

The SEABRIDE

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

CHAPTER XXXV.

Dan'l saw and understood. He cultivated Slatter tended the man's hurts, and gave him cover sympathy for the beating he had taken; and Slatter, emboldened, swore harshly that he would finish Brander, give him half a chance. Dan'l said hastily and quietly, "Don't talk such matters, man. There's more than you aboard ship would do that if they dared. I'm not saying even Noll Wing would not smile to see Brander gone. No matter why."

"I know why," Slatter grinned evilly. "Every man for'd knows why!"

"Well, then, you'll not blame Noll?" said Dan'l. "I'm thinking he'd fair kiss the man that had a hand in ending Brander, if it was not some too open; but there's some aboard would have it."

"By God, let me get him for'd, right, and I'll—"

"Quiet!" said Dan'l. "Here's the man himself!"

Here was his tool; Dan'l waited only the occasion. There was a way to make that.

A whaler's crew are for the most part seem; harmless enough when they are held in hand, easily managed so long as they are kept in fear. But alcohol drives fear out of a man; and there was whiskey and rum in the captain's storeroom safe.

"It was one of the duties of Roy, as ship's boy, to fetch up stores from this room at command; he was accustomed to fill Noll Wing's bottles now and then. Dan'l saw he might use Roy; and he did so without scruple.

"I've need for liquor, Roy," he told the lad. "But I'd not ask Noll. He's jealous of the stuff, as you know. So when next you're down, fill a jug with whiskey, and fetch it up to me."

He said it so casually that Roy agreed without question. The boy was pleased to serve Dan'l. Dan'l held him; had captured Roy, heart and soul. Roy gave him the jugful of liquor next morning. Slatter hid it by nightfall, and that without Dan'l's appearing in the matter. Slatter came aft to take the wheel, and Dan'l saw to it the jug was in his sight and at hand. Slatter carried it forward with him. He passed Dan'l in the waist; and Dan'l looked at the jug and laughed and said:

"Man that looks like liquor!" Slatter arched uneasily.

"Oil for the fo'e's'le lamp," he said.

Dan'l wagged his head.

"See that that's so," he said. "If any ructions start in the fo'e's'le, I'll send Brander forward to quiet you. You'll not be wanting Brander to lay hands on you again?"

Slatter's eyes shifted hungrily; he went on his way with quick feet. Dan'l watched him go, and his eyes set hard.

That was at dusk. Toward ten that night, when Brander was in his hammock under the house, one of the men howled, forward, and there was the sound of scuffling in the fo'e's'le. Dan'l was awaiting. He called to Brander: "Go forward and put a stop to that yammering, Mr. Brander."

Brander slid out of his hammock, assented quietly and started forward along the deck. Dan'l watched his dark figure in the night until it was lost in the waist of the Stibby. He waited a moment. Brander must be at the fo'e's'le scuttle by now.

Came cries blew, a tumultuous outbreak. The Sally rang with the storm of battle. Then, abruptly, quiet.

At that sudden-falling quiet, Dan'l turned pale in spite of himself; he licked his lips. The thing was done! He ran forward, vitally ready to take a hand.

When Brander, at Dan'l's command, went forward to quiet the men in the fo'e's'le, he found two or three of the crew on deck about the scuttle, watching the tumult below. When they heard him and saw him, they backed away. The light from the fo'e's'le lamp dimly illumined their faces; and Brander thought there was something murderous and at the same time furtive in their eyes.

More than that, he caught the smell of alcohol. So there was whiskey loose!

A man sped up the ladder past him to the deck, saw him and slit

away into the dark; and then another. Six or eight were still fighting below.

Brander had that sixth sense which men must have who would command other men; he felt, now, the peril in the air. His duty was down there among those fighting men. To get down, he would ordinarily have used the ladder. But to do so would be to engage his hands and his feet, and he might well have need of both these members. He put his hands on the edge of the fo'e's'le scuttle and dropped lightly to the floor of the fo'e's'le without touching the ladder. He landed on his toes, poised, ready.

