

WOLVES of the SEA

By RANDALL PARRISH

Carlyle Realizes His Life Is Hanging in Balance.

Synopsis—Geoffrey Carlyle, master of sailing ships at twenty-six, is sentenced to 20 years' servitude in the American colonies for participation in the Monmouth rebellion in England. Among the passengers on board the ship on which he is sent across are Roger Fairfax, wealthy Maryland planter; his niece, Dorothy Fairfax, and Lieutenant Sanchez, a Spaniard, who became acquainted with the Fairfaxes in London. Carlyle meets Dorothy, who informs him her uncle has bought his services. Sanchez shows himself an enemy of Carlyle. The Fairfax party, now on its own sloop in the Chesapeake bay, encounters a mysterious bark, the Namur of Rotterdam. Carlyle discovers that Sanchez is "Black Sanchez," planning to steal the Fairfax gold and abduct Dorothy. He fights Sanchez and leaves him for dead. In a battle with Sanchez' followers, however, he is overpowered and thrown into the bay. In a desperate effort to save Dorothy, Carlyle decides to swim to the Namur. By a ruse he gets aboard and mingles with the crew.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

LeVere shouted an order, and a sudden flare was lighted amidships, the circle of flame illuminating a part of the deck, and spreading out over the wild expanse of water. Scarcely had a minute elapsed before it came sweeping into the radius of light—at first a dim, spectral shadow, scarcely to be recognized; then, almost as suddenly, revealed in all its details—a boat of size, flying toward us under a lug sail, keeling well over, and topping the sea swells like a bird on wing. LeVere called for men to stand by, the fellows rushing past me to their stations, but, in the fascination of the moment, I failed to move. I could do nothing but stare out across the intervening water, with eyes fastened on that swiftly approaching boat. I must see, I must know the message it brought; what story it held of the tragedy. Manuel held the tiller, with Estada seated beside him, leaning forward, and gesticulating with one hand, as he directed the course. I had never seen these two, yet I knew them beyond a doubt. Mendez and Anderson (at least I supposed these to be the two) were poised at the sail halyards, ready to let the straining sheet down at a run, while Cochose crouched low in the bow, his black hand uplifted, gripping a coil of rope. Their faces were all turned forward, lighted by the flare from our deck, and I felt a shudder of fear run over me—no expression on any countenance spoke of defeat; even the ugly features of the negro beamed with delight.

But was that all? Was that all? Surely not. Forward of the single mast was stowed the chest, while in the open space between the helmsman and the two sailors were stretched two motionless bodies. LeVere, gripping a stay-rope, and leaning well out, hailed in Spanish.

"Ahoj, the boat! You can make it?" "Ay!" came back Estada's voice. "Stand by to fend us off. Call all hands, and break anchor as soon as we are aboard."

"Very well, sir. Where is Captain Sanchez?" Estada pointed downward in swift, expressive gesture.

"Here at my feet—badly hurt, but will recover. Send two men down to help when we make fast. Now, Cochose—let go of your rope; watch out above!"

I stood, gripping hard at the rail, and staring down at the scene below, as the men in the boat made fast. I felt paralyzed, and helpless, unable to move. I had no business to remain there; every prospect of security depended on my joining the crew. Yet only one thought gripped me—Sanchez was not dead! And that other body? That of Dorothy Fairfax, without doubt, yet certainly not lifeless. If their prisoner was the girl—and who else could it be?—she remained alive, helplessly bound to prevent either struggle, or outcry, and destined to a fate far worse than death.

My own life hung in the balance—nay, rather, my doom was already sealed. There seemingly was but one chance for escape left—that was to drop silently overboard. God, no! that would be the craven act of a coward. Better far to stay, and kill, or even be killed, than to be forever cursed by my own conscience.

The fellows sent down from the main chains to the boat brought the injured captain up first. This required the services of three men, his body hanging limp between them, his upturned face showing ghastly in the flaming of the torch thrust out over the rail. To every appearance it was apparently a corpse they handled, except for their tenderness, and a single groan to which the white lips gave utterance, when one of the bearers slipped, wrenching the wounded body with a sharp pang of pain. Once safely on deck, the three bore him across to the after cabin and disappeared down the steps.

