on deck, like hungry rats, when that's a fight comin'. It's all they're good fer."

"Watkins," I said soberly, after a pause during which he spat on the dirty deck to thus better express his feelings, "do you mean to say that in three years you've had no chance to escape? No opportunity to get away?"

"Not a chance, mate; no more will you, I know what yer thinkin' 'bout. I had them notions too when I first come aboard—gettin' all the decent sort together, and takin' the vessel. 'Twon't work; that ain't 'nough who wud risk it, and if that was, yer couldn't get 'em together. Sanchez is too damn smart for that. Every damn rat is a spy. I ain't hed no such talk as this afore in six months, Gates; the last time cost me twenty lashes at the mast-butt. What'd yer have in yer mind, mate?"

"Only this, Watkins. I've got to do something, and believe I can trust you—it's not my life I'm thinking about, but that of a woman."

"A woman! Not the one brought aboard last night?"

"Exactly; now listen—I'm going to tell you my story, and ask your help. My name is not Gates, and I am not the man Mendez brought aboard drunk, and who was thrown over the rail by LeVere. That fellow was drowned. I am Geoffrey Carlyle, an English skipper."

Thereupon I told him my story in detail. Then I said:

"I have no plan; to become a member of the crew was my only thought. But I must act, if at all, before the captain recovers. He would recognize me at sight. You will aid, advise me?"

"That is easier to ask than answer, mate," he admitted finally. "I am an English seaman, and will do my duty, but so far as I can see, there is no plan we can make. It is God who will save the girl, if she is to be saved. He may use us to that end, but it is wholly beyond our power to accomplish it alone. The only thing I can do is to sound out the men aboard, and learn just what we can expect of them if any opportunity to act comes. There are not more than a dozen at most to be relied upon. Play your part, and keep quiet. If you can let her know of your presence aboard it might be best—for if she saw you suddenly, unprepared, she might say or do something to betray you. There are other reasons why it may be best for her to know she is not entirely deserted."

He leaned over, motioning me toward him, until his lips were at my ear.

"It may not prove as hopeless as it appears now," he whispered confidentially. "I helped carry Sanchez to his stateroom, and washed and dressed his wound. There is no surgeon aboard. He has a bad cut, and is very weak from loss of blood. The question of our success hinges on Pedro Estada. This is a chance he has long been waiting for. The only question is, has he the nerve to act. I doubt if he has alone, but LeVere is with him, and that half-breed would cut the throat of his best friend. You understand?—the death of Sanchez would make Estada chief."

"But," I interposed, "in that case what would the crew do?"

"Accept Estada, no doubt; at least the cut-throats would be with him, for he is of their sort. But Sanchez's death would save you from discovery, and," his voice still lower, so that I hardly distinguished the words, "in the confusion aboard, if we were ready, the Namur might be so disabled as to compel them to run her ashore for repairs. That would give you a chance. If once we reach Porto Grande there is no hope."

A marling-spike pounded on the scuttle, and Haines' voice roared down.

"Port watch! Hustle out, bullies!"

CHAPTER XIII.

I Accept a Proposal.

I went on deck with the watch, and mingled with them forward. A Portuguese boatswain set me at polishing the gun mounted on the forecabin. I was busily at work on this bit of ordnance, when Estada came on deck for a moment. The fellow chanced to observe me.

"You must be a pretty tough bird, Gates," he said roughly, "or I would have killed you last night—I had the mind to."

Something about his voice and manner led me to feel that, in spite of his roughness, he was not in bad humor. "That would have been a mistake, sir," I answered, straightening up, rag-

in hand, "for it would have cost you a good seaman. Three years ago I was skipper on my own vessel. The Bombay Castle, London to Hongkong; I wrecked her off Cape Mendez in a fog. I was drunk below, and it cost me my ticket."

"You know West Indian waters?"

"Slightly; I made two voyages to Panama, and one to Havana."

"And speak Spanish?"

"A little bit, sir, as you see; I learn languages easily."

