

The DESTROYER

By BURTON E. STEVENSON

CHAPTER THIRTEEN (Continued.)

Almost at once came the CQ, CQ, CQ, ZZ, ZZ, ZZ, which told that Poldhu was calling for all stations and on every ship within 1,000 miles of that point of rock, the wireless man turned up his instrument, and waited. The commercial messages came first, and there were a lot of them; four for the Otilie, three for the Adriatic, five to be relayed far ahead to the Mauretania, one for the incoming Majestic, and one for the Rotterdam. Then the Poldhu man announced that he was ready to receive, and as many more were sent out into the night to him, for relay on to London, and from there to far separated points on the continent. At last there was a moment's silence, and then the SP, SP, SP, which told that the news service was about to start. And every man within hearing picked up a fresh pencil and made ready to write, as from dictation.

"SP, SP, SP," snapped Poldhu. "Time 12:45 G. Three hundred wds.

"War between Italy and Turkey seems inevitable stop Italy gives Turkey 24 hours to agree to Italy's occupation of Tripoli stop Six thousand troops at Palermo ready to embark stop Turkish munitions and reinforcement already landed stop Board of inquiry into La Liberté disaster goes into secret session stop Rumor of attempt to destroy La Patrie also stop Moroccan situation grows more serious stop Germany demands equal rights with France abrogating Algeiras treaty stop Directors steel trust declare company is legal corporation and will not take voluntary steps to dissolve stop Officially announced at Chicago that 100,000 men on Harriman lines will strike Saturday stop September coffee sells at \$12.98 New York exchange record price stop Boy Scouts called out to fight plague of wasps in England stop

And so on to the end of the message. And when the end was reached, the man at Poldhu waited 15 minutes and then started all over again, and sent the message a second time, so that every one would be sure to get it all. Then he shut off and went to bed.

Thursday dawned clear and warm, and the Otilie's passengers, appearing on deck by twos and threes, rejoiced that the day was to be a fine one. They found the world news of the day before awaiting them on the bulletin board at the head of the main companion way, and had great fun deciphering it, very few of them stopping to think how wonderful it was that it should be there at all. And then some of them celebrated their first morning at sea by a three mile tramp before breakfast; others, less strenuous, lounged at the rail, waiting impatiently for the breakfast gong; a few, finding themselves disturbed by the slow and even motion of the ship, bundled themselves up in their steamer chairs and hoped that nature would soon readjust itself. Then the gong sounded, and the deck was deserted, except by the bundled up occupants of the chairs, to whom the solicitous deck steward brought, more or less vainly, various light articles of food.

An hour later, the decks were full again. From the upper deck came the clack of shuffle board; on the promenade deck the chairs were full of novel readers, and little groups here and there were making each other's acquaintance. The life of shipboard had begun.

On the boat deck, various passengers, singly or in twos and threes, paused to listen to the crackle of electricity which came from the little wireless house. The door was closed, but by standing on tip toe they could see over the screen at the window, and catch a glimpse of a blond young man, with a receiver clamped over both ears, bending above his key, from which came a series of vicious looking sparks. The sound was vaguely disquieting, suggesting lightning to the more timid, or some strange and dangerous force of nature not to be trifled with, so most of them preferred to descend again to the upper promenade, or to sit down some distance away. Presently two men climbed the ladder from the deck below, and looked about them.

"Let us sit here," said the

younger of them, in German, and motioned toward a bench which had been built against the cabin.

"Very well, your . . ." He stopped himself abruptly. "It is difficult to break oneself of a long habit," he said, with a little laugh; and, waiting for the other to seat himself, sat down beside him.

They lighted cigarets and sat for a moment without speaking.

There was a considerable difference in the ages of the two. One was past middle age, heavily built, and with a face bronzed by only years of exposure to wind and rain could bronze it. His upper lip was a shade or two lighter than the rest of his face, and spoke of a moustache recently removed. The other man had also an outdoor look, but he had not been hardened by long service as his companion had. He was softer, more effeminate. He seemed to be not over 21 or 22, was taller, a little too much inclined to plumpness, but with an open and ingenuous countenance, lighted by a pair of honest blue eyes.

"It is good," said the older man, at last, speaking in German and in a tone carefully guarded, "to sit here and listen to the crackle of the wireless—it seems to fit in, somehow, with this beautiful morning. I have grown to love it; and I have never conquered my wonder—it is so marvelous that one can throw into the atmosphere a message to be picked up and understood hundreds of miles away. It seems even more wonderful on the ocean than on the land. A message that travels as fast as light travels. Think of it, my prince!"

