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'l 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'l causes a quarrel between Noll and Mauger, one of the crew, during which Noll kicks out Mauger's eye. Faith tells Noll it was a cowardly thing to do, but prevents his apologizing to Mauger, saying it would humble Noll before the men. From that time on Noll lives in constant fear of Mauger's vengeance. One day, after Noll had been harsh with Faith, Dan'l tells her of his love, but she repulses his advances. Noll's slackness 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. She meets an ex-sailor named Brander. Learning that Noll needs men, he asks Faith to wait while he goes for his belongings.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XII.

The water was soothing as heaven itself after the salt; but she was not satisfied with merely wading. She stood for a little, listening, gathering courage, striving to pierce the shadows of the bush about her with her eyes. These first months of her marriage had driven a measure of her youth out of Faith. They had been sober days and days more sober still were yet to come, but for this hour a gay irresponsibility flooded her. She waded ashore, singing under her breath; she began swiftly to loosen her skirt at the waist.

When the man came trotting down the trail at last, shouting ahead to her as he came, Faith was sitting demurely upon the sand, clothed and in her right mind. She was trying to appear unconscious of the fact that around the back of her neck and her pink little ears wet tendrils of hair were curling. When he came in sight she rose gravely to meet him and he looked at her with quick, keen eyes, and laughed. She turned red as flame.

"I don't blame you," he said. "It's a beautiful pool."

She wanted to be angry with him, but she could not. His laughter was infectious; she smiled at him.

"I—couldn't resist it," she said.

She was studying the man. He wore, now, the accustomed garments of a seaman, the clothes which the men aboard the Sally wore; they were harsh and awkward garments; but they could not hide the graceful strength of the man. He was not so big as Noll, she thought; not even quite so big as Dan'l Tobey. Yet there was such symmetry in his limbs and the breadth of his shoulders that he seemed a well-bulked man. His cheeks were lean and brown, and his lips met with a pleasant firmness. A man naturally gay, she thought; yet with strength in him.

They started down the path toward the sea together. He carried a cloth-wrapped bundle swinging in his hand.

"Who are you?" Faith asked, looking at him sidewise. "How do you come to be here?"

"My name's Brander," he said. "I was third mate on the Thomas Morgan."

She tried to remember a whaler by that name.

"New Bedford?" she asked.

"No—Nantucketer."

Faith looked at him curiously.

"But—what happened? Was she lost?"

Brander's face was sober; he hesitated.

"No, not lost," he said.

He did not seem minded to go on, and Faith asked again.

"What happened?"

He laughed uneasily.

"I left them," he said, and again seemed to wish to let the matter rest, but Faith would not.

"Is there any reason why you should not tell me all about it?" she asked.

"No."

"Then tell me, please!"

He threw up his free hand in a gesture of surrender.

"All right," he said.

They were following the narrow path down the stream's side toward the sea. Faith was ahead, Brander at her heels. After a moment, he went on:

"A man named Marks was the skipper of the Thomas Morgan. I shipped aboard her as a seaman. I'd had one cruise before, but not with him. I shipped with him—and I found out, within two days, that I'd made a mistake. Not that they were hard on me. I knew my job after a fashion, and they let me alone. But the men had a tough time of it. It was a tough ship, through and through. Marks and his mate—mate's name was Trant, nd I'd not like to meet that man on a dark night. There was murder in him—the sheer love of it. He was the sort of man that will catch a shark just for the fun of spikin the creature's jaws and turning him loose again. I was in Taku once. Saw a little China boy catch a dragon-fly, tie a twig to its tail and let it go. The twig overbalanced the dragon-fly, and it went straight up into the air, as fast as it could. May be going yet. That was the sort of trick Trant would have liked. Not that he ever actually killed a man on this cruise. Better if he had, for the men; but he didn't. He was a big fellow and heavy-fisted, but he wasn't satisfied with the fist. The boot for him!"

They were climbing a little knoll in the path. He fell silent while they climbed, and Faith thought of Noll Wing and Mauger.

