

WOLVES of the SEA

BY RANDALL PARRISH

Safe—for a Time—on the Deck of the Namur.

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' followers, however, he is overpowered and thrown into the bay. In a desperate effort to save Dorothy, Carlyle decides to swim to the Namur.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

"Him? Oh, Jose an' me carried him inter the for'cassal, an' shoved him inter a berth ter sleep off his liquor. That was the last I ever see or hear o' him fer 'bout six hours, when this yere feller must a woke up in the for'cassal sum crazy. He cum a chargin' out on deck, whoopin' like an Indian, wavin' a knife in his hand, intendin' fer ter raise h—l. Well, it happened that the fust feller he run up against was LeVere, who was cummin' forrard fer sumthin', an' fer about a minute that was one h—l or a fight. It was so dark I couldn't tell what did happen, but it was fists mostly, till the mate drove the poor devil, cussin' like mad, over agin the rail, an' then heaved him out inter the water 'long-side. I heard the feller splash when he struck, but he never let out no yell."

"What did LeVere do?"
"Him? He didn't do nuthin'. Just stered down over the rail a bit, an' then cum back, rubbin' his hands. Never even asked who the feller was. That ain't nuthin' kin skeer that black brute."

"He ain't got no human in him. It's h—l when English sailormen his got ter take orders from a d—d nigger, an' be knocked 'round if they don't jump when he barks. He's goin' ter get a knife in his ribs sum day."

"Maybe he is; but yer better hold yer tongue, Tom. Sanchez don't stand fer that talk, an' he's back o' LeVere. Let's go in; them gaskets will hold all right now—cum 'long."

I could now perceive now clearly the character I was destined to assume when once safely aboard the Namur. Such an assumption would involve but slight danger of discovery. It was as though a miracle had opened the way, revealed to me by the unconscious lips of these two half-drunken, gossiping sailors. The story told fitted my necessities exactly. Had I planned the circumstances myself nothing could have been better prearranged. No one on board had seen the missing man by daylight; he was believed to have sunk without a struggle. Yet no one knew positively that this was so, because no one cared. The death of the lad had simply been taken for granted when LeVere had failed to see his body rise again to the surface. Yet it was quite within the realm of possibility for the fellow to come up once more in that darkness, beyond LeVere's range of vision, and even to have remained afloat, buoyed up by clinging to the anchor hawser, until strong enough to return on board. At least there was no one aboard the Namur able to deny that this had been done.

Satisfied by this reasoning of being able to pass myself off as the dead man, I began slowly and cautiously to drag myself up the taut hawser. I had chosen a fortunate moment for my effort; no one heeded the little noise I made, and when I finally topped the rail and was able to look inboard it was to discover a deserted fore deck, with the watch all engaged at some task amidships. I crept down the forecastle ladder and worked my way aft beneath the black shadow of the port rail, until able thus to drift unnoticed into a group talking onto a mainsail halyard. The fellow next to me, without releasing his grip, turned his head and stared, but without discerning my features

"What did yer cum frum?" he growled, and I as instantly recognized Bill Haines. "Been sojerin', have yer? Well, now, lay to an' pull."
Before I could attempt an answer a tall figure loomed up before us, the same high-pitched voice I had noticed previously calling out sharply:
"There, that's enough, men! Now make fast. We can head the old girl out from here in a jiffy, if it really begins to blow. Jose, you stand by at the wheel, in case you're needed; some of the rest ship the capstan bars, and remain near for a call."
"What are ye swingin' the yards fur, anyhow. LeVere?" asked Haines insolently. "Just fer exercise?"
"Because I am a sailor, Haines," he replied angrily. "Anyhow it is none of your business; I was left in command here. Those clouds don't look good to me; there is going to be a blow before morning."
Haines growled something and LeVere wheeled sharply about to go forward. This movement placed him face to face with me.

"What are you loafing here fer? Who are you?"
"Joe Gates, sir," I answered quickly, mousing the first name which came to my lips.
"Gates—Joe Gates?" peering savagely into my face but unable to distinguish the features. "I never heard of anybody on board by that name. Who is the fellow, Haines?"
The Englishman gripped me by the sleeve to whirl me about, but as his fingers touched the soaked cloth of my jacket he burst forth with an oath.
"He's wet enough to be the same lad you chucked overboard an hour ago. I believe he is. Say, mate, are you the gay buck we hauled aboard drunk, and dumped into the for'cassal?"
"I dunno, sir," I answered dumbly, believing it best not to remember too much. "I couldn't even tell yer what



"What Are You Loafing Here For?" ship this is, ner how I signed on. Last I seem ter remember I was ashore from the schooner Caroline; but this yere is a bark."

Haines laughed, already convinced of my identity, and considering it a good joke. Then he proceeded to tell me all about it.

LeVere broke in with a savage snarl. "What's all that? Do you mean, Haines, that this is the same d—d scamp who tried to stick me?"
"No doubt of it. But he never knew what he was doin'—he was crazy as a loon. There's nuthin' fer yer ter fuss over now. Tell us about it, Gates— the bath must have sobered yer up."

I watched LeVere, but he remained motionless, a mere shadow.
"I suppose it must have been that, sir," I confessed respectfully. "If things happened as you say they did, I haven't any memory o' tryin' ter slash nobody. Leastwise I seemed ter know what I was about when I cum up. I don't remember how I got ther; furst I knew I was slushin' 'round in the water, a tryin' ter keep afloat. It was so blame dark I cudn't see nuthin', but somehow I got grip on a hawser, an' hung on till I got back 'nough strength ter clime on board. I knew this wa'n't my ship, so I just lay quiet awhile, figurin' out whar I was."

"Yer English?"
"Born in Bristol, sir, but I was workin' on the Caroline—she's a Colony schooner, in the fish trade. At sea since I was twelve. What's this yere bark—Dutch, ain't she?"
"Once upon a time; just now we are flying whatever flag comes handy. We ain't got no prejudice in flags."
"Is that a sun forrard, covered with

taup?"

"Yes, an' yer might find another art, if yer looked fer it. Mor'n that, we know how ter use 'em. Now see here, Gates; that's no reason wh'y we should beat about the bush—fact is we're sea rovers."

"Sea rovers—pirates, sir?"
"Bah! what's a name! We take what we want; it's our trade, that's all. No worse than many another. The question is, are yer goin' ter take a chance 'long with us? It's the only life, lad—plenty of fun, the best of liquor and pretty girls, with a share in all the swag."

"What is the name of this bark?"
"The Namur—out o' Rotterdam till we took her."
"Who's the captain?"
"Silva Sanchez."
"Gawd! Sanchez—not—not 'Black Sanchez?"

"That's him; so yer've heerd of 'Black Sanchez?' Well, we're sailin' 'long with him, all right, mate, an' yer ought ter know what that means for a good man."

I hesitated, yet only long enough to leave the impression I sought to make on them both.

"Likely thar ain't no sailor but what has heerd o' him," I said slowly. "It don't look like thar was much choice, does it?"

LeVere appeared amused in his way, which was not a pleasant one.
"Oh, yes, friend, there is choice enough. Bill, here, had exactly the same choice when he first came—hey, Bill? Remember how you signed on, after we took you off the Albatross? This is how it stands, Gates—either go forrard quietly yerself, or the both of us will kick you there. That will be enough talk. Go on, now."

It was a curt dismissal, coupled with a plain threat, easy to understand. I obeyed the order gladly enough, slinking away into the black shadows forward, realizing my good fortune, and seeking some spot where I could be alone.

The crew had disappeared, lying down no doubt in corners out of the wind. And this wind was certainly rising. I wondered that LeVere hung on so long in his perilous position, although, in spite of the increased strain, the anchor still clung firmly. It seemed to me that no hawser ever made could long withstand the terrific strain of our tugging, as the struggling bark rose and fell in the grip of the sea. To him must have come the same conviction, for suddenly his high-pitched voice sang out from the poop:
"Stand by, forrard, to lower the starboard anchor; move lively, men. Everything ready, Haines?"