He stared straight into my face, but without uttering another word, turned on his heel and went below. I had finished my labor on the carronade, and was fastening down securely the tarpaulin, when a thin, stoop-shouldered fellow, with a hang-dog face crept up the ladder to the poop, and shuffled over to LeVere.

"Mister LeVere, sir."

"Well, what is it, Gunsauls?"

"Senior Estada, sir; he wishes to see a sailor named Gates in the cabin."

"Who? Gates? Oh, yes, the new man. He swept his eyes about, until



I Waited for the Man to Speak.

he saw me. "Follow the steward below; Senior Estada wishes to see you—go just as you are."

"Very good, sir."

The fellow led me away. There was no one in the main cabin. I followed the beckoning steward who rapped with his knuckles on one of the side doors. Estada's voice answered.

I stepped inside, doubtful enough of what all this might mean, yet quite prepared to accept of any chance it might offer. Estada sat upright in the chair gazing straight at me, his own face clearly revealed in the light from the open port. His face was swarthy, long and thin, with hard, set lips under a long, intensely black mustache, his cheeks strangely crisscrossed by lines. The nose was large, distinctively Roman, yielding him a hawklike appearance, but it was his eyes which fascinated me. They were dark and deeply set, absolute wells of cruelty. I had never before seen such eyes in the face of a human being; they were beastly, devilish; I could feel my blood chill as I looked into their depths, yet I held myself erect and waited for the man to speak. Then his lips curled in what was meant to be a smile. He arose, stepped quietly to the door and glanced out, returning apparently satisfied.

"I don't trust that steward," he said, "nor, as a matter of fact, anyone else wholly." He paused and stared at me, then added: "I've never had any faith in your race, Gates, but am inclined to use you. Every Englishman I ever knew was a liar and a sneaking poltroon. I was brought up to hate the race and always have. I can't say that I like you any better than the others. I don't, for the matter of that. But just now you can be useful to me if you are of that mind. This is a business proposition, and it makes no odds if we hate each other, so the end is gained. How does that sound?"

"Not altogether bad," I admitted. "I have been in some games of chance before."

"I thought as much," eagerly, "and money has the same chink however it be earned. You could use some?"

Carlyle sees a chance to carry through his wild plan to save Dorothy and himself, but there are many pitfalls in the way. The chance is a desperate one. Shall he take it? Carlyle can see but one answer to the question.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Greater London's food bill amounts to more than \$30,000,000 a week.

The KITCHEN CABINET

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast.
A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

—Joyce Kilmer.

To hear the call of thrushes some late
green plush afternoon.
When broken, fading shafts of light
go groping for the one last sight
of songsters in the gloom.
To swing along the rugged trail that
spruce and hemlocks climb,
'Till on the hill's high top you come
to stand exalted in the sun! Ah,
this is summer time.

—Beulah Rector.

ORIGINAL DESIGNS IN COOKERY

To the artist cook who really enjoys mixing ingredients, as a painter does his colors, there is no limit to the tasty, delightful dishes which one may originate or enlarge upon, with the materials at hand. Take for instance a steamed plum pudding. A piece of corn bread, a half a cupful of cooked oatmeal, a few bread crumbs, a cupful of left-over cocoa and a few raisins with two egg yolks left from a frosting or dessert will make a most tasty pudding. After some experience in handling foods one may concoct toothsome dishes of bits of left-overs. It is not always wise to tell all one knows as to a dish, for some conscientious objectors will refuse to even try a made-over or re-ranged food.

Savory salads which have some elusive aroma and seasoning which adds to their charm and is hard to determine, makes such a dish "something different." One must follow a few fundamental principles in cookery, and after that let the imagination soar. The cook who wastes nothing, but at the same time serves her food in a dainty, tasty and appetizing manner, is a real genius, and her talents are in constant demand.

Do you throw away the half-cupful, cupful or more of melted ice cream that might make a pudding for the next day or be used in a cake, adding less sugar?

Sandwich filling and salads make a wide field for original designs, as well as flour mixtures.

