

The SEA BRIDE

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

Faith Kilcup marries Captain Noll Wing, skipper of the whaler, early in the summer. The boy is a man much older than himself. After a wedding supper aboard the boat, Faith and Noll sail away. Among the crew are Dan Tobey, second mate, who has loved Faith since childhood, and Roy, Faith's brother. There is little privacy, but Faith is content with Noll's love.

CHAPTER III

She remembered, this night, her first sight of him, her first remembered sight. It was when her father came home from his last voyage, his chest crained, almost a corpse, man, who must be aged long months before he might regain a measure of his ancient strength. His ship came in, down at the wharves, at early dawn, and Faith and Roy, at home with their mother, had known nothing of the matter till long Noll Wing came up the hill, carrying Jim Kilcup in his arms as a baby in his home. Their mother opened the door, and Noll bore Jim upstairs to the bed he was to keep for so long. And Faith and Roy, who had always seen in their father the mightiest of men, as children do, marveled at Noll Wing with wide eyes. Noll had carried their father in his arms.

Faith was eleven then, Roy not much more than half as old. While Noll's ship remained in port she and Roy had stolen down often to the wharves to catch a glimpse of the great man; they had hidden among the casks to watch him; they had heard with awe his thundering commands. And then he sailed away.

When he came again Faith was thirteen, and she tagged at his heels and he bought her candy and took her on his knee and played with her. Those weeks of his stay were witchery to Faith. Her mother died during that time, and Noll was her comforter. The big man could be gentle in those days and very kind.

He came next when Faith was sixteen; and the faint breath of burning womanhood within her made Faith shy. When a girl passes from childhood and feels for the first time the treasure of womanhood within herself, she guards that treasure zealously, like a secret thing. Faith was afraid of Noll; she avoided him; and when they met her tongue was tied. He teased her and she writhed in helpless misery.

Nineteen at his next coming, but young Dan Tobey, risen to be fourth mate on that cruise with Noll, laid siege to her. She liked Dan; she thought he was a pleasant boy. But when she saw Noll, now and then, she was silent before him, and Noll had no eyes to see what was in the eyes of Faith. He was, at that time, in the tower of his strength; a mighty man, with flooding pulses that drove him restlessly. He still liked children; but Faith was no longer a child. She was a woman; and Noll had never had more than casual use for women. He saw her now and then, nothing more.

Nevertheless, this feeling was enough, so that Dan Tobey had no chance at all. Dan went so far as to beg her to marry him, but she shook her head.

"Wait," she whispered. "No, no. Wait."

"You mean—you will—some day?" he clamored.

She was frightened and cried out:

"No. I don't mean anything. Dan! Please—don't ask me. Wait."

He told her, doggedly, the day he sailed away, that he would ask her again when he came home.

And Faith, sure as sure that she would never love Dan Tobey, was

so sorry for him that she kissed him good by; kissed him on the forehead. The boy was blind; he read in that kiss an augury of hope for the future, and went away with heart singing. He did not know the true philosophy of kisses.

Noll Wing on that cruise, passed the great divide of life without knowing it. Till then he had been a strong man, proud in his strength, sufficient unto himself, alone without being either lonely or afraid; but when he came home there was stirring in him for the first time a pang of loneliness. This was the advance courier of age come suddenly upon him.

His unrest was stirring in him when he went to see old Jim Kilcup and Faith opened the door to him and invited him to come in. He came in, tugging at his cap, and his eyes rested on her peacefully. She was tall, as women go, and not too tall, and she was rounded and strong and firm. Her hair was thick and soft and her voice was low and full. When she gave him good evening, her voice sounded some chord in the man; a pulse prickled faster in his throat.

He had come to see Jim; Jim was not at home. Faith told him this, in the old days he would have turned and stamped away. Now he hesitated; then looked about for a chair, sat down. And Faith, who for the life of her could not hold still her heart when Noll wing was near, sat in a chair and faced him, and they tell a talking together.

Thus began their strange courtship. It was scarce conscious on either side. Noll took comfort in coming to her, in talking to her, in watching her. His pulses stirred at watching her. And Faith made herself fair for his coming and made him welcome when he came.