"It is, indeed, wonderful," the younger man agreed. "But it seems to me, my dear admiral, that if what you tell me is true, there is in the world at this moment something more wonderful still—a force which even you do not understand."

"You are right," agreed the older man, gravely. "But we must understand it—we must control it. It means world empire!"

Both their faces were set and serious, and they spoke almost in whispers, with a glance from time to time to make sure no one was near, or a lapse into silence when any one approached.

"If we succeed," the younger man began; but the other grasped him by the arm.

"There must be no 'if,'" he protested. "Do not permit yourself to use that word. There must be no failure! Think, for a moment, of the tremendous issues which hang upon it! And, after all, the game is in our hands."

"I have not yet met the inventor," said the younger man; "but from what you have told me, I fear he is an enthusiast who will make difficulties. However, as you say, we must succeed at any price."

"Yes; at any price!" and as he uttered the words, the admiral glanced at his companion's face. But the other was gazing out across the water, and did not seem to notice the other's peculiar emphasis.

Again they sat silent as three or four persons, passing, paused to peer in at the window of the wireless house.

"Are you sure the French do not suspect?" asked the younger man, when they had gone.

"How could they?"

"The inventor must have left some trace—that wireless station in the grove."

"A small affair, well hidden. Even if it is discovered, it cannot possibly be connected with the disaster."

"Perhaps not. But the other installation?"

"The other installation was brought away by the inventor. He left nothing behind except some batteries, which can betray no secret."

"And he has the mechanism with him now?"

"Yes—in his baggage. You see how complete our power is."

"I see," nodded the other briefly. "You have arranged a conference with him?"

he might have grown suspicious. I think he is a little mad."

Again there was a moment's silence. Then the older man threw away his cigaret and rose.

"The wireless man is an old protégé of mine," he said. "I spent a very pleasant hour with him last night. If you do not object, I will go in again to see him."

The other nodded, and Pachmann opened the door of the wireless house and disappeared inside. His companion lighted another cigaret and smoked it gloomily, as his thought reverted to his own affairs. It was flattering of course, that she should have been selected to accompany Pachmann on his mission; but, nevertheless, he regretted Berlin—or, rather, he regretted a certain blue eyed, flaxen haired girl, with a figure like Juno's . . . Confound it! It was only to separate him from her that he had been sent with Pachmann! Why couldn't his father leave him alone! He was old enough to manage his own affairs! And besides . . .

The door of the wireless house opened and Pachmann appeared. Very quietly he closed the door, very quietly he sat down beside his companion. And then he mopped a shining forehead with a hand that trembled, and the younger man saw with astonishment that his face was livid.

"What is it? What has happened?" he asked.

Pachmann tried twice before he found his voice. When he did speak, it was in a hoarse whisper. "I was wrong," he said. "France does suspect!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MESSAGE.

A little group of laughing young women came scurrying up the ladder from the promenade, and the admiral and his companion sat stonily silent until they had passed. Then the admiral spoke again, still in a whisper, but his voice was under control.

"The most astounding thing has happened," he said. "I cannot understand it. The operator, in there has just received a message from Cherbourg, asking if there is not on board, in stateroom 514, a man named Ignace Vard, accompanied by his daughter. It is signed by Lepine, chief of the French secret service."

The younger man drew a quick, sibilant breath, and his face, too, turned pale beneath the tan.

"But how could he know?" he gasped. "How could he suspect?"

"Lepine is the very devil!" growled the other. "Perhaps it was that wireless installation, as you suggested."

"But that could not betray the man's name—the boat—even his stateroom!"

"No; I cannot understand it," said Pachmann, and mopped his face again. Then he thrust his handkerchief back into his pocket and sprang to his feet. "However it occurred, we must stop it," he said. "Come."

"Stop it—but how?"

"There is only one way. Come!"

The admiral hurried down the ladder, his companion at his heels. From the upper promenade he descended to the deck below, and then, without hesitating, climbed another ladder and stepped over a low gate which gave entrance to the first class promenade. The gate, it is true, bore a sign stating that second class passengers must not pass it; but Pachmann did not even glance at it. He seemed to know the ship, for he pressed on, disregarding the curious glances cast at himself and his companion, mounted again to the boat deck, and did not pause until he had reached its extreme forward end, just under the bridge. There he stopped at a door just abaft the ladder leading to the bridge and knocked sharply.

"Enter!" cried a voice, and the younger man, following the admiral, found himself in a large and handsome stateroom, whose windows looked straight forward over the bow. At the desk a bearded man of middle age was glancing through some papers. He looked up at the intruders with evident astonishment. "Really, gentlemen," he began, and then he stopped, his gaze shifting from one face to the other and back again in frank bewilderment.

