

The SEA BRIDE

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR

Faith Kilcup had visions of a happy married life with Noll Wing, captain of the whaler, Sally Sims, but dissipation had changed him from a strong master to a complaining, old man, constantly gripped by the fear of revenge for having kicked out the eye of Manger, one of the crew. Dan'l Tobey, a mate, is in love with Faith. When the Sally Sims stops at an island, Faith meets an ex-sailor, named Brander, who joins Noll's crew. Dan'l is jealous of Brander, and also in love with Faith's brother, Roy, a dislike of him. When Noll rebukes Brander for assisting Manger, Brander's pluck in defying him wins Noll's admiration. Later in a battle with a whale the first mate loses his life. Dan'l fills the vacancy. Brander is made fourth mate. The enmity between Dan'l and Brander grows.

NW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXI.

The matter dropped there. A small thing, but an incident very typical of the tension which was growing in the cabin of the Sally Sims. Dan'l, jaundiced by his own hatred of Brander, by his disordered passion for Faith, was not good company. Save Roy, all those in the cabin avoided him. Roy was heretofore loyal to Dan'l; and he hated Brander the more because Brander had been given the mate's berth to which Roy himself had foolishly aspired. That was Dan'l's doing, that aspiration; he had taken care to tell Roy that he had proposed his name.

"Brander does not belong in the cabin," he told Roy. "He is ragtag and bobtail, from God knows where. If I'd been Noll Wing, you'd be fourth mate today!" He fed Roy's sense of wrong; for the boy might some day prove a useful tool. Dan'l was full of venom in those days, but he had not yet formed his ultimate plan. He still loved Faith with some faint traces of the old decency. He knew in his heart that she would never love him; yet he would never be content till he got this from her own lips.

The inevitable happened one evening when the new moon's thin crescent faintly lighted the dark sea. Noll had gone early to a sudden sleep; Faith was not sleepy, and went on deck. Dan'l from his cabin, heard her go; he arose and followed her.

There was little wind; the sea was flat; the Sally scarcely stirred. Dan'l told the man at the wheel to leave her and go forward; he made the wheel fast and let the Sally go her own gait. Her canvas was all stowed; her yards were bare. When the man was gone, Dan'l turned to the after rail where Faith was sitting. The man's mouth was hot and dry, and his pulse was pounding. He came to her.

"Hello, Dan'l!" Faith said softly. Dan'l mumbled huskily: "Faith!"

He stood beside her, and they looked out across the water, where the starlight played. Dan'l was trembling, and Faith felt the trouble in the man as she felt it for weeks. She and Dan'l had been boy and girl together; she was infinitely sorry for him.

In the end, while he stood rigidly beside her, she laid her hand on his arm.

"Dan'l," she said, "I wish—you

would get over being so unhappy!" He looked at her through the dark; his voice was like a cloak.

"Unhappy!" he repeated. "It's not good for you, Dan'l," said Faith gently. "Unhappiness is—it's poison. It burns."

"Aye," said Dan'l. "That's true, Faith—it burns!" "Why not forget it?" she urged. "You're actually growing thin on it, Dan'l. Your face is lined."

Dan'l tried to laugh. "For one thing," he said, "the ship's on my hands, now. Noll Wing—he's aging. He's an old man, Faith."

Faith turned her head away from him quickly; she bit her lip in the darkness. "The Sally's on my hands, Faith," Dan'l repeated. "I'm master—without the name of it."

"Noll Wing is master here, Dan'l," she replied quietly. "Never think he is not."

Dan'l turned abruptly away; he stood with his back to her. And as he stood there his jealousy of Brander and all the rancor that was poisoning the man gave way for a moment to his tenderness for Faith. He swung back sharply, gripped her shoulders.

"Faith," he said harshly. "Noll is master. So be it! But, Faith, I would worship you; he kicks you with every word as he kicks a dog. Faith! Faith!"

She faced him squarely. "Dan'l, you are wrong. You are wrong to tell me this—to speak so. It is not—manly, Dan'l!"

The reproach in her voice made him shrink; it fired him. He caught her by the shoulder.