"Well," said Brander, "you know how things drag along. We dragged along. Then, one day, we touched. We'd gone around into the Japan Sea. Marks and Trant walked up to the second mate and took him, between them, into a boat, and went ashore. They came back without him. He was a man as big as Trant but he had crossed Trant more than once. Trant had a face that was cut to ribbons when he came back aboard; but the other man did not come back at all. I never knew what the particular quarrel was. They shoved the third mate up to second, and put me in as third. 'All right,' I said to myself; 'but don't go to sleep, Brander!' And I didn't."

He waved his hand, as if to dismiss what followed with a word. Nevertheless, he went on:

"There was a man in my boat whom everyone called Leadfoot, because he was a slow-moving man. I told him to keep out of Trant's way, and I told Trant jokingly one day to leave my men alone. He was huffed at that; growled at me." Brander chuckled. "So I swelled up my chest like a fighting-cock and told him to keep hands off. Oh, I threw a great bluff, I can tell you! But Trant was not a coward. He waited his time, and I knew he was waiting.

"And while he waited he talked to the captain, and I could see them both whispering together. They whispered about me. They did not like to have me about; and once Marks threatened to put me back in the fo'c'sle, but he changed his mind.

"So matters went till we came past an island to the north of here, forty or fifty miles. We made that island at dusk and worked nearer it after darkness had fallen. It came on cloudy and dark. I met Trant on the deck and said to him: 'Do we go ashore here?' He grinned at me with his teeth, and made me wait till morning and see. That was enough for me. I knew what was coming. I thought I would hurry it a little, but luck hurried it for me in a way that worked out very well.

"The lead-footed man was at the wheel. When the anchor went down he started forward and brushed against Trant. Trant may have meant it to be so. Anyway, Trant knocked Leadfoot flying, and went after him with the boot, jumping, as lumbermen do. There happened to be a belaying-pin handy, so I took it and cracked Trant and he dropped in mid-leap. Then Marks jumped me. I managed to wriggle out from under him, and he fell and banged his head and lay still, but Trant was up by then and at me.

"The lead-footed man was yelling in my ear. I told him to go overboard and swim for it, and he did. Jut then Trant got in the way of the belaying-pin again, and this time he did not seem to want to get up. There was some confusion, you understand. I did not stay to straighten things out. I went over after Leadfoot. He could swim like a porpoise. He was ahead of me, but half-way in he met a shark, and came clamoring back to me to be saved. I got out of his way, for fear he would drag us both under, and then I kicked the shark. It went about its business and we swam on. They were too busy sluicing the old man and Trant to come after us in a boat. They could have knocked us in the head with an oar, but they didn't.

"However, Leadfoot took the shark so seriously that he swam too fast or something of the sort. Anyway, he keeled when we touched sand, and I felt him and found that he was dead with heart failure or the like. I didn't stop to work over him. I could hear Trant bellowing. He had come to life and a boat was racing after me. So I went into the bush and stayed there until the Thomas Morgan took herself off. After that, not likt the island, which was low and marshy, I borrowed a native canoe and came over here, and I've been here since."

They were within sound of the rollers on the beach when he finished. Faith was filling out the gaps in his narrative from her own understanding of the life aboard a whaler. She could guess what Brander must have endured; she thought he had done well to come through it and still smile. She thought he was a man.

They could see the surf through the thinning bush when he said:

"You haven't told me how you happened to be aboard the Sally Sims."

Faith herself had almost forgotten. She remembered now, and something like a chill of sorrow swept her.

"I am Noll Wing's wife," she said.

They came out abruptly into the white glare of the beach. Mr. Ham's boat was drawn up, a quarter-mile away. Brander looked toward it, looked at Faith.

"Ah," he said quietly, and added in a different tone: "then yonder is your husband's boat, waiting. Noll Wing is an able skipper!"

Faith said nothing. They went on, side by side, toward Mr. Ham.

