

WOLVES OF THE SEA

By RANDALL PARRISH

CHAPTER XIX.

Laying the Trap.

Our first job was executed much more easily than I had anticipated. We caught Manuel sound asleep, and LeVere had sinewy hands at his throat before the fellow could grasp a weapon. The narrowness of the stateroom prevented my taking much part in the affair, but the mulatto needed no help, as he dragged the cursing Spaniard from his bunk to the deck and throttled him savagely. Indeed he would have killed the fellow had I not interfered and twisted his hands loose, leaving Estevan barely conscious. A blanket ripped into strips served to bind him securely enough for the present, but I thought it best to lock the door, and keep the key in my own pocket. LeVere would have knifed him even as he lay there helpless, but for my threat and insistence. Once back in the cabin my eyes distinguished the frightened face of the steward peering forth at us from out the dark of the passage leading forward.

"Come here, Gunsaules," I said sternly. "Step lively, lad; there's nothing for you to fear. Senor Estada has been killed during the night, and we have just captured his murderer," I explained. "There is reason to believe this act was part of a conspiracy to seize the ship in connection with those fellows amidsthips. Does that passage lead to their quarters?"

"It did once, senior, but now there is a closed door of oak, studded with iron, not only locked, but barred on this side. There are but two keys—one for the captain and the other for him who commands the buccaners."

I stood there a moment, considering this information. The only way the mutineers could reach the cabin then would be from the deck, descending through the companion. So long as they remained unaware of the capture of Manuel there was little danger of their taking such action.

"Very well, steward," I said. "You go on about your work as though nothing had happened. If any word of this affair gets to the crew, or to those fellows forward, I'll hold you responsible. You are not to leave this cabin without my permission, nor speak to anyone. LeVere."

The mulatto faced me respectfully enough, and I had a feeling he would obey orders, largely because he dare not rebel.

"They will be wondering why you are not on deck. It will be better for you to take charge of the watch at once, and keep the men busy. Relieve Watkins at the wheel and send the man down to me. He can choose the fellows who will stick better than you could, and then can circulate among them without arousing suspicion."

Watkins soon shuffled down the steps. He whipped off his cap and stood waiting.

I put my hand on his shoulder. "Tom," I said soberly, "we are in the same boat, and understand each other. The chance has come for both of us, if we play the cards right. Listen while I tell you the situation, and what I plan doing."

I told it briefly, wasting no words, yet relating every fact. He listened eagerly, but without interruption until the end.

"What do you make of it?" I asked.

"About what you do, sir. I knew there was something of the kind going on—some of the men forward are in on it. You've got the ring-leader."

"Manuel, you mean. Who did he count on for help in the forecastle?"

"Cochose, and a handful of others, niggers and Spaniards, mostly. They meant to pull the affair off either today or tonight. Your plan gives us a fair chance, sir. A dozen good men on deck might do the business."

"But are there a dozen aboard to be trusted?"

"Well, yes sir. I rather think there are. I'd say that in both watches there's maybe fourteen to be relied on."

"In my watch there's Jones, Harwood and Sizms, either English or Welsh. They're all right. Then there's a nigger named Sam; Schmitt, a Dutchman, with his partner, whose name I don't know, and two Frenchies, Ravel and Pierre. That makes eight, nine counting myself. Then in the starboard watch I'd pick out Jim Carter and Joe Cole, two Swedes, Carlson and Ole Hallin, and another nigger. Then there are a couple of Finns who ought to be with us, but I can't talk their lingo. That would give us sixteen out of thirty, and it's quite likely some of the others would take a hand with us, if they thought it was safe. I haven't any use though, sir, for Francois LeVere. There ain't a worse scamp aboard."

"I know that," I admitted, "but he had to be used."

"And what is my part now?"

"This is my watch below, and it will be best for me to keep off the deck until all is prepared. You sound these men and get them together; wake up the ones in the starboard watch you feel sure are all right, and have them slip quietly on deck. Then we'll get

these arms in the rack here, and be ready for business—the rest will be done in a hurry. I'll wait here for your report."