They came together by chance one night when the moon played side-and-seek with dark clouds in the sky; they met upon the street, as Faith came home with Bess Holt, and Noll walked with them to Bess's house, and then he and Faith went on together. She led him to talk of himself, as ever. When they came to her gate some sudden impulse of unaccustomed modesty seized the man. He said hoarsely:

"But, pahaw, Faith! You must be sick of my old yarns by now."

She was silent for a moment there before him. Then she lifted her eyes, smiling in the moonlight, and she quoted softly and provokingly:

"She thank'd me, and bade me, if I had a friend that loved her, I should but teach him how to tell my story."

And what would you hear?"

Noll Wing was no man of little reading. He understood, and cried out hoarsely:

"Twas then, the moon providentially disappearing behind a cloud, that he caught her and held her till her ribs were like to crack, while his lips came fumbling down to find her own."

Afterward, Faith hid her eyes in shame and avoided herself for forwardness until he reassured her; she bade him, then, pay court in due form at her feet. He knelt before her, the big, strong man. And her eyes filled and she knelt with him.

It was in her heart that she was pledging herself sacredly with this man forevermore.

Followed the swift days of preparation; a pleasant flurry, through which Faith moved calmly, her thoughts far off. Old Jim Kilcup was wroth; he knew Noll Wing, and tried to tell Faith something of this knowledge. But she, proud and straight, would have none of it. She commanded old Jim into silence, then teased him

DODGE MARATHON CAR IN NEW YORK

Downtown New York turned out to welcome the Dodge eight "Mileage Marathon" car upon its arrival in the metropolis prior to its beginning a series of coast-to-coast runs that are expected to continue for several years.

The car, which is being driven at ordinary touring speeds in an attempt to pile up more miles than any automobile ever built, was met at 125th street by a police escort and rushed to the city hall, where Mayor James J. Walker welcomed Lou Miller, driver, and Ray Priest, official American Automobile association observer, to the city. The run is being sanctioned by the A. A. A.

The marathon car left Detroit at noon with much ceremony, W. P. Chrysler, president and chairman of the board of Chrysler Motors, and R. T. Keller, president of Dodge Brothers corporation as well as city officials of Detroit, officiated. The route of the car included Buffalo, where a stop of only a few minutes was made. State troopers met the car at Poughkeepsie and acted as an escort into the city proper.

Lou Miller, famous cross-country driver, who is taking the car on its first transcontinental run, was given a letter by Mayor Walker to Mayor Ralph of San Francisco, where the first cross-country drive begins its return trip to the east.

The "Mileage Marathon." It was explained by Dodge Brothers officials who were in charge of the New York ceremony, is a test of the dependability of the new straight eight manufactured by their company. It is in no way a non-stop nor a speed trial. Conditions paralleling those met with by the ordinary motorist will prevail throughout the months that the car is operated. The only distinction made between ordinary driving and the marathon run is the element of time. This Dodge Brothers car will pile up as many miles in a month as the everyday driver would in a year.

From New York the marathon car left for Philadelphia, the next

stop on the leg of a journey which will take it to Columbus, Dayton, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Dodge City, Albuquerque, Flagstaff, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

WOMAN'S NERVE IN JAIL BREAK RUSH SAVES HER HUSBY

(Associated Press Local Wire)

PECOS, Tex., July 16.—Steady aim and cool nerve of Mrs. John Duncan, wife of the Reeves county jailer, prevented a wholesale jail delivery and probably saved the life of her husband here last night.

A bullet from Mrs. Duncan's pistol pierced the heart of Willie Hernandez as he came down the steps after Duncan had been slugged by Hernandez when he went into the prisoner's cell.

Pedro Aguilar, under death sentence for murder, got away. After Duncan had been slugged, six prisoners rushed for freedom. Duncan called a warning to his wife on the floor below and she attempted to stop the oncoming prisoners. Aguilar alone got by.

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LEAVE CAMPSITES AND PARKS CLEAN

Few car owners would permit their front lawns to be littered with empty cans, wrapping paper and bits of garbage, yet many motorists think little or nothing of leaving such rubbish on camp sites and picnic grounds, according to the Oregon State Motor association. If all motorists would remember to place the refuse after a picnic into the receptacles that are usually to be found for that purpose, the grounds would appear far more attractive to those who arrive later. It is pointed out. Leaving trash in the open is a sign of thoughtlessness and discourtesy. Campers and picnickers who possess a sense of the fitness of things and realize the rights of others will see to it that the area they have occupied is clean before they leave.