"Captain Hausmann," said the admiral, stepping forward, "probably you do not remember me, since we have met but once. But I think you know the prince."

Captain Hausmann's eyes widened, and he sprang quickly to his feet, his hand at the visor of his cap.

"Your highness," he began, but the prince stopped him.

"I am not a highness at present, captain," he said, laughing; "only a humble passenger of the second class. I am very glad to see

you again," and, holding out his hand, he gave that of the astonished mariner a hearty clasp.

"A passenger of the second class!" stammered the captain. "But I do not understand!"

"It is not necessary that you should," said the admiral, curtly, and at the words, the captain reddened a little.

"Ah, now I know you," he said, quietly. "Admiral Pachmann," and again he saluted.

"Yes," said the admiral, acknowledging the salute. "We had not intended to betray, even to you, our presence on board, but an unforeseen circumstance has made it necessary. No one else, of course, must suspect it. All that you need to know—indeed, all that we are permitted to tell you—is that my highness and myself are at this moment engaged upon an affair of state of the first importance. Here are my credentials."

He took from an inner pocket a long leather pocketbook, extracted from it a heavy envelope sealed with a great black seal, and passed it to the captain.

The latter took it, glanced at the seal and hesitated, for it bore the imperial crown.

"Do you intend that I should open this?" he asked.

"I wish you to do so," answered Pachmann.

With fingers that trembled a little, the captain loosened the seal, lifted the flap, and drew out the sheet of paper which lay within. It was an ivory finished white, almost as stiff as a card, the entire upper left quarter occupied by the imperial crown and monogram, the other three-quarters covered by writing in a large and rather stiff hand, with a scrawling signature at the bottom. The captain glanced at this signature, then, his face very grave, read the missive slowly and carefully. Finally he returned the sheet to its envelope, and handed it back to Pachmann, his eyes meeting the admiral's with a kind of awed wonder.

"I am at your service," he said. "Will you . . ."

There was a tap at the door. The captain went to it and opened it, standing so that his body filled the doorway. He exchanged a word with some one, and then closed the door and turned back into the room, a sheaf of papers in his hand.

"Will you not sit down?" he asked.

"We will be but a moment," said Pachmann. "That was the wireless man, was it not?"

"Yes."

"Among the messages you have in your hand is one from Lepine, prefect of the Paris Service 'du Surete. He asks whether you have aboard in stateroom 514 a man named Ignace Vard, accompanied by his daughter."

Captain Hausmann, with an admirable composure, glanced through the messages.

"Yes, here it is," he said. "I will dictate the answer," said the admiral.

Without a word, the captain sat down again at his desk and wrote to Pachmann's dictation:

Lepine, Paris.

No record of Ignace Vard and daughter on Otilie. Stateroom 514 unoccupied.

Hausemann, Captain.

"It would be well to have the message sent at once," added Pachmann. "You will also see that the name Vard and his daughter do not appear on your passenger list, and that they are moved from the stateroom they now occupy to some other one. The records for the voyage must show that that room was indeed unoccupied. You will also instruct the purser that the tickets surrendered by Vard and his daughter are not to be turned in, but, in case of inquiry, to be reported unused."

The captain had listened carefully.

"On what pretext will I move these people?" he asked.

"The pretext must be found."

The captain stroked his beard with a troubled air.

"I fear there is no second cabin room empty—we are very crowded. Would it matter if I brought them forward?"

Pachmann pondered a moment.

"No," he said at last. "On the whole, that might be better. You will enter them on your passenger list by some other name—or, better still, omit them altogether."

"But the immigration authorities!" protested the captain. "You have forgotten them!"

"We will think of them at the proper time," said Pachmann, impatiently. "This is not the moment to make objections. I think you understand!"

Hausemann bowed.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

It Paid.

"Has your husband quit work?"

"Yes. He has figured it out that he can save more by staying home and running the furnace economically than he can earn by going down town."

Too Sick To Work

Many Women in this Condition Regain Health by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Convincing Proof of This Fact.



Ridgway, Penn. — "I suffered from female trouble with backache and pain in my side for over seven months so I could not do any of my work. I was treated by three different doctors and was getting discouraged when my sister-in-law told me how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had helped her. I decided to try it, and it restored my health, so I now do all of my housework which is not light as I have a little boy three years old."

—Mrs. O. M. RHINES, Ridgway, Penn.

Mrs. Lindsey Now Keeps House For Seven.