"All clear, sir. Come on the jump, bulles!"

"Then let go smartly. Watch that you don't get the line fouled. Aloft there! Anything in sight, Cavere?"
From high up on the fore-top yard, the answer, blown by the wind, came down in broken English:
"Non, m'sieur; I see nothings."

I joined the watch forward. The number of men on deck was evidence of a large crew, there being many more than were necessary for the work to be done. Most of them appeared to be able seamen, and Haines drove them mercilessly, cursing them for lubbers, and twice kicking viciously at a stooping form. Then the great rope began to slip swiftly through the hawse hole, and we heard the sharp splash as the iron flukes struck the water, and sank. Almost at that same instant the voice of Cavere rang out from the masthead:
"A sail, m'sieur—a sail!"
"Where away?"
"Off ze port quarter. I make eet to be ze leetle boat—she just round ze point."

CHAPTER XI.

The Return of the Boat.

The crew hurried over to the port rail. Beyond doubt most of those aboard realized that this had been an expedition of some importance, the culmination of their long wait on the coast, part of some scheme of their chief, in the spoils of which they expected to share. Moreover this boat approaching through the darkness was bringing back their leader, and however else they might feel toward him, the reckless daring, and audacious resourcefulness of Sanchez meant success.

I was made to comprehend all this by the low, muttered utterances of those crowding near me, spoken in nearly every language of the world. Much I could not translate, yet enough reached my ears to convince me of the temper of the crew—their feverish eagerness to be again at sea, under command of a captain whom they both hated and feared—a cruel, cold-blooded monster, yet a genius in crime, and a natural leader of such men as these. Black Sanchez! I listened to their comments, their expectations, with swiftly beating heart. I alone knew what that boat was bringing. What would be the result when the dead body of their leader came up over the rail?

With dangers threatening from every hand, Carlyle faces a problem. Shall he save himself while there is yet time, or shall he face the danger, kill and perhaps be killed? Shall he take the one desperate chance of aiding the girl who fills his thoughts or shall he play the craven coward?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)
Can, but Don't.
German experimenters have found that explosions can be caused in gas works by sparks from telephones, though nothing of the kind has

LITTLE WOMAN TRAPS BURGLARS

Tiptoeing Into Dark Home She Produces Two Intruders for Police.

VOICE SCARES THEM

Had Loot Crammed in Gunny Sack, but Drop Guns When Woman Speaks—One Long Wanted by Police.

Chicago.—She's not knee-high to the proverbial duck. In fact, the pistol she held probably would have kicked her over backward had she pulled its trigger.

Yet Mrs. Oliver T. Martin, wife of a wealthy tobaccoist living at 364 East Fifty-eighth street, had the nerve. And that enabled her to capture two burglars, one of whom the entire police force has been trying and failing to capture for several months.

It happened thus:
Mrs. Martin was in her husband's store at 316 East Fifty-eighth street. A neighbor telephoned that two burglars were ransacking her apartment.

Gets Out Big Pistol.
She notified the Wabash avenue police and directed them to meet her in the vestibule of the building. Seizing a big automatic pistol, she rushed to the rendezvous.

Policemen Edward McGuire, Patrick McInerney and Thomas Cassidy were there ringing the doorbell when she arrived.

"Don't do that. You'll alarm them," cried Mrs. Martin. "Let's catch 'em, dead or alive." She held the big gun steadily and led the way to the second floor.

The Martin apartment was dark and silent when the plucky woman unlocked the door softly. She crept in ahead of the policemen and stopped to listen. A slight noise came from the library. "Are any burglars in there?" Mrs. Martin demanded to know. She switched on the reception hall light.

"Yes, I'm one," answered a voice in the library, before the horrified policemen could protest at Mrs. Oliver's method of criminal procedure. The



The Voice Materialized in the Shape of a Youth.

voice materialized in the shape of a youth.

"There are two here. Where is the other?" the little woman persisted.
"Here I am," answered another voice from the dining room. Another youth stepped forward.

Burglars Drop Guns.

