

# WOLVES OF THE SEA

By RANDALL PARRISH

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## Dare He Confide in Anyone? Carlyle Takes a Chance.

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. In a desperate effort to save Dorothy, Carlyle decides to swim to the Namur. By a ruse he gets aboard and mingles with the crew. The pirates return to the Namur with Dorothy, the captured gold and Sanchez, badly wounded but still alive.

### CHAPTER XII—Continued.

He glanced about warily, lowering his voice until it became a hoarse whisper.

"Three years, mate, and most of that time has been hell. I haven't even been ashore, but once, and that was on an island. These fellows don't put any trust in my kind, nor give them any chance to cut and run. Once in awhile a lad does get away, but most of them are caught; and those that are sure get their punishment. They never try it again. I've seen them staked out on the sand and left to die; that ain't no nice thing to remember."

"But how did you come into it?"

"Like most of the rest. I was second mate of the Ranger, a Glasgow brig. These fellows overhauled us at daybreak about a hundred miles off the east end of Cuba. Our skipper was Scotch, and he put up some fight, but it wasn't any use. There was only three of us left alive when the pirates came aboard. One of these died two days later, and another was washed overboard and drowned down in the Gulf. I am all that is left of the Ranger."

"You saved your life by taking on?"

"Sanchez had the two of us, who were able to stand, back in his cabin. He put it to us straight. He said it was up to us whether we signed up or walked the plank; and he didn't appear to care a damn which we chose."

"And you say others of this crew have been obtained in the same manner?"

"I questioned, deeply interested, and perceiving in this a ray of hope."

"Not exactly—no, I wouldn't precisely say that. It's true, perhaps, that most of the Britishers were forced to join in about the same way I was,

bound who kicked you is a Portuguese, and LeVere is more nigger than anything else. I'll bet there is a hundred rats on board this Namur right now who'd cut your throat for a sovereign, and never so much as think of it again."

"A hundred? Is there that many aboard?"

"A hundred an' thirty all told. Most o' 'em bunk amidships. They're not sailormen, but just cut-throats, an' sea wolves. Yer ought ter see 'em swarm out on deck, like hungry rats, when thar's a fight comin'. It's all their're good fer."

"Watkins," I said soberly, after a pause during which he spat on the dirty deck to thus better express his feelings, "do you mean to say that in three years you've had no chance to escape? No opportunity to get away?"

"Not a chance, mate; no more will you. I know what yer thinkin' 'bout. I had them notions too when I first come aboard—gettin' all the decent sort together, and takin' the vessel. 'Twon't work; thar ain't nough who wud risk it, and if thar was, yer couldn't get 'em together. Sanchez is too damn smart fer that. Every damn rat is a spy. I ain't hed no such talk as this afore in six months, Gates; the last time cost me twenty lashes at the mast-but. What'd yer have in yer mind, mate?"

"Only this, Watkins. I've got to do something, and believe I can trust you—it's not my life I'm thinking about, but that of a woman."

"A woman! Not the one brought aboard last night?"

"Exactly; now listen—I'm going to tell you my story, and ask your help. My name is not Gates, and I am not the man Mendez brought aboard drunk, and who was thrown over the rail by LeVere. That fellow was drowned. I am Geoffrey Carlyle, an English skipper."

Thereupon I told him my story in detail. Then I said:

"I have no plan; to become a member of the crew was my only thought. But I must act, if at all, before the captain recovers. He would recognize me at sight. You will aid, advise me?"

"That is easier to ask than answer, mate," he admitted finally. "I am an English seaman, and will do my duty, but, so far as I can see, there is no plan we can make. It is God who will save the girl, if she is to be saved. He may use us to that end, but it is wholly beyond our power to accomplish it alone. The only thing I can do is to sound out the men aboard, and learn just what we can expect of them if any opportunity to act comes. There are not more than a dozen at most to be relied upon. Play your part, and keep quiet. If you can let her know of your presence aboard it might be best—for if she saw you suddenly, unprepared, she might say or do something to betray you. There are other reasons why it may be best for her to know she is not entirely deserted."

