

WOLVES OF THE SEA

By RANDALL PARRISH

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Carlyle Sees One Chance— and Takes It.

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. The Fairfax party, now on its own sloop in the Chesapeake bay, encounters a mysterious bark, the Namur of Rotterdam. Carlyle discovers that Sanchez is "Black Sanchez," planning to steal the Fairfax gold and abduct Dorothy. He fights Sanchez and leaves him for dead. In a battle with Sanchez's followers, however, he is overpowered and thrown into the bay.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

The two must have hung in silence over the rail starting down. I dared not advance my head to look, nor even move a muscle of my body in the water.

"How came you aft here?" "Because that fellow leaped the rail from the wharf. I saw him, and we met at the wheel."

"From the wharf, you say? He was not aboard, then? Santa Maria! I know not what that may mean. Yet what difference, so he be dead. Anderson, Mendes, throw that carrion overboard—no, bullies, never mind; let them lie where they are, and sink an auger in the sloop's bottom. What is that out yonder, Cochose?" "A small boat, senor—a dory, I make it."

"Cut the rope and send it adrift. Now come along with me."

The darker loom of the sloop vanished slowly, as the slight current sweeping about the end of the wharf drifted the released boat to which I clung outward into the bay. There was scarcely a ripple to the sea, and yet I felt that the boat was steadily drifting out into deep water. I was still strangely weak, barely able to retain my grasp. Finally I mustered every ounce of remaining energy in one supreme effort and succeeded in dragging my body up out of water



Devising Some Means for Attaining the Deck.

over the boat's stern, sinking helplessly forward into the bottom. The moment this was accomplished every sense deserted me, and I lay there motionless, totally unconscious.

I shall never know how long I remained thus. Yet this time could not have been great. As though awakening from sleep a faint consciousness returned. Then the sharp pain of my wounds, accentuated by the sting of salt water, brought me swift realization of where I was and the circumstances bringing me there. I had evidently lost considerable blood, yet this had already ceased to flow, and a very slight examination served to convince me that the knife slashes were none of them serious. My other injuries were merely bruises to add to my discomfort—the result of blows dealt me by Sanchez and Cochose, aggravated by the bearlike hug of the giant negro. Indeed, I awoke to the discovery that I was far from being a dead man; and, inspired by this knowledge, the various incidents of the night flashed swiftly back into my mind.

No gleam of light appeared in any direction; no sound echoed across the dark waste of water. It was clearly impossible for me to attempt any return to the wharf through the impenetrable black curtain which shut me in. What, then, could I do? What might I still hope to accomplish? Those fellows had swept the sloop clean, and had doubtless long ago scuttled it. They would suddenly find themselves leaderless, unguided. Would that suffice to stop them? Would the discovery of his body halt his followers and send them rushing back to their boat, eager to get safely away? This did not seem likely. Estada knew of my boarding the sloop from the wharf, and would at once connect the fact of my being ashore with the killing of Sanchez. This would satisfy him there was no further danger. Besides, these were not men to flee in panic. Surely not with that ruffian Estada yet alive to lead them, and the knowledge that fifty thousand pounds was yonder in that unguarded house, with no one to protect the treasure but two old men asleep, and the women. The women!—Dorothy! What would become of her? Into whose hands would she fall in that foul division of spoils? Estada's? And I, aloft and helpless in this boat, what could I do?

CHAPTER IX.

A Swim to the Namur.

All was black, hopeless; with head buried in my hands I sat on a thwart, dazed. Before me, pleading, expressive of agonized despair, arose the sweet face of Dorothy Fairfax. No doubt by this time all was over—the dead body of Sanchez discovered, the projected attack on the house carried out, the two old men left behind, either dead or severely wounded, and the girl borne off a helpless prisoner. Ay, but this I knew; there was only one place to which the villains might flee with their booty—the Namur of Rotterdam. Only on those decks and well at sea would they be safe or able to enjoy their spoils. The thought came to me in sudden revelation—why not? Was not here a chance even yet to foil them? With Sanchez dead no man aboard that pirate craft could recognize me. I felt assured of this. I had fought the giant negro in the dark; he could not, during that fierce encounter, have distinguished my features any more clearly than I had his own. There was no one else to fear. If only I might once succeed in getting safely aboard, slightly disguised, perhaps, and mingle unnoticed among the crew, the chances were not bad for me to pass undetected. Such ships carried large crews and were constantly changing in personnel. A strange face appearing among them need not arouse undue suspicion. And I felt convinced I could locate the Namur. But could I hope to attain the ship in advance of the returning party of raiders? God helping me, I would try! My brain throbbled with fresh resolution—the call to action.