At the very best Watkins could scarcely perform the task assigned him in less than an hour. The success or failure of our effort depended entirely upon taking these fellows by complete surprise. If it came to an open fight our cause was hopeless, for that would mean fourteen or fifteen men unarmed, pitted against over a hundred thoroughly equipped and trained fighters. Only by confining them below, with hatches battened down, and a carronade trained upon them, would we be safe.

I sat where I could watch the stairs, and the entire forward part of the cabin. Gunsaules lowered the table, and began preparing the morning meal. Finally he announced breakfast.

"Suppose you rap on the lady's door yonder, and ask if she will join me. Say your message is from Senor Gates."

She came at once and seated herself opposite me, and we spoke of the weather while Gunsaules served. He was still hovering about, but my anxiety to have a word with her alone caused me to send him to attend Captain Sanchez. We waited until he disappeared within the after stateroom, bearing a tray; then her eyes suddenly lifted to mine, filled with questioning.

"Tell me what has happened?" She breathed eagerly. "I heard the noise of a struggle out here, and voices conversing. Why are you alone?"

I leaned over to speak in as low a tone as possible. And I told her the situation in detail and my plans.

She sat silently gazing at me across the table, her parted lips trembling to



"Tell Me What Has Happened."

an unasked question. Before she could frame this in words, the door to the companion opened, and Watkins descended the stairs. At sight of her he whipped off his cap.

"You may speak freely," I said. "This is the young lady I told you about, and of course she is with us. Only talk low."

"Yes, sir," using a hoarse whisper, and fastening his gaze on me. "It's all right, sir."

CHAPTER XX.

The Deck is Ours.

I had the next step carefully outlined in my own mind, and yet I hesitated a moment, glancing into the two faces before me, with a sudden realization of what the contemplated action would mean to all of us, if by any chance it should fail of success. I managed to speak cheerfully, putting a ring of confidence into my voice.

"Then the sooner we act the better. Watkins, have LeVere order these men aft. Let him say that Senor Estada wishes them to break out some stores in the lazaret. They need be here only long enough for us to distribute these arms among them, and for me to speak a word of instruction to them."

"But have I no part? Is there no way in which I can help?" asked the girl.

"You have your pistol? Then remain here. I shall have to go on deck with the men, and will not dare leave them a moment until the ship is absolutely secure. Manuel is locked in that stateroom, but must not be communicated with by anyone. It will be your part to see that Gunsaules neither enters that passage leading amidsthips, nor approaches this door. Keep him in sight. You will save us a man. Wait here now until I see how securely this passage forward is closed."

It was as described to me—a heavy oaken door, dull studded, not only locked, but held firmly in place by a stout iron bar. There was not the

faintest possibility of any entrance aft, except through assistance from this side. As I returned to the cabin, Gunsaules came out of the captain's room and crossed the deck. At sight of me he stopped instantly.

"Gunsaules," I said, "you are to remain in this cabin until I give the word. The lady here has a pistol, and orders to shoot if you attempt to either enter this passage, or approach the door of Manuel's stateroom. How did you find Sanchez?"

"Sitting up in his bunk, senior, and able to eat."

"Does he know what is occurring on board?"

"No, senior. He questioned me, but I only told him everything was all right, so far."

In my heart I believed the fellow deliberately lied, but there was no opportunity to question him further, for at that moment the door of the companion opened and a miscellaneous group of men thronged down the stairs. They were a rough hairy lot, here and there a sturdy English countenance meeting my gaze, but the faces were largely foreign, with those of two negroes conspicuous.

"Twelve here, sir; I couldn't get Harwood down from the foretop," said Watkins.

"And there are others below who will join us?"

"Yes, sir; six more I count on."

"Which means lads, that with Harwood, Senor LeVere, and myself, we'll total twenty-one in this shindy. Now I'll tell you what is up. Watkins gave you some of it no doubt, but a word from me will make it clearer. I'm no pirate; I'm an English sailor, shanghaied. Estada named me first officer because I understand navigation."

I stopped speaking, staring at one of the faces before me; all at once it appeared familiar. "What is your name, my man?"

"Jim Carter, sir."

"You were on the Sinbad, three years ago?"

"I was that, Mister Carlyle," he answered grinning. "I know'd you the minute I cum down yere."