(To Be Continued Monday)

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INSANE PATIENT MAKES GETAWAY

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

SALEM, Ore., July 25.—By cutting a window screen C. B. Hurlbut made his escape from the state hospital for the insane last night. Hurlbut's home is said to be at Sacramento. He is 33 years old.

Indian motorcycle, looks and runs like new, for sale by Hansen Chevrolet Co.—Adv.

Chevrolet sedan, 1930 model. This car looks and runs like new. Used only as demonstrator. A real bargain. For sale by Hansen Chevrolet Co.—Adv.

ANGELES LOOM AS 2ND HALF THREAT IN COAST LEAGUE

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

The strength that carried Los Angeles to the top in the first half season of the coast league was today firmly implanted as a second half threat by virtue of the Angels' 8 to 0 win over Sacramento last night.

Ed Brecht shut out the Sacs as his teammates slammed Vinci and Gould, while attendance for the week at the Angel park rose to new heights with night ball.

The Missions went on at the top, having downed Portland last night, 5 to 1, with Dutch Lieber blanking the Beavers in all but the second inning.

Oakland dropped out of the first place tie when San Francisco trimmed them 12 to 6, knocking the Oaks' new star hurler, Henderson, out of the box in the fourth. Elmer Jacobs held the Acorns to two runs until the ninth when the Seals had a safe enough lead.

Hollywood was outhit by Seattle, but made a ninth inning rally good for a 7 to 4 victory, having trailed up to then. Turner was credited with the win although he blew up in the ninth.

MAYS AND WALTERS STAGE FIST FIGHT

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

PORTLAND, Ore., July 25.—A fist fight which other members of the Portland Beavers made no attempt to halt, took place just before the Wednesday night between Carl Mays and John Wallace (Junk) Walters, Beaver pitchers, it was revealed last night.

Mays suffered a broken nose and an injury to a rib, and Walters was badly bruised about the eyes, face and lips.

The fight took place in the club house. Other players knew it was going on, reports say, but decided to let the two pitchers have it out. It is reported Mays and Walters have been unfriendly for some time.

Ford Model A closed cab steel pickup, 1929 model, for only $395. For sale by Hansen Chevrolet Co.—Adv.

Marathon Mad Era Brings Forth New Endurance Fads

Publicity Seekers Find New Means to Bask in Spotlight—Through Meaningless "Endurance" Feats.

SHIPWRECK KELLY

TREE TOP SITTERS.

BIKE ENDURANCE GRIND.

Apparently it isn't what you do, but how long you continue doing it that matters!

Besides being famous as the age of machinery and high-powered finance, the present century also enjoys the questionable distinction of being the "marathon" age.

From coast to coast men, women and children are engaging in curious contests that require endurance but no intelligence. Jack Richardson of Kansas City, Mo., is only 14 years old, but his name recently was featured in headlines all over the country.

Young Mr. Richardson became an overnight sensation by climbing up a tree and sitting there for 125 hours, which is some sit. Food was hoisted to him and Jack even had his hair cut while on his perch.

Yet for real serious sitting, Jack, nevertheless, must yield first honors to Alvin "Shipwreck" Kelly. When it comes to good he-man sitting, "Shipwreck" is without a peer. Kelly's record is 23 days.

Just to make it more interesting, Kelly usually chooses a seat on the top of a flagpole. His wife, a patient woman, assists by sending him up victuals and reading matter. At least she knows where he is nights. Kelly, incidentally, gets paid for his "work" by companies who advertise their products in that manner.

In Hackensack, N. J., there is a non-stop bicycle riding team that has been on the go for 11 days at this writing. The team, composed of schoolboys, has already covered over 3,000 miles. In nearby cities other teams are trying to outdo the Ney Jersey lads' record.

The original marathon foot races took place in the days of the ancient Greeks. But the notion of endurance as a test of virility in such weird sports as flagpole sitting, non-stop bicycle riding, and tree-sitting belongs exclusively to us moderns.

