

Death in a Shark's Yawning Jaws

WAFFLES

By ALBERT RICHARD WETGEN Illustrated by WILLIAM FISHER

The second mate found him when he went to his cabin just after the bark Hemro had cleared the harbor-heads and was running out to sea. Inside the cabin door he crouched, as miserably and as forlorn a specimen of dog as the young sailor had ever seen.

second's got a dog! If the brute comes off or interferes with the ship's work, kick its blasted ribs in! I'll shoot it if it comes near me."

get his dog," the mate said in a low voice, for fear the captain might hear him. The seaman nodded and grinned more expansively.

the Dane reached the pilot ladder lowered over the bark's side, and clambered, gasping to the deck. Once there, they leaned over the rail with their shipmates, their naked and dripping bodies rapidly drying, to watch the Swede frantically swimming for the ship.

room with a side of fat pork that smelled like the brine tub whence it had come. On the end of a fathom of chain a great barbed hook was fastened. The chain was bent to a stout manilla strap that was hooked to the tackle from the yard arm.

It. Hastily it was jerked around the bark's stern. But everyone knew that it would go too late. The watching seamen groaned. One man fumbled at his hip for his sheath-knife, and hurriedly savagely down on the shark's back. There came a yelp and another splash. The seamen shouted frantically. They waved excited arms.

Despite his predicament, the captain mumbled, "You son of a gun!" and grinned a bit. "Come here!" yelled the desperate second mate, endeavoring to force himself and his burden nearer the dog. The dory raked down the length of the bark toward the group.

wagging his tail, sending water-drops flying in all directions. The captain's cold eye twinkled. "Which reminds me," he added, "Anyone I find mistreating this dog—what's his name? Waffles?—anyone touching Waffles will have to reckon with me. He's a man's dog and that's all there is to it. Mister"—he turned to the grinning second mate—"bring him up on the poop and we'll give him some canned chicken and milk. And thanks for giving me a hand I shan't forget it."



An oath, a splash, and the captain was in the water.

The cook's smooth moon-face, bright red from long years of standing before galley fires, slid into a smile as he watched the hungry dog bolt the scraps of meat and vegetables he placed on the galley deck.

walked aft to the binnacle and peered into it. "Make the course good," he said. And the helmsman answered as he spun the kicking wheel. "The course good, sir."

Waffles looked interested, ceased to growl, wagged his tail. Next moment the seaman had him under his arm and was hurrying toward the second mate's cabin, the dog protesting loudly. The second mate stopped the noise as soon as he was awakened and told what was happening. And Waffles was gagged and bound and thrust into a very dark locker for a while.

cluded, hung over the poop and the main-deck rail and listlessly watched the swimmers. Waffles was midships with the second mate, his golden eye gleaming through an iron port that forced him inward every time it swung shut when the ship rolled.

There was no doubt of the dog's loyalty and love for his present possessor. He was eagerly seized on in a calm. It was good for officers to encourage sport. It kept the men in condition, kept them good-tempered. And so long as it did not interfere with ship's work it was all right.

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