

**UNEMPLOYMENT SHOWS INCREASE DURING WEEK**

WASHINGTON, May 16.—An increase of unemployment in the week ending May 10 was reported Thursday by the United States employment service. In a total of 83 cities, only 12 had a shortage of labor; in 29 supply and demand balanced, and 42 reported an increase from 127,850 to 135,380 persons out of work.

**Values Wife at \$50**

Wheeling, W. Va.—"She's worth \$50 and I'll pay it if you can find her," said John Malone, an Ironton (O.) farmer, who called at police headquarters here the other day and asked the police to locate the whereabouts of his wife, who left him a year ago. Malone is sixty-five years old, while his wife is but twenty-eight.

Butter Wrappers printed at the Observer office.

**THE WOLVES OF THE SEA**

(Continued from Page 1)

from Dorothy's lips.

"Alive! No, that is impossible!" I touched the figure with my hand. "The flesh is like stone," I said, "thus held lifeless by some magic of the Indies. What can it all mean? Who could the woman be? Is it love or hate?"

"Not love, Geoffrey. Love would never do this thing. It is hate, the glowing of revenge; there can be no other answer—this is the end of a tragedy."

There was nothing, not a scrap of paper, not even the semblance of a wound exposed. The smile on those parted lips had become one of mockery; I could hear the slight no longer, and rose to my feet, clasping Dorothy close to me, as she still gazed down in fascination at the ghastly sight.

"We will never know. The man who could tell is dead."

"Captain Paradilla?"

"Who else could it be? This was his schooner, and here he alone could hide such a secret. There is nothing more we can learn, and the horror unnerves me. Hold the light, dear, while I replace the lid of the chest."

It required my utmost effort to accomplish this. I was glad to have the thing hidden, to escape the stare of those red lips. It was no longer a reality but a dream of delirium; I dare not think or speculate—my only desire being to get away, to get Dorothy away. In absolute terror I drew her with me to the open door—then stopped, paralyzed; the half revealed figure of a man appeared on the cabin stairs.

"Stop! Who are you?"

"Watkins, sir. I came below to call you. There's something bloomin' odd takin' place out there in the fog, Captain Carlyle. We want yer on deck, sir, right away."

Estevan is a hell-hound, and so far as my voice goes, I'd rather die on this deck than ever again be a bloody pirate. It took the right words, didn't it?"

The others grumbled assent, but their muttered words had in them a ring of staccato, and their faces exhibited no cowardice. One only asked a question.

"You're fightin', sir," he said grimly, "but what'll we use? Them lads ain't countin' aboard here-headed, but damn if I've seen a weapon on this hooker."

"Dar's three knives, an' a meat cleaver in der galley, sah," chimed in Sam.

"We'll do well enough; some of you have your sheath knives yet, and the rest can use bayonets and cut-throat razors. The point is to not let them get aboard, and, if there is only one boat, we will be pretty well-handled. Pick up what you can, and man this rail—quietly now, hearties, and keep your eyes open."

It proved a longer wait than I expected. Unable to withstand the irritation any longer I turned and took a few steps aft, thinking to gauge our progress by the wake astern. I was about the cabin on the port side when Dorothy called my name—a sudden accent of terror in her voice.

The alarm was sounded upon the soon. Either fortune, or skill, had served those demons well. They had succeeded in circling the stern of the Santa Marie, unseen and unobserved by anyone aboard. Even as she shrieked the alarm, a hand was at her throat, and she was struggling desperately in the merciless grip of a half-naked Indian.

Yet at that they were too late; the advantage of surprise had failed them. A half dozen had reached the deck, leaping from the rail, the others being clambering after their leaders, when with a rush we met them. It was a fierce, mad fight, but not such pitiful

as that knife and cut-throat, but the demons struck like demons accurately. I doubt if the struggle lasted two minutes. I heard the down, the crash, the cry of pain, the dull thud of wood against bone, the sharp clang of steel in contact, the shuffling of feet on the deck, the splash of bodies hurled overboard. Each man fought for himself, in his own way. I thought only of Dorothy and leaped straight for her assailant with bare hands, smashing recklessly through the husky guard of his cut-throat and gripped the scoundrel by hair and throat. I knew he fell to the deck beneath my feet, but I had my work cut out for me. He was a hell-hound, slippery as an eel in his half nakedness, strong as an ox, and fighting like a fiend. Yet I had him, my grip unbreakable, as I forced his feet back against the rail, until it cracked, the swarthy body sliding inert to the deck. Whirling to assist the others I found no need. Except for bodies here and there the deck was clear; men were struggling in the chains; two below in the boat were endeavoring to cast off, and Schmidt, with Estevan helpless in his arms, staggered to the side and flung the shrieking Spanish cur overboard out into dark water. I heard the splash as he fell, the single cry his lips gave, but he never again appeared above the surface. Above the bedlam Watkins roared out an order.

