

# WOLVES of the SEA

By RANDALL PARRISH

## Peace or War? Dorothy Is Forced to Choose.

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 Fairfares 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. 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. Carlyle finds a friend in Watkins, an English sailor. Estada, acting captain, makes Carlyle first mate of the Namur.

### CHAPTER XV.

The Cabin of the Namur.

Both huge, black hands grasped the spokes, and it was evident that it required all his giant strength to control the bucking wheel. He was an ugly-looking brute, the lower portion of his face apelike and the wool growing so low as to leave him scarcely an inch of forehead. His eyes lifted an instant from the binnacle card to glance at me curiously. They exhibited no flash of recognition.

For half an hour Estada hung about aft, apparently paying no attention to me, and yet watching my movements closely. There was little to be done, but I thought it best to keep the watch reasonably busy, so they might thus learn that I knew my work. They proved prompt and capable enough, although I was eyed with some curiosity when I first went forward, and, no doubt, was very thoroughly discussed behind my back. The idlers amidstships were a totally different class—a mongrel scum, profanely chatting in Spanish or swaggering about the deck, their very looks a challenge. However, they kept out of my way, and I found no occasion to interfere with their diversions. After Estada left the deck the majority amused themselves gambling, and as I had received no orders to interfere I permitted the games to proceed. Mendez interfered only once on occasion of a brief fight. My only instructions from the Portuguese on his going below was to call him at once if a sail was sighted. Apparently he was satisfied of my ability to command the deck.

No occasion to call him arose during my watch. It was still daylight, but with a purple gleam across the waters, when LeYere arrived on deck for my relief. We were talking together about the wheel when Estada appeared in the companionway.

"Every promise of a clear night," he said, glancing about at the horizon. "Better change the course two points, LeYere; we are lying in too close to the coast for our purpose. The table call will come very shortly, Senor Gates."

I washed up hastily in my stateroom and came out into the cabin perplexed as to what might occur within the next few moments. Yet whatever the result there was no avoiding it. My every move was one of extreme caution.

Estada and Estevan awaited me. The latter was all rigged out, and with smooth black hair oiled and plastered down upon his forehead. I never beheld a more disagreeable face, or one which so thoroughly revealed the nature of a man. As I touched his hand, at Estada's brief introduction, it was as if I fingered a snake.

"This is your chair, Gates, and you will find we live well aboard the Namur—wine, women and song—hey, Manuel! Why not, when all are at command? Steward, you told the lady what my orders were. Then bid her join us."

We stood in silence, as Gunsauls crossed the deck and inserted a key in the after stateroom door. Manuel was grinning in full enjoyment, but the expression on the face of Estada was that of grim cruelty. I felt my hands grip like iron on my chair back and my teeth clench in restraint. God, but I would have liked to grip the fellow where he stood—all the bottled-up hatred in my soul struggling for action. Yet that would only mean the death of all hope, and I turned my eyes away from him and stared with the others at the opening door.

Out into the full light of the cabin the woman came and halted barely a step in advance of the steward, her head uplifted proudly, her eyes on us. Never before had I realized her beauty, her personality, as I did then. Her posture was not that of defiance nor of surrender; she stood as a woman defending her right to respect, sustained by a wonderful courage. I caught her glance, but there was no recognition in it; not by the flicker of an eyelid did she betray surprise, and yet in some mysterious manner a flash of intelligence passed between us. It was all instantaneous, for her gaze seemed to concentrate on Estada as though she knew him as leader.

"You sent for me? For what?" she asked, her Spanish clear and well chosen.

"To join us at meal," he answered unmoved. "It is better than to remain alone."

"Better! You must have a strange opinion of me to believe I would sit with murderers and thieves."

"Harsh words, senorita," and Estada grinned grimly. "Yet I expected them. There are many trades in the world by which men are robbed. We only work at the one we like best; nor will I discuss that with you. However, senorita, I can say that we have taken no lives in this last affair."

"No lives!" In sudden, incredulous surprise. "You mean my uncle lives?"

"If you refer to Fairfax—the one in whose room the chest was hidden, I can only reply truthfully that he lives."



"Peace or War?"

One of my men struck him down, but it was not a death blow. If that be the reason of your disdain there is no cause. This chair is held for you."

"But why was I brought away a prisoner? To be a plaything? A sport for your pleasure?"

"That was but the orders of our chief; we await his recovery to learn his purpose."

"Sanchez! Was he your chief? A pirate?"