Investigation showed both burglars had dropped their revolvers on the floor at the sound of Mrs. Martin's voice. In the dining room was their loot sack crammed with jewelry and silverware valued at several thousand dollars.

One of the burglars, Charles Brayton, has a long police record and has been sought repeatedly for numerous burglaries and holdups throughout the city. He gave his address at 213 East Forty-eighth street, but that was found to be fictitious.

The other, Edward Sandler, who also gave a fictitious address, declared he was an "amateur burglar."

DOGS FIND STILL AND DRINK

Police Wonder When Canines Stagger Along Streets in an Oregon Town.

Baker, Ore.—With dogs bleary-eyed and wobbly in their underpinnings, staggering along suburban streets and in other ways acting queer, police officers are beginning to take notice of a serious condition of the canine population of Baker.

In recent days many of the unfortunate brutes have been sent to the pound and the last one captured had to be killed. Every symptom points to their being drunk, and the belief is that the keen scent of these four-legged tipplers has "nosed" out a moonshine plant.

And now the officers are taking precautions to prevent two-legged animals of another species acting in a similar manner.

WOULD SAVE CAT; WOMAN DROWNED

Love for Family Pet Costs Life of Boston Red Cross Worker.

Dedham, Mass.—In an effort to rescue the family cat that had jumped in Rodman's pond, Miss Alice Dowling, 23 years old, secretary at the Boston Red Cross headquarters, was drowned.

It was shortly after 7 o'clock in the evening that Miss Alice and her sister, Blanche, 18, discovered that the cat was missing. They left the house



She Disappeared Beneath the Surface.

and followed along a road leading to the pond about 250 yards away. They saw the cat on the shore, and when they went to catch the animal it jumped into the water. Blanche, who is an expert swimmer, plunged in after the cat and succeeded in reaching it.

While Blanche was swimming back to the shore, Alice became hysterical, and waded in to help her sister. She could not swim, and before Blanche could reach her she disappeared beneath the surface.

She made for the shore and ran to the house for help. Dennis Sullivan and Archibald Woodard responded. Getting the location of where Miss Dowling went down, Woodard plunged into the water. After several attempts in diving he found the body. Dr. Finn was called and sent for the police pumper, but was unable to revive the young woman.

Judge's Nap Leads to Bomb Scare in Court

San Francisco.—The sun showered Judge Graham's courtroom with a warm and mellow light, and no one could blame the judge, Roy Gallagher, his reporter, nor William H. McNulty, his clerk, if they all dozed a little while opposing counsel argued over the domestic troubles of V. de Arrillaga. But when the judge's feet slipped and the wooden rest where they also had been dozing struck a rousing blow against the hollow front of his desk everybody awakened with a snap and with blanched lips whispered the sinister words: "Bombs." There was no more dozing.

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK

Yank Captures Alleged Soldier After Latter Has Attempted to Rob Bank.

White Bear, Minn.—Henry Clewett, White Bear, who returned to Minnesota on Thursday with the famous One Hundred and Fifty-first Minnesota field artillery of the Rainbow division and came here to visit his parents, "stormed" a bandit, who had fled into an alley, after robbing the First State bank of White Bear of more than \$1,000.

C. H. White, who says he is a returned soldier, is in the county jail. Shortly after noon, White entered the bank. W. J. Kidder, cashier, was alone. White collected all available currency and forced Kidder into the vault. The cashier touched off the burglar alarm, whereupon a gang above the bank door, started clanging when White, carrying his booty, stepped outside.

White started away in his automobile, but when a shot whizzed by him he threw away his haul and fled from the machine.

Clewett was visiting his uncle, Nels Nelson, who is White Bear's police force, when he learned of the robbery. He joined the posse, which cornered White in an alley. Into the alley went Clewett.

