

WOLVES OF THE SEA

By RANDALL PARRISH

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CHAPTER XXII.
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The Crew Decides.

Except that many of the men remained armed there was no suggestion of violence. But for the gleaming carabineer trained on the main hatch, and the small group of gunners clustered about it, the scene was peaceable enough, resembling the deck of some merchant ship. LeVere stood motionless at the poop rail, staring down and his attitude and expression of face aroused within me a doubt of the man, a determination to put him to the test. Evidently he had held aloof and refrained from taking even the slightest part in our activities. The men themselves were mostly forward, grouped together and still excitedly discussing the situation.

"Stand by to reef topsails," I shouted. "We're all one watch now. Go at it lively, lads, and when the job is over we'll eat, and decide together what's our next move. Two of you will be enough to guard the hatch and one of you go into the cabin and relieve the girl there. Keep your eyes open. I'll be down presently. Aloft with you and see how quick a job you can make of it."

Watkins led the way up the mainmast ratlines, and Cole was first into the fore shrouds, the others following eagerly. I watched them lay out on the yards and was heartened to hear the fellows sing as they worked, the canvas melting away as if by magic. I climbed the ladder to where LeVere stood on the poop, but carefully ignored his presence, my gaze on the scene aloft. Twice I gave orders, changing the steering direction slightly, and commanding the lower sails reefed. The mulatto scowling, joined me at the rail.

"What's all this about?" he asked. "That's no storm cloud yonder." "There is always danger in fog," I answered coldly, "and besides there is no use carrying on until we know where we are bound. My purpose is to keep the men busy, and then talk the situation over with them. Have you any criticism of this plan, Senior LeVere?"

He hesitated, but his eyes were narrowed, and ugly.

"You'll do as you please, but you told me we sailed for Porto Grande. Was that a lie?"

"Not necessarily," and I smiled grimly. "Although I should not have hesitated to tell one under the circumstances. I mean to leave that decision to the men themselves. It is their lives that are in danger."

"That scum half of them are English and French. All they want is to get away; they will never go back to Porto Grande without you make them."

"How make them?"

"By false observations; there is no navigator forward. It is a trick easy enough to play with a little nerve. I would never have taken part in this mutiny if I had supposed you meant to play into the hands of the men."

"It is very little part you took Senior LeVere, judging from what I saw. You seemed quite content to stand aft here and look on. However you are in it just as deeply as I am, and are going to play the game out with me to the end. Do you understand that?"

"What you mean, senior—play it out?"

"Go on with the rest of us; take your chance with the men and do your duty. I am captain here. The first sign of treachery on your part will send you below with those others. I don't trust you, and all I want is an excuse to put you out of the way—so be careful what you do."

I turned and walked away from him toward the forward rail. The men were still aloft but coming in from off the yards. Below me in the door of the companion, stood Dorothy, her eyes peering curiously at the deserted deck. She glanced up and saw me.

"May I come up there?" she asked. "Certainly; let me help you. Stand here beside me, and you can see all that is being done. That's all, lads; breakfast is ready; lay down all except the lookout."

We watched while they streamed down the ratlines and gathered forward of the galley, squatting in groups on the deck. To all appearances the fellows had not a care in the world, or any thought of the stirring scenes just passed through. The girl's hand touched my sleeve, and I turned and looked into her face.

"Have you considered Captain Sanchez?" she asked.

"Why no," in surprise, "he is helpless below, badly wounded."

"Not so badly as you suppose," she said swiftly. "He is able to be up and about his stateroom. I heard him moving, and I believe the steward has told him what has occurred on board, and endeavored to bear a message from him to those men amidships. I held my pistol to his head and locked him in the pantry. He is there now, with the sailor you sent on guard. That is what I came on deck to tell you."

"He is a danger, of course, but not a serious one," I said confidently. "It

is safe enough to leave him undisturbed at present. The first thing I need to do is to satisfy those men. I'll attend to that now, and then see to the proper securing of Sanchez. Remain here with LeVere while I go forward, and watch that he does not attempt to go below."

The fellows had not finished mess, but I felt the danger of further delay, and talked to them as they sat on deck, explaining briefly the entire situation, and the causes leading up to the mutiny. I dealt with the matter in plain terms, making no apparent effort to influence them, yet forcibly compelling each individual to realize what would be the result of our recapture. They listened earnestly, asking an occasional question, and passing comments back and forth freely among themselves.

I sent Watkins to the cabin for a roll of charts, and spreading these out, endeavored as well as I could, to make clear our probable position and the nearest point of land. When I had completed the explanation, and stood before them awaiting decision, it was Haines who acted as their spokesman.

"This yere is Cape Howarth?" he asked, a grimy thumb on the point indicated. "An' yer say it's 'bout a hundred and fifty miles west?"

"Yes, about that?"

"An' thar's no settlement?"

"Some colonists fifty miles north is all."

"That's 'bout right." He turned to the others. "Say mates, this is how I figure. We can't go on no long cruise with all those bloody rats in the hold. They're bound ter find some way out if we give 'em time 'nough. Fer as I'm concerned, I'm fer dividin' up what we've got, and ter hell with piratin'."

