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Non-Bunchable Rake forms a hopper, holds all hard chunks in contact with beater until thoroughy pulverized.

Endless Apron is one continuous apron, (not a 36 apron) therefore always ready to load. You don't have to drive a certain distance to pull it that a boy who can drive a team can handle it.

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Non-Bunchable Rake forms a hopper, holds all hard chunks in contact with beater until thoroughly pulverized.

Endless Apron is one continuous apron, (not a Hapron) therefore always ready to load. You don't have to drive a certain distance to pull it back into position after each load or wind it back by hand; it is a great advantage in making long hand; it is a great advantage in making long hand:

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Louis Tracy.

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Jones, a man of whitewash, polish and rigid adherence to framed rules, throat. found the boat instantly and recapitulated Jim's inventory, eliciting grunts of agreement as each item was ticked

ears-the opening of the stout doors, the surface. The shark whirled about forty feet above high water mark, from which a series of iron rungs sunk in the granite wall led to the rocky base.

hardly worth while signalin' to the Land's End," commented Jones. No answer. Jim leaned well over and saw their associate, stripped to his underclothing, with a leather belt supporting a sheath knife slung across his shoulders, climbing down the lad-

This taciturnity surprised Jones, for Jim was the cheeriest nurse who ever brought a sufferer a plate of soup. "It's nothing for a good swimmer, is

it?" was the anxious question. "No. It's no distance to speak of." "An' the sea's like a mill pond?"

"Aye, it's smooth enough." "Don't you think he ought to try it? Every fine mornin' he has a dip off the

"Well, if it's all right for him an' you it's all right for me."

Jim had urged his plea to the man whom it chiefly concerned. He was far too sporting a character to obtain Jones, whose maritime experiences were confined to the hauling in or paythe slightest suspicion of lurking danger in the blue depths.

A light splash came to them, and, a few seconds later, Brand's head and shoulders swung into view. After a dozen vigorous breast strokes he rolled over on to his side and waved his left hand to the two men high above him. With a sweeping side stroke he made

rapid progress. Jones, unincumbered by knowledge, blew through his lips. "He's a wonderful chap, is Brand,"

he said contentedly. "It licks me what a man-like him wants messin' about in the service for. He's eddicated up to the top notch, an' he hasmoney too. His lodgin's cost the whole of his pay, the missus says, an' that kid of his has a hospital nuss, if you please."

Jones was grateful to his mates for their recent attentions. He was inclined to gevial gossip, but Jim was watching the boat curving toward the lighthouse. The high spring tide was at the full. So he only growled:

"You can see with half an eye he has taken on this job for a change. I wish he was in that blessed boat."

Jones was quite certain now that his subordinate harbored some secret fear of danger.

"What's up?" he cried. "He'll board her in two ticks."

On no account would the sailor mention sharks. He might be mistaken, and Jones would guffaw at his "deep sea" fahcles. Anyhow, it was Brand's affair. A friend might advise; he would never tattle.

The head keeper, vaguely excited, peered through his glass. Both boat and swimmer were in the annular field. Brand had resumed the breast stroke. The swing of the tide carried the broken bow toward him. He was not more than the boat's length distant when he dived suddenly and the cormorants flapped aloft. A black fin darted into sight, leaving a sharply divided trall in the smooth patch of water created by the turning of the derelict.

Jones was genuinely startled now. "My God!" he cried. "What is it?" "A shark!" yelled Jim. "I knew it. I warned him. Eh, but he's game, is

the cap'n." "Why didn't you tell me?" roared Jones. Under reversed conditions he would have behaved exactly as Jim

But it was no time for words. The men peered at the sudden tragedy with an intensity which left them gasping for breath. More than 200 yards away in reality, the magnifying glasses brought this horror so close that they could see-they almost thought they could hear-its tensely dramatic action. The rapidly moving black signal reached the small eddy caused by the man's disappearance. Instantly a great sinuous, shining body rose half out of the water and a powerful tail struck ! the side of the boat a resounding crane fitted with a winch in case it

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Jim's first expletive died in his

"He's done it!" Jones heard him say.

"He's ripped him. Oh, bully! May the Lord grant there's only one." For a single instant they saw the A clang of metal beneath caught their dark hair and face of the man above and rushed. Brand sank, and again the siant man eater writhed in agonized contortions and the sea showed masses "Brand's goin' to swim out. It's of froth and dark blotches. The flutterings of the birds became irregular and alarmed. Their wheeling flights partly obscured events below. The

> water, and the cormorants sailed in circles aloof. Jones was pallid and streaming with

gulls, screeching their fright, or it

might be interest, kept close to the

perspiration. "I wouldn't have had it happen for

fifty quid," he groaned. "I wouldn't ha' missed it for a hundred," yelped Jim. "It's a fight to a finish, and the cap'n 'll win. There ain't another sea lawyer on the job, an' Brand knows how to handle this one." Their mate's head reappeared, and Jim relieved the tension by a mighty

shout: "He'll swim wild now, Brand. Keep out of his track."

Sure enough, the ugly monster began to thrash the water and career around on the surface in frantic convulsions. the interference of authority, and The second stab of the knife had reached a vital part. Brand, who perhaps had seen a Malay diver handling his ing out of a lightship's cable, had not lifelong enemy, coolly struck out toward the stern of the boat. The shark, churning the sea into a white foam, whirled away in blind pursuit of the death which was rending him. The man, unharmed but somewhat breathless, clambered over the folds of the sail into the boat.

"Glory be!" quavered Jones, who was a Baptist.