"A buccaner; we prey on the enemies of Spain. It was at Captain Sanchez' orders we waited the arrival of your vessel from England. He loved you; he would no doubt have dealt with you honorably; I have reason to believe that to be his purpose now. Nothing will change his purpose. He is that kind, and he has the power. He determined that if you would not come to him by choice you should be made to by force. You are here now by his orders and will remain until you consent to his purpose—all that remains for you to decide is whether you choose to be prisoner or guest aboard."

"And if he should die?"

Estada shrugged his shoulders indifferently.

"Who knows?"

Her lips tightened as though to hold back a cry while one hand pressed to the open door steadied her. There was a look in the searching eyes I did not like to see. It was a moment before she could control her voice.

"I have heard them call you Estada. Of what rank in this company are you?"

"I am Pedro Estada, formerly the first officer, now, by occasion of Captain Sanchez' wound, in full command."

These are two of my officers—Senor Gates, one of your own countrymen, and Manuel Estevan. And now that I have answered your questions, what is it to be between us—peace or war?"

Her eyes dropped, and I could distinctly note the trembling of her slender figure. When she slowly raised her glance once more it rested on my face as though seeking approval, guidance.

"If there be only the one choice," she said quietly. "I accept peace. I cannot live locked in that room alone haunted by my thoughts and memories. If I pledge you my word, senor, am I to enjoy the freedom of this cabin and the deck?"

Estada looked at us, a shade of doubt in his eyes. I made no sign, but Manuel nodded.

"Why not?" he asked in his harsh croak of a voice. "So long as we be at sea? What harm can the girl do?"

"Perhaps none; I will take a half chance, at least. You shall have the freedom of the cabin. So long as you keep your word, while as to the deck, we will consider that later. Prove you mean what you say by joining us here."

My recollection of that meal is not of words but of faces. Estada's eyes sought constantly the girl's face, and to my consternation exhibited an interest in her personality which promised trouble. I know not whether she noticed this awakening admiration, but she certainly played her part with quiet modesty. I believe that even the Portuguese reached the conclusion that she was not altogether regretful for this adventure and that it was safe for him to relax some degree of vigilance. His manner became more gracious, and long before the meal ended his language had a tendency to compliment and flatter. I contented myself with occasional sentences. The young woman sat directly across from me, our words overheard by all, and as I knew both men possessed some slight knowledge of English I dare not venture beyond commonplace conversation in that tongue. With quick wit she took her cue from me, so that nothing passed between us, either by word of mouth or glance of eye, to arouse suspicions.

Believing the feeling of confidence would be increased by such action, I was first to leave the table, and it being my watch below immediately retired to my room, noisily closing the door after me, yet refraining from letting the latch catch, thus enjoying a slight opening through which to both see and hear. Manuel did not linger long, making some excuse to go forward, but Estada remained for some time, endeavoring to entertain. His egotism made a fool of the man, yet even he finally became discouraged of making her comprehend his meaning, and lapsed into a silence which gave her an excuse to retire. This was accomplished so graciously as to leave no sting, the fellow actually accompanying her to the door of her stateroom, bowing his compliments as she disappeared within. The fool actually believed he had made a conquest and preened himself like a turkey cock.

"Gunsauls, you need not lock the senorita in her room or guard her in any way hereafter. She is permitted to come and go as she pleases aboard."

Estada entered his own stateroom, leaving the door ajar. When he came out he had exchanged his coat for a rough jacket. Thus attired for a turn on deck, he disappeared through the companion.

### CHAPTER XVI.

In Dorothy's Stateroom.

I stood crouched, with eye at the crack watchful of every movement in the lighted cabin, my own decision made. I must see and talk with Dorothy. Gunsauls turned down the light and departed along the passage leading amidstships. A moment later I heard the sound of dishes grinding together preparatory to being washed. No better opportunity for action was likely to occur, although the situation was not without peril. I crept along close to the side walls, lifted the latch noiselessly, and slipped quickly within. There was no light, except a glimmer of stars through a large after port, but against this faint radiance she stood vaguely revealed. Her first thought must have been Estada. For there was a startled note in her challenge.

"Who are you? Why do you come here?"

"Speak low," I cautioned. "You must know my voice."

"Geoffrey Carlyle!"

"Yes, but do not use that name—all hope depends on my remaining unknown. You welcome me!"

She came straight forward through the dim star shine, a spectral figure, with both hands outstretched.