What 'er yer say, mates? Shall we run the ol' hooker ashore, an' leave her thar, while we tramp the coast? We're just a shipwrecked crew. What say yer?"

There was a chorus of approval sufficient in volume to satisfy me, and I accepted this as a decision.

"All right, lads," I said briefly. "In my judgment your choice is a wise LeVere?"

He hesitated, but his eyes were narrowed, and ugly.

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"Not necessarily," and I smiled grimly. "Although I should not have hesitated to tell one under the circumstances. I mean to leave that decision to the men themselves. It is their lives that are in danger."

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deed. Then there was but one to suspect—Sanchez!

I flung open the pantry door, but one glance inside told me that Gunsauls had vanished. On the deck lay the strands of rope with which he had been secured—they had been severed by a sharp knife, the ends discolored with blood stains. I held these out to Watkins.

"Cut since the murder," I said, "and by the same knife. What do you make of it, Tom?"

"Well, sir, the thing he'd most likely try fer wud be ter release them lads amidships. My idea is, sir, he thought he'd have time ter git the bulkhead door open, before anybody cum below—he an' the steward, who'd know whar the tools was. That was the scheme, only we busted in too quick. That's whar they both are—skulkin' back in them shadows."

He fitted the smoking lantern back onto the shelf to have his hands free for action, and drew a cutlass out of the arm rack, running one leatherly thumb along the blade to test its sharpness. His eyes sought mine questioningly.

"Probably your guess is the right one," I said soberly. "We'll give it a trial."

Murder had been committed for a purpose—it was the first step in an effort to retake the ship. If we were to retain our advantage there was no time to be lost; we were pitted now against Silva Sanchez, and he was a leader not to be despised or temporized with; no cowardly, brainless fool.

The passage leading forward was wide enough to permit of our advancing together and for a few steps the light dribbled in past us, quite sufficient for guidance. I had been down this tunnel once before, and knew the bulkhead was not far away, but the few steps necessary plunged us into profound blackness, through which we advanced cautiously with outstretched hands. No slightest sound warned of danger and I was already convinced in my own mind that the refugees were not hiding there, when it happened. Within an instant we were fighting for our lives, fronted not by two men, but by a score, who flung themselves cursing upon us. Their very numbers and the narrowness of the passage was our only salvation. At first our resistance was blind enough, guided only by the senses of touch and sound. We could see nothing of our antagonists, although their fierce rush hurled us backward. I fired into the mass, as Watkins slashed madly with his cutlass, both manning in some way to keep our feet. Hands gripped for us, a bedlam of oaths splitting the air; yet, even in that moment of pandemonium, I was quick to realize the fellows were weaponless, seeking only to reach and crush us with bare hands. The same discovery must have come to the mind of the sailor, for he yelled it out defiantly, every stroke of his blade drawing blood. I joined him, striking with the butt of the pistol. We killed and wounded, the curses of hate changed into sharp cries of agony, but those behind pressed the advance forward, and we were inevitably swept back into the light of the cabin lamp.

Then I saw faces, hideous in the glare, demoniacal in their expression of hatred—a mass of them, unrecognizable, largely of a wild, half-Indian type, with here and there a bearded white. Nor were they all bare-handed; in many a grip flashed a knife, and directly fronting me, with a meat cleaver uplifted to strike, Sanchez yelled his orders. Ignoring all others I leaped straight at him, crying to Watkins as I sprang.

"Back lad; dash out that light; I'll hold these devils here a minute!"

I did—God knows how! It was like no fighting ever I had done before, a mad, furious melee, amid which I lost all consciousness of action, all guidance of thought, struggling as a wild brute, with all the reckless strength of insanity. It is a dim, vague recollection; I am sure I felled Sanchez with one blow of my pistol butt; in some way that deadly cleaver came into my hands and I trod on his body, swinging the sharp blade with all my might into those scowling faces. They gave sullenly backward; they had to, yelping and snarling like a pack of wolves, hacking at me with their short knives. I was cut again and again. I stood on quivering flesh, crazed with blood, and seeking only to kill. I saw faces crushed in, arms severed, the sudden spurting of blood from ghastly wounds. Oaths mingled with cries of agony and shouts of hate. Then in an instant the light was dashed out and all was darkness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mend's Granite Ware.

The government suggests we economize on kitchen utensils. To mend a hole in granite ware work a piece of putty until perfectly soft, then take a piece of the putty large enough to cover the hole and put one piece on either side of the metal, pressing together inside and out, smoothing down the edges. Place the vessel in a slow oven and bake until the putty is a deep brown. For containing water the vessel will be as good as new.