The narrow, crowded, triangular den was thick with the smell of hot men, of whiskey, of burning oil; the air was heavy with smoke. A single glowing lamp lighted the place. Beneath this lamp, four or five men were involved in a battle from which arms were waved awkwardly as their owners struggled. Two other men crouched at opposite sides of the fo'e's'le—watching. One was Manger; the other Slatter.

"Stop it, now!" Brander cried. The character of the struggle changed; the fighting men straightened. Some one hit the lamp and sent it whirling into darkness; and at the same moment, Brander heard Slatter scream murderously. He slipped to one side backed into a corner and held his hands before him, ready to meet an attack.

Slatter's charge, if he were attacking Brander, should have carried the man past the mate's hiding-place; but Brander, in the dark, heard a thump of two bodies together, heard Slatter bellowing profanity, heard heels thumping upon the floor. Then two or three men made a rush up the ladder to the deck.

Brander stepped forward, tripped over a whirling leg, and dropped upon a smother of two bodies which writhed beneath him. An arm was flying; he gripped for it and felt the prick of a knife in his wrist. Death in the air!

He dragged that arm down to his face and bit at the wrist and the back of the hand till he felt the knife drop from the man's fingers. The three of them were writhing and striking and kicking and strangling; but the knife was gone.

He began to fumble with his right hand, seeking marks for his fists. He did not strike blindly, but when he struck, his blows went home—on someone's ribs, and back, and once on the neck at the base of the ear.

They were flying in silence now. All had passed so quickly that it was still scarce more than seconds since Brander dropped into the fo'e's'le. Their bodies thumped the planking resonantly; they struggled in a fashion that shook the ship. They were gasping and choking for breath.

Someone screamed terribly in Brander's very ear, and a hand that was gripping his neck relaxed and fell away. The bodies of the fighting men were for an instant still; and in that instant's silence, someone asked:

"You all right, Mr. Brander?"

Brander knew the voice—Manger's.

"Yes," he said.

Manger squirmed out from under Brander.

"What hit Slatter?" he asked

sharply. "Did you get him?"

Brander got up, and the body of Slatter fell away from his limp. It was about that time that Dan'l reached the fo'e's'le scuttle above and looked down into the darkness. He saw nothing.

"Mr. Brander?" he called.

"Yes, sir," Brander said quietly. "All right."

"What's wrong there?"

"Slatter tried to knife me."

"Have you got him?"

"I don't know. He's still. Strike a light, if you please."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

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GLAMIS, Scotland, Aug. 22.—This was a day of great festivity for the good people of Glamis and Forfar and of great rejoicing for all Britons, honoring the new daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York, fourth in line of the British royal family, born last night.

A bedside bulletin issued this forenoon by the attending physicians said mother and child were "doing fine," which all the Scots know is the best possible news.

King George and Queen Mary were planning an early visit to see the new grandchild, their fourth.

HUBBARD ADMITS HE TURNED DRY AGENT TO 'GET' WHITNEY

SEATTLE, Aug. 21.—Alfred M. Hubbard, former rum runner extraordinary, whose charges of wholesale corruption and bribery in the enforcement of dry laws in this district resulted in the indictment of five officials, today admitted that he turned prohibition agent six years ago to "get" William M. Whitney, then assistant administrator, because "he lied about me."

Hubbard's startling admission came during his cross-examination on his fifth day on the stand as star government witness in the Lyle-Whitney conspiracy trial.

Defense Attorney C. P. Moriarty then asked whether Hubbard had been working to betray Mr. Whitney during the entire six years he was directly or indirectly connected with the prohibition office, but Hubbard said he had not tried to "get" Whitney during the "entire time." He was an agent.

The defense created a sensation during the cross-examination by asking Hubbard whether it was not true that he had offered to "sell out" as a government witness in the Clyde Hagan liquor conspiracy case in Whatcom county.