There were oars in the boat. I shipped the useless rudder inboard and chose my course from the stars. My boat had drifted considerably farther out into the bay than I had supposed, and it required a good half hour of steady toil at the oars before I sighted ahead of me the darker outlines of the shore. At first I could identify nothing, but finally there suddenly arose, clearly defined, the gaunt limbs of a dead tree, bearing a faint resemblance to a gigantic cross, that had been pointed out on the sloop. This peculiar mark was at the extremity of the first headland lying north of the point itself, and consequently a straight course across the bay would land me within five hundred yards of where the Namur had last been at anchor.

To a degree my immediate plan of action had been definitely mapped out within my own mind while toiling at the oars. I would beach my dory and strike out on foot directly across the narrow neck of land. The Namur was not so far out from shore as to make swimming to her a dangerous feat, and I could approach and board her with far less chance of discovery in that manner than by the use of a boat. The greater danger would come after I had attained the deck, wet to the skin. The sharp bow of the dory ran up on the soft sand of the beach, and I stepped ashore.

Then there came to me the first real consciousness of the reckless nature of this adventure. As I faced then the probabilities there scarcely seemed one chance in a hundred. And yet I must admit there was the one chance; and in no other action could I perceive even that much encouragement. If Dorothy Fairfax was already in the hands of these men, then my only opportunity for serving her lay in my being close at hand. No alternative presented itself; no other effort could be effective. It was already too late to attempt the organization of a rescue party. No, the only choice left was for me either to accompany the girl or else abandon her entirely to her captors. I must either face the possibility of discovery and capture,

which as surely meant torture and death, or otherwise play the coward and remain impotently behind. So I drove the temptation to falter away and strode on up the bank into the black shadow of the trees.

I found extremely hard walking as I advanced through tangled underbrush. Fortunately the distance was even shorter than I had anticipated. It was not until after I had advanced cautiously into the water and then stooped low to thus gain clearer vision along the surface that I succeeded in locating the vessel sought. Even then the Namur appeared only as a mere shadow, without so much as a light showing aboard, yet apparently anchored in the same position as when we had swept past the previous afternoon. I waded straight out through the lines of surf, until all excepting the head became completely submerged. If I were to reach the bark at all this was the one opportunity.

I stood there, resisting the undertow tugging at my limbs and barely able to retain my footing, intent upon my purpose. Full strength had come back to my muscles and my head was again clear. With strong, silent strokes I swam forward, directly breasting the force of the incoming sea, yet making fair progress. Some unconsidered current must have swept me to the right, for, when the outlines of the bark again became dimly visible through the night I found myself well to starboard of the vessel. Stroking well under water and with only my eyes exposed above the surface, I changed my course to the left and slowly and cautiously drew in toward the starboard bow. A few moments later, unperceived from above, and protected from observation by the bulge of the overhang and density of the shadow, my hands clung to the anchor hawser, my mind busy in devising some means for attaining the deck.

CHAPTER X.

On the Deck of the Namur.

It was here that fortune favored me, strengthening my decision and yielding a fresh courage to persevere. Forging out directly over where I clung desperately to the wet hawser, my eyes were able to trace the bowsprit, the rather loosely furled up jib flapping ragged edges in the gusts of wind. Suddenly, as I stared upward, I became aware that two men were working their way out along the foot ropes, and, as they reached a point almost directly over my head, became busily engaged in tightening the gaskets to better secure the loosening sail. The foot of one slipped, and he hung dangling, giving vent to a stiff English oath before he succeeded in hauling himself back to safety. The other indulged in a chuckling laugh, yet he was careful not to speak loudly.

"Had one drink too many, Tom?" he asked. "That will pay yer fer finishin' the bottle an' never givin' me another sup."

"You, h—! Yer hed the fu'st ov it. Thar's no sorter luck yer don't git yer fair share of, Bill Haines—trust yer fer that. What I ain't got straight yet is whar thet stuff cum from so easy."

"That was part o' the luck, Tom. Did yer git eyes on thet new feller Manuel Estevan brought back with him in the boat?"

"The one you and Jose carried aboard?"