Tennille, Ga. — "I want to tell you how much I have been benefited by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. About eight years ago I got in such a low state of health I was unable to keep house for three in the family. I had dull, tired, dizzy feelings, cold feet and hands nearly all the time and could scarcely sleep at all. The doctor said I had a severe case of ulceration and without an operation I would always be an invalid, but I told him I wanted to wait awhile. Our druggist advised my husband to get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has entirely cured me. Now I keep house for seven and work in the garden some, too. I am so thankful I got this medicine. I feel as though it saved my life and have recommended it to others and they have been benefited." —Mrs. W. E. LINDSEY, R. R. 3, Tennille, Ga.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Feed the Fighters! Win the War!!

Harvest the Crops — Save the Yields

On the battle fields of France and Flanders, the United States boys and the Canadian boys are fighting side by side to win for the World the freedom that Prussianism would destroy. While doing this they must be fed and every ounce of muscle that can be requisitioned must go into use to save this year's crop. A short harvest period requires the combined forces of the two countries in team work, such as the soldier boys in France and Flanders are demonstrating.

The Combined Fighters in France and Flanders and the Combined Harvesters in America WILL Bring the Allied Victory Nearer.

A reciprocal arrangement for the use of farm workers has been perfected between the Department of the Interior of Canada and the Departments of Labor and Agriculture of the United States, under which it is proposed to permit the harvesters that are now engaged in the wheat fields of Oklahoma, Kansas, Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota and Wisconsin to move over into Canada, with the privilege of later returning to the United States, when the crops in the United States have been conserved, and help to save the enormous crops in Canada which by that time will be ready for harvesting.

HELP YOUR CANADIAN NEIGHBOURS WHEN YOUR OWN CROP IS HARVESTED!!!

Canada Wants 40,000 Harvest Hands To Take Care of Its 13,000,000 ACRE WHEAT FIELD.

One cent a mile railway fare from the international boundary line to destination and the same rate returning to the international boundary.

High Wages, Good Board, Comfortable Lodgings.

An Identification Card issued at the boundary by a Canadian Immigration Officer will guarantee no trouble in returning to the United States.

AS SOON AS YOUR OWN HARVEST IS SAVED, move northward and assist your Canadian neighbour in harvesting his; in this way do your bit in helping "Win the War". For particulars as to routes, identification cards and place where employment may be had, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada; or to

M. J. JOHNSTONE, Drawee 197, Watertown, S. D.; W. V. BENNETT, Room 4, Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb.; and R. A. GARRETT, 311 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn. Canadian Government Agents.

HIS OLD DREAM CAME TRUE

Miner Was Killed in the Manner That Was Foretold in Vision Twenty Years Before.

In a lecture at Blackwood Rev. M. Griffin of Cross Oak, a minister who, after forty years' preaching, is as vigorous as ever, referred to subconsciousness, the mysterious power that controls us even when asleep, says a Cardiff Mail writer. Outside the chapel one of his hearers narrated a curious incident which happened to a Blackwood man. He lived near the present railway station, and dreamed one night that while working on his stall as a miner a stone fell on him and killed him.

The dream was so vivid that he gave up his work at once and emigrated to America. Twenty years later he returned to Blackwood and sought work in his old colliery. He was told that no one had been working in his old stall since he had left, and work was found for him in the adjoining stall. While engaged there his pick accidentally struck through the coal which divided him from his old stall, there came a fall and the twenty-year-old dream was fulfilled.

It takes a homely girl fully ten seconds to forgive a young man for having stolen a kiss.

A good many so-called matrimonial knots turn out to be serious tanglers.

It is sometimes safer to throw kisses at a girl than to hand them to her.

Who wants bread and butter when a feller can have

POST TOASTIES says Bobby

(MADE OF CORN)

Still Worse Punishment. Weary William—This paper tells about a horse running away with a woman, and she was laid up for six weeks.

Boastful Ben—That's nothin'. A friend of mine once ran away with a horse, and he was laid up for six years. —Stray Stories.

EAT SKINNER'S THE BEST MACARONI

My Signature

ECZEMA

Money back without question if HUNT'S CURE fails in the treatment of ECZEMA, RINGWORM, TETTER or other itching skin diseases. Price 50c at druggists, or direct from A. S. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Tex.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

A solid penetration of nourishment. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

The Plain Truth. "We are going to entertain company tonight."

"Some people you like, I presume."

"Mercy, no! We would lose our social standing if we entertained people we like."

Not Very Good. Mistress—I am not quite satisfied with your references. Maid—Neither am I, but they are the best I could get.

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy