

CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.

It was as though my brain snapped back into ascendancy. I was no longer a raging fury, mad with the desire to kill, but cool-headed, planning escape. Before a hand could reach me in restraint, I sprang backward and ran. I stumbled up the stairs leading to the companion. The vague glimmer of daylight showing through the glass, revealed the presence of Watkins. I heard him dash the door wide open, call to those on deck, and then saw him wheel about to again confront the devils plunging blindly forward toward us through the dark cabin. We could hold them for a time at least, yet I had the sense to know that this check would prove only temporary. They outnumbered us ten to one, and would arm themselves from the rack. Yet the greater danger lay in the possible disloyalty of my own men. A dozen of us might hold these stairs against assault, but treachery would leave us helpless. If one among them should steal below forward, and force open the door from the forecabin, we would be crushed between two waves of men, and left utterly helpless. I saw the whole situation vividly, and as quickly chose the one hope remaining.

"Watkins," I called sharply back over my shoulder. "Get the boats ready and be lively about it. We'll hold these fellows until you report. The two quarterboats will hold us all. Knock out the plugs in the others. See that Miss Fairfax is placed safely in the afterboat, and then stand by. Send me word the moment all is ready."

I had glimpse of the thick fog without as he pushed through the door, and of a scarcely distinguishable group of men on the deck. Those about me could only be located by their restless movements. I stepped down one stair conscious of increasing movement below, the meat cleaver still gripped in my hands.

"Any of you armed with cutlasses?" "Oul, m'sieur, Ravel DeLasser."

"Stand here, to right of me, now another at my left. Who are you?" "Jim Carter, sir."

"Good; now strike hard, lads, and you others be ready. The cabin is full of 'em, and it is your life and mine in the balance. If we can get away in this fog they'll never find us, but we've got to hold them here until the boats are ready. I killed their captain, Sanchez. That is where we've still got them, without a leader."

"But they've got arms?" "Only hand weapons," broke in Carter. "There's ball in the bandoliers, but no powder. I was goin' to break open a cask, but Estada put me at another job."

"Then that leaves us on even footing, lads, we ought to be equal to them with the cold steel."

CHAPTER XXIV.

In Clasp of the Sea.

The sounds of voices and of moving bodies were plainly discernible, but the darkness was too dense below to permit the eye perceiving what was taking place. The rattle of steel told me some among them had reached the arm rack. There followed the crash of wood as though the butt of a gun had splintered a door panel. Then a voice pierced the babel. My mind gripped the meaning of it all; they had found a leader; they had released Manuel Estevan. Now the real fight was on! I could hear the fellow question those about him, seeking to learn the situation.

"Who have cutlasses? So many! a dozen form with me. Now bullees, they are on the stairs there, and that is the only way to the deck. Now then—hell with 'em!"

We met them, point to point, our advantage the narrow staircase and the higher position; theirs the faint glimmer of light at our backs. The first rush was reckless and deadly. The first rush was reckless and deadly. The first rush was reckless and deadly.

"Now you skulking cowards," he yelled pointing forward, "do you see what you are fighting? There are only five men between you and the deck. To hell with 'em! Come on! I'll show you the way!"

He leaped forward; but it was his last step. I sent the cleaver hurtling through the air. I know not how it struck him, but he went down, his last word a shriek, his arms flung out in vain effort to ward off the blow. Schmitt roared out a Dutch oath, and his gun, sent whirling above me, crashed into the uplifted torch. Again it was black night, through which the eye could perceive nothing. Even the noise ceased, but a hand gripped my shoulder.

"Who are you?"

"Watkins. The boats are ready. The one forward has pushed off loaded. The afterboat is alongside. There is such a fog, sir, you can't see two fathoms from the ship. The girl is in the boat, but LeVere ain't. The mate

a stout fighter the lad was, wielding his cutlass viciously, so that we held them, with dead men littering every step to the cabin deck.

But they were of a breed trained to such fighting, and the lash of Manuel's tongue drove them into mad recklessness. And there seemed no end of them, sweeping up out of those black shadows, with bearded or lean brown savage faces, charging over the dead bodies, hacking and gouging in vain effort to break through. I struck until my arms ached, until my head reeled, scarcely conscious of physical action, yet aware of Manuel's shouts.

"Now you hell-hounds—now! once more, and you have them. Santa Maria! you've got to go through, bullees—there is no other way to the deck. Rush 'em! That's the way! Here you go in outside the rail! Broth of hell! Now you have him, Pedro!"