"That's it, hellies! That's it! Now let her drop! We'll want them to fall where they belong. Good shot, she landed!"

It was the bank of a spare anchor, balanced for an instant on the rail, then sent crashing down through the frail bottom of the boat beneath. The wreck drifted away into the fog, the two miserable occupants clinging desperately to the gunwales. I fled Dorothy to her feet, and she clung to me unsteadily, her face yet white.

"Watkins, have you figured up results?"

"Two of our men are cut rather badly, and one hasn't come to yet from a smart rap on the head."

"None got away?"

"Not less they swim, that's six dead ones aboard. Four took to the water, mostly because they had to. The only livin' one of the bunch is that nigger 'tongued the wheel, an' wouldn't let a thick skull saved him."

"Then there were eleven in the party. What do you suppose had become of the others aboard the Namur?"

"I dunno, sir; they might be a quality out there in fog. Perhaps the nigger cut told you."

I crossed over to where the Namur sat on a grating, his head in his hands, the girl still clinging to my sleeve, although fearful of being left alone. The man was a regular brute, his face stained with blood, dripping from a cut across his forehead. He looked up sullenly at our approach, but made no effort to rise.

"Look here, you luck sucker!" roared Watkins, driving the woman home with his foot, "you'll be a pretty possum yet. Stand up or I'll give you, ter Carlyle, or yer'll get a smart clip, then I give yer more. What is the bloody hurry?"

"Fouling her heart out on the rocks, sah," he said sullenly, "missus she's all off an' gone down. To the west, maybe a mile or so."

"What about the crew?"

"They got away in the boats, an' likely mostly are ashore. We were in the last boat lowered, and headed out so far ter get 'round a ledge of rocks we got lost in the fog. Then the mist sorter opened an' give us a glimpse o' er' rocks. We didn't expect no fight, once we got aboard."

"Expected to find something, even, or course? Perhaps you'd have been if—what is it, you see out there, Simons?"

The woman, who was still clinging to my hand, shuddering in my arms, stepped forth into the sunlight, her face turned at my call. She looked at me, and I looked at her, and I looked at the woman.

"There's a bark aground yonder, sir, and I can see the Namur!"

Even as I crossed the deck to the side the wreck of the Namur

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THE SPECTATOR, January 21, 1919: "Now has insurance in force..."

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**WANTS HIS MONEY BACK**

Wife Sues to Recover Husband's Pay Lost at Gambling.

Suit to recover her husband's alleged gambling losses, amounting to \$5,000, was entered in court at Youngs, Ore., the other day by Mrs. Samuel Penock against Fred Robertson, Tom Kelly, Jack Dolny and Elmer Lomason.

Mrs. Penock's petition alleges that the money was lost between May 11 and June 1 in a game in a hotel there, and that under anti-gambling statutes a wife may sue to recover losses if her husband does not do so within six months.

**\$50 for Dime's Worth of Candy.**

Mrs. Frank Buxton of Unifont, Ore., missed \$50 from her purse while it lay on a dresser in her bedroom. Her four-year-old son John, in mischief tones, explained he spent it for candy. An inquiry proved that the little fellow had taken four \$20 bills to a nearby confectionery to purchase a dime's worth of candy. The money was returned.

**Uncle Sam to Aid Home Builders.**

The United States Housing corporation plans for building homes in congested industrial centers during the war will be made available for general public use. The department of labor has announced that types of homes would be given to committees promoting building activities in 40 cities.

**Aviator Flew Over High Andes.**

Lieutenant Cortines, in a British airplane, flew over the Andes from Santiago, Chile, to Argentina. The office here at an altitude of 15,000 feet.

There is a shortage throughout South Africa of sheeted iron, black and galvanized flat sheets, wire, tin plates and electrical accessories.

**Moved the Baby.**

The police of Steubenville, O., are looking for a burglar experienced in the handling of babies. In order to search a cradle in which he evidently thought valuables were secreted, the intruder removed the infant from the cradle and placed it in the bed where the parents were sleeping without awakening them. The parents were amazed to find the baby lying between them when they awoke. The disorder in the room indicated what had happened.

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