Estada had already swung himself up into the chains, while Anderson and Mendez were lifting the girl to her feet, and rather roughly urging her forward. Her eyes reflected all the unutterable horror which for the moment dominated her mind, while her loosened hair, disarranged by struggle, only served to intensify the pallor of her face.

"Hurry her along lively, boys," shouted back Estada coarsely. "If she won't move, give her a shove. Then tie her up again, and take the turn of a rope 'round her. What do you think this is—a queen's reception? Move lively, senorita," in mock sarcasm.

Her gaze settled on him, where he hung far out, grasping a backstay, watching the movements below, and her slender form straightened as by the acquisition of new strength.

"If these creatures will take their hands off me," she said, using their tongue without a tremor in the clear voice. "I can easily go up alone. What is it you are so afraid of—a woman?"

The expression of Estada's face promised an outburst of profanity, but, instead of giving it utterance, he lifted his cap in a sudden pretense at gallantry.

"Your pardon, senorita," he said in a tone of mockery. "If you have come to your senses at last, it is well. Leave



Chose to Continue Playing the Fool.

her alone, men. Now, my beauty, I am taking you at your own word—a step, and then the protection of my hand. We welcome you, as a guest aboard."

A moment and she had attained the deck. Estada chose to continue playing the fool.

"Thanks, senorita—thanks," he began softly, and again bowing before her, cap in hand. "We greet you with due honor aboard the Namur—"

"Enough of that, you coward, you murderer," she broke in coldly. "Do not touch nor speak to me."

She turned her back on him, thus coming face to face with LeVere, who stood enjoying the scene, a wide grin on his dark face, revealing a row of white teeth under a jet-black mustache.

"You, sir—you are an officer?" "I have charge of the deck."

"Then where am I to go?"

The mulatto, surprised by the sudden question, glanced inquiringly toward Estada, who had already completely lost his sense of humor.

"Go!" the latter growled. "Why send the wench below. I'll see to her later, and teach her who is the master here. Off with her now, but be quick!" He leaned out over the rail, sending his gruff voice below. "Send up that chest, you men. Hook on the boat, Manuel, and let her drag; we must get out of here in a hurry. All ready, cloh?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Then sheet home; how is it forward?"

"Both anchors apeak, sir."

"Smartly done—hard down with your helm there! That's it; now let her play off slowly."

He caught sight of me. All the savage brutality of his nature had been brought to the surface by Dorothy's stinging words, and he sought now some fit opportunity to give it vent. Before I could move, he had gripped me by the collar, and swung me about, so that the light streaming out from the cabin fell directly on my face.

"What the devil are you doing, loafing aft here? I've seen you hanging about for ten minutes, never lifting a hand. Who are you anyhow?"

"Joe Gates, sir."

"Gates—another damned Englishman! How did you ever get aboard here?"

It was the returning LeVere who made explanation before I could reply.

"Manuel brought him on board last night. Picked him up drunk ashore."

"I see. Well now, do you happen to have any idea who I am, Gates?"

"No, sir—only that you are one of the officers."

"I am the first officer, and in command at present. Pedro Estada is my name. Now, you damned English whelp, remember that!"

Before I even suspected what was coming, his unexpected action as swift as the leap of a poised tiger, he struck me fairly between the eyes with the butt of a pistol, and I went down sprawling onto the deck. For a moment I seemed, in spite of the viciousness of the blow, to retain a spark of consciousness, for I knew he kicked me savagely with his heavy sea boots; I felt the pain, and even heard the words, and curses, accompanying each brutal stroke.

"You drunken dog! You whelp of a sea wolf! You English cur! Take that—damn you! And that! You'll not forget me for awhile. That's it—squirm, I like to see it. When you wake up again, you'll remember Pedro Estada. How did that feel, you grunting pig? Here, LeVere, Manuel, throw this set into the fore-castle. Curse you, here is one more to jog your memory."

The heavy, iron-shod boot landed full in my face, and every sensation left me as I sank limply back, bloody and unconscious.

CHAPTER XII.

A Friend in the Fore-castle.