Moriarty asked A. C. Durham, attorney in the Hagan case, who was in the audience in the courtroom, to stand and asked Hubbard if he had not offered to "keep quiet" for a payment of \$500, Hubbard admitted he had talked to Durham, but denied that he had made such a proposition to him.

Officers of both the W. C. T. U. and anti-liquor league were revealed as defense witnesses.

Hubbard was asked if he had gone to Mrs. Lillian Vincent, president of the W. C. T. U. in western Washington, and told her that she "would get into trouble" if she aided in any movement to oust Ed B. Benn of Aberdeen as United States marshal. Hubbard admitted

Murder of Mary Baker Laid to Realty Man



After less than an hour's deliberation, a District of Columbia grand jury indicted Herbert M. Campbell (lower), Virginia real estate man, for the murder of Mary Baker (upper). The body of the Washington girl was found last April partly hidden in a culvert near Arlington cemetery.

Hubbard also denied a conversation with Bernard N. Hicks, state superintendent of the state anti-liquor league, in the fall of 1929, in which he was said to have been upbraided for changing his attitude toward Lyle and Whitney.

FOURTH GRANDCHILD FOR BRITISH RULERS

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PRIZES AWARDED POULTRY GROWERS IN COUNTY CONTEST

Prizes for the 1930 poultry contest, which commenced in February, ending August 1, have been awarded following compilation of results reported to County Agent J. C. Leedy.

There were six projects in all, with two prizes for the fifth and sixth contests.

The prize for the first project, the largest percentage of increase in the size of the flock in 1930, open to growers with 200 hens or more on February 1, was won by Mrs. Glen Wellman of Roseburg, who increased her flock from 200 to 1,158 birds, an increase of 479 per cent. She wins \$25 donated by the Roseburg chamber of commerce.

The second project was won by Monroe Nance of Winchester, who had the largest increase in number of hens during the year. This was open to growers having 500 hens or more. Mr. Nance added 2,800 hens during the year and won \$15 given by the Lions club of Roseburg.

Henry Christiansen of Roseburg and W. F. Fariss of Myrtle Creek will split the \$10 prize awarded by the First State and Savings bank of Roseburg for the largest flock joining the Pacific Cooperative Poultry Producers, each signing up 1,000 hens in the association.

M. E. Godfrey of Roseburg won \$15 donated by the Douglas National bank of Roseburg for raising the largest percentage of baby chicks by a beginner. In this contest the prize was offered for the beginner purchasing 500 or more baby chicks during the year and raising the largest percentage successfully. Mr. Godfrey purchased 1,000 chicks and raised 947 of them, making a per cent of 94.7.

The fifth contest was similar to the fourth, but was for commercial poultrymen, requiring the purchase of 1,000 or more baby chicks. Otto Walker of Coos Junction won first prize, \$10 donated by the Farm Bureau. Mr. Walker and Mrs. Glen Wellman of Roseburg took second, \$5 also donated

RANKIN'S PLANE FORCED DOWN 2nd TIME; TRY AGAIN

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 22.—Some time today the monoplane On-to-Oregon, with Tex and Dick Rankin as co-pilots, will take the sky roads in the third attempt to set a new refueling endurance record.

The plane made a thrilling forced landing at 3:37 p. m. Thursday after its tail assembly had been damaged by a can of fuel and provisions lowered from the refueling ship piloted by W. G. Fletcher. A stabilizer was broken and the rudder was damaged.

The first attempt, started Sunday, failed when the plane was forced down featureless 24 hours later.

German Flyer On Wing REYKJAVIK, Iceland, Aug. 22.—The German aviator Captain Frohnan, took off from Reykjavik harbor this morning and his course indicated he was heading for the United States.

ANTLERS TO CLOSE FOR BRIEF PERIOD

The shows to be presented at the Antlers Sunday will be the last to be given in that showhouse for ten days or two weeks, as it is necessary to close the theatre while alterations, now in progress, are completed. The theatre is being completely remodelled, and will be reopened as a thoroughly modern and very attractive place. While the preliminary work was in progress it was possible to maintain the regular schedule of shows, but after Sunday will be necessary to

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