"He's the lad. Thar wa'n't nuthin' the matter with the cove, 'cept he was dead drunk. We was waitin' on the beach fer Estevan, an' three fellers he had taken along with him inter town ter cum back—the nigger, Jose an' me—when this yere chap hove 'longside. He never hailed us, ner nuthin'; just clim over into the boat, an' lay down. I shook him, an' kicked him, but it wa'n't no use; so we just left him lie thar fer Manuel ter say what was ter be done with him. Only Jose he went through his pockets an' found three bottles o' rum. We took a few drinks an' hid what was left in the boat locker."

"So thet's how yer got it! Who was the party?"

"Thet's more'n I'll ever tell yer. I never got no sight o' him, 'cept in the dark. 'Bout all I know is he was white, an' likely a sailer. Enyhow, when Manuel got back he told us to haul the lad forrard out o' the way, an' fetch him along. So we pulled out with the feller cuddled up in the bow."

"I never seed nuthin' more of him after he was hauled aboard. What become o' the lad?"

Once on board the Namur, Carlyle knows he may have a chance to aid Dorothy. It is a desperate chance, but he is willing to take it. But how to get aboard without being seen? Can he avoid detection which will mean certain death?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bamboo trees do not bloom until thirty years old.



Sewing Buttons.

In sewing on buttons leave them a little loose from the garment so that the thread may be wound around in order to insure a good fastening. It is a good plan to plate a pin between the button and the cloth, passing the thread over the pin; then when the thread is fastened remove the pin and the button is sufficiently loose.

In ripping buttons off old blouses, etc., string them at once on a bit of strong thread and tie together. Next time you want a set of buttons you will not have to pick them out from several hundred others.

To Make Even Buttonholes.

In making buttonholes in sheer, soft material, a perfectly firm straight edge may be made by even a novice in buttonholes if a very fine cambric needle is run through the cut from one end to the other, so that the needle is directly over the opening; the button-hole is done over the needle, and the second side worked over it, the little cross-stitch at the ends being made while the needle is not in place.

Neat, Firm Buttonhole in Cloth. Measure and mark the exact length with thread where the buttonhole is to be; stitch quite closely on each side of thread; cut between the rows of stitching; stay in the usual way with a few over-and-over stitches at each end, passing the thread along the edges between the ends, and work.

Some women use soft wrapping twine to pad buttonholes on children's garments. Place this wrapping twine as near the edge as possible and work

over it. Buttonholes made in this way are very strong.

To Remove Threads After Ripping.

After a garment has been ripped it is a tedious job to pick the threads from the seams. If you take a piece of coarse cloth—such as a piece of toweling—dampen it and rub it over the seams, the threads come out readily.

Thread Twisted and Knotted.

When thread twists and knots as you sew, try stretching the cotton before beginning to use it. Take from the spool the usual needled and, holding each end firmly, stretch the cotton as tightly as possible two or three times.

Buttons of Metal.

There is a big demand for small metal buttons this season, manufacturers say. The small pearl buttons are selling largely for vestings for women and the vegetable ivory buttons, which when made up take every color and the appearance of many materials, are used in large sizes for capes, coats, suits, etc. There are glass and jet buttons used on the high-class suits and the fancy button is used for different purposes. Glass and jet buttons previous to the war came largely from Austria, but are now made in this country.

Barred Crepe.

Georgette crepe, printed in large white bars on taupe or blue, tan or white, is to be popular during the coming season, so one reads.

Have Apron Fronts.

Some of the new tricolette gowns have apron fronts.

Down by the Sea



The days when any old thing in the way of a bathing suit would do, have become a part of the dim past. Bathing suits, swimming suits and beach suits progressed rapidly and gayly, through successive stages of development (some of them more startling than genteel) until they arrived at the present season. Now they all appear to have claims to attractiveness, they are modest and some of them, with the addition of capes, are entitled to be called graceful and picturesque. New fabrics, various rubberized cloths that are attractive in themselves and not affected by water, allow designers to give free play to their fancies in a field where traditions do no hampering—but quite the reverse. Good materials are well handled in the new suits by specialists that have gained much by experience in designing. They have presented a great variety in styles this season.

Two very good examples of these new arrivals for beach wear and bathing are pictured above. They are not regulation swimming suits, but quite equal to meeting all the requirements of the average summer girl who goes down to the sea for pastime or health. The girl at the left has on a sleeveless dress of taffeta which hangs straight

from the shoulders and is tied about the waist with a silk cord. Frills, with a fancy or fringed edge, in three rows decorate the bottom of the skirt and are put on with the free edge uppermost. This is tacked down at short intervals. The round neck is finished with a frill.

