

WOLVES of the SEA

BY RANDALL PARRISH

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

"Yes; hold my hand while I guide you; we can sit here."

"I was a couch of some kind against the outer wall. She did not release her grasp, seemingly gaining courage from this physical contact, and my fingers closed warmly over her own."

"Now, please," breathlessly, "how is it possible you are aboard this vessel—an officer?"

"I told her the strange story, as swiftly and simply as possible, speaking scarcely above a whisper, feeling as I progressed that I related a dream rather than a series of facts. It seemed to me she could scarcely be expected to believe the truth of what I said, and yet she did, almost unquestioningly, the clasp of her fingers perceptibly tightening as I proceeded. She sat so close beside me that I could feel her breath upon my cheek."

"Why, if—if you had not told me this yourself I could hardly believe such a tale," she exclaimed. "Yet it must be true, miraculous as it seems. But what is to be the ending? Have you any plan of escape?"

"Hardly a plan. I have had no opportunity even to learn the true nature of the crew. Watkins is an honest sailor, and he has told me of others on whom I could rely. There are those aboard—but I do not know how many—who would mutiny if they had a leader and a reasonable chance of success. I must reach these and learn who they are. Fortunately the voyage promises to be long enough to enable me to plan carefully."

"You have discussed the voyage with this man—Estada?"

"He told me what he had decided upon; not to return to their rendezvous until after they had captured some prizes and could go with gold chinking in their pockets."

"Where is their rendezvous?"

"An island in the West Indies, probably not on the chart. They call it Porto Grande."

"And they will sweep the ocean between here and there seeking victims? Unarmed merchantmen to rob and sink? And you—you will be compelled to take part in such scenes, such acts of pillage and perhaps murder?"

"I presume I must seem to be one of them to avoid suspicion. Have you any suggestions?"

"There is conspiracy on board already," she said quickly, "that you may not know about."

"You mean to depose Sanchez?"

"Yes; you had suspicion of it? They thought me unconscious in the boat, and talked among themselves—the two at the stern, Estada and that beast Manuel. I did not understand all they said, but I do not think they intend the captain shall recover."

"You think it best that he should?"

"Oh, I do not know; there is no best that I can see. Yet I would have more faith in being spared disgrace if at the mercy of Sanchez, than his lieutenant. Both may be equally guilty, equally desperate, but they are not the same men. I may be wrong, for I judge as a woman, yet I would feel safer with Sanchez. The other merely desires with the passions of a brute. No appeal would reach him; he would laugh at tears and find pleasure in suffering. And yet you would have me appear friendly with Estada?"

"We cannot permit him to feel that either of us are enemies. He is the power aboard; our lives, everything are in his hands. If he means to be rid of Sanchez the man is doomed, for he will find a way to accomplish his purpose; murder means nothing to these men."

"Of course you are right," she acknowledged. "Our case is so desperate we must resort to any weapons. You believe it will serve the possibility of escape if I permit this monster to imagine that I have some interest in him?"

"To do so might delay the explosion," I replied gravely, "and just now any delay is welcome. I doubt if even Estada will resort to force on board; indeed force will be the very last card he will care to play in your case. You are English and all the practical seamen on board are from northern Europe—English and Scandinavian. These men are not pirates from choice—they are prisoners who have taken on to save their own lives. With his bullets and cutthroats amidstships he can compel them to work, but he dare not go too far. Once these fellows unite in mutiny they could take the ship. An assault on you would be dangerous."

"It is these men you count on?"

"Yes; but for me to gain their confidence and leadership will require time. The slightest slip would mean failure and merciless punishment. At best the situation is absolutely desperate—but I see no other solution."

"And my service is deceit—the act-

ing of a part to blind the eyes of Estada?"

"I sincerely believe your greater chance of security lies in this course. The fellow is a supreme egotist; opposition will anger him, while flattery will make him subservient. You have the wit and discretion to hold him within certain limits. It is a dangerous game, I admit, and a disagreeable one, but the case requires desperate remedies."

"She lifted her eyes, searching my face through the dim light."

"Geoffrey Carlyle," she said at last, a tremor in the low voice, "there is no sacrifice I would not make to preserve my honor. I hate this man; I dread his touch; I shrink from contact with him as I would from a snake, but I am not going to refuse to do my part. If you say this is right and justified I will consent."

"I believe it is."

"And you will not lose faith in me?" she questioned earnestly. "It will not lower your belief in my womanhood?"

"Nothing could do that. Mistress Dorothy, I want you to realize the depth of my interest and respect. Your friendliness has meant much to me, and I would never urge you to lower your ideals. But we must face this situation as it is. We possess but two weapons of defense—deceit or force. A resort to the latter is at present impossible. I cannot conceive that you are lowering yourself in any way by using the power you possess to escape violence."