Jim was about to chant his thanks in other terms when his attention was caught by Brand's curious actions.

In stepping across the after thwart he stopped as though something had stung him. His hesitation was mo-mentary. Pressing his left hand to mouth and nose, he passed rapidly forward, stooped, caught a limp body by the belt which every sailor wears and, with a mighty effort, slung it into the sea, where it sank instantly. So the opportunity by being too precipitate, while the cormorants and gulls, eying him ominously, did not know what

they had lost. Then the man returned to the sail and peered beneath. Neither of the onlookers could distinguish anything of special interest under the heavy canvas sheet. Whatever it was, Brand apparently resolved to leave it alone for the moment.

He shipped a pair of oars and, with two vigorous sweeps, impelled the derelict away from the charnel house atmosphere which evidently clung to it.

Then the shark engaged his attention. It was floating belly upward, its white underskin glistening in the sunlight. Two long gashes were revealed, one transverse, the other lengthwise, proving how coolly and scientifically Brand had done his work. An occasional spasm revealed that life was not yet extinct, but the furtive attack of a dogfish, attracted by the scent of blood, which stirs alike the denizens of air, land and ocean, was unresisted.

The rower stood up again, drove a boat hook into the cruel jaws and lashed the stock to a thorl pin with a piece of cordage. This accomplished to his satisfaction, he looked toward the Gulf Rock for the first time since he drew the knife from its sheath, gave a cheery hand wave to the shouting pair on the balcony and settled down to pull the recovered craft close to the rock.

Jim closed the telescope with a snap "He heaved the dead man overboard," he announced, "so there's a

live one under the sail." "Why do you think that?" said Jones

whose nerves were badly shaken. "Well, you saw what happened to the other pore devil. Either him or the cap'n had to go. It 'ud be the same if there was a funeral wanted aft. Them there birds- But come along, boss. Let's give him a hand."

They hurried down to the iron barred entrance. Jones shot outward a small

might be needed, while the sailor climbed to the narrow platform of rock into which the base blocks of the lighthouse were sunk; and bolted.

Affording but little superficial space at low water, there was now not an



A shining body rose half out of the water.

inch to spare. Here, at sea level, the Atlantic swell, even in calm weather, rendered landing or boarding a boat a matter of activity. At this stage of the tide each wave lapped some portion of the granite stones and receded quickly down the slope of the weed covered

The gulls and cormorants, filling the air with raucous cries, were rustling in rapid flight in the wake of the boat, darting ever and anon at the water or making daring pecks at the floating carcass.

Soon Brand glanced over his shoulder to measure the distance. With the ease of a practiced oarsman, he turned his craft to bring her stern on to the landing place.

"Lower a basket!" he cried to Jones, and, while the others wondered what the urgency in his voice betokened, there reached them the deep, strong

blast of a steam whistle, blown four times in quick succession. Each and all, they had forgotten the

Princess Royal. She was close in, much nearer than mail steamers usually ventured.

At first they gazed at her with surprise, Brand even suspending his maneuvers for a moment. Then Jim, knowing that a steamship trumpets the same note to express all sorts of emotion, understood that the officers had witnessed a good deal, if not all, that had taken place and were offering their congratulations.

"Blow away, my hearties!" crowed Jim, vainly apostrophizing the vessel. "You'll have somethin' to crack about when you go ashore tonight or I'm very much mistaken. Now, cap'n," he went on, "take the cover off. It's alive, I suppose. Is it a man or a woman?"

CHAPTER II.

RAND was slow to answer. For one thing, he was exhausted. Refreshing as the long swim was after a night of lonely vigil, itself the culmination of two days of hard work, the fierce battle with the shark had shocked into active existence the reserve of latent energy which every healthy animal unconsciously hermis for life and death emergencies.

But there was another reason. He had scarce gained the comparative safety of the boat he ore he was, in the same histant, horrided and astounded to a degree hitherto beyond his experience. Not even the stiff pull of 200 yeres sufficed to restore his senses. So Jim's question fell on his ears with the meaningless sound of the steamer's siren.

"What is it, mate?" repeated his fellow keeper, more insistently. "You ain't hurt anyways, are you?" "It is a baby," said Brand, in a

curiously vacant way. "A baby!" shrieked Jones, stretched out over the crane above their heads.

"A what-a?" regred the sailor, whose crudely developed nervous system was not proof against the jar of incredulity induced by this statement. Had Brand said "a tiger" he could not have exhibited greater concern.

"Yes, a baby-and it is living. heard it cry," murmured the other, sitting down rather suddenly.

Indeed, a faint wail, suggestive of a kitten, now came from beneath the tumbled canvas quite near to Jim. But the royal navy does not encourage neurosis. The lighthouse keeper felt that a minor crisis had arrived. It must be dealt with promptly.

The evil odor which still adhered to the boat told him that Brand had exchanged one inferno for another when he clambered out of the reach of the blindly vengeful shark.

He looked up to Jones. "Lower away," he said promptly. "Swing the derrick until I grab the

tackle, and then holst me aboard." This was done. Ungainly in his walk, owing to his wounded limb, Jim, clinging to a rope, had the easy activ-

ity of a squirrel. "Now lower a jug with some brandy. He's dead beat," he added.

While Jones hastened for the spirit, the sailor stooped and threw back the

Lying in the bottom of the boat, wrapped in a blanket which unavailing bad humor and get up with a bad taste struggles had rumpled into a roll be- in your mouth. You want something to struggles had rumpled into a roll beneath the arms, was an infant whose precise age it was impossible to estimate forthwith owing to the emaciated condition of its body.

(To be Continued)

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