

# The Stowaway

By LOUIS TRACY.  
Author of "The Pillar of Light," "The Wings of the Morning" and "The Captain of the Kansas."  
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## CHAPTER IV.

**SHELLED BY A MYSTERIOUS FOG ON SHORE**

**C**OKE remained on the bridge until long after Iris had seen and admired the cluster of stars which old time navigators used to regard with awe. When shafts of white light began to taper pennon-like in the eastern sky the girl went back to her cabin. Contrary to Hozier's expectation, Coke did not attempt to draw from him any account of their conversation prior to the inexplicable mishap to the wheel. He examined a couple of charts, made a slight alteration in the course and at 4 o'clock took charge of the bridge.

"Just 'ave a look around now while things is quiet," he said, nodding to Hozier confidentially. "I'll tell you wot I fancy. A rat dragged a bit of bone into a gear box. If the plankin is badly worn anywhere, get the carpenter to see to it. I do 'ate to 'ave a feelin' that the wheel can let you down. 'Spose we was makin' Bahia on the homeward run an' that 'appened! It 'ud be the end of the pore ole ship, 'er 'er credit! Not a soul. They'd all say, 'Jimmie threw 'er away'."

Hozier found a gnawed piece of ham bone lying in the exact position anticipated by Coke.

The carpenter busied himself with sawing and hammering during the whole of the next two days, for the Andromeda revealed many gaps in her woodwork, but the escape of an errant rat bone was utterly eclipsed by a new sensation. At daybreak one morning every drop of water in the vessel's tanks suddenly assumed a rich blood red tint. This unerring discovery was made by the cook, who was horrified to see a ruby stream pouring into the earliest kettle. Thinking that an iron pipe had become oxidized with startling rapidity, he tried another tap. Finally there could be no blinking the fact that by some uncanny means the whole of the fresh water on board had acquired the color if not the taste of a thin burgundy.

Coke was summoned hastily. No-blessed odium, being captain, he valiantly essayed the task of sampling this strange beverage.

"It ain't poison," he announced, gazing suspiciously at the little group of anxious faced men who awaited his verdict. "It surely ain't poison, but it's wuss nor any tectoral brew I've tackled in all me born days. 'Ere, Warts, you know the tang of every kind of 'digger 'ave a sup."

"Not me!" said Warts. "I don't like the look of it. First time I've ever seen red on a tap. For the rest of this trip I'll stick to bottled beer or something with a label."

"It smells like an infusion of permanganate of potash," volunteered Hozier.

"Does it?" growled Coke, who seemed to be greatly annoyed. "Wot a pity it ain't an infusion of whisky an' potash!" and he gazed vindictively at Warts. "Some 'djit as his playin' a trick on us, that's wot it is—some blank soaker 'oo don't give a hooraw in hades for ten an' coffee an' cocoa, but wants a tonic. Stooard?"

"Yes, sir," said the mess room attendant.

"Portion out all the soda water in the lockers an' whack it on the table every meal till it gives out. See that nobody puts away more'n his proper allowance too. I'm not goin' to cry hush baby w'en the Andromeda gets this sort of kid's dodge worked off on 'er."

"If wot's 'alibeth' to me!" put in the licensed 'chief," whose temper rose on this direct provocation. "I want to tell you now!"

"Does the cap fit?" sneered Coke.

"No, it doesn't. I never 'eard of the kind of potash in me life. I've taken me for a chemist's shop?"

"Never 'eard of it!" cried the licensed skipper, who had obviously made up his mind as to the person responsible for the outrage. "There's 'art a dozen cases of it in the after hold—er there was w'en we put the 'atches on."

"Even if some of the cases were broken, sir, the contents could not reach the tanks," said Hozier. But the commander's wrath could not be appeased.

"Get this stuff pumped out an' 'ave the tanks scoured. We'll put in t'g Fernando Noronha an' rehil there. It's on'y a day lost, an' I guess the other liquor on board 'll last till we make the island."

Coke lurched away in the direction of the chart room. Hozier found him there later poring over a chart of Fernando Noronha.

"Does the cap fit?" sneered Coke.

Iris on hearing the steward's version of the affair came to the bridge for further enlightenment, but Coke merely told her that the island was a Lloyd's signal station, so she could talk to her uncle.

"Can I go ashore?" she asked.

"I dunno. We'll see. It's a convict settlement for the Brazils, an' they're mighty partic'lar about lettin' people land, but they'll 'ardly object to a nice young lady like you 'avin' a peep at 'em."