DAIRY THE DAIRY

FREE HERD OF TUBERCULOSIS

Estimated by Department of Agriculture That Disease Causes Annual Loss of \$25,000,000.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The 165 veterinarians of the United States department of agriculture who are in the field doing tuberculosis eradication work, together with an equal number of state men, have tested approximately 500 purebred herds and found them free from the disease. The owners of these herds have been given an official certificate, stating that they have tuberculosis-free accredited herds. The veterinarians also have given one test to 2,000 herds in preparation for the accredited list. The



Herd Affected With Tuberculosis.

owners of all these herds, together with the breeds and number in each herd, will be listed in a publication soon to be issued by the department. Figures show that since July 1, 1918, 300 accredited herds and 1,000 herds that have passed one test have been added to the list. The veterinarians now have under supervision 1,200 herds of purebred cattle and 600 herds of grades which have shown by previous tests that one or more animals have tuberculosis. The publication lists 1,100 owners of grade cattle which have successfully passed the requirements for tuberculosis-free accredited herds. It is estimated that this disease causes an annual loss of \$25,000,000.

SUITABLE SPRAY FOR FLIES

Mixture Suggested by Iowa State College Will Keep off Pesticiferous Little Insects.

The Iowa State College experiment station suggests the following mixture as being suitable for spraying dairy cows for flies:

Four and one-half quarts of coal tar dip, four and one-half quarts of fish oil, three quarts of coal oil, three quarts of whale oil, one and one-half quarts of oil of tar. Dissolve three pounds of laundry soap in water, add the ingredients of the spray, and bring the whole up to thirty gallons with lukewarm soft water.

This spray will keep off the flies and prevent the coats of the animals from becoming harsh. The cows should be sprayed twice a day—in the morning after milking and in the afternoon when in the barn for silage or green feed. With a portable cart, made from a half-barrel by attaching wheels and a spray pump and nozzle, two men can spray forty cows in five minutes.

MUST REPAY GENEROUS FEED

Cow Is Living Machine, Taking Raw Materials and Working Them Over Into Milk.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The cow must be regarded as a sort of living machine. She takes the raw materials given her in the form of food and works them over into milk. If the supply of proper materials is small, the output will be small. The cow that will not repay generous feeding should be disposed of and one bought that will. There are, of course, certain inbred characteristics or natural qualities which even liberal feeding cannot overcome.

DAIRY NOTES

There's something to sell every day.

Good silage will cut the feed bill one-half.

The cow with a good appetite is a better producer than the finicky one.

Cows fed well before being turned on heavy green forage will not be likely to bloat.

Sometimes one can fool a slow milker into "giving down" by feeding her at milking time.

Cows will require attention in the summer when the days are warm and flies are troublesome.

Often old cows are offered for sale at low prices but they are seldom a good investment for the dairyman.

PERUNA

Made Me a Well Man

Mr. Louis Young, 205 Merrimac St., Rochester, N. Y., writes:

"I suffered for thirty years with chronic bowel trouble, stomach trouble and hemorrhages of the bowels. We bought a bottle of Peruna and I took it faithfully, and I began to feel better. My wife persuaded me to continue, and I took it for some time as directed. Now I am a well man."

Suffered thirty years with stomach trouble and hemorrhages of the bowels.

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Revenge of a Reporter. Doctor Gore, the retiring bishop of Oxford, has been one of the numerous British victims of the American reporter. During a visit to the American Episcopal church some years ago, he was besieged in a "city" of the Wild West by a horde of copy-hunting pressmen, who demanded his views of various topical subjects, but he declined to be drawn.

The next morning a purely fictitious interview appeared in a local paper giving at great length startling opinions he was alleged to hold on various topics, including some highly spiced personal criticisms on local politicians opposed to the paper.

This work of imagination was illustrated by an enormous pair of boots fabled to belong to the bishop. Beneath the boots was a libelous query: "Are these feet or yards?"—London Chronicle.

Useful Portable Saw. The portable circular saw, attachable to any lamp socket and capable of doing much of the handsaw's work, is not the least of recent labor-saving devices. Such a tool, self-contained, weighs only 12 pounds, has three and one-quarter inch blades, and consists of a sliding cylindrical base carrying the blade and a one-quarter horsepower motor having a speed of 12,000 revolutions per minute. Special gauges insure accurate cross-cut or rip-saw work. The tool is guided by an ordinary saw handle, a push button controls the operation, and a suitable guard gives it safety.

Already Occupied. Harold and his mother had been on a journey and on coming home stopped at a hotel. When they had retired they found the bed full of bedbugs. They summoned the landlady and asked her for another room, whereupon she said: "Why, I didn't know there was a single bedbug here." "No," replied Harold, "they're all married and has got families."—Chicago American.

One seldom realizes that he is wrong until he is found out.

Death From Cat's Bite. A cat bit him and Levi Kurtz, a Pennsylvania farmer, died. He found a cat chasing his chickens and tried to seize the animal, which buried its teeth in his hand. The cat would not let go and a neighbor chopped its head off. Hydrophobia developed some weeks later and treatment at the Pasteur Institute, Pittsburgh, was unavailing.

About the only way to convince a girl that her favorite young man is not an angel is to let her marry him.

Never be ashamed to show your respect for honesty in whatever guise it may appear.

GRAPE-NUTS

is a notorious knocker of ill-health! TRY IT. It contains the vital mineral elements and all the nutriment of wheat and barley.