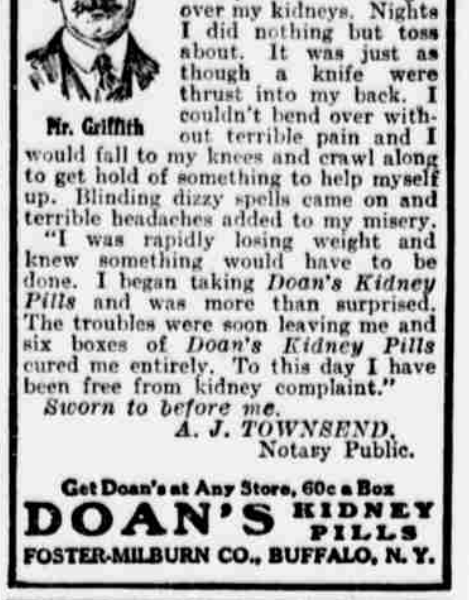
"Give up your gats," he ordered. White produced his two weapons and a revolver he had taken from Cashier Kidder.

"I've been over the top too many times to be worried by a bird like that," said Clewett.

COULDN'T SLEEP

Was Miserable and Loosing Weight Suffering From Kidney Complaint. Doan's Removed the Trouble.

"I was about down and out from kidney trouble," says Harry Griffith, of 228 N. Darlington St., Westchester, Pa. "The kidney secretions burned like scalding water. Sometimes there would be a complete stoppage and, oh! what pain I suffered! My feet became swollen and I had a time of it getting on my shoes."
"My back hurt right over my kidneys. Night I did nothing but toss about. It was just as though a knife were thrust into my back. I couldn't bend over without terrible pain and I would fall to my knees and crawl along to get hold of something to help myself up. Blinding dizzy spells came on and terrible headaches added to my misery."
"I was rapidly losing weight and knew something would have to be done. I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and was more than surprised. The troubles were soon leaving me and six boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills cured me entirely. To this day I have been free from kidney complaint."
Sworn to before me.
A. J. TOWNSEND,
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THEN SHE GOT A MOVE ON

Cook Warning of Dire Danger Impending to Get Angelina to Leave That Car.

With sundry rattles, clankings and strange noises, the motorcar of obsolete make seemed to have taken into its head to behave in a most uncomplimentary manner. After running along in a quick succession of impatient jerks, it came to a dead stop.

Out jumped a young and handsome driver and endeavored to coax the car into a better temper by pulling various levers. Alas! the car remained immovable.

"Angelina," said the young man, in tones of trembling emotion, "I'm afraid you will have to get out."
"Oh, George, why?" queried the dainty one.

"Get out," he repeated more anxiously.
"But, George, dear, I want to stay in!" replied the girl, almost tearfully.
"Get out at once!" cried George.
"The boiler is going to burst."
Then Angelina obeyed.—London Tid-Bits.

"FAKE" ASPIRIN WAS TALCUM

Always Ask for Genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin"



If you see the "Bayer Cross" on the package you are sure you are not getting talcum powder. Millions of fraudulent Aspirin Tablets were recently sold throughout the country. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

The Adjutant's Warning.
With the demobilization of the army some new stories are being demobilized here. One is the story of the bright thought of an adjutant. The commanding officer of a force behind the lines had acquired or "won" (as they say in the army) a cow, and he was much envied in all the messes. The adjutant had a cottage with a garden, in which he had some good strawberries. One day the C. O. without a word went into this garden and helped himself to the adjutant's strawberries. The adjutant could not, of course, rebuke his chief, but he put up this notice:

"Trespassers in this strawberry garden will have their cow shot."—London Morning Post.

No ugly, grimy streaks on the clothes when Red Cross Ball Blue is used. Good bluing gets good results. All grocers carry it—5c.

The Difference.
She was a very society bred spluster of fifty odd years and she was reproving her nineteen-year-old niece for not showing any more interest in society than she did. In ending her argument she said, "Why, my dear, when I was your age I was the belle of seven counties."
The niece was provoked. "That may be so, auntie," she admitted dryly, "but I see that no young man took the trouble to ring the bells."

Taking Heed.
"You do not seem to take any great pride in your oratorical ability."
"I have seen harrowing instances," replied Senator Sorghum, "of a man's taking so much interest in his oratory that he forgot to watch the people who were attending to plain, practical politics."

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