

# WOLVES OF THE SEA

By RANDALL PARRISH

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## The Namur of Rotterdam—Ship of Mystery.

**Synopsis** — Geoffrey Carlyle, master of sailing ships at twenty-six, is sentenced to 20 years' servitude in the American colonies for participation in the Monmouth rebellion in England. Among the passengers on board the ship on which he is sent across are Roger Fairfax, wealthy Maryland planter; his niece, Dorothy Fairfax, and Lieutenant Sanchez, a Spaniard, who became acquainted with the Fairfaxes in London. Carlyle meets Dorothy, who informs him her uncle has bought his services. Sanchez shows himself an enemy of Carlyle.

### CHAPTER IV—Continued.

In the intensity of my feelings I must have unconsciously spoken aloud, for a shaggy head suddenly popped out from the berth beneath where I lay, and Haley's interested voice asked solicitously:

"Hy, thar; what's up, mate? Ye was mutterin' 'way thar an' not disturbin' me none, till ye got ter talkin' 'bout sum feller called Sanchez. Then I sorter got a bit interested. I know'd that cuss onct," and he spat, as though to thus better express his feelings. "The d—d ornary pirate."

I laughed, my whole mental mood changed by this remark.

"Do you refer to 'Black Sanchez'?" I've heard of him; were you ever in his hands?"

"Wus I!" he laughed grimly. "I had eight months of it, mate, and a greater demon never sailed. The things I saw done ye'd never believe no human bein' could do. If ever thar was two people in one skin, sir, it's that Black Sanchez. When he's playin' off fer good he's as soft an' sweet as a dandy in Piccadilly, an' when he's real he's like a devil in hell."

"Were you a prisoner—or did you sail under him?"

"Both, fer the matter o' that. He give me the choice ter serve or walk the plank. I was eighteen, an' had an o' mother at Deal."

"I see; but later got away?"

"Ay, I did that," chuckling over the recollection. "But I had ter wait eight months fer the luck."

"I had a shipmate onct," I observed, interested in his story, "who claimed to have seen the fellow; he described him as being a very large man, with intensely black, hawklike eyes and a heavy black beard almost hiding his face."

"Maybe he looked like that when he saw him, but he ain't no bigger man than I am; he won't weigh as much by fifteen pound. Fact is he mighty seldom looks the same, fer thar's part o' his game. I've seen him in all sorts o' disguises. It's only his eyes he can't hide, an' thar's been times when I thought they was the ugliest eyes ever I saw. He's sure an ornary devil, an' when he gets mad, I'd rather be affront of a tiger. Besides fightin' his trade, an' no weaklin' ain't goin' ter control the sort o' chaps he's got ter handle. Most of 'em would murder him in a minute if they dared. Oh, he's bad all right, but yer wouldn't exactly think so, just ter look at him."

"What, then, does he really look like?"

"Oh, a sorter swashbucklin' Spanish don—the kind whut likes ter dress up an' play the dandy. He's got a pink an' white complexion, the Castilian kind, yer know, an' wears a little mustache, waxed up at the ends. I heard he was about forty-five; I reckon he must be that, but he didn't look older than thirty."

Haley dropped off to sleep, but my mind continued to wander until it conjoined up once again this West Indian pirate. His name and the story of his exploits had been familiar to me ever since I first went to sea. While only one among many operating in those haunted waters his resourcefulness, daring and cruelty had won him an infamous reputation, a name of horror. In those days, when the curse of piracy made the sea a terror, no ordinary man could ever have succeeded in attaining such supremacy in crime.

Black Sanchez—and Haley pictured him as a dandified, ordinary appearing individual, with white and red complexion, a small mustache and flashing dark eyes—a mere Spanish gallant, without special distinction. Why, that description, strangely enough, fitted almost exactly this fellow on board, this other Sanchez.

The suspicion which had crept into my mind was so absurd, so unaccountably silly and impossible that I laughed at myself and dismissed the crazy thought. Chuckling over it I finally fell asleep.