A sharp-witted promoter named Doc Crandall was the first gentleman to apply the marathon idea to something besides sports.

Mr. Crandall, a genius in his line, thought the public might delight in a long-distance continuous dancing contest. He put it on in New York at Madison Square Garden and when contestants, tortured by sleeplessness, began to stagger and faint all over that sport coliseum—sophisticated New York flocked through the Garden's admission gates, netting Mr. Crandall a tidy sum.

Later came such ridiculous contests in such popular occupations as uninterrupted talking, rocking chair rocking, card-playing and sleeping.

All of these had their share of publicity and then died down. The winners? The long distance champion sitters, talkers and poker kings after their brief spasms of fame, disappeared back to original obscurity.

The publicity that attended their record-making achievements, in most cases, brought neither wealth nor movie contracts. But the newspaper headlines proved manna to their souls. While they lasted they won plenty of press-notice, which was exactly the object of the contests.

Special!

New No. 344 Letz Hay Cutter

Extra set knives, 40 ft. pipe. Has only cut forty loads of hay.

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"See Us First—We Can Save You Money"

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Sutherlin Spray Co.

MACKMEN RUNNING AWAY WITH FLAG IN LEAGUE DASH

By HUGH S. FULLERTON Jr.
Associated Press Sports Writer

At the rate the Philadelphia Athletics are pulling away from the rest of the American league pack and the spaces between the lower positions in the standing are widening, it won't be long before the only interesting struggle left is the fight between Boston and St. Louis to keep out of last place.

Yesterday the Mackmen surprised the Cleveland infield with a pair of triple steals and worked them to add a couple of runs to their total. In addition to this strategy, the A's made 12 hits, three of them home runs and received ten bases on balls to win by a 14-1 score. It was their eleventh victory in 14 games of the current western tour.

Senators Still Slipping

Washington dropped further back as the Chicago White Sox came along fast in the closing innings and pulled out a 6 to 5 victory in the ninth. The Senators have suffered almost as many reverses as the Athletics have scored triumphs, losing 11 games and winning 7 against western opposition.

The third place New York Yankees kept pace with the league leaders, nine games behind them, by taking advantage of Detroit's seven errors to win a 14 to 7 decision. Lou Gehrig got his 29th home run.

Down where the league's real struggle is going on, the St. Louis Browns came out on top by a 6 to 3 score and kept the Boston Red Sox in the cellar. Boston, striving to move into seventh place, could not cope with George Blaeholder's six hit pitching and Goose Goslin's hitting. Goslin drove in four runs with a home, double and a single.

Robins Barely Lead

Brooklyn and Chicago, who continue to keep the National league race interesting, each won another game without trouble yesterday and are separated by a half game, Brooklyn leading.

The Robins pounded Lucas hard in three innings and accumulated enough runs to down Cincinnati 7 to 2 while Moss and Heimach, the latter making his first appearance for Brooklyn, held the Red batters in check.

Chicago pounded Benge and Willoughby for 16 hits and again defeated the Phillies, 9 to 5 this time.

Clarence Mitchell's southpaw hurling held Pittsburgh to seven hits while New York gained a 3 to 1 victory. "Wee Willie" Sherdel stopped his former mates with nine hits and Boston defeated the Cards, 5 to 4.

ONE MORE BATTLE, THEN CARNERA GOES

OKLAHOMA CITY, July 26.—Frank Pacassi, of the Primo Carnera retinue, announced here the Italian heavyweight and his French manager, Leon See, would sail for Europe August 1.

Immigration authorities recently refused to grant Carnera and See an extension of their six months' stay granted when they entered the country last winter. Carnera has one more fight in this country with George Cook, Australian, at Cleveland, July 31.

FILM BULL FIGHT BECOMES TRAGEDY

SEVILLE, Spain, July 26.—A bull fight scene in the filming of a movie became too realistic when the bull leaped over a fence and charged into a crowd. Five persons were gored and one is expected to die.