I slowly opened my eyes to find myself lying in an upper bunk of the fore-castle. Memory soon returned, stimulated no doubt by the aching of my body where Estada had so brutally kicked me with his heavy boot. The heavy rolling of the bark clearly evidenced that we were already at sea, and bucking against a high wind. It was a dark, dismal, smelly interior, amply large enough, but ill ventilated, and inexpressibly dirty. I must have been lying unconscious for several hours. I rested back, feeling of the numerous bruises on my body, and touching gingerly the dried blood caked on my face. No very serious damage seemed to have been done, although every muscle and tendon appeared to be strained and lacerated. Clinging my teeth to keep back a groan, I succeeded in sitting upright, my head touching the upper deck, as I undertook to survey my surroundings. About half the bunks seemed to be occupied, the figures of the sleeping men barely discernible.

As I sat there, staring about at this scene there was a stir within the upper berth on my own level, and an uplifted face appeared suddenly in the yellow flare of light. It was manifestly an English face at first glance, rosy of cheek, with chestnut beard. A pair of humorous, gray eyes surveyed me silently, and then, apparently satisfied by the scrutiny, the owner sat up in the bunk, revealing powerful shoulders, and a round, bull neck.

"Ahoj, mate," he said pleasantly, endeavoring to speak low, the effort resembling the growl of a bear. "How do you feel—pretty sore?"

"Ache from head to foot," I answered, immediately feeling his friendliness. "But no harm done."

"I saw part of it. The damn black brute kicked savagely enough, but at that you're lucky; it's the Spanish style to use a knife. I've seen that cock slash a man into ribbons for nothing at all—just to show he was bad. Haines tells me your name is Gates, and that you are English."

"That's right; I shipped first out of Bristol."

"So did I, mate—twenty years ago though, and I never went back since. My name is Tom Watkins. Let's shake; there is quite a sprinkling of us Brits ashore, and we ought to hang together."

He put out a big, hairy fist, and I gripped it heartily, decidedly liking the man as his eyes frankly met mine. He appeared honest and square, a fine type of the English seaman.

"Tom Watkins, you said. May I ask if you were out on the bow-sprit along with Haines last night?"

"Just afore the longboat come in? Yes, we were there."

"Well, I was down below, hanging to the cable, and overheard you two talking together. Somehow, Watkins, you do not seem to me to fit in exactly with this gang of pirates; you don't look to be that sort. How long have you been with them?"

Carlyle gets further attention from the brutal Estada, but in a different form. What may it portend? Does it offer hope of final escape or further danger to Carlyle and Dorothy?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Recreation, as Well as Relaxation, Is Necessary to the Happiness of

We need breathing spells in life's bigger issues just as we need them in our routine work. No one may work continuously without some period of relaxation, and in the same way no one may bear up under heavy responsibilities unless he is able at times to forget them, observes the Charleston News and Courier. That is why recreation as well as relaxation is necessary to the happiness of us all. There is something within us, something that calls to us, as it were, in no uncertain tones to lay down our problems occasionally and try to divert our minds from them. If we are forced to live with those big crushing responsibilities, that weigh us down at every turn, that are never far away from us, that keep step with us in our daily walk, we shall miss much of the better, brighter part of life. Every one has the right to live his own life in the way which he thinks will be best for him, and it is a hard blow of fate which robs him of that right. Yet this is done more often in life than we realize, and one of the worst of our disappointments is to be forced to surrender the privilege of controlling our own lives as far as it is in our human power to do so. Because certain responsibilities are forced upon us we are often compelled to abandon the road which stretches so invitingly ahead and to seek another path, rough and hard to walk upon, full of obstacles and barren of those things that perhaps have meant the very wine of life to us.

A FEW SMILES

Not a Chance.

Jones—Just a tip about Brown—he intends getting a car from you—and he'll never pay.

Auto Agent—What shall I say when he calls?

Jones—Just tell him the truth about your car—anything to keep him from buying.

The Way of It.



"It was very unlike the majority of business men the way Abanias got into trouble."

"How was it?"

"Through both his assets and his liabilities."

The Cause.

"What makes Stiffins such a queer lead color?"

"I guess it is the plumage his wife says he has in his back."

His Way.

"Did the foreign nobleman you were speaking of travel in this country incognito?"

"No, he traveled in a Pullman."

Tickled to Death.

"Do you think your father will consent to our marriage?"

"Wait until the bills for this month come in and then I am sure he will be glad to have you take me off his hands."



One Instant.

"I never saw such a lazy fellow. I gave him such a talking to that I scared him nearly to death."