### CHAPTER V.

The Namur of Rotterdam. The brig, with all sails set and favored by a strong wind, drew rapidly

In toward the point of landing. The great majority of the prisoners remained on deck, chained together and helpless, yet surrounded by armed guards, while the few who had already been purchased by passengers humbly followed their new masters ashore the moment the gangplank touched the soil of Virginia. There were five of us altogether thus favored, but I was the only one owing allegiance to Roger Fairfax. The rude landing wharf along which we lay was already densely crowded. Altogether it was a bustling scene, full of change and color, the air noisy with shouting voices, the line of wharves filled with a number of vessels, either newly arrived or preparing to depart. It was with no small difficulty we succeeded in forcing our way through this jostling throng until we attained to an open space ashore. I followed closely behind the three composing our party, Roger Fairfax and Sanchez, with the laughing girl between them for protection. Fairfax was evidently well known to a number present, for he was being greeted on all sides with hearty handshakes and words of welcome.

We boarded the Fairfax sloop. The baggage was transferred. I worked with the Fairfax servants and it cut my pride to the quick. Out in the bay I was sent to the wheel.

Another sail appeared across the surface of waters, not even a fisherman's boat, the only other vessel visible along our course being a dim outline close in against that far-away headland toward which I had been instructed to steer. I stared at this object, at first believing it a wreck, but finally distinguishing the bare masts of a medium-sized bark, evidently riding at anchor only a few hundred yards off shore.

The Spaniard presently pointed out to Fairfax the position of the bark. "Surely a strange place in which to anchor, Lieutenant," said Fairfax. "Bark rigged and very heavily sparred. Seems to be all right. What do you make of the vessel?"

The Spaniard twisted his mustache but exhibited little interest, although his gaze was upon the craft.

"Decidedly Dutch, I should say," he answered slowly. "The beggars seem quite at home there, with all their washing out. Not a usual anchorage."

"No, nor a particularly safe one. Travers' place is beyond the bend."



"I Had Eight Months of It, Mate."

We'll put up with him tonight. D—n me, Sanchez, I believe I'll hand the fellow and find out what he is doing in there."

Sanchez nodded, carelessly striking flint and steel in an effort to relight a cheroot.

We came about slowly. The distance to be covered was not great, and in less than ten minutes we were drawing in toward the high stern of the anchored vessel.

No evidence of life appeared on board, although everything looked shipshape aloft and a rather extensive wash flapped in the wind forward, bespeaking a generous crew. A moment later my eyes made out the name painted across the stern—Namur of Rotterdam.

Fairfax leaned far out across the rail as we swept in closer, but the Spaniard exhibited no particular interest in the proceedings. A hundred feet distant I held the dancing sloop to mere steerage-way, while Fairfax halted.

A red-faced man with a black beard thrust his head up above the after rail and answered, using English, yet with a faint accent which was not Dutch.

"We ran down to see if you were in any trouble. This is a strange place to anchor. What are you—Dutch?"

The fellow waved his hands in a gesture indicating disgust. "Dat's eet. Ve're ov Rotterdam—"

you see ze name ov ze sheep. But ve not sail from thar dis time—no. Ve cum here from ze Barbadoes," he explained brokenly. "Wiz cane sugar an' hides. Ve wait here for our agent."

"But why anchor in a place like this? Why not go on up to the wharves?"

"Vye not? For ziz—I no trust my crew ashore. Zay Vest Indy niggers, an' yud run away ven ze chance cum. I know vat zay do."

In spite of my efforts the two vessels were drifting rapidly apart. Dorothy appeared at the door of the cabin and stood there gazing in surprise at the bark, while the moment he caught sight of her Sanchez went hastily forward, removing his hat with so peculiar a flourish as he approached as to cause me to notice the gesture.

Fairfax waved his hand to me to resume our course. Shortly after he crossed the deck to the wheel. There he stood watching the bark for some time.

"What do you make of her, Carlyle?" he asked finally. "I believe that fellow lied."

"So do I, sir," I answered promptly. "Whatever else he may be, he's no peaceful Dutch trader. That fellow got his accent from south Europe. If he was loaded with cane sugar and hides for market he wouldn't be nearly so high out of water. That bark was in ballast or I miss my guess. Besides if he was a trader where was his crew? I tell you the men on board that hooker had orders to keep down."

"I believe you are right," he admitted frankly. "There is something wrong there. I'll tell Travers and have him send a runner overland to give warning below."

### CHAPTER VI.

#### The Mysterious Sail.

Where I leaned alone against the rail my eyes followed the Spaniard in doubt and questioning, nor could I entirely banish from mind Haley's description of that buccaner bearing a similar name. Yet, in spite of my unconscious desire to connect these two together, I found it simply impossible to associate this rather soft-spoken, effeminate dandy with that bloody villain.