Diestro Rayito, who had the part of a matador in the play, became a matador in fact and finally killed the animal.

CARNERA GRANTED OUSTER HEARING

WASHINGTON, July 25.—Primo Carnera, huge Italian prize fighter, will be given an opportunity Monday by immigration officials to show why he should not leave the United States.

Carnera's six months leave in this country has expired and he has been ordered overseas. His representatives protested and the board of review today fixed the date for the hearing. Meanwhile no penalties will be imposed for his remaining here. The hearing will be held in Washington.

About 90 used automobiles and trucks for sale by Hansen Chevrolet Co.—Adv.

BOSTON BASEBALL FANS PAY TRIBUTE TO MARANVILLE

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

BOSTON, July 26.—The 37-year-old Peter Pan of baseball, Rabbit Maranville, grizzled veteran of 18 campaigns of shortstop play, today had his "day."

An automobile, a chest of silver, a purse and other gifts awaited his appearance at the Braves-Cardinals doubleheader. Even the knot-hole gang and the peanut vendors had gifts for him.

Fans from far and wide in New England joined in planning the day. The biggest advance sale Braves field ever had proved the popularity of "The Springfield Kid," who ranks with Babe Ruth in popularity in the annals of Boston big league baseball.

In his youthful days in 1912, he came to the Braves from New Bedford. His first game was against the Cubs, with Evers, Tinker and Chance in the opposition. The Rabbit handled 12 chances without a slipup.

Sixteen years ago this month, the Braves were in the cellar—and in October were world champions. The Rabbit was a mainspring in the infield. Hank Gowdy, catcher, the only other player of that team still with the Braves, forsakes coaching duties rarely for action on the field.

The Rabbit's meanderings took him into the navy for a brief stay and to the Pirates, the Cubs, the Dodgers, the Cardinals, and into the International league. On the way out of baseball in 1927, he came back and was an outstanding performer for the Cardinals against the Yankees in the 1928 world series.

He returned to his old home baseball town last year, and the scenes of youthful triumphs apparently better his play. Manager Bill McKenzie says "he's improved 50 per cent since 1928," when both were in St. Louis.

Last week he hit a home run, his first in two years.

PACKERY INSTALLS NEW STEAM PLANT

Installation of a 150-horsepower steam plant at the California Packing corporation's packing house in North Roseburg is underway. The old 80 horsepower boiler has been removed and the boiler room is being remodelled to provide for the new plant. A heavy, reinforced concrete base is now being provided. The new machinery arrived yesterday and will be installed immediately, providing ample power for the new equipment in the packing plant, and furnishing sufficient steam for the many uses of the packing house.

Indian motorcycle, looks and runs like new, for sale by Hansen Chevrolet Co.—Adv.

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Specially adapted for Kurtz Prune Dryers. Come in and let us demonstrate them. Fans complete ready to install.
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THE SUCCESS OF YOUR VACATION DEPENDS ON THE CAR!

When the car runs smoothly it's easy enough to enjoy yourself. But when trouble develops and repair bills pile up . . . that's when the trip is spoiled.

Come in before you leave and let us thoroughly check your motor. Our prices are reasonable, and, you will agree, worthwhile in view of the pleasure insurance they bring.

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"If it isn't right, we make it right."

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A NEW ROLE

You can't be yourself many years at a stretch, without being somebody new! All at once, you will be using different cosmetics, eating different foods, setting your table differently, rearranging your surroundings, readjusting your whole scheme of life.

Advertisements lead you to do this—even when you are least aware. They announce the new discoveries. Others try them. You try them. Of a sudden, you've changed! The old is at once too out-of-date. It is too slow in this age of speed. Too ineffective in this age of perfection.

Somewhere, in advertisements you have not read yet, are things other people are reading about that will make a change in you. Read the advertisements here today. You will discover some of the things you will want to use habitually. You might even get ahead and start using some today.

Advertisements enlighten you about the new . . . and enlighten your life with their news.