He leaned over, motioning me toward him, until his lips were at my ear.

"It may not prove as hopeless as it appears now," he whispered confidentially. "I helped carry Sanchez to his stateroom, and washed and dressed his wound. There is no surgeon aboard. He has a bad cut, and is very weak from loss of blood. The question of our success hinges on Pedro Estada. This is a chance he has long been waiting for. The only question is, has he the nerve to act. I doubt if he has alone, but LeVere is with him, and that half-breed would cut the throat of his best friend. You understand?—the death of Sanchez would make Estada chief."

"But," I interposed, "in that case what would the crew do?"

"Accept Estada, no doubt; at least the cut-throats would be with him, for he is of their sort. But Sanchez's death would save you from discovery, and," his voice still lower, so that I barely distinguished the words, "in the confusion aboard, if we were ready, the Namur might be so disabled as to compel them to run her ashore for repairs. That would give you a chance. If once we reach Porto Grande there is no hope."

A marling-spike pounded on the scuttle, and Haines' voice roared down.

"Port watch! Hustle out, bullies!"

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### I Accept a Proposal.

I went on deck with the watch, and mingled with them forward. A Portuguese boatswain set me at polishing the gun mounted on the fore-castle. I was busily at work on this bit of ordnance, when Estada came on deck for a moment. The fellow chanced to observe me.

"You must be a pretty tough bird, Gates," he said roughly, "or I would have killed you last night—I had the mind to."

Something about his voice and manner led me to feel that, in spite of his roughness, he was not in bad humor.

"That would have been a mistake, sir," I answered, straightening up, rag-

in hand, "for it would have cost you a good seaman. Three years ago I was skipper on my own vessel, the Bombay Castle, London to Hongkong; I wrecked her off Cape Mendez in a fog. I was drunk below, and it cost me my ticket."

"You know West Indian waters?"

"Slightly; I made two voyages to Panama, and one to Havana."

"And speak Spanish?"

"A little bit, sir, as you see; I learn languages easily."

He stared straight into my face, but without uttering another word, turned on his heel and went below. I had finished my labor on the carronade, and was fastening down securely the tarpaulin, when a thin, stoop-shouldered fellow, with a hang-dog face crept up the ladder to the poop, and shuffled over to LeVere.

"Mister LeVere, sir."

"Well, what is it, Gunsauls?"

"Senor Estada, sir; he wishes to see a sailor named Gates in the cabin."

"Who? Gates? Oh, yes, the new man. He swept his eyes about, until



I Waited for the Man to Speak.

he saw me. "Follow the steward below; Senor Estada wishes to see you—go just as you are."

"Very good, sir."

The fellow led me away. There was no one in the main cabin. I followed the beckoning steward, who rapped with his knuckles on one of the side doors. Estada's voice answered.

I stepped inside, doubtful enough of what all this might mean, yet quite prepared to accept of any chance it might offer. Estada sat upright in the chair gazing straight at me, his own face clearly revealed in the light from the open port. His face was swarthy, long and thin, with hard, set lips under a long, intensely black mustache, his cheeks strangely crisscrossed by lines. The nose was large, distinctively Roman, yielding him a hawklike appearance, but it was his eyes which fascinated me. They were dark and deeply set, absolute wells of cruelty. I had never before seen such eyes in the face of a human being; they were beastly, devilish; I could feel my blood chill as I looked into their depths, yet I held myself erect and waited for the man to speak. Then his lips curled in what was meant to be a smile. He arose, stepped quietly to the door and glanced out, returning apparently satisfied.

"I don't trust that steward," he said, "nor, as a matter of fact, anyone else wholly." He paused and stared at me, then added: "I've never had any faith in your race, Gates, but am inclined to use you. Every Englishman I ever knew was a liar and a sneaking poltroon. I was brought up to hate the race and always have. I can't say that I like you any better than the others. I don't, for the matter of that. But just now you can be useful to me if you are of that mind. This is a business proposition, and it makes no odds if we hate each other, so the end is gained. How does that sound?"

"Not altogether bad," I admitted. "I have been in some games of chance before."

"I thought as much," eagerly, "and money has the same value however it be earned. You could use some?"

