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your left little toe. Your arms—and I observed them when you came on board—show no scar of vaccination. Yet, you are vaccinated. Oh, and I can tell you other things! For instance—

"No! No!—don't!" Mrs. Gifford cried out, while her cheeks flamed confirmatory shame.

Sedley Brown stared at her, mildly suspicious and mildly jealous.

"Well, I guess I know what I don't know," Captain Decker bragged. "Things outside my experience. I've delivered the goods, ain't I?"

"But you have no right—" Patty began indignantly and brokenly. "Besides, you don't know. You can't know."

"And as for you, young lady, there are things I know that would make you blush worse than your mother. Oh, I know you from the ground up. Shall I tell them of a certain mark—"

"No! No! No!" Patty entreated.

"Hub!" Captain Decker shrugged his shoulders, shifting his gaze from one mortified woman to the other. "I guess I'm some psychologist. I know lots of things outside my experience."

"Why don't you tell me something about myself?" Temple Harrison challenged, out of pity for Patty and her mother.

"I don't know anything about you," was the answer. "May be, I'm not interested."

Afterward, in a secluded corner on deck, Harrison told Patty that the whole thing was impossible.

"But mother has the mole," she replied.

"I am firmly convinced of telepathy," was Mrs. Gifford's judgment. "But Oh, that terrible man! I shall not dare think any thought in his presence. He is able to read my mind like a book."

"I don't know what to believe," said Sedley Brown. "It is all very strange. I am sure, and I should like to see it cleared up."

His wish was destined to be quickly gratified. That afternoon Captain Decker caught Willie smoking a cigarette in the sail locker and promptly rope's-ended him. Then he sent him aloft in a bosun's chair to tar down the main rigging. By this time the skipper was in a nasty temper. He scared the two maids to the verge of hysteria, bullied Peyton into a semi-comatose condition of yammering apology for existing, cursed the cabin-boy, went forward to the galley and thrashed the cook among his pots and pans, and, returning to the poop, flew into a proper sea rage with Flat-Nose Russ. That cowed mariner muttered and mumbled excuses, and covered away each time the skipper, pacing the deck like a wild animal, passed him.

The survivors of the *Mingalia* were compelled to listen to this tirade. There was no escaping it by going below, for the skipper's voice penetrated everywhere. Besides, they had tried that in previous outbursts, and by so doing, had only succeeded in arousing greater ire in Captain Decker. Sedley Brown stood in a passively protecting attitude beside Mrs. Gifford, who was seated in a canvas deck chair. Patty and Temple Harrison had drawn close together, and he was holding her hand. And still Captain Decker raged and roared up and down.

It was Harrison who saw the whole extent of what happened. Changing to glance aloft at Willie swaying airily in his bosun's chair, Harrison was amazed at the ferocious hatred that contorted that mild youth's face.

From the bosun's chair was suspended a tar pot. As Harrison watched, Willie wrapped his legs about the shrouds, and, both hands free, proceeded to untie the tar pot. Holding it in his hand, he waited. Captain Decker was pacing to and fro beneath him. Harrison saw the youth poise the tar pot, time the captain's stride, and let go.

Without turning over, bottom downward, the pot struck Captain Decker's head. He immediately sat down on the deck. None of the tar fell on him. The pot struck his head so squarely that it bounced off and spilled on the deck. Mrs. Gifford, a vision of violent death for her youngest born strong upon her, screamed and fainted. Patty likewise screamed, and was caught about the waist by Har-

ison. No one moved nor spoke. All gazed upon Captain Decker.

He still sat on the deck, stupidly looking at his hands. On his face was painted a curious disgust. He did not like his hands. He tried to get away from them, to fling them from him. Failing this, as in a dream, he contemplated them. He rubbed them together, and into his eyes sprang astonishment, in that sensation told him that they belonged to him. He stared at his clothes, and about him at those who looked on.

"What'll I do with the boy, sir?" asked Flat-Nose Russ, hovering solicitously near.

Captain Decker looked at his mate and shrank away.

He strove to speak, and seemed to fail to manipulate his voice.

"What boy?—What?" he managed to articulate at last, in tones of modulated huskiness unlike anything they had ever heard from his lips. He gazed at the mate long and wonderingly. "Who are you? Please go away. Will you call the police. Something terrible has happened to me."

Aloft, terror-stricken, Willie Gifford peered down. The big mate, perplexed, could only stare and sway to the roll of the schooner. All stared—even the man at the wheel, whose expressionless face was belied by the eager curiosity in his eyes.

"Something terrible has happened," Captain Decker repeated, his voice huskily plaintive.

He started to get to his feet, and shrank away from the mate who helped him. He staggered to the rail and held on to the shrouds, looking in bewilderment at the trade-wind sea.

At this juncture, Mrs. Gifford arose from her chair, supported by Sedley Brown's arm around her waist. The skipper looked at him and started.

"Why, Sedley," he said, "it is you. But what has happened? You look so old. Have you been sick?" His eyes passed on to Mrs. Gifford. "Amelia!" he cried. The arm around her waist seemed to excite him. "Sedley, are you aware of what you are doing? That is my wife. Kindly remove your arm. Amelia, I . . . I am surprised."

He stepped toward her; but she covered away.

"Oh, that terrible man!" she sobbed, and hid her face against Sedley Brown's shoulder.

"Amelia!—what is the matter?" the skipper pleaded anxiously. "Sedley, please remove your arm from my wife. You will make me very angry."

Patty was the first to divine the situation.

"Father!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Father! And we all thought you were dead!"

"Dead? Fiddlesticks! I don't know you. Go away. I am not your father, young woman. I wish to know—"

But here the skipper again caught sight of his hands and tried to fling them from him.

"Mother—don't you understand?" Patty was now by Mrs. Gifford's side. "It's father! Look at him! Speak to him!"

Mrs. Gifford stole a shuddering look. Captain Decker was running the tips of his fingers over his face.

"Seth—is it you?" she murmured faintly.

"What silliness!" the skipper retorted. "Of course, it is I. But my face, my beard . . . what has happened. I am smooth shaven . . . Amelia, tell me. Who is this young woman? Sedley, for the third time I ask you to remove your arm."

"Seth! Bless me, it is Seth." Sedley Brown advanced to shake hands; then, he staggered away to the cabin wall, against which he leaned.

"But why are we out sailing?" Mr. Gifford complained. He looked about, and his eyes lighted on Flat-Nose Russ. "If you are the captain, sir, it will be best for you to put your vessel about at once and return to San Francisco. Oh, I know! I am beginning to remember. It was an outrage. The police must investigate at once. Last night . . . I was set upon. I was clubbed on the head repeatedly. It's a mercy my skull was n't broken." He gingerly felt his head un-



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