

WOLVES OF THE SEA

By RANDALL PARRISH

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Fate Gives Carlyle Chance He Has Been Seeking.

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. 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. Carlyle finds a friend in Watkins, an English sailor.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"If I had any to use; after a sailor has been drunk there is not apt to be much left in his pockets."
"The fact is," he began doubtfully, "what you just said to me on deck changed to be of interest. You are a navigator?"

"I was in command of ships for four years, senior; naturally I know navigation."

"I will soon learn if you have lied, and that will be a sorry day for you. I'll tell you, Gates, how matters stand aboard, and why I have need of your skill. Then you may take your choice—the forecastle or the cabin?"

"You invite me aft, senior?"

"I give you a chance to move your damage if you will do my work. Listen now. Sanchez has been badly hurt. It may be weeks before he leaves his cabin, if, indeed, he ever does. That leaves me in command with but one officer, the mulatto, LeVere. This might answer to take us safely to Porto Grande, as we could stand watch and watch, but Francois is no sailor. It was his part on board to train and lead the fighting men—he cannot navigate. Saint Christopher! I fear to leave him alone in charge of the deck while I snatch an hour's sleep."

"I see," I admitted. "And yourself, senior? You are a seaman?"

"Enough to get along, but not quite sure as to my figures. I have taken no sights except as we came north on this trip. 'Tis for this reason I need you—but you will play me no smart English trick, my man, or I'll have you by the heels at once. I know enough to verify your figures."

"I thought of no trick, Estada," I said coldly, now satisfied as to his purpose and confident of my own power. "You would have me as navigator, very well—at what terms?"

"With rating as first officer and your fair proportion of all spoils."

"You mean then to continue the course? To attack vessels on the high seas?"

"Why not?" sneeringly. "Are you too white-livered for that sort of job? If so, then you are no man for me. It is a long voyage to Porto Grande, and no reason why we should hurry home; the welcome there will be better if we bring chests of gold aboard. Ay, and the thought will put hope into the hearts of the crew; they are restless now from long waiting."

"But Captain Sanchez? You have no surgeon, I am told. Will he not suffer from neglect of his wound?"

"Suffer? No more than under a leech ashore. All that can be done has been. His was a clean knife thrust, which has been washed, treated with lotion and bound up. No leech could do more."

"And my quarters—will they be aft?"

"You will have your choice of those at port. Come now—have you an answer ready?"

"I would be a fool not to have," he said. "I am your man, Estada."

CHAPTER XIV.

I Warn Dorothy.

The Portuguese, evidently well pleased at my prompt acceptance of his proposal, talked on for some time, explaining to me something of the situation aboard the Namur, and pointing out what he believed to be our

position on the chart. I asked a few questions, although I paid but little attention to what he said, my mind being busied with searching out his real purpose. No doubt the situation was very nearly as he described it to be—LeVere was no navigator, and Estada himself only an indifferent one. Yet at that the course to the West Indies was not a long one, and if the Portuguese had been able to bring the bark from there to the Chesapeake, the return voyage should not terrify him. No, that was not the object; he was planning to keep at sea, to waylay and attack merchant ships, and then, after a successful cruise, arrive at Porto Grande laden with spoils and hailed as a great leader. His plan was to dispose of Sanchez—even to permit the Spaniard to die of his wounds; possibly even to hasten and assure that death by some secret resort to violence. No doubt LeVere was also concerned in the conspiracy and would profit by it, and possibly these two were likewise assured of the co-operation of the more reckless spirits among the crew. I remembered what Watkins had whispered to me forward—his suspicions of them both. He had been right; already the fuse was being laid, and, very fortunately, I happened to be chosen to help touch it off. The chance I had sought blindly was being plainly revealed.

It was evident enough, however, that Estada had no intention of trusting me immediately with his real motives. His confidence was limited, and his instructions related altogether to mere matters of ship routine. I could await developments. But I was becoming wearied by the man.

"I understand perfectly, senior," I broke in at last impatiently. "You will have to take for granted that I can enforce sea discipline and navigate your boat to whatever part of the ocean you desire to sail. All I need is your orders. This, I take it, is all you require of me?"

"Yes; I plan, you execute."

"Very good; now about myself," and I arose to my feet, determined to close the interview. "You say I may choose any stateroom on the port side?"

"They are all unoccupied, except one, used by the steward as a store-room."

I opened the door and stepped out into the main cabin, the roll of charts under my arm. Estada didn't wait for me to question him.

"Captain Sanchez' stateroom is aft," he said, with a wave of the hand. "There are two rooms. Jose is with him—a negro with a knack at nursing."

"Who else is quartered aft here?"

He ignored the one thing I most desired to learn, but I did not press it, believing I knew the answer already.