As his tone was unusually gruff, not to say jeering, she resolved to find an opportunity of seeking Hozier's advice on the cablegram problem. But the portent of the blood red water was not to be disregarded. Never was Delphic oracle better served by nature. The Andromeda began to roll ominously. Masses of black cloud climbed over the southern horizon. At midday the ship was driving through a heavy sea. As the day wore the weather became even more threatening. A sky and ocean that had striven during three weeks to produce in splendid rivalry blends of sapphire blue and emerald green and tenderest pink were now draped in a shroud of gray mist. With increasing frequency and venom vaulting seas curled over the bows and sent stinging showers of spray against the canvas shield of the bridge. Instead of the matty white drill uniform and canvas shoes of the tropics the ship's officers donned oilskins, sou'westers and sea boots. Torrents swept the decks, and an occasional giant among waves smote the hull with a thunderous blow under which every rivet rattled and every plank creaked. Despite these drawbacks the Andromeda wormed her way south. She behaved like the staunch old sea prowler that she was.

Iris, of course, thought that she was experiencing the storm of a century. Badly scared at first, she regained some stock of courage when Hozier came twice to her cabin, pounded on the door and shouted for her such news as he thought would take her mind off the outer furies. The first time he announced that they were just "crossing the line," and the girl smiled at the thought that Neptune's chosen lair was uncommonly like the English channel at its worst. On the second occasion her visitor brought the cheering news that they would be under the lee of Fernando Noronha early next morning. She had sufficient reason to understand that this implied shelter from wind and wave, but Hozier omitted to tell her that the only practicable roadstead in the island, being on the weather side, would be rendered unsafe by the present adverse combination of the elements. In fact, Coke had already called Warts and Hozier into council, and they had agreed with him that the wisest plan would be to bear in toward the island from the east and anchor in smooth water as close to Ezeby point as the lead would permit.

As for Iris' wild foreboding that the ship was intended to be lost, Phillip did not give it other than a passing thought. Coke was navigating the Andromeda with exceeding care and no little skill. He was a first rate practical sailor, and it was an education to the younger man to watch his handling of the vessel throughout the worst part of the blow. About midnight the weather moderated. It improved steadily until a troubled dawn heralded some fitful gleams of the sun. By that time the magnificent peak of Fernando Noronha was plainly visible. Coke came to the bridge and set a new course, almost due west. Soon it was possible to distinguish the full extent of the coast line. Houses appeared and trees and green oases of cultivation.

There was a strong current setting from the southeast, and the dying gale left its aftermath in a long swell, but the Andromeda rolled on with ever increasing comfort. Even Iris was tempted forth by the sunshine.

Coke was not on the bridge at the moment. Mr. Watts was taking the watch. Hozier was on deck forward. Suddenly the captain appeared. He greeted Iris with a genial nod.

"Ah, there you are!" he cried. "Not seen you since this time yesterday. Sorry, but there'll be no goin' ashore today. We're on the wrong side of the island, an' if 'ud toss you a bit if you was to try an' land in either of the boats. Take 'er in easy now, Mr. Watts. That's our anchorage—over there." And he pointed to the mouth of a narrow channel between South point and the Isle des Fregates, the latter a tiny islet that almost blocks the entrance to a shallow bay into which runs a rivulet of good but slightly brackish water.

The ship slowed perceptibly, and Hozier busied himself with the lead which a sailor was swinging on the starboard side from the small platform of the accommodation ladder. Iris did not know what was said, but the queer figures repeated to Coke seemed to be satisfactory. Headlands and hills crept nearer. The rocky arms of the island closed in on them. A faint scent as of sweet grasses reached them from the shore. Iris could see several people, nearly all of them men in uniform, hurrying about with an air of excitement that betokened the unusual. Perhaps a steamer's advent on the south side of the island was a novelty.

Now they were in a fairly smooth roadstead. The remnants of the gale were shouldered away from the ship by the towering cliff that jutted out on the left of the bay. The crew were mostly occupied in clearing blocks and tackle and swinging two lifeboats outward on their davits.

"All ready forward?" roared Coke. Hozier ran to the forecastle. He found the carpenter there, standing by the windlass brake.

"All ready, sir!" he cried.

Coke nodded to him.

"Give her thirty-five," he said, meaning thereby that the anchor should be allowed thirty-five fathoms of chain.

The turbulent current was surging across the bows with the speed of a mill race, so Coke brought the vessel

round until she lay broadside with the land and headed straight against the set of the stream. It was his intent to drop anchor while in that position and help any undue strain on the cable by an occasional turn of the propeller.

"Keep her there!" he said, half turning to the man at the wheel. He changed the indicator from "full speed" to "slow ahead." In a few seconds the anchor chain would have rattled through the hawse hole when something happened that was incomprehensible, stupefying—something utterly remote and strange from the ways of civilized men.

The Andromeda quivered under a tremendous buffet. There came a crash of rending iron and an instant stoppage of the engines. Almost meringed into the noise of the blow came a loud report from the land, but that in its turn was drowned by the hiss of steam from the exhaust.

