

"JUDY"

By WINNIFRED VAN DUZER

CHAPTER XXX.

"Many minutes for us, Cap'n Charley." There was something in the air, something that stirred her as if tiny electric currents touched each of her nerves. "You wished to see me, Cap'n Charley?" "Eh now, of course I did. Who wouldn't?" He motioned her to a little wicker settee, and she sat down. "I at ease. 'Been neglecting the old sea dog for those that are younger and handsomer. Nothing to tell an old fellow, Judy?" She gave him one of the smiles that came so easily to her lips these days, and settled back more comfortably. "Who says there's anyone handsomer than our pilot? Remember when I was a little girl, Cap'n Charley? I used to want to grow up all in a hurry so I could go to sea with you. I would cry for days every time you took a ship out."

He rumbled with laughter, the ruddy cheeks swelling so the small light eyes were almost crowded from his face. "That's Johnny Archer's girl! Thought we might talk over old times a bit, eh? Johnny Archer's girl—"

He said it slowly, lingering on memories.

"Your father was a good man, my dear. Some all the way through. His daughter couldn't be different. There's much of him in you."

Her eyes filled. "I try to live up to dad, Cap'n Charley. You see it's sort of puzzling sometimes. Knowing just what's what. Things look one way when they're another. But I've never done anything I knew he wouldn't like. I don't, either."

"I know it!" He wagged his old lion's head and she watched him in a startled way. He seemed to be defending her. Defending her against what?

The feel of mystery wrapped her again, bewildered her. Mystery catching at her, closing in. Why—why—why?

She gave her head a shake, half minded to tell him everything. But a steward brought tea at the moment on a big tray, spreading it on a table, which he drew out from the wall, making a great clatter with cups and saucers, snatching a napkin from a plate of little sugary cakes.

"The cup that cheers, my dear. You pour for the old captain." Judy drew up to the table pretending it was a great occasion, declaring she could not wait for the sugary cakes. "But he's brought three cups, Cap'n Charley."

"Eh? Oh, yes—there'll be another guest."

As if it had been a signal, knuckles sounded at the door. When it swung back Judy looked up with a caught breath and a square of sugar fell from the tongue she held and rolled away on the floor.

Yet she remembered in the next instant that she was not afraid of a scar-faced man. Not since she had seen him smile. He smiled now as Cap'n Charley introduced him.

"Birke, this is Johnny Archer's girl. Your father," he said to Judy, "knew Tim Birke years ago when they were young fellows."

"Really? I'm glad—" She faced him now, met his curious look with a new, happy interest. "This is going to be a nice party. Why, a wonderful party! And I never guessed."

Mr. Birke talked in a rollicking way about his boyhood in New York, about the kid on the next block, a young rascal named Johnny Archer. Once they put a mouse in the teacher's desk; once they fought over a homely pig-tailed girl. She was a famous opera singer now.

Judy kept nodding, saying between smiles and tears, "Oh, go on—tell some more." And to her self she said, "He's fine. To think I was afraid of him."

But Birke fell silent, glowering at his cigar, and Cap'n Charley made a great business of clearing his throat, moving the tea things around.

"Eh, Judy, my dear," he said at last. "Things have come about. We've reason to believe you know what some of them are. Eh, then we wish to hear what you know."

Now the electric currents tore at her nerves. "But—"

Birke drew back his coat, took a little silver shield from his pocket, held it before her.

White-lipped, she whispered, "Oh!" and drew close to the old captain, slipping her hand into his. "Gently, Birke," he growled. "I'll not have you scaring her. She's no more mixed in this than I am, as I've told you before."

Birke said "No" very quietly and smiled.

Judy felt Cap'n Charley's hostility go out and she, too, was calm. Only bewildered. "It's just that I don't understand, Cap'n Charley. Unless—why, could you mean about Halifax and—"

"What about Halifax, Miss Judy?" Very coaxing Birke's voice could be, very gentle. And because Judy could think of no reason why she should keep to herself the puzzle of the lane in the Public Gardens—the shots—the sailor dozing on the beach—she told the story. Only the part about Tris she left out.

"But you must know about this, Mr. Birke. More than I do. You ran out of the lane. Why, I thought you must have fired the shot."

"No. And afterward, Miss Judy. Was there something more?"

"Why—oh!" She had been on the point of saying, "Tris!" "I broke my glasses I was so surprised—"

But she caught back the words. And knew Birke understood she was holding something. The pierce look crossed his eyes, but his voice was more gentle than ever.