"LeVere has this middle stateroom, and Mendez the one forward. Mendez is third officer and carpenter. Just at present with LeVere required on deck he has charge of the men below. Not the working crew; they are quartered in the forecastle and are largely English and Swede. But we have to carry extra men, who bunk amidships—hellhounds to fight—mongrels of course. They are allowed on deck amidships when we are at sea, but are not encouraged to mingle with the sailors. We're over a powder magazine all the time, Gates—any spark might set it off."

I opened one of the doors opposite and glanced within. The interior differed but little from that of the stateroom occupied by Estada, except it was minus the table. No doubt they were all practically alike.

"This will do very well," I said quietly. "Now how about clothes? The I wear look rather rough for the new job."

"I'll send you the steward; he'll fix you out from the slop chest."

I was glad to see him go and closed the door on him with a sigh of relief. It had all occurred so quickly, almost without effort on my part, I could do little but wonder what strange occurrence would be next. What, indeed, was there for me to do except to await developments? Only one thing occurred to me—I must discover some means immediately of communicating with Dorothy Fairfax.

The importance of this could not be overestimated. With myself quartered aft and eating in the cabin we were bound to meet sooner or later, and the girl must previously be warned of my presence aboard, or in her first surprise at the recognition I should be instantly betrayed. If I was to serve the girl there must be, first of all, intelligent co-operation between us. She must not only know of my presence on the Namur but also the purpose actuating me. I had reached this conclusion when a light, hesitating knock sounded at the door.

Gunsoules entered, garments over his arm, and laid out the pieces carefully one by one, evidently proud of his selection.

"The clothes seem to be all right, steward," I said, "and I judge will fit. Now hunt me up first of all something to shave with, then some to-

bacco and a pipe, and—yes, wait a second—writing materials. And, by the way, there are two staterooms astern. Who occupies the one to starboard—Senior Estada?"

"No, senior; it is the young lady."

"Oh, the one brought aboard last night. Have you seen her?"

"Si, senior; she is English and good to look at, but she sit and stare out the stern port. She will not speak or eat. I take in her breakfast, but she touch not a morsel. So I tell Senior Estada, and he say, 'then bring her out to dinner with me; I'll make the hussy eat if I have to choke it down her dainty throat.'"

"Good; I'll have a look at her myself then. Now hurry up those things, steward, and remember what I sent you after."

He brought the shaving set and writing materials first, explaining that he would have to go down into the lazaret and break open some packages for the tobacco and pipe. The moment the fellow disappeared I grasped the opportunity. I dashed off a note hurriedly—a brief line merely stating my presence on board—and begging her not to exhibit surprise at meeting me. I had no time in which to explain or make clear the situation. With this folded and concealed in my hand I silently pushed open the door.

I crept swiftly forward, following the circle of the staterooms, until I came to the closed door of the one I sought aft. I bent here an instant, listening for some sound from within, but heard none. Beyond doubt the girl was within and alone, and I must trust her quick intelligence to respond to my written message. I thrust it through the narrow opening above the sill, and the moment it disappeared within stole swiftly back to my own room. The action had not been seen, and yet I had scarcely a moment to spare. Before I could lather my face the steward returned, bearing in his hands tobacco and pipe.

Estada, however, remained away longer than I had anticipated he would, and I was fully dressed and comfortably smoking before he came down from the deck and crossed the cabin to my partially open door.

"The starboard watch has been called," he said, "and you are to take charge of the deck, relieving LeVere. I waited to explain the situation to the men before you appeared. I suppose you are ready?"

"Ay, ay, senior," knocking the ashes out of my pipe and rising. He eyed my clothes disapprovingly.

"Rather a fancy rig, Gates, for a first officer on duty."

"Some style, I admit, senior, but they were all the steward offered me."

"You'll have to carry a hard fist, my man, to back up that costume aboard the Namur," he said coldly. "Those black devils are apt to mistake you for a plaything." I followed him to the stairs to the deck. LeVere was still on duty, and came forward and shook hands at my appearance.

"Rather glad I didn't drown you," he said, intending to be pleasant. "But hope you'll not run amuck in the after cabin."

"I shall try not to unless I have cause," I answered, looking him square in the eyes and determining to make my position clear at once. "Senior Estada tells me I am to relieve you. What is the course?"

"Sou'west by half sou'."

"Do you know your position?"

"Only in a general way. We have held an east by south course since leaving the capes, until an hour ago, making about ten knots."

"Very well; I will figure it out as best I can. There is nothing further to report?"

"No, senior; all has been as it is now."

He glanced toward Estada, not greatly pleased, I presume, with my brusqueness, yet finding nothing in either words or manner from which to evoke a quarrel. The latter had overheard our conversation, but he stood now with back toward us looking out on the sea off the port quarter. His silent indifference caused LeVere to shrug his shoulders and disappear down the ladder on his way below. I turned my face to the man at the wheel—it was the giant negro, Cochose.

Peace or war? Dorothy is offered the choice by her brutal captors. Whichever she chooses, what hope is there for her amid the Wolves of the Sea? Carlyle, watching intently, longs for the chance to go to her aid.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Long Day and Night.