The simple cap worn with this dress is a polka-dot rubber cloth with plain revers about the head and the shoes are high. There are silk hose and knickerbockers of taffeta.

The suit at the right appears to be made of wool jersey or a similar material. It has a plain short bodice with short kimono sleeves and these are faced with a contrasting color, split over the arm and the points turned back. Narrow braid is used for trimming in parallel rows about the hips and in short lengths across the front of the wrist. A rubber turban, slippers with bands about instep and ankle and a striped pursool insure the comfort of this very up-to-date bath.

It is no longer fashionable to acquire a deep coat of tan, although no one objects to a little of it.

Julie Bottomly

IDEAL FARM LANDS

Minnesota Man at Last Found What He Sought.

After Long Search, the Wondrous Productiveness of Western Canada Was Pointed Out, and He Is Going There.

He farmed for a number of years near Windom, Minnesota, and as Mr. O. S. Marcy told it, he had done well. He had made sufficient money to see him and his wife through their remaining days.

"But there were the boys," said Mrs. Marcy. "And six of them, too—some of the six not yet back from 'overseas.' Yes, we are proud of them," the fond mother said, "but, oh! my, we had no girl," and she bemoaned that. These boys had to be looked after. "Why not settle them about you in your own neighborhood? You have good land there, splendid neighbors, and everything that might be desired."

"Yes, that is all true," replied this estimable lady, "but the land is so high-priced we couldn't afford to buy there, although worth every cent asked for it. You see we have six boys, and they are good one, too."

So, one day, three years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Marcy rigged up the automobile for a touring trip. They wanted to investigate for the boys' benefit. The journey lasted for a year. It took them through Arizona with its varied scenery, its climatic and agricultural attractions; into the canyons of Colorado they went, and the agricultural possibilities there aroused a large amount of interest. Still undecided, down into the valleys of California the automobile went. Fruit orchards were plentiful, grain fields were attractive, but the psychological time had not arrived. Reversing their way, they passed through Washington, Oregon and Montana and home. A year's journey and no results. "Oh, yes," Mr. Marcy said, "we had a delightful time, enjoyed it all but the day and night up in Colorado, when we were held up by a wonderful snowstorm; we and six others. Planking the snow embankment, we came through safely, if a trifle inconvenienced."

It was interesting to hear these people talk. Their practical minds showed that they had not lacked opportunities for observation. They could not find what they wanted for the boys. When he was between twenty and twenty-five years of age, Mr. Marcy pictured to himself the kind of a home he wanted. He reared a family of boys and had yet to find such a place. His year's journey had been fruitless in that respect.

One day he decided he would try what Western Canada could do. He had read of it, and he had friends there who had done well. He toured the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. He saw the vast prairies, yielding their twenty and twenty-five, and as high as forty bushels of wheat, with enormous yields of other grains. The north central country, which afforded the grass and the shelter that made stock-raising a valuable adjunct to the growing of grain, was visited, interviews were had with the settlers, many from his own home district, and all were satisfied.

One in which he will load his effects to be taken to the Alberta farm he had purchased when on his visit. Mrs. Marcy goes with him, and the six boys will follow. He found the place he had pictured in his mind when he was twenty or twenty-five years old. "I was unable to find it until I made my Western Canada visit. I bought the farm, and I am satisfied. When I saw a carload of four-year-old steers brought into the Edmonton market, weighing 1,700 pounds, that had never been inside a building nor fed a bit of grain, I was glad I had made up my mind."—Advertisement.

Good Excuse. Wife—"Why is it you can't give me any loose change?" Hubby—"Because, my dear, money is tight."

It is a great deal easier to find an engine than it is to find an engineer.

KEEP YOURSELF FIT!

You can't afford to be laid up with sore, aching kidneys in these days of high prices. Some occupations bring kidney troubles; almost any work makes weak kidneys worse. If you feel tired all the time, and suffer with lame back, sharp pains, dizzy spells, headaches and disordered kidney action, use Doan's Kidney Pills. It may save an attack of rheumatism, dizziness, or Bright's disease. Doan's have helped thousands back to health.

A Kansas Case

T. Flint, Merchant St., Oswego, Kan., says: "For over five years, my life was miserable from kidney ailments. I took treatments without receiving a particle of benefit. I was laid up in bed most of the time for two months. The passages of the kidney secretions were so severely and painfully obstructed that I could get up often at night. I also had terrible headaches and dizzy spells. Finally I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and now I am in better health than I have been for years."

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