"The power I possess?"

"Yes—beauty and wit. These are your weapons, and most effective ones. You can play with Estada and defeat him—temporarily, at least. I confess there is danger in such a game—he is a wild beast, and his evil nature may overcome his discretion. Take this pistol. Keep it hidden about your person, but use it only when all else fails. You retain faith in me?"

"Implicitly."

"And pledge yourself to your part, leaving me to attend to mine?"

Her two hands clasped my fingers, her eyes uplifted.

"Geoffrey Carlyle, I have always believed in you, and now, after the sac-

crifice you have made to serve me I can refuse you nothing you ask. I will endeavor to accomplish all you require of me. God knows how I hate the task; but—but I will do my best. Only—only," her voice sank, "if—if the beast lays hands on me—he—he pays the price. I could not do otherwise. Geoffrey Carlyle—I am a Fairfax."

Satisfied with my mission and confident nothing more need be said, I arose to my feet.

"Then we can do nothing further until I learn the disposition of the crew," I said quietly. "Estada is not likely to resort to extreme measures at present. That is why I believe you are comparatively safe now—his own position of command is in the balance."

"I will see you again?"

"Perhaps not here; it is too dangerous; but I will find means to communicate with you. Good-by."

We stood with hands clasped in the darkness. I thought she was going to speak again, but the words failed to come. Then suddenly, silently the door opened a mere crack, letting in a gleam of yellow light from the main cabin, while the crouching figure of a man, like a gliding shadow slipped through the aperture, closing the door behind him as softly as he had opened it. I heard her catch her breath and felt her hands grasp my sleeve, but I never stirred.

Who could he be? What might be the purpose of his entrance? But one answer occurred to me—Pedro Estada, driven by unbridled passions to attack the girl. I thrust her behind me, and took a step forward, with body poised for action. I was unarmed, but cared little for that in the swift desire to come to hand grips with the brute. I could hear him now, slowly and cautiously feeling his way toward us through the darkness.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Murder on Board.

To be certain of free space I extended one hand and my fingers came into unexpected contact with the back of a chair. Without moving my body I grasped this welcome weapon of defense and swung it above my head. Whoever the invader creeping upon us might prove to be, he was certainly an enemy, actuated by some foul purpose, and no doubt armed. To strike him down as quickly and silently as possible was therefore the plain duty of the moment. I had no other thought.

The slowness with which he groped his way forward indicated unfamiliarity with the apartment, although his direct advance proclaimed some special purpose. Clearly he had no fear of attack I could determine almost his exact position as his advancing foot felt cautiously along the deck. He came forward inch by inch. I measured the distance as indicated by faint, shuffling sounds.

I could not see but I knew. With all my force I struck! Blindly as it had been delivered the blow hit fair; there was a thud, an inarticulate groan, and the fall of a body upon the floor—beyond that nothing. I waited breathlessly listening for the slightest movement. I felt Dorothy touch my shoulder and caught the sound of her voice trembling at my ear.

"What is it? What did you do?"

"I struck him with a chair; he lies there on the deck. Wait where you are."

I bent over and touched him. The fellow lay in a heap with no perceptible heart-beat, no semblance of breathing. My fingers sought his face, and I could scarcely suppress a cry of surprise—he was not Estada. Who, then, was he? What could have been his purpose in thus invading this stateroom? All I could grasp was the fact that the fellow was not the Portuguese—he possessed a smooth face, long hair, and was a much smaller man. I dragged the body where the light illumination from the after port fell directly on the upturned face. The features revealed were unfamiliar—those unquestionably of a half-breed Indian. Dorothy crossed to my side, her foot striking a knife, which came glimmering into the narrow range of light. She stared in horror at the ugly weapon, and then at the ghastly countenance.

"He came to murder! See, his knife lies there. Why should he have sought to kill me?"

"It is all mystery," I admitted. "What shall be done with the body? It cannot be left lying exposed here; no one would believe you killed him, and my presence must not be suspected."

"Could it," she suggested, "be dropped through the port?"

She shrank back from touching the inanimate figure, yet it required the combined efforts of both to force the stiffening body through the porthole. We could distinguish footsteps on the deck above, but these were regular and undisturbed—the slow promenade from rail to rail of the officer on watch. Clearly nothing had been heard or seen to awaken suspicion.

"If you should be questioned tomorrow you had best know nothing," I said gravely. "I do not think you will be, for surely an attack can be no plan of Estada's. It could gain no advantage. The fellow was pilaging on his own account; if he is missed it will be supposed he fell overboard, and no one will care. You are not afraid to remain here alone?"

"No; I am not greatly frightened, but shall try and bar the door with a chair. I have no key."