The woman who discovered that a sponge cake could be made more fetching by adding the yolks unbent, one at a time, and not stirring them very freely, had a cake that attracted much comment because of its streaked gold-and-white appearance. Accident often is the mother of new things, but the housewife who is looking for new and pleasing effects will find them all the while.

The art of cooking cannot be learned out of a book any more than the art of swimming or the art of painting. The best teacher is practice; the best guide, sentiment (providing you have any).

FEEDING THE SICK AND CONVALESCENT

Few families are so fortunate as to escape illness during some time of their history. Good feeding is an important factor in maintaining health, but in spite of good food a sudden chill or strain of overwork or worry will overwhelm even a strong and healthy body.

Since all food must be reduced to fluid form before it can be digested and assimilated, that seems to be the best form to serve it to those who are ill. This diet includes broths and clear soups of various kinds, beef juice and beef tea, cereals, gruels, milk plain or modified to make it more digestible, nutritious or more agreeable to the patient, raw eggs in combination with water, milk, fruit juices or cocoa and cream soups of various kinds.

Broths, clear soups and beef tea have little nourishment, but stimulate the appetite, are refreshing when cold or soothing when hot; they also stimulate the flow of gastric juice. By adding eggs, milk or the thickening of cereal flour like barley or rice, they may be quite nutritive.

Cereal gruels are neither stimulating nor irritating and are most useful when the appetite is poor and digestion weak, as they are quickly digested and absorbed.

Like broths, gruels may be enriched by eggs, cream and milk, for one could not drink enough to keep up the body energy without the addition of some more nutritive food.

Milk is one of the most valuable foods for sick people and fortunately most patients like it. It has been called the perfect food. Its value may be increased by changing its flavor, adding yeast to it making a drink called koumiss and by adding junket or rennin to partly digest it making it more palatable and adding variety.

The world would be more happy and the mass of people in it just as wise, if they would whistle more and argue less.

SOME CHOICE DESSERTS.

A delicious and well-prepared dessert will often help us to forget that the preceding dishes were not all that we desired. At this season of the year frozen desserts and light, easily digested dishes are more suitable. During the hot weather we need refreshing combinations rather than the nourishing; however, one may have both in a dish of ice cream. A most satisfactory sherbet, which is both delicious and economical, is

Velvet Sherbet.—Take the juice of three lemons, two cupfuls of sugar and a quart of good milk, the richer the better, though ordinary milk will be satisfactory. Freeze and serve in sherbet cups.

Orange and Lemon Sherbet.—Take the juice of two oranges, two lemons and two cupfuls of sugar and a quart of thin cream; freeze as usual.

Dainty Dessert.—Take a pound of marshmallows and a cup of pecans cut fine; cut the mallows into quarters and add enough whipped cream to bind and hold them together. Into a large-topped sherbet glass put a tablespoonful of any canned fruit juice, fill with the whip and serve with a cherry as a garnish.

Duchess Cream.—Take six tablespoonfuls of tapioca; cook until clear; cool, add a pinch of salt, one cupful of sugar, the juice from a can of pineapple, the juice of two oranges and two lemons; cook until thick. Cool, then add the pineapple, one cupful of nuts and a pint of whipping cream. This makes enough to serve 15, so that the recipe may be cut in half for an ordinary family.

Chocolate Pudding.—Take one egg and when well beaten add one-half cupful of sugar, one cupful of milk, two squares of chocolate melted, one and one-half cupfuls of flour sifted with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Steam one and one-half hours and serve with

Foamy Sauce.—Beat one egg, add one cupful of powdered sugar mixed with two tablespoonfuls of softened butter, a pinch of salt and a little flavoring; then fold in one cupful of whipped cream.

Grapenuts Pudding.—Prepare one package of lemon jelly as usual, then add one cupful of steamed raisins, one-half cupful of sugar and one cupful of grapenuts, six walnut meats cut fine, all well mixed. Put into a mold and serve with whipped cream.

Has That Tired Feeling,
"I like hot weather, don't you?"
"When it gets too blasted hot to work."—Boston Transcript.

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