For an instant I believed it true; I saw Jim Carter seized and hurled sideways, his cutlass clashing as it fell, while a dozen hands dragged him headlong into the rack beneath. But it was only an instant. Before the charging devils could pass me, a huge figure filled the vacant space, and the butt of a gun crashed into the mass. It was the Dutchman, Schmitt, fighting like a demon, his strength that of an ox. They gave way in terror before him, and we went down battering our way, until the stairs were clear to the deck, except for the dead under foot. When we stopped, not a fighting man was left within the sweep of our arms. They scurried back into the darkness like so many rats, and we could only stare about blindly, cursing them, as we endeavored to recover breath. Schmitt roared like a wild bull, and would have rushed on, but for my grip on his shirt.

"Get back, men!" I ordered sharply. "There may be fifty of them yonder. Our only chance is the stairs."

We flung the bodies on one side, and formed again from rail to rail. Below us there was noise enough, a babel of angry voices, but no movement of assault.



The First Rush Was Reckless and Deadly.

sault. What they would do next was answered by a blaze of light, revealing the silhouette of a man, engaged in touching flame to a torch of hemp. It flung forth a dull yellow flare, and revealed a scene of horror. Our assailants were massed halfway back. Between us, even ten feet from the stairs, the deck was littered with bodies, ghastly faces staring up, with black stains of blood everywhere. It was Manuel's hand which had kindled the light, and the first croak of his voice told his purpose.

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slipped out of sight in the fog. He's somewhere aboard."

"Never mind him; the fellow can do no harm now. Move back slowly lads, Schmitt and I will be the last ones out."

We closed the companion door as silently as possible and for the moment there was no sound from within to show that our cautious withdrawal had been observed. I stared about, but was able to perceive little beyond the small group awaiting my orders. The fog clung thick and heavy on all sides, and it was impossible for the eye to penetrate to either rail. Fortunately there was no weight of sea running.

"There is nothing more to keep us aboard lads. Stow yourselves away and hang on; I'll wait here until you are all over."

They faded away into the mist, dim spectral figures, and I remained alone, listening anxiously for some hostile sound from below. Satisfied that the lads were safely over the rail and the decks clear, I turned toward the ship's side. As I did so a yell reached my ears from the blackness below—the hounds had found voice.

I ran through the fog in the direction the others had disappeared, and had taken scarcely three steps when I collided against the form of a man, whose presence was not even noticed until we came together. Yet he must have been there expectant and ready, for a quick knife thrust slashed the front of my jacket, bringing a spurt of blood as the blade was jerked back. Even as my fingers gripped the uplifted wrist, ere he could strike the second time, I knew my antagonist. I knew also this was a fight to the death, to be terminated before that unguarded crew below could attain the deck. It was LeVere's life or mine, and in the balance the fate of those others in the waiting boat alongside. The knowledge gave me the strength and the ferocity of a tiger. I ripped the knife from his fingers, and we closed with bare hands, his voice uttering one croaking cry for help as I bore in on his windpipe. He was a snake, a cat, slipping out of my grasp as by some magic. At last I had him against the rail, the weight of us both so hard upon it that the stout wood broke, and we both went over, grappling until we splashed into the water below. The shock loosened my hold; as I fought a way back to the surface I was alone. My strength began to fail, hope left me as I sank deeper and deeper into the remorseless grip of the ocean. I was not afraid; my lips uttered no cry, no prayer—I drifted out into total unconsciousness and went down.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Open Boat.

I came back to a consciousness of pain, unable at once to realize where I was, or feel any true sense of personality. Then slowly I comprehended that I rested in a boat, tossed about by a fairly heavy sea; that it was night and there were stars visible in the sky overhead. I stared at these, vacant of thought, when a figure seemed to lean over me, and I caught the outline of a face, gazing eagerly down into my own. Instantly memory came back in a flash—this was not death, but life; I was in a boat with her. I could not move my hands, and my voice was but a hoarse whisper.

"Miss Fairfax—Dorothy!"

"Yes—yes," I replied. "It is all right, but you must lie still. Watkins, Captain Carlyle is conscious. What shall I do?"

He must have been behind us at the steering oar, for his gruff, kindly voice sounded very close.

"Yer might lift him up, miss," he said soberly. "He'll breathe better. How's that, Captain?"

"Much easier," I managed to breathe. "I guess I am all right now. You fished me out?"

"Sam did. He got a boat hook in your collar. We cast off when yer went overboard, and cruised about in the fog hunting fer yer. Who was it yer was fightin' with, sir?"

"LeVere."

"That's what I told the lads. He's a gonner, I reckon?"

"I never saw him after we sank. Are all the men here?"

"All but those in the forward boat, sir. They got away first, an' we ain't had no sight ov 'em since. Maybe we will when it gets daylight. Harwood's in charge. I give him a compass, an' told him ter steer west. Was that right?"