"Then I'll leave you; half of my watch below must be gone by now. I'll take the fellow's knife along, as it must not be found here."

We parted with a clasp of hands, as I opened the stateroom door and slipped out into the cabin. To my surprise the light over the table had been extinguished, rendering the cabin so black I had to actually feel my way forward. The lantern must have been put out since then by some confederate. After a moment of hesitation I found my way across to my own stateroom and pressed open the door. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Polka Dot.

Because in 1835 a Bohemian peasant girl danced a new step in a little village near the Polish border a Hungarian dancing master introduced it in Europe under the name of Polka, which is the feminine of Polak or Pole. By 1844, at the time James K. Polk was running for the presidency, the dance had spread to America and the name "Polka" and the word "Polka" formed a coincidence at once appealing to everyone. The manufacturers, merchants and designers immediately presented Polka hats, Polka shoes, Polka gauze and the "newest design in fabrics for gentlemen."

On a Commercial Basis.

Gerald gave his grandmother a little gift for her birthday, and she said: "Well, you are a good lad; I shall give you a nickel for yourself," with which the little chap replied, "But, grandma, the present cost 15 cents."

ROAD BUILDING

INTEREST IN ROADS GROWS

More Attention Now Given to Improvement in Highways Than Ever Before in History.

The good roads movement is seeing a big revival now that business is becoming normal. The most important program that has recently come to our attention is that of the state of Michigan, which has just voted in favor of a \$50,000,000 program that, when carried out, will place Michigan on the map big so far as good roads are concerned, writes Birkett L. Williams, truck sales manager for a large motorcar corporation.

Everywhere else you see also more interest in good roads than in any period in our history. It is true to say that the war and its needs taught us the value of good roads. Perhaps it did. Perhaps it brought home to those dull cars of higher ups the supreme importance of an intelligent system of navigable highways. But more and more it comes home to the man who studies the situation that back of the good roads movement must be the ordinary man, the average man who pays taxes and votes and thinks as he votes.

The farmer or rural dweller in certain sections for a long time stood in the way—he wanted the roads, but he didn't want to pay for them. He did not realize that in the long run good roads pay for themselves out of savings made to the community in hauling of people and merchandise. But the farmer today is reckoning in units of time.

Yes, he realizes the value of minutes throughout the season—and he is just as keen in conserving time as the city-bred man who operates a big factory; if anything, he is a bit keener, for seasons do not wait and crops must be sowed and cultivated, reaped and marketed at the right time. He has convinced himself that time is money. And he knows that good roads save time and that they save time largely because they make it possible to get satisfactory services from motorcars and motortrucks. And he is not one bit blind to the fact that operating cost is largely influenced by road conditions—that good roads make gasoline more elastic, rubber and steel more durable and bring markets nearer, and that good roads increase property values out of all proportion to the cost.



Good Roads Are Necessary to Efficient Operation of Automobiles.

of good roads to any one individual. Therefore, the farmer is now back of road improvement.

Does the city man feel any interest in good roads? Ask your neighbor. If he doesn't own an automobile he expects to own one, and he knows all about where the good roads are and what they mean. But when his influence counts, big, the greatest impetus has naturally sprung from the numerous army of motorcar owners to whom motorcar ownership has made the territory for miles around his neighborhood.

Counties and states where good roads have become a steady part of a progressive program of legislation have seen values shoot up in the most surprising fashion, and this, again, has brought home the fact that good roads pay for themselves. Thus it is natural that the years 1919 and 1920 will see the most stupendous good roads programs inaugurated in America that the world has ever known. This will result in the wider utility of motorcars and motortrucks and, of course, prove a big aid to the solution of the freight traffic problem.

NEW ROADS COST \$8,000,000

Utah Plans Extensive Improvement on Lincoln Highway on Wyoming-Utah Line.

The road law just adopted by the Utah state legislature will provide in connection with the federal aid fund a total of about \$8,000,000 for highway construction in that state. Present plans call for extensive improvement on the Lincoln highway, particularly between the Wyoming-Utah line and Salt Lake City.

FARM POULTRY

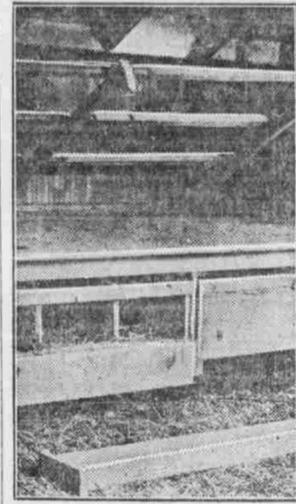
CARE FOR HEALTH OF FOWLS

Dropping Boards Should Be Cleaned Weekly—Isolate Birds With Colds—Keep Away Insects.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Clean the dropping boards at least once a week, and spray the roosts once a month with kerosene or some commercial preparation for killing mites. Have a good supply of sand or dry dirt on hand to use on the dropping boards.