Coke appeared to be dumfounded for an instant. Recovering himself, he ran to the starboard side, leaned over, looked down at a torn plate that showed its jagged edges just above the water line and then lifted a blazing face toward a point halfway up the neighboring cliff, where a haze lay like a veil of gauze on the weather scarred rocks.

"You blasted pirates!" he yelled, raising both clinched fists at the hidden

battery which had fired a twelve pound shell into the doomed ship.

The Andromeda herself seemed to recognize that she was stricken unto death. She fell away before the current with the aimless drift of a log.

"Let go!" bellied Coke, with frenzied pantomime of action to Hozier. It was too late. Before the lever controlling the steam windlass that released the anchor could be shoved over another shell plunged through the thin iron plates in the bows, smashing a steam pipe and jamming the hawser gear by its impact. The missile burst with a terrific report. A sailor was knocked overboard, the carpenter was seriously wounded, and Hozier received a blow on the forehead from a flying scrap of metal that stretched him on the deck.

The gunners on shore had not allowed for the drifting of the ship. That second shell was meant to demolish the chart-house and clear the bridge of its occupants. Striking high and forward, it had robbed the Andromeda of her last chance.



"YOU BLASTED PIRATES!" HE YELLED.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Wallowa County.  
James Downing, Plaintiff,  
vs.  
Adah L. Downing, Defendant.  
To Adah L. Downing, the above named Defendant:  
In the name of the State of Oregon you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit within ten days from the date of service of this summons upon you if served within this county, or if served within any other county of the State, then within twenty days from the date of the service of this summons upon you, or if served by publication thereof, then on or before six weeks from the date of the first date of publication of this summons, which first date of publication is Thursday, October 13th, 1910, and the last date of publication of this summons and the last day for your appearance is Thursday, November 24th, 1910, and if you fail so to answer for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in his complaint, to-wit: that the marriage contract now and heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant be dissolved and from henceforth held for naught.  
The defendant will take notice that this summons is published by order of the County Judge, J. B. Olmsted, of Wallowa County, Oregon, in the Wallowa Chieftain, a newspaper published weekly at Enterprise, in said county and State, and that said order required this summons to be published in said newspaper for a period of six weeks and seven issues hereof.  
Dated this, the 11th day of October, A. D. 1910.  
DANIEL BOYD,  
Attorney for Plaintiff.

## BIG CONVENTION WILL BE HELD

### STATE GOOD ROADS ASSOCIATION PLAN ENTHUSIASTIC MEETING.

Portland, Nov. 1. — Arrangements are now being made by the State Good Roads Association upon the expected passage of Amendment No. 34 to the Constitution, giving the privilege to counties to bond themselves, to call a convention of good roads enthusiasts to be held in Portland immediately after the election on Nov. 8. This convention will be made up of delegates to be appointed from the State Threshers' Association by Secretary Phil S. Bates, from the County Good Roads associations organized by Chairman D. R. Webster, and will also include all county judges as well as members of the State Automobile Association. At this convention the proper methods of handling the expenditure of the bonding issues will be discussed as well as the appointment of a state highway engineer and the utilization of the state convicts and county prisoners in the work in view.

The result of this convention will be the basis for an appeal to the next session of the legislature at which time it is expected that Oregon will place the most advanced good roads laws on her statute books of any state in the union. Oregon is now leading nationally in good roads work and this meeting will be the largest of its character ever held in the United States.

Dates for the Hood River Apple Fair have been set for November 23-25 inclusive. The attractiveness of the fair will be on exhibition at Hood River on those dates, and all who admire fine apples, and who do not, should plan to attend if possible.

Pendleton will have a big poultry show lasting one full week commencing December 13. The poultry exhibition is now a permanent feature for Pendleton, it having recently been incorporated under the name of the Umatilla-Morrow County Poultry Association. Last year's exhibition was declared to be the most successful "first show" ever held in the Northwest and hereafter there promises to be a splendid collection of poultry on view at each annual exhibition. Pens have been arranged so that over 1,000 fowls can be properly housed at the approaching show.

The 1911 national convention of the Christian church will be held at Portland, it having been secured for that city through Portland churches, the Commercial Club and the co-operation of the whole coast. A temporary structure housing 10,000 people will be built to care for the gathering and thousands of delegates from all parts of the country will attend. The convention bureau of the Commercial Club has under consideration plans for the entertainment of the visitors.

The Harvest Festival that proved such a success this year will be perpetuated as an annual event. This was decided at a meeting held during the past week by the Portland Fair & Livestock Association, at which the success of the Festival was recognized and considerable enthusiasm aroused. The double tracking of the street-car line to the fair grounds is considered requisite to the success of future shows and assurances have been given that this will be done by the trolley company as soon as property owners make arrangements to have portions of the route traversed. It is planned to make next years show the biggest ever.