"Welcome!" her tone that of intense sincerity. "Your presence gives me all the strength I have. But for you I should throw myself through that port into the sea. But I know not how you came here—tell me, you are not one of these wretches?"

"No; you must believe that first of all, and trust me."

"I do—but tell me all you can. Is there a divan here, or anywhere we can sit down together? I can see nothing in this darkness."

Carlyle saves Dorothy from death at the hands of a mysterious intruder but is unable to account for the sudden attack in the night. There is some dark plot behind it all. What will the morning disclose?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



To Remove Ink Stains.

Ink can be taken from white goods with tomatoes if applied freely. Cold milk is good when the stains are fresh, changing the milk as often as necessary. Fresh butter is even a better solvent.

If very obstinate and the material will stand hot water, the stain should be covered with melted tallow, then washed in the usual way.

Oxalic acid will remove any very obstinate stains, but can be used only on white goods, as it will destroy the color. The crystals are dissolved in boiling water and the liquid is applied to the stain. A thorough rinsing in clear water afterward is imperative.

Another Method.

In dyeing and cleaning shops ether is used almost exclusively for removing ink from fabrics. It is a powerful cleansing agent, but will destroy materials unless they are well rinsed. Ether will remove perspiration stains, but should be mixed with ammonia and water. One-fourth ether, one-fourth ammonia and one-half water is a good mixture. Rinse and place in the sun.

A bottle of cologne is a most useful article, for it will take away smears if rubbed on as soon as they appear. It can be used alike on white or colored fabrics, cotton or woolen, without the slightest injury.

Ice cream makes a very bad stain because it has both grease and sugar in its make-up. To remove stains of it from silk, sponge the stained parts with gasoline or chloroform, placing a pad of absorbent cotton or blotting paper under the spots. When dry,

sponge with tepid water and a good soap, and then rub with a flannel cloth until dry. This work must be done away from the fire or artificial light. Use plain strong coffee to remove the stains of ice cream or milk from black clothing. Dip a cloth in the coffee and rub it over the spot. If the coffee is applied as soon as the stain has been made, so much the better.

Fabrics for Draping.

As plans for the fall season mature, the dress goods houses are finding that the style of material giving the best draping effect is the type mostly wanted. Soft finished goods on the velours order attract the buyers' attention over the hard finished, stiffer materials. Fabrics almost approaching the velvet order, it is said, will find the most popular call. This will be particularly true of cloakings, and applies also to the cloth to be used in suits.

Chenille Embroidery.

Embroidery in chenille in matching tone is used on black and beige costumes, and the chenille matches the material. Sometimes on black satin or taffeta frocks the embroideries take their pattern from lace, Alencon or Chantilly. English embroidery on taffeta is a new trimming detail this season. This is especially noted on garden frocks.

Uses for Ribbon.

For dress trimming purposes, girdles, fringes, tassels and spangles are in favor. Wide plain ribbons are in demand for sashes.

## Pretty and Practical Bathing Suits



We are apt to think that things practical, in any kind of apparel, are sure to be commonplace and unattractive and that things pretty are likely to be impractical. But the designers of bathing suits have finally succeeded in turning out beach clothes that are both practical and pretty. After a lot of experimenting with fabrics and styles they have furnished the bathers of this season good looking and comfortable clothes, "from the crown of their heads to the soles of their feet." Every item in the bather's outfit has been carefully thought out.

Capes to wear to and from the beach prove the most acceptable of garments, for they are made of cloths that water does not damage, as Turkish toweling, jersey cloth, rubberized cloths and certain silks. Caps to match in color are cleverly draped so as to be not unbefitting and are made of rubber and trimmed with rubber ornaments and flowers. With a sape that has not been in the water and a cap that refuses to be wet, one can return from a swim and walk down city streets homeward, conscious of being presentable.

In the picture of two bathing suits shown here, one is of taffeta silk and the other of black wool jersey with white stripes in the collar and short sleeves, and around the bottom of the knickerbockers and skirt. The cape is of rose-colored bath toweling, and the cap of rubber matches it in color and is trimmed with little rubber flowers. Black silk stockings and cloth shoes complete as satisfactory a suit as the season has produced.

The other suit is of blue taffeta, the full knickerbockers gathered on an elastic cord above the knees. It has a short, slit skirt and a long-waisted bodice, also short sleeves formed by a small founce of taffeta. The stockings match the suit in color, but the shoes are black and high at the back, lacing with white cord or tape across the front.

Julia Bottomley

Lingerie Hats of Chantilly.