"All I could have told him. I haven't had an observation, and it is all guesswork. I know the American coast lies to that direction, but that is about all. I couldn't tell if it be a hundred, or a hundred and fifty miles away. I must have been in bad shape when you pulled me in?"

"We thought you was gone, sir. You was bleedin' some, too, but only from flesh wounds. The young lady she just wouldn't let yer die. She worked over yer for two or three hours, sir, afore I hed any hope."

Her eyes were downcast and her face turned away, but I reached out my hand and clasped her fingers. The mystery of the night and ocean was in her motionless posture. Only as her hand gently pressed mine did I gain courage, with a knowledge that she recognized and welcomed my presence.

"Watkins says I owe my life to you," I said, so low the words were scarcely audible above the dash of water alongside. "It will make that life more valuable than ever before."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

French photographers have developed a process for treating negatives by which the effect of stereoscopic relief is produced in pictures.



LICE INJURIOUS TO TURKEYS

Common Body Louse of Chickens Is Often Found in Sufficient Numbers to Be Harmful.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Four species of lice are commonly found on turkeys in this country. One of these, which occurs particularly on turkeys associated with chickens, is the common body louse of chickens. This species is not found in great numbers on turkeys, but it sometimes becomes sufficiently abundant to cause considerable irritation and doubtless is injurious both to the grown fowls and to the young. The shaft louse of chickens also has been found on turkeys, but probably does not breed on that host. The other two species seem to be native to the turkey, probably existing on this fowl in the wild state. The large turkey louse probably is most abundant. It occurs on the feathers on various parts of the body, especially on the neck and breast. The slender turkey louse is a species of good size, though rather elongate, resembling in shape the head louse of chickens. Normally neither of these species is excessively abundant, but on crippled or unthrifty turkeys they may cause serious annoyance and undoubtedly they are injurious to poultry.

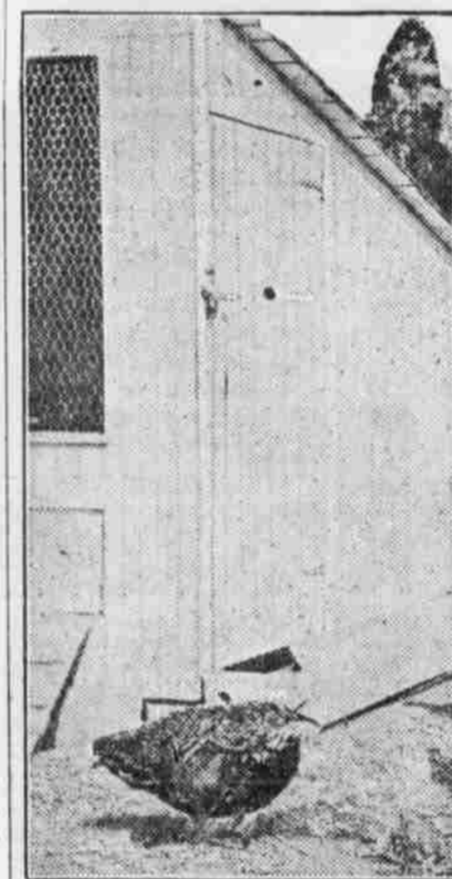
INEXPENSIVE HOUSE IS GOOD

Fowls Should Be Given Serviceable, Fairly Roomy and Well-Ventilated Structure.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

It is not necessary to build expensive houses for poultry, but they should be serviceable, fairly roomy, well lighted and well ventilated without drafts. The house should be built with a view to simplicity, economy, and convenience, and should be constructed according to the location and climatic conditions.

The walls may consist of (1) one thickness of boards, matched or un-matched; (2) one thickness of boards



An Inexpensive Open-Front Hen House.

matched or unmatched, covered with one or two thicknesses of building paper or roofing; (3) one thickness of boards covered with paper, then shingled or covered with lapped siding or matched lumber, making a solid double wall; (4) double boards with dead air space between; (5) double boards with space between filled with straw, hay, or other similar material. The second and third methods are the most common.

BIG EGG LOSS PREVENTABLE

Consumer Compelled to Pay Higher Price for That Portion Which Finally Reaches Him.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

In marketing poultry and eggs there is an enormous preventable loss in quality and value between the producer and the consumer. It has been conservatively estimated that this loss amounts annually to \$75,000,000 in poultry and \$45,000,000 in eggs. While this loss falls upon all who handle poultry and eggs it is borne chiefly by the producers and the consumers. The producers' loss, caused by a decrease in price, under present conditions represents that due to spoilage or poor quality. The consumers' loss is due to a curtailed supply because of the pounds of poultry and dozens of eggs that are either of poor quality or a total loss; hence the consumer has to pay a higher price for that portion which finally reaches him.