"Then that is all I need say on that line. Here's one of your mates, lads, who will vouch for me. Now, as I've been told, you are all of you in the same boat—you are prisoners on board. Luck has given us a chance to make a break, and get away. Captain Sanchez is wounded and helpless. Pedro Estada is dead, and I've got Manuel locked in that stateroom. His cut-throats are all below, and now all we've got to do is clap on the hatch and keep them there. Now, what I want to know is are you fellows with me?"

Watkins answered promptly; then Carter; the others joining in with less heartiness, the different accents revealing their nationalities. I knew sailors well enough to feel assured they would follow their leaders once the game started.

"That's good enough; now we've got to hit hard and quick, lads. There are six men on deck who are not with us. Watkins will take care of them with those fellows I don't assign to other work. Jones, you and Carter make straight for the forecastle and don't let anyone come up the scuttle. One of you had better drop down below, and prevent any of those lads from unbaring the door leading amidsthips. Who is the best for that job?"

"Let Carlson do it."

"All right—Carlson it is then. You Frenchmen, and the two negroes, your part will be to ship the main hatch. Do a quick job, and clamp it down tight."

"I'll come down to you Carlson, as soon as we have the deck. It ought not to take more than five minutes to handle those lads, and stew around a carronade. Watkins, you and Carter hand out the cutlasses from the rack; you boys will handle those better than firearms. Good; now are you all ready?"

There was a low murmur of voices, the faces watching me showing their increasing excitement and eagerness. Our little talk had served to arouse their confidence in my leadership, and with gleaming weapons in their hands they became self-reliant volunteers. Once turned loose my greatest difficulty might be to restrain them, rather than urge them on. Revenge for past wrongs was in each heart, and they welcomed a chance to strike.

I whispered a parting word of admonition into the ear of Dorothy, receiving in return a glance from her eyes, which gave a new throb to my heart; then straightened up, and pistol in hand, pushed my way through the throng of sailors to the foot of the stairs.

"Follow me, lads," I said quietly. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Construction of Good Road

Concrete Highway Is Composed of Mixture of Sand, Stone, Portland Cement and Water.

The concrete road is composed of a carefully proportioned mixture of clean, hard, well-graded sand, pebbles or broken stone, portland cement and water. This mixture is laid upon the subgrade to a depth of 7 inches or more for the entire width of the road, and soon hardens into a mass as hard as rock. The materials are bonded together by the cement so firmly that it is impossible for traffic to loosen or separate the particles. For this reason no expensive maintenance is required.

The foundation or subgrade is compacted where the concrete is to be laid and the roadbed is drained so that no water will remain under the slab, writes A. L. Pettibone in Dakota Farmer. Upon the foundation concrete is laid in one or two courses. A one-course concrete road consists of a relatively rich concrete mixture throughout. A two-course road consists of a somewhat leaner mixture for a base with a richer top or wearing course, applied before the concrete in the base has begun to harden. Frequent re-enforcement in the form of wire fabric or steel rods is embedded in the concrete. This assists to prevent cracks in the slab and aids in keeping cracks which may form from opening to any appreciable extent.

The high wearing quality of the concrete road results from using properly graded, clean, hard sand and pebbles or crushed rock. These must be combined with portland cement in carefully measured proportions, mixed with a power-operated batch mixer to produce a stiff plastic consistency, then placed upon the foundation and struck off with a template or strike board, so shaped that the surface of the pavement will have the desired crown. After rolling with a light metal roller to compact the concrete and remove excess water used in mixing, the concrete is finished by seasawing a section of rubber or canvas belting along



GOOD ROADS

CONSTRUCTION OF GOOD ROAD

An Improved Highway in West.

the pavement, leaving a true, even gritty, dense surface. When sufficient hardened to prevent pitting or marking, the surface is sprinkled with water, then covered with 2 inches or more of moist sand or earth, which is kept wet by sprinkling for from ten days to two weeks to prevent the concrete from drying out too rapidly. Under no circumstances should a concrete road be put in use until it is 14 days old and in cool weather a longer time is necessary. This is a brief summary of the essentials of the construction of a concrete road.



An Improved Highway in West.

GOOD ROADS ARE PROFITABLE

Authorities Should Act to Meet Growing Demands Before Trade Goes Other Ways.