ROAD WORK COMPLETED

Work of grading the Melrose road has been completed and the

road is now ready for surfacing. The road, for a distance of about three miles, has been placed on new grade and alignment, and has been widened to highway specifications, giving an excellent market road as far as the improvement has been carried out. The new work is to be gravelled.

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Fishing tackle at Idlelyd Park—Adv.

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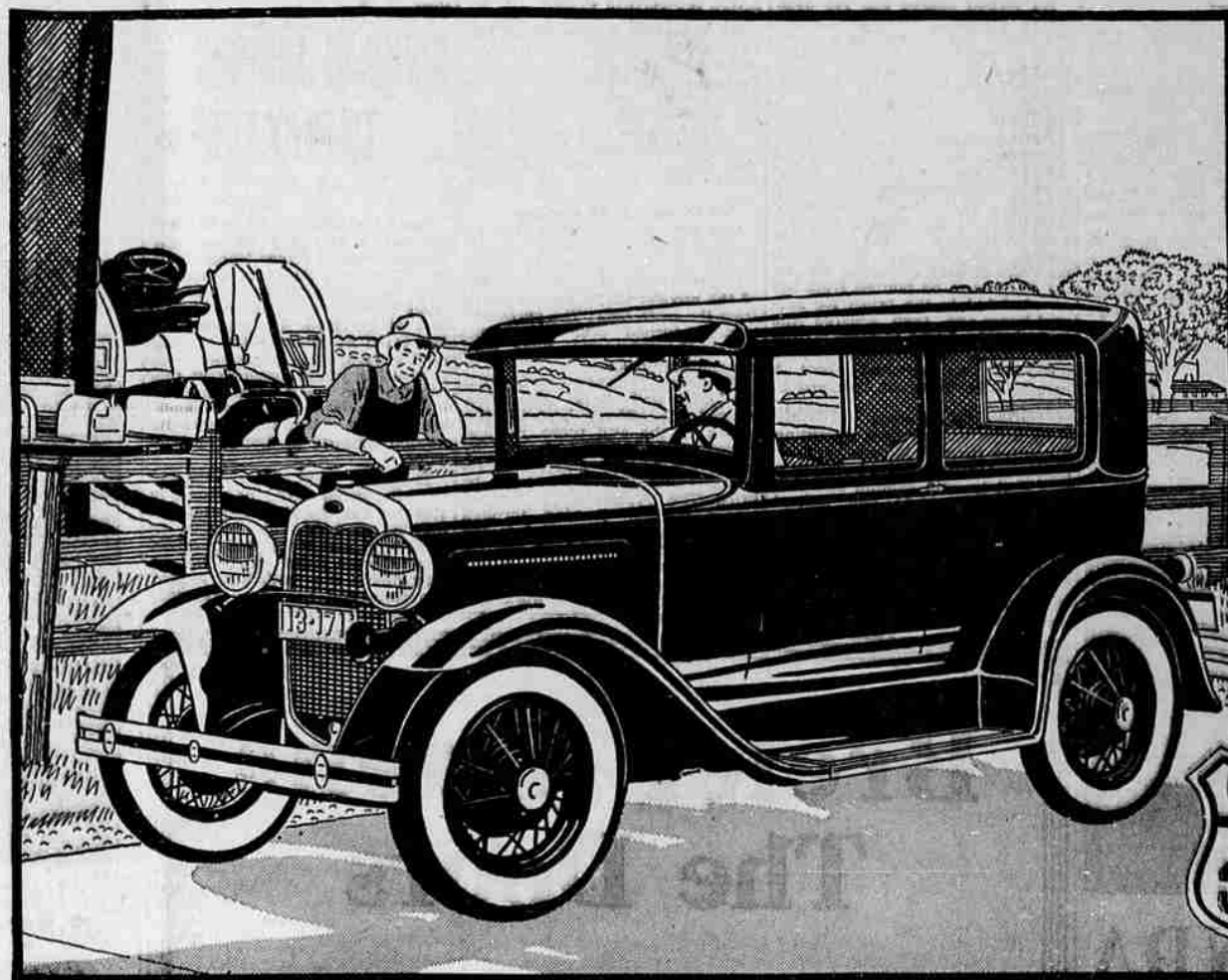
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