It was already quite dusk when we finally drew in beside Travers' wharf and made fast. Our approach had been noted and Travers himself—a white-haired, white-bearded man, yet still hearty and vigorous, attired in white duck—was on the end of the dock to greet us, together with numerous servants of every shade of color, who immediately bustled themselves totting luggage up the steep path leading toward the house, standing conspicuously amid a grove of trees on the summit of the bank. The others followed, four fellows lugging with difficulty an iron-bound chest, the two older men engaged in earnest conversation, thus leaving Sanchez apparently well satisfied with the opportunity alone to assist the girl.

Except to render the sloop completely secure for the night, there remained little work for us to perform on board. The four of us passed the early evening undisturbed smoking and talking together. So the time passed quickly, and it must have been nearly midnight before we brought out blankets from the forecabin and lay down in any spot we chose on deck.

It was a fair, calm night, but moonless, with but little wind stirring, and a slight haze in the air, obscuring the vision. The others must have fallen asleep immediately. At last, despairing of slumber, and perchance urged by some premonition of danger, I arose to my feet and moved silently aft.

My startled eyes caught a glimpse of a speck of white emerging from the black shadows—the spectral glimmer of a small sail. The strange craft swept past, so far out that those on board no doubt believed themselves beyond sight from the shore, heading apparently for a point of land, which I vaguely remembered as jutting out to the northward.

Alone in the darkness, Carlyle battles against tremendous odds. He gains the upper hand, victory seems assured, and then— but read about it for yourself in the next installment of this unusual story.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Bad for Discipline.** "I understand there's a tendency to drop 'Aye, aye, sir,' in the navy." "That would never do." "Of course not. It's one of the traditions of the service. If that sort of thing were encouraged it wouldn't be long before a 'gob' would be saying 'Yep' to an admiral."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

**Use for Broken Glass.** There is a use even for broken glass. Some of it is ground into fine powderlike particles and used for various purposes. Some is melted and made into new glass objects.



## Economy Corner

**To Utilize Embroidered Monograms.** Take the embroidered initial or monogram from old bolster and pillow cases and use them on new slips. Cut letter from old slip, leaving a three-inch square around it (letters for bed-linen are usually two inches), then cut the material to form an oval leaving a small margin to turn under. Sew to the new slip, then outline with embroidery cotton to conceal stitches. Outline another row one-fourth of an inch from the first and work eyelets at intervals between the rows to form a medallion. The result is even prettier than when first embroidered.

**Turning a Dress Skirt.** If a skirt has become faded or soiled, it can often be turned to good advantage. First, clean it as thoroughly as possible. Rip one seam, turn and baste carefully before ripping another. If there are plaits refold, following the old creases, making what was formerly the wrong side the right. If the skirt is a good hanging one, any home dressmaker can do the work satisfactorily, for it is not nearly so difficult a task as to make a new one. One seam at a time is a much better way than to rip all the seams apart before beginning to baste.

**When Sewing Taffeta.** Use a thin, fine needle for sewing taffeta. The blunt end of a needle long used is liable to pucker the goods, and the stitches will not be even. A heavier needle may be used in sewing China silk.

**To Sharpen Scissors.** Cut them rapidly on the neck of a small glass bottle, or better still, on a ground glass stopper. It trues the edges and makes them cut like new.

Take a fine file and sharpen each blade, being careful to keep the same

angle as they had at first; file till rough places are all taken out. Put a little oil on the edges of the blades and snap together. Then wipe off all the oil.

**When Stitching Seams.** When stitching heavy white cotton or linen, rub the seam to be stitched, with hard white soap, and the needle will not cut the material.

**To Prevent Pricking the Fingers.** One accustomed to doing needlework of any kind is aware of the discomfort caused by the needle pricking the finger which holds the underside of the cloth. This can be prevented if the worker will moisten a small strip of court plaster and stick it on the end of the finger.

**To Freshen Oriental Rugs.** A mixture of borax, ammonia and water is excellent and will not injure the rugs. To one pint of water add two tablespoonfuls of powdered borax and one tablespoonful of ammonia, stirring well. Apply while the water is warm with a small brush, rubbing against the nap. When the entire rug has been gone over wipe in the same direction with the nap with a soft cloth which will not lint. Then brush with the nap, using a dry brush. After this treatment the rugs will be silky, clear and with a better sheen. This was told by a native rug dealer.