Good roads are a paying investment. Local authorities in cities, towns and counties should act without delay to meet the growing national and local demands before trade goes in other directions. It is almost impossible to get back the lost advantage after other districts have won it.

NOT AFFECTED BY WEATHER

Heat or Cold, Freezing and Thawing Does Not Injure Concrete Once It is Hardened.

Concrete roads are not affected by heat or cold nor by freezing or thawing when it is once hardened. Other materials tracked upon concrete have no effect upon it. Heat does not soften the binder permitting it to flow; cold does not make it brittle, causing it to chip.

Proper Grade of Road.

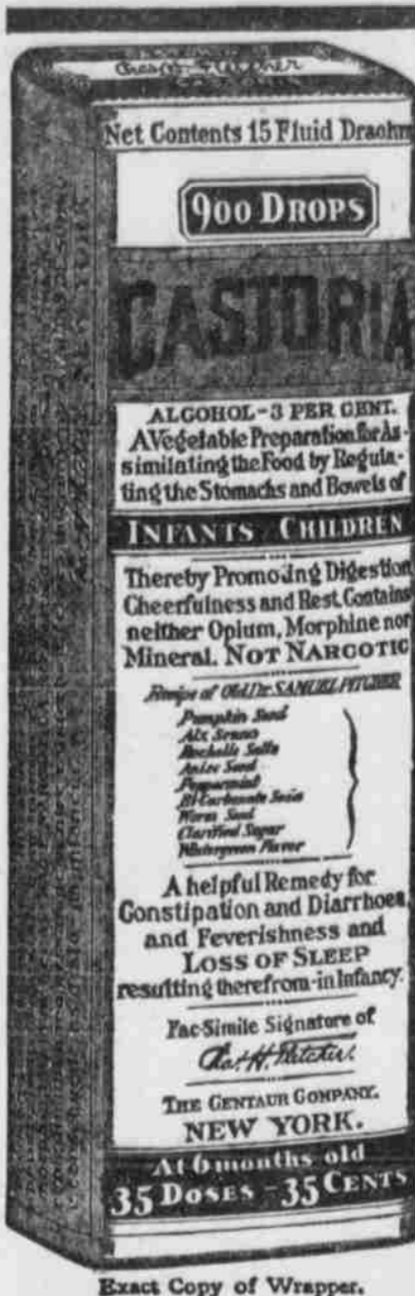
The grade of the road is important. for on this depends the weight of the load which can be hauled economically.

Improvement in Texas.

Texas this year will spend a total of \$76,216,000 on improved highways, according to figures compiled by the state highway department.

Building Roads is Important.

The building of good roads is of the greatest importance to a community.



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A Good Job.

"I know a man who lately cleaned out a bank and got away with it." "He was a smart crook." "No; he was a conscientious janitor."

A SUMMER COLD

A cold in the summer time, as everybody knows, is the hardest kind of a cold to get rid of. The best and quickest way is to go to bed and stay there if you can, with a bottle of "Boschee's Syrup" handy to insure a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectation in the morning. But if you can't stay in bed you must keep out of draughts, avoid sudden changes, eat sparingly of simple food and take occasional doses of Boschee's Syrup, which you can buy at any store where medicine is sold, a safe and efficient remedy, made in America for more than fifty years. Keep it handy.—Adv.

Had Seen Her Throw.

She—I hurried defiance at him. He—And what did you hit?—Boston Transcript.

Knew What He Was Doing.

A little boy had a pony and a dog, and his generosity was often tried by visitors asking him—just to see what he would say—to give them one or both of his pets. One day he told a man he might have his pony, reserving the dog, much to the surprise of his mother, who asked: "Why, Jacky, why didn't you give him the dog?" "Say nothing, say nothing, mother. When he goes to get the pony I'll set the dog on him."—Minneapolis Tribune.

The war has made table linen very valuable. The use of Red Cross Blue will add to its wearing qualities. Use it and see. All grocers, 5c.

Rather Mixed.

"They cooked up a plot against me at the office." "I call that giving you a raw deal."

A man does a lot of things he dislikes to do because his neighbors doesn't want him to do them.



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