"By God!" he cried, and would have swept her into his arms.

From the top of the companion came Brander's voice.

"Mr. Tobey, shall I set a man



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at the wheel! There's wind coming." Dan'l cursed, flung loose from Faith, and whirled on Brander. The two men faced each other tensely. Dan'l crouched with bared teeth, while Brander was erect, and the starlight showed a little smile on his face. Abruptly Dan'l straightened.

"Set a man at the wheel—and be damned, Brander!" he said. He brushed past the fourth mate without a glance, and went below. Brander called through the darkness to a knot of men on the deck, forward, and one of them came aft. Faith still stood by the rail; Brander paid her no heed.

The man took the wheel, Brander leaned against the forward end of the deck-house.

After a little, Faith stirred, came to the companion to go below. At its top she paused.

"Good night, Mr. Brander," she said.

"Good night!" he called pleasantly. She went below, Dan'l, writing his bunk below old Tichel, who snored above him, heard her cross the cabin and go into Noll's; and the nails on his fingers bit his palms.

The second day after, Dan'l came down into the cabin to find Noll.

"Would you mind coming on

deck for a moment, sir?" he asked. Noll was reading; he looked up resentfully.

"What now, Mr. Tobey? Can't you handle the ship?"

"I want you to see something."

There was a hint of evil in Dan'l's tone. Faith was there, heard, wondered. Noll looked at the mate and bestirred himself.

They went on deck together; and Dan'l pointed forward. Brander was there, by the try-works. Facing him, grouped about him, were four of the crew. Manger was among them. Brander was talking, and the men were laughing at what he said.

One of the men looked aft, and saw Dan'l and Noll watching them. The man's face sobered instantly, and he backed away from the group. Brander turned around and saw the captain. Noll called to him:

"Come aft, Mr. Brander!"

Brander came, without haste, yet quickly. Noll Wing and Dan'l Tobey waited for him in silence; they kept silent when he faced them. He met the captain's sullen and angry eyes. His own were unshamed and unafraid.

"What is it, sir?" he asked at last. Noll lowered his big head like a bull.

men, there?" he demanded. (To Be Continued Tomorrow) (Copyright 1930, by Ben Ames Williams. Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

BANK REFUSES TO AID FLAX INDUSTRY

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

SALFEM, Ore., Aug. 6.—Refusal of attorney for the United States National bank of Portland to approve a \$200,000 loan to the state flax industry made necessary the calling of the state emergency board to provide the money by authorizing the flax department to create a deficit. The board will be called next week.

Under the existing organization of the flax industry the attorney held that no one has legal authority to sign a note covering the loan. The United States National bank loaned money to the state for the same purpose last year, but, it is said, without advice from its attorneys.

The money will be used to expedite payments to farmers for flax contracted to the state.

Here on Business—Fred Lindsay of Melrose was here yesterday on business.

MANY STARS IN ANTLERS PICTURE

By G. C. ARR

"Paramount on Parade" is just that. The picture which opened at the Antlers last night is all Paramount on parade. Most of this company's most popular stars take part in the picture.

The picture is more than a revue. It is a series of skits put on by stars who know how to create laughs. One after another they parade in the picture: Clara Bow, "Skeets" Gallagher, Harry Green, Jack Oakie, Helen Kane, "Buddy" Rogers, Lillian Roth, Clive Brook, George Bancroft, Dennis King, Gary Cooper, Mitzel Green, Mary Brian, Leon Errol, Warner Oland, Nancy Carroll, William Powell, Maurice Chevalier, Ruth Chatterton.

By the way, the sketch by the little Mitzel Green, child actor de luxe, on the two black crows, is worth the entire admission price. No moviegoer will ever have a chance to see more of his favorite actors in one evening than in the

current Antlers picture. Here's a show with no plot that makes you like it. It's a laugh special. It took five months to make the picture, and no time wasted. A capacity crowd saw the picture last night and went away laughing.

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- The B. & P. W. club will meet at Skinner's for picnic dinner Friday evening, Aug. 8th. Be at Pottery's conference 6:15. Bring plate, knife, fork, spoon and cup.
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