"He is not all lazy. I noticed while you were talking that his face was working."

Britain's Prime Minister Is Nominated by Sovereign and Organizes Government

The premier, or prime minister of Great Britain, is nominated by the reigning sovereign. The king sends in the name of the leader of the party just successful at the polls and to that extent the appointment is dictated by the vote of the people. The sovereign appoints the prime minister to form a cabinet and organize the government. The appointment of premier does not have to be confirmed by parliament, but no prime minister could carry on the government of the country for any length of time who did not possess the confidence of the house of commons. He selects his colleagues or other members of the cabinet, and his resignation dissolves the ministry.

Japan Has Taken Steps to Encourage Sheep Raising.

Japan was verging on a wool famine during the recent war, and as a result of this condition the country has taken steps to encourage sheep raising. The government of Chosen recently incorporated the sum of \$50,000 in the budget for the fiscal year of 1919 to be used in encouraging this industry.

Heavy Task.

Earrings made of heavy metal, to be worn with negligee attire, have been invented by a Philadelphia woman for drawing the lobes of the ears into more perfect shape.

WRIGLEYS

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5¢ a package during the war

5¢ a package NOW

THE FLAVOR LASTS SO DOES THE PRICE!



Cuticura Comforts Baby's Skin

When red, rough and itching with hot baths of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment. Also make use now and then of that exquisitely scented dusting powder, Cuticura Talcum, one of the indispensable Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Adv.

Helpful Sympathy.

She was slowly recovering from a long illness, but still too weak for the trip downtown to a hairdresser for the much-needed shampoo. At last a maid was found who would come to the house. During the drying process she made the startling discovery of the first gray hairs. The convalescent's grief was so intense that the maid, striving to comfort, said: "Law, lady, what if you had to wear one of them transmissions on your head!"

WILL BUY LETTERS with stamps used before 1919; unused stamps all countries. Wm. Berkman, 629 Central Av., Cleveland

Cause for Thankfulness.

The first reason for being thankful in the morning is that you have lived to see the dawn of another day, with opportunities to finish something begun the day before and to begin something that you may be able to do better than you have ever done anything before.

"A real loafer," said Uncle Eben, "ain't satisfied to get along without work. He wants busy folks to quit their jobs to admire him."

The bulls and the bears usually take their lamb with mint sauce.—Boston Transcript.



MURINE Rests, Refreshes, Soothes, Heals—Keep your Eyes Strong and Healthy. If they're Smart, Itch, or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Company, Chicago, U.S.A.

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New Houston Hotel Sixth and Everett Sts., Portland, Ore. Four blocks from Union Depot. Two blocks from New Postoffice. Modern and fireproof. Over 100 outside rooms. Rates 75c to \$2.00. P. C. MORGAN, Manager.

P. N. U.

No. 43, 1919

NAME 'BAYER' MEANS ASPIRIN IS GENUINE

Safely stop headaches told in "Bayer packages"



Millions of men and women have proved "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" with the "Bayer Cross" on tablets, the quickest, surest, safest relief for their Headaches, Colds, Neuralgia, Toothache, Earache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuritis. Pain seems to fade right away!

Buy only a Bayer package containing proper directions. Always say "Bayer."

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer" packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylic acid.—Adv.

Washington's Advisers.

When Washington formed his cabinet it had but four members, the interior department being unknown, the war and navy departments being under one head, and the postmaster general being subordinate to the treasury. Nevertheless of these four positions, he gave two to Virginians, Secretary of State Jefferson and Attorney General Randolph; one to New York, Alexander Hamilton, and one to Massachusetts, Henry Knox.

LISTEN TO THIS! SAYS CORNS LIFT RIGHT OUT NOW!

You corn-pestered men and women need suffer no longer. Wear the shoes that nearly killed you before, says this Cincinnati authority, because a few drops of freezezone applied directly on a tender, aching corn or callous stops soreness at once and soon the corn or hardened callous loosens so it can be lifted out, root and all, without pain.

A small bottle of freezezone costs very little at any drug store, but will positively take off every hard or soft corn or callous. This should be tried as it is inexpensive and is said not to irritate the surrounding skin.

If your druggist hasn't any freezezone you tell him to get a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house. It is fine stuff and acts like a charm every time.—Adv.