"Nothing happened on the ship, Miss Judy? Perhaps you feel there is something you must not tell? Perhaps you've been asked not to tell?"

As on a movie screen Judy saw the darkness of a deck—the spidery arms and legs of the sail or as he dropped from the ledge on Tris—the savage fight that she must not speak of this.

"Nothing," she said. And she had to run the tip of her tongue over her lips because they were so dry.

No one has given you anything, since you came aboard?" Birke's tone was hard now and his eyes were points of ice boring into her thought. "The truth this time!"

Cap'n Charley growled and Judy

seethed with anger. "That," she said evenly, "is none of your business."

Birke dropped his third degree manner and shook his head. "I'm sorry Miss Judy. Captain Mirocan said you'd be willing to help."

Cap'n Charley patted her shoulder and looked grave. "Eh, girl, better do as he says. Mind what you told me a bit ago that you lived up to your dad? Eh, then, Judy, you do what Tim Birke says."

Judy was trembling now, shaken by nervous strain. "But—but what does he want me to do? What does he want from me, Cap'n Charley?"

"I want," snapped Birke, "to hear all you know about Tristram Millet!"

Judy could have screamed. The mystery which had hovered dim and menacing for days, was swooping down, folding her within its black, fearsome heart. Why—oh why?

Birke said softly, "Our aim isn't to harry, Miss Judy. You haven't thought of this. People fear the law, but that's because they don't understand. They think

they can take care of themselves. There'd be no need for police if this was so. Come, now, you're an intelligent girl. You must know your silence will protect no one. The other way round, more likely." That caught her thought. What ever Tris was keeping from her was something he feared himself but felt well able to handle. Once again she thought of the sailor's surprise attack on the deck.

Supposing that man bore some grudge against Tris—meant to "get" him, as he probably would say. Supposing Tris in his jaunty way regarded this as merely a fascinating edge to the adventure he loved, over-confident of his ability to take care of himself?

Easy enough to believe this. To

believe Birke with the silver shield in his pocket, did not want Tris, but the spidery creature—sailor with pianist's hands—who meant danger to Tris!

She almost laughed with relief. She had been letting her imagination run away, conjuring terrible things. And it was all very simple. A young fellow's bravado and a worried family keeping closer watch of him than he dreamed.

She was eager to tell all she knew. Tris, of course, wouldn't like it. Well, the darn big kid—she'd do what she could to help look out for him!

She told of the first time she saw Tris as she stood by the foun-

tain in the Public Gardens. And of her astonishment when she found him on the Soloway.

"You scared me, Mr. Birke," she confessed. "You looked in the window at us when we were dancing and I thought—well, but it was the first night out of Halifax that I was truly frightened."

Birke listened to the story of the fight on "A" deck. He made notes in a little book and after a time Judy guessed that he was not listening any more. He already knew about the fight.

She felt misgiving then. A sinking. Supposing she had figured it out wrong after all? Too late to go back now. The story was told.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

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Celery Salt. Celery Salt is a blend of fine table salt and ground celery seed. Compare a bottle of Schilling's with any other. Note its darker color. That is because it contains more celery seed—more flavor—three times as much as many others. Also, Schilling's contains no celery stalk, which is comparatively flavorless. You can plainly see these shreds in other brands, but never in Schilling's. There's all the difference in the world in the flavor.

Cinnamon. Mix 1 part of Schilling Cinnamon to 10 parts of hot water. Do likewise with any other cinnamon. Dip a cube of sugar in each of these solutions, and place on the tongue. Then YOU decide which has the finer flavor! The comparison is unmistakable, because Schilling's is made from the finest Saigon cinnamon bark—unadulterated with cheaper grades.

Vanilla. Schilling is one extract maker for whom importers select a special kind of first grade vanilla beans. The pods are fairly bursting with Vanilla essence—so much so that it forms in crystals on the outer surface. Cheaper grades (some of them almost dry) and cuts (defective) are never used by Schilling. You can tell the difference by a very simple test. Pour a few drops of Schilling Vanilla into a half glass of milk. Do the same with some other Vanilla. Schilling's has a delicate, delightful flavor. Some others have a slight medicinal taste. Schilling flavor is not so "flashy" as others—but it will never bake out nor freeze out. It has the delicacy and permanency of all good things.

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