

The SEA BRIDE

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

CHAPTER XXIX.

The whale Tichel struck had sounded; and just after Brander killed, it breached before his eyes, under the very bows of Tichel's boat. Brander saw the black column of its body rise up and up from the sea; it seemed to ascend endlessly. Then it toppled, and slowly fell, and struck the water so resoundingly that for a moment both the whale and Tichel's boat were hidden. Tichel was dodging desperately to get clear; but the wallowing whale rolled toward him, over him, smothering his craft.

Brander, when the tossing and tormented water quieted, saw the bobbing heads of the men, the boat just awash, the gear floating all around. The whale showed no immediate disposition to run; it was rolling in a frenzy, bending double as if to tear at his own wounds.

Brander struck a marking-walk in his own whale, drove his men to their oars, cut across to see that Tichel and the others were kept afloat by the boat, and then managed to pick up one of the floating tubs of line, to which the whale's gas attached. The rest was easy enough; the whale fought its strength away, and Brander made his kill.

Willis Cox failed to get fast; the whales he sought to attack took flight as he approached them, and his game got away with a white slash across the blubber, where from John's desperate cast of the harpoon had gone wild. So Willis rowed to John Brander, picked up Tichel and his men, and took their boat and Tichel's whale, which Brander had killed, in tow. Brander took the other; they worked back to the Sally. When they reached the ship, Noll Wing clapped Brander on the shoulder and applauded him.

Two whales at a time is as much as any whaler cares to handle; the Sally had three. A blow of any violence would have made it impossible for them to cut in even one of the carcasses before the steady heat of the southern seas rendered them unfit; but no small game. The luck of the Sally had turned—and turned in earnest.

The men welcomed the hard work after their long idleness; they filled at the windlass and the rigway with the heartiest will. They raised chanties as they walked the blanket-pieces up to the main head or slaked them down the deck to be cut and stacked in the blubber-room below the main hatch. The intoxication of the toll took possession of them; they went at it singing and exultant and affre; and even Noll caught the spirit of the day from them. Youth flooded back into the men; the chest seemed to swell before their eyes. Faith, watching him thought he was like the man she had loved. She was, for a time, very happy.

The fever of it got into Noll's blood; and when they killed an other whale the third day after, he swore that the next chance he would himself lower for the chase. He red on the thought, Faith, fear for him, ventured to protest; his first thought was ever that on Noll's safety depended the safety of the Sally, that Noll's first duty was to bring the Sally Sims safely home again. She told Noll this—told him his place was with the ship.

"The Sally is your charge," she said. "You ought not to risk your self."

He laughed at her tempestuousness.

"By God," he cried, "I was never meant to send men where I was feared to go! Let be, Faith, you curble me like a child; and I am not a child at all. Let be!"

Faith surrendered helplessly; but she hoped he would forget, would not keep his word. He might have forgotten as she hoped; he was walking back into his old lassitude when the masthead men sighted the next whale, but Dan'l sought Noll out and said anxiously:

"Best think better of it, sir. This looks like a big whale—a hard customer."

Noll had so nearly forgotten that he asked:

"Think better of what, man?"

Dan'l smiled as if he were pleased.

"I thought you meant to lower."

he said. "You do well to change your mind. Stay aboard; leave us to handle him."

Which was like a goad to Noll, as Dan'l must have known it would be. The captain laughed angrily, thrust Dan'l aside, took the mate's own boat, with Roy on the after thwart, and lowered.

Faith was anxious; she found chance to say to Brander, as the other boats were striking the water:

"Look after him, Mr. Brander!"

And Brander nodded reassuringly.

Dan'l climbed into the rigging to watch the battle; he scarce took his glass from his eye. What he hoped for, whether he thought chance and the whale might wipe Noll from his path, only Dan'l knew.

This whale, as it chanced, was sighted at early morning; and this was as well. A big bull, the creature lay quietly, just awash, while the captain's boat came upon it from behind. It stirred not at all till Noll Wing swung hard on the long steering oar, brought them in against the black side, and belowed to Silva:

"Let go! Let go the iron!"

Silva knew his work as well as any man; and he got both harpoons home to the hitches, and threw the line clear as the bull leaped bodily forward and upward, half out of the water, and whirled in a smothered turmoil of spray and tortured foam to escape the blades that bit him. Noll swung them out of his way and shouted to Silva:

"At, now! Let me be at him, man!"

Silva came stumbling back across the thwarts to take the steering oar, while Noll went forward, chose his lance, and braced himself in the bow.

The whale, his first torment dulled, had stopped his struggle and lay still, swinging slowly around in the water. It was as if he looked about to discover what it was that had attacked him; and old Tichel—the other boats were standing by in a half-circle about Noll and the whale—bawled across the water:

"Ware, sir! He's looking for you!"

