

The SEA BRIDE

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

WHAT HAS HAPPENED BEFORE

Faith Kileup 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 falling 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 prevents his apologizing to Manger, saying it would humiliate Noll before the men. From that time on, Noll lives in constant fear of Manger's vengeance. One day, after Noll had been harsh with Faith, Dan tells her of his love, but she repulses his advances. Noll's sickness has its reaction upon the crew and they no longer fear him. The Sally Sims puts in to a lonely island for supplies. Faith strolls inland.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XI

The path she was following was a well beaten trail. People must use it. They might come this way at any time. She wished wistfully, that she might be sure no one would come; and so wishing, she pressed on, each new pool among the rocks wooing her afresh and urging her to its cool embrace.

She heard, in the wood ahead of her, an increasing clamor of falling water, and guessed there might be a cascade there of larger proportions than she had yet seen. The path left the stream for a little, winding to round a tangle of thicker underbrush, and she hurried around this tangle, her eyes hungry to see the tumbling water she could hear.

Hurrying thus she came out suddenly upon the lip of the pool. It was broad and dark and deep; its upper end walled by a sheet of plunging water that fell in a mirrorlike veil and churned the pool to misty foam. Her eyes drank eagerly; they swung around the banks. And then she caught her breath and shrank back a little and pressed her hand to her throat. Upon a rock, not fifty feet from

her, his back half turned as he poised to dive, there stood a man—a white man, for all the skin of his whole body was golden brown from long exposure to the open air. He poised there like some winged god. Faith had a strange feeling that she had blundered into a secret temple of the woods; that this was the temple's deity. She smiled faintly at her own fancy.

God has made nothing more beautiful than the human body, whether it be man's or woman's. Faith thought, in the instant that she watched, that this bronzed man of the woods was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. She had no sense of shame in watching him; she had only joy in the sheer beauty of him, golden-brown against the green.

And when, even as she first saw him, he leaped and swang, smooth and straight, high through the air and turned his arms like arrows to pierce the bosom of the pool, she gasped a little, as one gasps on coming suddenly out upon a mountain-top with the world outspread below.

Then he was gone, with scarce a sound. She saw for an instant the golden flash of him in the pool's depths. His brown head broke the water, far across the way. He shook back his hair and passed his hands across his face to clear his eyes. His eyes opened and he saw her standing there.

There were seconds on end that they remained thus, each held by the other's gaze. Faith could not, for her life, have stirred. The spell of the place was upon her. The man, for all his astonishment, was the first to find his tongue. He called softly across the water:

"Good morning, woman!" His voice was so gentle, and at the same time so gay, that Faith was not alarmed. She smiled.

"It's afternoon," she said. "Good afternoon—man!" When Faith answered him the man's face broke into smiles.

"If you're so familiar with the habits of the sun, you must be a real woman and not a dream at all," he told her laughingly. "I'm

awake, am I not?" "I should think you would be," said Faith. "That water must be cold enough to wake anyone. He shook his head.

"No, indeed. Just pleasantly cool. Dip your hand in it." Something led her to obey him. She bent by the pool's sandy brink and dabbed her fingers, while the man, a hundred feet away at the very foot of the waterfall, held his place with the effortless ease of an accustomed swimmer, and watched her.

"Wasn't I right?" he challenged. She nodded. "It's delicious!" "Your being here means that a ship is in, of course," he said quickly.

"Yes." "What ship?" "The Sally Sims—whaler." "The Sally! I know the Sally," the man cried. "Is Noll Wing still captain?" "Of course."

His eyes were thoughtful. "I'm in luck, woman," he said. "Listen. Will you do a thing for me?" "What do you want me to do?" "I've a sort of a home, up on the hill above us here; an observatory. I've been waiting four months for a ship to come along, keeping a lookout from the top there. Missed the Sally somehow. Must have come in sight after I came down."

"We made the island a little before noon," she said. "Ah, I was in my boudoir then. I want to ship on the Sally. Does she need men?" "I think so," she said. "They lost two, three days ago."

"What was it?" he asked quickly. "Fighting whale!" She shook her head. "Boat got lost and they were short of water. The jug wasn't fresh filled."

The man whistled softly. "That doesn't sound like one of Noll Wing's boats," he said. "Noll is a stickler on those things." Faith bowed her head, tracing a pattern in the sand with her forefinger. She said nothing.

"How long before they sail?" the man asked. "They're going to wait for me," she said. His eyes lighted and he chuckled. "Good! Now listen. If you'll be so kind as to turn your back—"

You see, I've been running wild here for the past few months, and my clothes are all up at my place. I'll trot up there and get them, and come back here. Got a few things I don't want to leave." She had

turned away, and she heard the water stir as he raced for the shore and landed. "I'm going now," he called. "How long will you be?" "Not over an hour."

"I'm afraid someone may come along this path. Will they? Should I hide from them." He laughed. "Bless you, this is my private path; it's officially taboo to the natives, by special arrangement with the old witch-doctor who runs their affairs. There won't be a soul along. I'll be back in an hour."

"I'll wait," she agreed softly. There was a light of mischief in her eyes. Still standing with her face downstream, she heard his bare feet pad the earth of the path for a moment before the sound was lost in the laughing of the waterfall. A moment later came his shout:

"I'm gone!" She sat down quickly on the sand smiling to herself, sure of what she wished to do. She slipped off her shoes and stockings with quick fingers. She gathered her skirts high, and stepped with one foot and then another into the pleasant waters of the pool. They rippled around her ankles; she went deeper. The waters played above her knees, while she balanced precariously in the swirling current and gathered her skirts higher.

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2 COUPLES UNITED BY ROSEBURG J. P.

William Patterson Stewart of Medford and Leora Jackson of Marshfield and Ray L. Depew and Harvina A. Borden, both of Canyonville, were married yesterday afternoon at the office of Justice of the Peace C. F. Hopkins. Each wedding was attended only by the necessary witnesses. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart will reside at Medford, where he is in the employ of the Southern Pacific company. Mr. Depew is engaged in farming at Canyonville.

AREA OFF ALASKA TO BE "CAMPUS" FOR U. OF O. BODY

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene, July 25.—Their "campus" the shores of the Pacific clear up to Skagway in Alaska, under the eyes of the Arctic circle, a faculty of 10 and a student body of over 115 will leave Seattle August 14 for the second annual Alaskan summer cruise of the University of Oregon. The trip, which will take in the most picturesque scenes of the Alaskan country, will last about two weeks on the boat, with one week of study on the campus before the trip starts.

Mrs. J. A. Caraway of Roseburg will be a member of the cruise. The instructors for the tour, drawn from the University of Oregon and other institutions, have just been announced by W. G. Beattie, director of the cruise.

Courses cover a wide variety of subjects including art, journalism, anthropology, botany, geography, education and English literature. In every case emphasis is placed upon the Alaskan elements in the courses.

The faculty includes Frank Jenkins, editor of the Eugene Register-Journal; Dr. Charles N. Reynolds, Stanford university, anthropology; Dr. Rudolf H. Ernest, U. of O., English literature; Mr. Seattle, education; Dr. Earl Packard, geology; Prof. A. R. Sweetser, plant biology; Nowland B. Zane, art; M. H. Douglas, librarian; Kathryn Bailey, registrar; and Fred N. Miller, physician.

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