The north pole has six months day and six months night, the sun apparently traveling in a circle around it from the time it appears in March until it disappears in September.

The hump of a camel is considered a great delicacy by the Arabs. It is white, like veal, but tastes like beef.

Horticultural Advice

APPLE WON QUEEN VICTORIA

So Pleased Was She With Virginia Variety That She Had Tax Removed—Exports Increase.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Attempting to win the favor of the ladies by giving them apples may be laughed at by some people as ludicrously rustic, but it is not to be despised. It wins. Here is the proof:

Victoria was young and, though she was a queen, she was also a woman, and impressionable. Arthur Stevenson, who was then American minister to the court of St. James, gave her some very beautiful apples—"Albemarle Pippins" they were, from a Vir-



Gathering Some of America's Apple Crop.

ginia orchard. So pleased was the queen that she caused the import tax on apples to be removed. From that time exports of apples from the United States to England increased rapidly. England became, and has remained, the principal export market for American apples.

The little story has an unusual interest just now when, following the world war, the export markets are not only to be reopened but possibly may assume a larger importance than ever before. Commercial apple growers in the United States must meet any such increased demand without increased acreage. Apple production does not respond quickly to supply and demand. Trees require several years to come into full bearing. Little can be done toward immediately increasing the supply when an unusual demand appears.

Taking the United States as a whole, there has been very little planting of apple trees since 1910. Comparatively few young trees, therefore, are coming into bearing at this time.

Indeed, the largest single commercial apple-producing section in the United States has reached its maximum production, and unless the planting rate increases a decline is to be expected.

That region is western New York, which, early in the sixties, became and has since remained the center of commercial apple production in the United States. Western New York has produced regularly about one-fourth of the normal commercial apple crop of the country. But most of the present bearing trees were planted in the late sixties and early seventies and are now nearly fifty years old. Vigor and productivity continue longer in western New York than anywhere else in the country, perhaps, yet they cannot be maintained indefinitely, and the center of production may be expected to shift. Similar declines are taking place in what is known as the New England Baldwin belt, including portions of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts, but as this has never represented more than 5 per cent of the total commercial production it is of less importance.

In later years two comparatively new commercial apple regions have come into large production—the Pacific Northwest and the Shenandoah-Cumberland region of Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania. The former is producing now almost as many commercial apples as New York, and the latter is producing about half as many. Roughly speaking, New York, the Pacific Northwest and the Shenandoah-Cumberland produces about five-eighths of all the commercial apples grown in the United States. The Shenandoah-Cumberland region is yet only approaching its maximum production. In the Northwest there was considerable planting of unsuitable lands, but western production is being stabilized and will continue to be an increasingly important factor in the apple industry.



This summer don't spend hours over a hot stove! Serve Libby's delicate Corned Beef chilled—it will give you an entirely new idea of how easily an appetizing summer meal can be prepared. Get a package from your grocer today.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

PUT PROFITS INTO DIAMONDS HAS THREE CLAIMS TO FAME

Many Reasons Why Increased Demand for Precious Stones Invariably Follows Devastating War.

The waste of war, by which many suffer and few reap returns, is always accompanied by a demand for precious stones. This war has differed only from other wars in that the demand was greater. Profiteers in the allied countries have bought for the purpose of display. Profiteers in enemy countries want diamonds, because they supply the safest way of concealing newly acquired wealth. As the diamond industry is the closest corporation in the world, values are not likely to depreciate, unless all the profiteers want to change their investments at the same time. At the present moment the price is higher than it has ever been.

The diamond dealer is of all traders the least hampered by office restrictions. He frequently carries the bulk of his stock in trade about with him in his waistcoat pocket. The public street is, as often as not, his only market place. In Haton gardens, which is the chief center of the diamond industry in London, may frequently be seen little groups of two, three, or more well-dressed men, peering intently through little monocle lenses at gems worth many thousands of dollars.

Not at His House.

The seventh grade was having its first lesson on personal pronouns and the teacher had drilled earnestly on the relation of the speaker, person spoken to, etc. Then she asked William to give the person of several pronouns. He got along splendidly until he came to the pronoun "who," and then he hesitated. "Look at its antecedent—mother—that governs the person," explained the teacher. "Now tell us what person it is."

"First," came William's laconic answer.

"No, indeed," protested the teacher. "Mother is the third person—the person spoken of."

"Not at our house," persisted William, and continued his parsing, repeating "First person" with more emphasis.

A spinster says a stolen kiss is better than no kiss at all.

Don't cry over spilt milk. Call the cat.

You Hesitate to Give Coffee to Children

Then why give it to grown folks? You can pleasantly solve the question of a table drink by giving all the family

Postum Cereal

Boiled full 15 minutes after boiling begins, it tastes much like superior coffee. It's an economy.

At Grocers.

Two sizes, usually sold at 15c and 25c