Noll heard and waved his hand defiantly; and at the same time the whale saw Noll's boat and charged it.

The whale, as has been said, would be invulnerable if his wit but matched his bulk. It does not. Furthermore, the average whale will not fight at all, but runs; and it is his efforts to escape that the blindly cause the tragedies of the fishery. But when he does attack, he attacks almost always in the same way. The sperm-whale, the cachalot, trusts to his jaw; he bites; and his enemy is not the men in the boat, but the boat itself. Perhaps he cannot see the men;

HOME PATRONAGE PRINCIPLE URGED AS TO R. R. FARES

Extension of the principle of "home patronage" to the purchase of railroad transportation, as a boon not merely to patrons but to the community as well, was urged here today by J. E. Clark, local agent for Southern Pacific company.

Residents of Roseburg not only will have their own travel plans facilitated through local purchase of tickets to and from distant points, Mr. Clark pointed out, but will further the advancement of their city through the stimulation of business that naturally follows the "spending of money at home."

Pointing out that many persons contemplating long journeys labor under the mistaken assumption that round-trip tickets must be bought, or can be more economically bought, in neighboring metropolitan centers, the agent declared that railroad transportation for anyone here in the country can be purchased locally.

That buying of such transportation locally means much to the community as well as to the buyer, Mr. Clark said, "is a matter for serious thought."

"Southern Pacific company main-

tains a passenger ticket office here," he declared, "but like every other business operated in an efficient manner, it expects this office to be patronized. That is what it is here for, and if it is patronized by all who travel out of this community it will become an actually thriving business."

"All monies paid in here are handed through our local banks, and thus our bank clearings are stimulated. When business warrants it, additional employment is afforded to local citizens. Improvements are made in company property, better facilities are made possible by the railroad and other good results follow as a matter of course. Thus we feel that local purchase of tickets becomes a matter of community interest and pride."

Mr. Clark pointed out that local purchase of tickets facilitates the handling of baggage for the traveler, avoiding changes and annoyances at larger terminals.

GEORGE H. KELLY, NOTED LUMBERMAN OF OREGON, DIES

(Associated Press Local Wire)

PORTLAND, Aug. 15.—George H. Kelly, 63, prominent lumberman and Portland contractor, died here yesterday in a hospital as the result of a heart attack suffered two weeks ago while supervising one of the many projects the Kelly and Sullivan Contracting company had been awarded.

Kelly was born in Springfield, Ore., and attended the University of Oregon. He was one of the founders of the Booth-Kelly Lumber company at Eugene.

At the beginning of the World war, he resigned his connection with this company and accepted a commission as lieutenant colonel in command of the 20th engineers in France. He supervised extensive lumber operations there and when the war closed he had 90 mills in operation.

Following his return from France, Kelly organized the West-ern Oregon Lumber company in 1923, located at West Fir, Ore., where the family home is located. In 1923 he also organized the Kelly-Sullivan company.

He is survived by his widow and four daughters.

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TOD MORGAN GIVES FANS SURPRISE BY WHIPPING CARTER

(Associated Press Local Wire)

SEATTLE, Aug. 15.—Tod Morgan, for whom many fight fans have been chanting dirges because he supposedly spent himself so often defending the world junior lightweight crown he wore recently, is being acclaimed today by that same fickle crowd as a real contender in the next heavier division of lightweights.

In the outstanding fight of the season here, he surprised more than 9,000 fans in the civic auditorium last night by showing superb condition after all his campaigning in defeating Lesle "Wildcat" Carter in six rounds.

Carter put up a game fight against the more experienced Seattle boxer but the negro was no match and the decision was easily Morgan's.

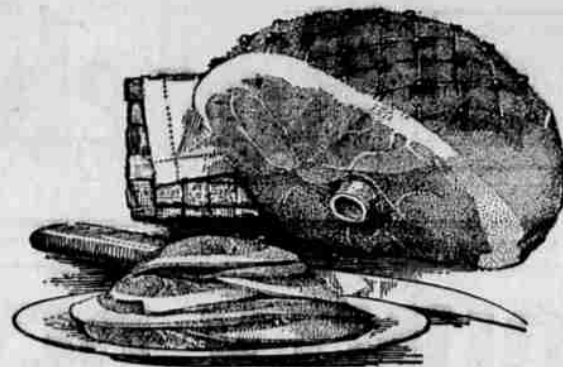
The first round was tame, with each feeling their way, but from then on Morgan was master and his left hand continually twisted his rival.

Carter tried gamely to cope with the brilliant boxing of Morgan who opened up in the fourth but the former Everett fighter stayed with him and in the fifth drove Morgan into a corner.

The fight was forecast as having a decisive bearing on futures of both men who have recently entered the lightweight division. Carter had a slight weight advantage, entering the ring at 137 1/2 Morgan's 136 1/2.

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