**Demand for Waistcoats.** The demand for waistcoats has almost completely submerged the separate collar vogue that has been such a feature of the coat suit.

**Belgian Blue is Popular.** The brilliant, sea-fresh Belgian blue is as popular as it ever was. It is a favorite facing for big, black hats.

## Neatness in Frocks for Children



The dresses brought out by manufacturers of children's clothes this season ought to be a great help to mothers. Neatness is characteristic of the new designs and neatness is the first thing that mothers must teach their little ones. Little girls acquire good taste in dress unconsciously and the responsibility of cultivating it rests on the mother. She will be safe in selecting the clothes turned out by specialists in children's wear for her little ones—if she doubts her own gifts and intuitions—in the selection of frocks.

A frock for the times when our little miss must "dress up" is shown at the left of the picture above. It is made of swiss organdie, as crisp and fresh as snow. A wide hem and eight pin tucks above it speak for the attention given the skirt, while the bodice rejoices in bretelles of narrow swiss embroidery at each side and a "V" at the front filled in with plain organdie with tiny pearl buttons at each side. The embroidery outlines the neck, and a little, prim bow of ribbon calls attention to it. This same ribbon makes a pretty sash that will complete the happiness of the very young lady who is to wear it and help teach her to be careful of her finery.

At the right of the picture a new model for a very little girl shows a quaint frock with batiste body and gingham skirt. There is not much to say of it, except that it is pretty and cool looking, for the picture tells all its simple story. The square pockets are cut on the bias of the goods and have a border of batiste at the top. Often plain chambray is used instead

of batiste, with plaid gingham and with striped cotton materials. One new touch in this little frock appears in the pointed front that laps over from left to right and is fastened under a small bit of needle-work by way of ornament. The sleeves are elbow length, with turned-back cuffs, and there is a small turnover collar. Feather stitching is more liked for finishing these little frocks than hem-stitching.

Julie Bottomley

**Bead Work.** All kinds of bead work is so much in vogue that amateurs will be delighted with any suggestions. To have good results proper tools must be on hand. Procure fine straw or long-eye crewel needles. Use fine linen thread and wax it. Baste the canvas to thin goods, such as lawn, on the wrong side of the design if it be a bag of solid work, so it will not pucker. Spread beads out on a soft white cloth for dark beads, and the light ones on a dark surface, then work only in a good light, not facing it. Do not work until tired and restless. It will not pay.

**Always the Sash.** The summer dress, whether of silk or cotton, has a sash, which may be of wide or narrow ribbon, or of soft crushed satin. It may assume the form of chiffon streamers, or may be a bow made of the dress material.

## THIN PEOPLE SHOULD TAKE PHOSPHATE

Nothing Like Plain Bitro-Phosphate to Put on Firm, Healthy Flesh and to Increase Strength, Vigor and Nerve Force.

Judging from the countless preparations and treatments which are continually being advertised for the purpose of making thin people fleshy, developing arms, neck and bust, and replacing ugly hollows and angles by the soft curved lines of health and beauty, there are evidently thousands of men and women who keenly feel their excessive thinness.

Thinness and weakness are usually due to starved nerves. Our bodies need more phosphate than is contained in modern foods. Physicians claim there is nothing that will supply this deficiency so well as the organic phosphate known among druggists as bitro-phosphate, which is inexpensive and is sold by most all druggists under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. By feeding the nerves directly and by supplying the body cells with the necessary phosphoric food elements, bitro-phosphate quickly produces a welcome transformation in the appearance; the increase in weight frequently being astonishing.

This increase in weight also carries with it a general improvement in the health. Nervousness, sleeplessness and lack of energy, which nearly always accompany excessive thinness, soon disappear, dull eyes become bright, and pale cheeks glow with the bloom of perfect health.

**CAUTION:**—Although bitro-phosphate is unsurpassed for relieving nervousness, sleeplessness and general weakness, it should not, owing to its remarkable flesh-growing properties, be used by anyone who does not desire to put on flesh.

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### Described.

"Pa, what is meant by the minority vote?" "It's the vote I have in this family."

The housewife smiles with satisfaction as she looks at the basket of clear, white clothes and thanks Red Cross Ball Blue. At grocers, 5c.

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