Carlyle sees a chance to carry through his wild plan to save Dorothy and himself, but there are many pitfalls in the way. The chance is a desperate one. Shall he take it? Carlyle can see but one answer to the question.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Greater London's food bill amounts to more than \$30,000,000 a week.



## Economy Corner

### How to Care for Gloves.

There are right and wrong ways of putting on gloves. The right way does not injure them; the wrong way weakens and tears the skin or fabric in a very short time. Black kid gloves should be kept in paraffin or oiled paper. A black glove is a white skin painted. This paint will harden and dry if not properly cared for. All gloves should be kept away from salt or damp air as much as possible. They should be kept dry, but away from heat. Time and great care should be taken in putting them on the first time, so that the seams may not be stretched.

### Mending the Gloves.

Use cotton thread for mending the gloves, as silk thread will cut the kid. Do not use the over and over stitch, as it always shows so plainly. Take a stitch on one side of the seam and then a stitch on the opposite side, and draw them together. This keeps the regular seam intact and conceals the fact that the glove is mended.

### To Keep Evening Gloves Clean.

To keep evening gloves clean in a street car or trolly draw a pair of loose white silk or lisle gloves over the kid. The outer gloves may be easily drawn off and slipped into muff or pocket.

Cut off the hand part of long gloves.

The arm part is perfectly good. Take it to a glove factory, and have a short pair of gloves, that match in color, sewed on the arm part, or you can do it yourself, using a feather or embroidery stitch.

### Many Designs for Fall.

The extreme novelties that are being featured in the fall clothing lines should, in the opinion of manufacturers' representatives, prove somewhat puzzling to the retailer called upon to make a selection. It was pointed out that, after a dearth of variety during the war, the change to extreme styles may turn out very disconcerting. With the manufacturers already urging the retail trade to be quick about their selections and order plenty of merchandise the retailer faces a difficult situation. He must decide on what he wants from a multitude of new and novel designs.

### Handkerchiefs.

Colored linen handkerchiefs in the conventional shades of lavender, pink, yellow and blue, show a drawnwork band set in a little from the hem-stitched hem. These handkerchiefs are especially dainty and any woman who likes colored handkerchiefs would be sure to find them attractive.

## Gowns for Summer Afternoons



There is a fashion for wearing an overslip of silk or satin that admits of several overdresses to one underslip. It is most convenient and economical, because, with one or two underslips, one may achieve a variety of toilettes that will do duty for afternoon and evening wear. Satin slips in black, navy blue, dark brown, or gray prove their adaptability to overdresses of printed georgette, voile and similar fabrics and slips of plain or shot taffeta in light colors make the lovely foundations used in lace, net and all the other light colored sheer dress stuffs. Besides being useful for long overdresses the dark slips are worn with hip-length and knee-length blouses or smocks.

The last arrivals in afternoon frocks could not ask for better representation than the two that speak so well for the season's styles in the picture above. Nearly all of them have soft sashes or easy girdles at the waist line and there are many very dainty laces used over the light colored slips. Volles and nets and crisp organdie are lovely over them and seem to add distinction to their dainty charm when worn over black slips. One of these lace dresses over a taffeta slip is shown at the left of the two models in the picture. The sash and the cluster of blossoms set in the front of it are both in the same color as the underslip. There is a fad for placing blossoms at the front of the girdle. They indicate that their loveliness inspired the color of the frock.

A printed georgette in a dark color with light tan figures is shown in the model at the right. Georgette much like this has been shown since the beginning of the season and never managed with greater success than in this gown. There is a vest of moire ribbon set together with needlework and full ruckings of ribbon used in bands about the sleeves at the end of panels and

around the bottom of the overdress. It would be hard to pick out a combination of color for this frock more cool and elegant looking than blue and tan, but there is no doubt it will be elegant in any of the season's popular colors.

