

The SEA BRIDE

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

WHAT HAS HAPPENED

BEFORE Faith Kilcup marries Noll Wing, middle-aged captain of the whaler, Sally Sims, and sails away with him. Roy, Faith's brother, and Dan Tobey, who loves Faith, are among the crew. Noll's strength is failing from age and drink. Seeking to discredit Noll in Faith's eyes, Dan causes a quarrel between Noll and Manger, one of the crew, during which Noll kicks out Manger's eye. Faith tells Noll it was a cowardly thing to do, but vents his apologizing to Manger, saying it would humble Noll before the men. From that time on Noll lives in constant fear of Manger's vengeance.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER IX.

Willis Cox was little more than a boy; he had a boy's sense of justice. He was heartbroken by the accident, and he said soberly: "I'm sorry, sir. It was my fault. You're right, sir."

"Right?" Noll roared. "Of course I'm right. Do I need a shirking fourth mate to tell me when I'm right or wrong? By—"

His wrath overflowed in a blow and for all the fact that Noll was aging, his fist was strong. The blow dropped Willis like the stroke of an ax. Noll himself filled a bucket and sluiced the man and drove him below with curses.

Afterward the reaction sent Noll to Faith in a rage at himself, at the men, at the world, at her. Dan, in the main cabin, heard Noll swearing at her. And he set his teeth and went on deck, for fear of the thing he might do. He was still there half an hour later when Faith came quietly up the companion. Night had fallen by then; the sea was moderating. Faith passed him where he stood by the galley and he saw her figure silhouetted against the gray gloom of the after-rail. For a moment he watched her, crippling himself. He saw her shoulders stir as though she wept.

The man could not endure it. He was at her side in three strides. She faced him and he could see her eyes dark in the night as she looked at him. He stammered:

"Faith! Faith! I'm so sorry—"

She did not speak, because she could not trust her voice. She was furiously ashamed of her own weakness, of the disloyalty of her thoughts of Noll. She swallowed and.

"He's a dog, Faith," Dan's voice came. "Ah, Faith—I love you. I love you so. I could kill him, I love you so."

Faith knew she must speak. She said quietly:

"Dan!—that is not—"

He caught her hand with an eloquent grace that was strange to see in the awkward, freckled man. He caught her hand to his lips and kissed it.

"I love you, Faith!" he cried.

She freed her hand, rubbed at it where his lips had pressed it. Dan's face was pale as he looked at her. He was fearful of what he had done, fearful of what she might do or say.

"Dan! my friend, I love Noll Wing with all my heart," she said simply.

And poor Dan! knew, for all she spoke so simply, that there was no part of her which was his. And he backed away from her a little, humbly, until his figure was shadowed by the deckhouse. And then he turned and went forward to the waist and left Faith standing there.

He found Manger in the waist. He leered at him goodnaturedly until he was himself again.

Faith, after a little, went below. Noll was asleep in his bunk above hers. He lay on his back, one bare and hairy arm hanging over the side of the bunk. He was snoring and there was the pungent smell of rum about him.

Noll passed, at this time, into a period of sloth. He gave up, bit by bit the vigorous habits of his life. He had been accustomed of old to take the deck at morning and keep it till dusk, and when need arose in the night, he had always been quick to leap from his bunk and spring to the spot where his strength was demanded.

He had, in the past, loved to take his own boat after the whales that were sighted. He had continued to do this in the early stages of this cruise leaving Eol Hitt, the cooper, and Fred, the cook, and Kellick, and a spare hand or so to keep ship with Faith and Roy Kilcup. But when they came into the South Seas he gave this up, and for a month on end did not leave the ship.

The mates struck the whales and then and cut them in, while Noll slept heavily in his cabin.

He gave up, also, the practice of spending most of the day on deck. He stayed below, reading a little, writing up the log, or sitting with glazed eyes by the cabin table, a bottle in reach of his hand. He slept much, heavily, and ever when he was awake he seemed sodden with the sleep in which he soaked himself.

He passed, during this time, through varying moods. There were days when he smiled and spoke a little, there were days when he swore and raged, and there were other days when he followed at Faith's heels with a pathetic cheerfulness, like an old dog that tries to drive its old legs to the bounding leaps of puppy play. He was alternately dependent upon her and treacherous at her presence.

Always, day by day, he was haunted by the sight of the one-eyed man. He burst out, to Faith, one night:

"The man plans to knife me!" he cried. "I can see murder in his eye!"

Faith, who pitied Manger and tried to comfort him, shook her head.

"He's broken," she said. "He's but the shell of a man."

"He follows me," Noll insisted.

his testimony 16 years ago against Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings, convicted bombers, and at parting told MacDonald, "It is now between you and the court."

This was taken as an indication the governor would not act further until justices of the California supreme court, acting as an advisory board, could act on the petition of Billings for a pardon recommendation.

VILLAGE WOMEN FORM FIRE DEPT.

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

PITTSBURGH, July 22.—The next time there's a fire in Chalfont borough, just outside of Pittsburgh, the big fire truck will roar out of the station house with Mary Federis driving the machine. Mary's mother, Mrs. Mary Federis,

will be there too, to act as assistant to Mrs. Sara Long, the chief, and these women will direct an attack on the flames entirely by women.

The trouble has been that when the month is at work, the town has been without fire protection. So the women have organized a fire company of their own. The uniforms are lovely—white, with white hats.

MATRON ACCUSED OF ABANDONING BABES

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

MONTREAL, Que., July 22.—Facing a charge of abandoning babies in her care, Mrs. H. Eorion, matron of a private hospital, was held on \$500 bail, to appear for preliminary hearing July 21. Police declared they had evidence that in 23 abandonment

cases the matron had received \$50 for her efforts in getting foster parents to adopt the children.

Nurses of the private hospital were taken to Ste. Genevieve and Granby and, according to the chief of police, identified the babies as ones which had been entrusted to the institution for adoption.

The method of getting rid of the children, police said, was to take them from Montreal in motor cars

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Sales are rolling up on this great tire in a volume never before

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