### DEATH RECORD.

(From Wallowa Sun.)  
Thomas Henry Feagins was born in Fayette County, Ohio, October 14, 1855, and died near this city October 19, 1910, aged 57 years and 5 days. When a small boy he went to Iowa where he lived until about 20 years of age when he went to Utah where his mother and step-father resided. He later spent a short time in Umatilla, Oregon, before coming to Wallowa County 25 years ago, where he was numbered among the pioneers and has since lived an honored and respected citizen. He was married to Miss Ruella Jane Phillips on November 2, 1885.  
He leaves to mourn his death a widow and eight children, five of whom are grown and the three oldest married. They are: Leonard Edward Feagins of this city, Mrs. Jack Hudson and Mrs. Robert Beles of near this city, and Thomas Oral, Ella Frances, Verna Viola, Stella Annie, and Albert Joseph. He is mourned by two brothers and a sister, John Feagins, of Oklahoma, Edward Lee Feagins, of Umatilla, Oregon, and Mrs. Annie Lane, of Los Angeles, Cal and a host of friends.  
At the time of his death he had

for some years been a member of the Re-Organized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior.  
United States Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, Oct. 11th, 1910.  
Notice is hereby given that William H. Dale, of Enterprise, Oregon, who on June 16th, 1905, made Homestead Entry No. 14469, Serial No. 94527, for E½ NE¼, and N½ SE¼, Section 14, Township 1 North, Range 46 East, Willamette Meridian, and filed notice of intention to make Final Five year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before C. M. Lockwood, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, at Enterprise, Oregon, on the 16th day of December, 1910.  
Claimant names as witnesses: Fred Zumwalt, Joe Gill, and Ed Lord, all of Zumwalt, Oregon, and Elmer Jewell, of Enterprise, Oregon. 9c5  
F. C. Bramwell, Register.

### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior.  
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, Sept. 26th, 1910.  
Notice is hereby given that Jared H. Manley, of Enterprise, Oregon, who on June 10th, 1905, made Homestead Entry No. 14456, Serial No. 94522, for W½ NE¼ and E½ NW¼, Section 34, Township 1 North, Range 45 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Five-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before C. M. Lockwood, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, at Enterprise, Oregon, on the 17th day of November, 1910.  
Claimant names as witnesses: Thomas Monroe, Theodore E. Wood, of Enterprise, Oregon, and Lewis Martin and John Baker, of Joseph, Oregon. 7c5  
F. C. Bramwell, Register.

### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior.  
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, Oct. 26th, 1910.  
Notice is hereby given that Lulu J. Bowley, whose post-office address is Enterprise, Wallowa County, Oregon, did, on the 14th day of April, 1910, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 97891, to purchase the SE¼ SW¼, N½ SW¼ SW¼, and SW¼ SW¼ SW¼ of Sec. 22, and the NE¼ NW¼, S½ NW¼ SW¼, and NW¼ NW¼ NW¼, Section 27, Township 1 South, Range 45 East, Willamette Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised, at \$350.00 as being chiefly valuable for its stone; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application, and sworn statement on the 19th day of January, 1911, before W. C. Boutman, County Clerk of Wallowa County, at Enterprise, Oregon.  
Any person is at liberty to protest his purchase before entry, or institute a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.  
11 c 11 F. C. Bramwell, Register.

**City and County Brief News Items**

Frank Reavis of this city, 318c Wood, W. T. Church and C. S. Dunn of La Grande returned Wednesday from a hunting trip on the Big Sheep and Imnaha.

Carl Roe has been appointed United States Commissioner in place of C. M. Lockwood, who recently resigned to accept a position in La Grande. The Commissioner's office will remain in Room 2 Berland Building.

A card from Mrs. J. F. Chauvet directs their paper to Lodi, Calif., where the family is located for a time at least.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Rumble and daughter Miss Eva left Joseph Thursday en route to California where they will spend the winter. They will go to Capitola.

D. H. Hearing of Wallowa accompanied by his uncle, E. E. Evans, of Boise, Idaho, have been spending several days visiting the former's daughter, Mrs. Alvin McPeckridge of Prairie Creek. They returned to Wallowa Saturday and Mr. Evans will leave soon for his home at Boise.

Japalac, varnish stains, mused all at Burnaugh & Mayfield's.

Mrs. Frank Gillaspie of Imnaha spent a few days last week with Mrs. W. A. Moss.

### NOTICE OF HEARING OF FINAL ACCOUNT.

Notice is hereby given that the final account of Maggie H. Bloom as administratrix of the estate of Phoebe Jane Bunnell, deceased, has been filed in the County Court of Wallowa County, State of Oregon, and that the 30th day of November, 1910, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., has been duly appointed by such court for the hearing of objections to such final account and the settlement thereof, at which time any and all persons interested in said estate may appear and file objections thereto in writing and contest the same.  
Maggie H. Bloom,  
Administratrix.  
5485 Chas. Thomas, her attorney

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