If any of the birds develop colds,



A Clean House Promotes the Health of Poultry.

put as much potassium permanganate as will remain on the surface of a dime into a gallon of water and keep this material in their drinking water for several days, or until the symptoms of the colds have disappeared. Remove any sick birds from the flock as soon as noted and treat them in coops by themselves or kill and bury them if they are not worth treating.

Examine the pullets and hens for lice and dust thoroughly with a good insect powder or apply a mixture of equal parts of vaseline and mercurial or blue ointment, applying a piece about the size of a pea one inch below the vent of the bird, rubbing the mixture lightly on the skin. An application of this ointment two or three times a year will keep the fowls free from lice. Where insect powder is used, it should be applied three or four times a year, or oftener if the fowls become infested with lice. Provide a small box in the house, partly filled with dry road dust or fine dirt, in which the hens may dust themselves, thus helping to keep them free from lice.

POULTRY NOTES

It is an easy matter to overfeed fowls. Bear this in mind unless the fowls are on range.

Hens that are laying are not likely to accumulate fat; it is when they are not laying that they do so.

Give the fowls good dust and plenty of it. This is how they keep themselves free of vermin and well.

Hens of light breeds may be profitably kept for three seasons; those of the heavy breeds for two seasons.

Good layers are bred up and not fed up. All the feeding in the world cannot induce a naturally nonproductive hen to change her nature.

A trap nest is the one accurate way to tell whether you are keeping a paying flock, but the poultryman who keeps it must look after the nest in a proper way.

If you have made a failure of everything else, don't think the chicken business will prove to be a life saver. It requires not only brains, but an overplus of energy.

Chickens never wash, as many other birds do but cleanse themselves of insects by wallowing in soil. For this reason every poultry house should be provided with a dust box.

Five eggs out of every 100 are spoiled by being fertile. Producing infertile eggs does not require anything but the removal of the rooster from the flock after the need for hatching eggs is past.

Milk is no substitute for meat, for it is not sufficiently concentrated. It is impossible for fowls to drink enough of it to take the place of meat. When fed with animal food, milk performs excellent service.

Infertile eggs are more common among poor layers than good ones. Experiments at the Maine experiment station proved it nearly impossible to get fertile eggs from the hens that were the poorest layers.

HUSBAND SAVES WIFE

From Suffering by Getting Her Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—"For many months I was not able to do my work owing to a weakness which caused backache and headaches. A friend called my attention to one of your newspaper advertisements and immediately my husband bought three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me. After taking two bottles I felt fine and my troubles caused by that weakness are a thing of the past. All women who suffer as I did should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. JAS. ROHRBERG, 620 Knapp St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.



Women who suffer from any form of weakness, as indicated by displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, backache, headaches, nervousness or "the blues," should accept Mrs. Rohrbeg's suggestion and give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a thorough trial.

For over forty years it has been correcting such ailments. If you have mysterious complications write for advice to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Unfortunate, Wasn't it?

It was the same old story. He had got the wrong number on the telephone.

Only this time he received a shock. "I'm sorry I gave you the wrong line," said a sweet voice over the wire.

"It doesn't matter a bit," he replied, not to be outdone in courtesy. "I'm sure the number you gave me was much better than the one I asked for; but it just happened that I wasn't able to use it."

To Have a Clear Sweet Skin.

Touch pimples, redness, roughness or itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, then bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse, dry gently and dust on a little Cuticura Talcum to leave a fascinating fragrance on skin. Everywhere 25c each.—Adv.

Love in a cottage may be O. K., but how are a lot of us gonna get the cottage?

Taxes are what a nation pays for glory.

Couldn't Work

S. W. Bishop Was Laid Up By Kidney Trouble. Now Owes Good Health to Doan's.

"I owe my present good health, largely, to Doan's Kidney Pills," says S. W. Bishop, 5162 Kensington Ave., St. Louis, Mo. "I wasn't able to work. Sharp pains would catch me when I stooped or tried to lift anything, and at night the kidney secretions passed frequently and were scanty and painful. Specks seemed to be before my eyes and I would get dizzy. There was a puffiness under my eyes. I could see myself failing from day to day and I finally was laid up from June until September. I got Doan's Kidney Pills and used them. I received relief with the first box and became stronger every day. I could sleep well at night and the kidney secretions were now of natural color. The dizziness and other troubles disappeared and I picked up in weight. After I had used four boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills I looked and felt like my old self. The cure seemed a miracle and I firmly believe that my life was saved by this remedy."



Mr. Bishop

Sworn to before me. JOHN W. BRUNS, Notary Public.

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



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