Lingerie hats made of black chantilly lace and modeled after the bonnets worn by the peasants of Lorraine are quite a feature in the hats for advanced summer wear. The most effective of these models are made with low full tulle crowns gathered into a medium high band in mob cap style. To the band are attached two or three full gathered ruffles of different widths of black chantilly lace.

Net Dress Needed.

No summer wardrobe is complete without at least one net dress, because they are delightfully cool and comfortable for hot afternoons or evenings. A simple and becoming little affair is a frock of white net and voile combined, trimmed with a bit of embroidery done in heavy white cotton threads and girdled with a corded net sash.

Wedding Gowns of Satin.

The most distinguished of wedding gowns are of duchesse satin, very plain with lace veil forming the only ornament.

## BIG POTATO YIELD

Western Canada Man Raised 600 Bushels on Two Acres.

He Thinks He Did Pretty Well, but There Were Even Larger Crops in the Neighborhood—Live Stock Men Prosper.

As a by-product the yield of potatoes on the farm of Ben Pawson of Coaldale, Alberta, was somewhat of a paying proposition. Coaldale is in the Medicine Hat district of Alberta. Medicine Hat is a place, pictured in the mind of many Americans, where the weather man holds high carnival, and when he wants to put a little life or spirit into the people just moves the mercury down a few notches. The rascal has thus given Medicine Hat a rather unenviable place on the map. But it isn't half as bad as it is pictured. Anyway, Ben Pawson likes it. Last year he grew six hundred bushels of potatoes on two acres of land that had no special preparation, and only the usual precipitation, or rain, as the less cultured would call it. When he couldn't work at his hay or grain, because of the damp mornings, he gave them some attention. And then evenings between supper and chores and bedtime he gave them some work. Anyway his yield was six hundred bushels, and he sold the whole lot for \$285. Ben is satisfied. Still there were larger yields than this in the neighborhood.

If one might speak of hogs in the same breath in which you speak of potatoes, there is nothing in the ethics of literature that would create a barrier. Taking advantage of this license it will not be out of place to state that large potato yields are not the only feature of interest in this new and interesting country. Amongst others hogs are having a good deal of attention. Not long ago, hogs reached the \$23.00 mark on the Calgary market. It doesn't cost much to raise a hog and very little to bring him to a weight of 200 pounds. Don't cost much! Certainly not. But what about the man who recently paid \$350 for a Duroc Jersey Boar? That was all right. That man knew what he was doing. He was doing what a great many other farmers in Western Canada are doing today. He is acting on the old "saw," that "it costs no more to raise a good critter than a poor one." That is the reason that Western Canada is looming large in the live stock world. The best is none too good. The same may be said of horses, cattle, yes, and sheep, too. The very best sires and dams of the best breeds are purchased. And while big prices are paid, it is felt that the demand for pure-bred stock at home and abroad will bring returns which will warrant any reasonable price that may be asked.—Advertisement.

State Leads in Blind.

Pennsylvania has more blind people among its residents than any other state, but the percentage is greater in New Mexico.

Cuticura Comforts Baby's Skin

When red, rough and itching with hot baths of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment. Also make use now and then of that exquisitely scented dusting powder, Cuticura Talcum, one of the indispensable Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Adv.

As Good and Better.

"I want a piece of meat without any bone, fat or gristle."

"You'd better buy an egg, mum."

## DOCTOR URGED AN OPERATION

Instead I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Was Cured.

Baltimore, Md.—"Nearly four years I suffered from organic troubles, nervousness and headaches and every month would have to stay in bed most of the time. Treatments would relieve me for a time but my doctor was always urging me to have an operation. My sister asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before consenting to a operation. I took five bottles of it and it has completely cured me and my work is a pleasure. I tell all my friends who have any trouble of this kind what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—MILLEN R. BENTON, 606 Calverton Rd., Baltimore, Md.

It is only natural for any woman to dread the thought of an operation. So many women have been restored to health by this famous remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after an operation has been advised that it will pay any woman who suffers from such ailments to consider trying it before submitting to such a trying ordeal.

DAISY FLY KILLER PLACED ANYWHERE ATTRACTS AND KILLS ALL FLYS.

ALL FLYS, including house flies, stable flies, and mosquitoes, are attracted to the Daisy Fly Killer. It kills them without hurting people or animals. It is a safe and effective fly killer for all homes and businesses.

W. N. U., LINCOLN, NO. 28-1919.