Large Seismological Library.
Dr. J. C. Branner of Leland Stanford university has purchased the seismological library of Count F. de Montessus de Ballore, director of the seismological service in Chile, and presented it to Stanford university. This is said to be one of the largest collections of seismological literature in existence, and is accompanied by a manuscript catalogue including some 5,000 titles.—Scientific American.

Wheat for Mexico.
Argentina is offering to Mexico at low prices 3,000,000 kilos of wheat, 1,000,000 kilos of oats, and 50,000 barrels of corn.

Shades of Meaning.
Jimmy had been caught red-handed. His father grabbed him, and prepared for action.
Jimmy wriggled frantically.
"Pa, pa, wait a minute!" he panted. "Didn't you tell the callers last night that I couldn't be beaten for mischief?"
"That's just what I did, you young rascal!"
"Well, then, pa," gasped Jimmy, "why are you beating me now?"

Wisconsin Early in Field.
The practice of law by women was legalized by the Wisconsin legislature in 1877.

What is Castoria

CASTORIA is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-Good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment. Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Hard to Guess Why.
Wonder why a spinster can never remember anything that happened a good many years ago?

Some people can't even be crazy without attracting attention.

The almond trees of Spain yield about 25 per cent of the world's supply.

Real widows and grass widows sympathize with one another, but why they do it is a mystery.

KIDNEYS WEAKENING? BETTER LOOK OUT!

Kidney and bladder troubles don't disappear of themselves. They grow upon you, slowly but steadily, undermining your health with deadly certainty, until you fall a victim to incurable disease.

Stop your troubles while there is time. Don't wait until little pains become big aches. Don't trifle with disease. To avoid future suffering begin treatment with GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules now. Take three or four every day until you feel that you are entirely free from pain.

This well-known preparation has been one of the national remedies of Holland for centuries. In 1896 the govern-

ment of the Netherlands granted a special charter authorizing its sale.

The good housewife of Holland would almost as soon be without food as without her "Real Dutch Drops," as she quaintly calls GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. Their use restores strength and is responsible in a great measure for the sturdy, robust health of the Hollanders.

Do not delay. Go to your druggist and insist on his supplying you with a box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. Take them as directed, and if you are not satisfied with results your druggist will gladly refund your money. Look for the name GOLD MEDAL on the box and accept no other. In sealed boxes, three sizes.

The Possibilities of Peat.

The Commercial museum of Philadelphia has been holding a large exhibition to illustrate the possibilities in the utilization of peat. There are about 11,188 square miles of peat bog in the United States, capable of producing more than 12,000,000,000 tons of fuel. The exhibit shows how, apart from its use as fuel, peat may be spun into yarn, made into paper, used for packing, etc. It is valuable as a preservative, as it contains large amounts of humic acid. Ground up peat may also be used as a filler for fertilizer, making possible the use of slaughterhouse waste for this purpose; also as a filler for stock feed, such as molasses. Its manufactured products include insulations, soundproof boards, paving stones, and alcohol.—Scientific American.

Toad in a Coal Seam.

A toad has been found buried in Netherland colliery, near Burton-on-Trent, England. A collier was mining 600 feet below the surface and a mile from the pit shaft when his pick struck into a pocket of clay, and out rolled a toad three inches long. It is being kept in the manager's office, and is recovering sight and moving about.

In the United Kingdom there are said to be 1,500,000 spinsters with no hope of marriage.

While in the act of acquiring a black eye a man is apt to see a lot of stars that are unknown to astronomers.

PERSONS OF ROYAL DESCENT

In Natural Course, Millions Might Lay Claim to Blood of William the Conqueror.

There are more claims of descent from William the Conqueror than from any monarch in the world, and in most cases a descendant of this king comes down a line of 15 or 20 other royal personages, although sometimes the descent from monarch to plain, untitled yeoman seems to have been accomplished in two or three generations. There is practically no limit to his descendants today and one genealogist says this fact is accounted for by the statement that, according to the regular proportion of increase in each generation since his time, the descendants of William the Conqueror would now number more than twice the present population of the British Isles. So, of course, it is very easy to see how many of them came over to the United States.

As Ordered.

A rook who was detailed in the mess hall for a week, got along fairly well until one day the head cook said: "Put some water on the fire." He went out into the storage room to open a can of peas, and when he came back, the fire was out.

When Aloft.

"I was just reading that an English clergyman has become an aviator." "A high churchman, eh?"

25 Cents

Will buy
a Big Package of

POSTUM CEREAL

weighing over a
pound, net.

What are you paying
for coffee?