Julia Pittman

### Of Good Quality.

More clothing retailers than ever before, it was stated by the representative of a leading clothing house, have decided not to wait for salesmen to get to them but have put in their initial orders for fall merchandise, says the New York Times. The result of this desire to get their orders in early has so far made the volume of fall business done better than in any previous season. Prices have had no effect in curtailing orders, and the one idea of the retail trade seems to be to get quality. Many of them have mentioned that the wholesale trade has shown good judgment in making high standards of goods and workmanship of first consideration this season, and they say that this policy is in line with conditions that they have found.

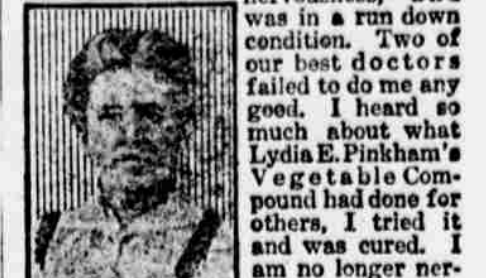
### Hats for Sport Wear.

A smart sport hat that is being introduced by millinery manufacturers is made of a combination of heavy batavia cloth and milan hemp. The cloth is treated with stiffening and is stretched firmly over the top of a large sailor or mushroom shape. Manila color is used in conjunction with facings of different hues. Tintan, jay blue, henna and navy are effectively combined with the shade of the cloth. Novelty ribbons to match the facings are used as bands, and are finished with bows, cockades and short ends, which lie flat on the upper brim.

## HOW THIS NERVOUS WOMAN GOT WELL

Told by Herself. Her Sincerity Should Convince Others.

Christopher, Ill.—"For four years I suffered from irregularities, weakness, nervousness, and was in a run down condition. Two of our best doctors failed to do me any good. I heard so much about what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for others, I tried it and was cured. I am no longer nervous, am regular, and in excellent health. I believe the Compound will cure any female trouble."



—Mrs. ALICE HILLER, Christopher, Ill.

Nervousness is often a symptom of weakness or some functional derangement, which may be overcome by this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as thousands of women have found by experience.

If complications exist, write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for suggestions in regard to your ailment. The result of its long experience is at your service.

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**Snobless Land.**

The earl of Dunmore said at a farewell dinner in New York:

"Democracy does away with snobishness. I called one afternoon on a Chicago lady, and her little son was presented to me. The urethin studied me curiously as I drank my tea. At length he said:

"Why are you a lord, mister? Was you born in a manger?"

**Watch Cuticura Improve Your Skin.**

On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. It is wonderful sometimes what Cuticura will do for poor complexions, dandruff, itching and red rough hands.—Adv.

**The Debt Affirmed.**

Wife—Everything you have you owe to me.

Hub—That's what Doctor Brown says.

Wife—Who's Doctor Brown?

Hub—The stomach and nerve specialist.

## Couldn't Move

In Bed Twelve Weeks From Rheumatic Trouble. Now Praises Doan's.

"For twelve weeks I lay abed, unable to move a muscle," says Mrs. Gust Johnson, 664 E. Seventh St., Red Wing, Minn.

"The pains that shot through my entire body seemed more than any human being could stand. My hands and arms and lower limbs were put in splints to stop them from twisting into knots. Every ligament seemed ready to snap. I can't understand how I endured such agony.

"Several physicians agreed that I had inflammatory rheumatism, but their medicine didn't give me any relief. My folks wanted to take me to a hospital, but I would not let them. The doctors said that nothing could be done for me.

"I had been an invalid now for two years, before I finally decided to resort to Doan's Kidney Pills. I used twelve boxes, and they surely did prove their wonderful merit. It is a year since, and I have enjoyed the best health of all my life. I weigh nearly 170 pounds and am like a different person in every respect. I shall always praise Doan's Kidney Pills."

Sworn to before me. HAROLD V. PETERSON, Notary Public.

**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**

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He Glanced About Warily.

and there may be a Scandinavian or two, with a few Dutch, to be counted in that list; but the most are pirates from choice. It's their trade, and they like it. Sanchez only aims to keep hold of a few good men, because he has got to have sailors; but most of his crew are nothing but plain cut-throats. Indians and half-breeds, negroes, creoles, Portuguese, Spanish, and every mongrel you ever heard of. Sanchez himself is half French. The hell-