

WOLVES of the SEA

By RANDALL PARRISH

CHAPTER XXV—Continued.

She turned her head, and I felt her eyes searching the dim outline of my face questioningly.

"Of course I did everything I knew," she replied. "Why should I not? You are here, Captain Carlyle, for my sake; I owe you service."

"And must I be content merely with that thought?" I urged, far from pleased. "This would mean that your only interest in me arises from gratitude."

"And friendship," her voice as confidential as my own. "There is no reason why you should doubt that surely."

"It would be easier for me to understand, but for the memory of what I am—a bond slave."

"Your meaning is that true friendship has as a basis equality?"

"Does it not? Can real friendship exist otherwise?"

"No," she acknowledged gravely. "And the fact that such friendship does exist between us evidences my faith in you. I have never felt this social distinction, Captain Carlyle, have given it no thought. This may seem strange to you, yet is most natural. You bear an honorable name, and belong to a family of gentlemen. You held a position of command, won by your own efforts. You bore the part of a man in a revolution; if guilty of a crime, it was a political one, in sully your honor. I have reason to believe you were falsely convicted. Consequently, your name does not exist before me as my uncle's servant—you understand."

through the pallid light of the dawn. It was all a desolate, restless waste in the midst of which we tossed, while above hung masses of dark clouds obscuring the sky. We were but a hurrying speck between the gray above and the gray below.

The first thing needing my attention was the food and water. I crept forward cautiously and soon had Sam busily engaged in passing out the various articles for inspection. Only essentials had been chosen, yet the supply seemed ample for the distance I believed we would have to cover before attaining land. But the nature of that unknown coast was so doubtful I determined to deal out the provisions sparingly, saving every crumb possible. The men grumbled at the smallness of the ration, yet munched away contentedly enough, once convinced that we all shared alike.

"All right, lads," I said cheerfully. "Now we understand each other and can get at work. We'll divide into watches first of all—two men aft here and one at the bow. Watkins and I will take it watch and watch, but there is enough right now for all hands to turn to and make the craft shipshape. Two of you ball out that water till she's dry, and the others get out that extra sail forward and rig up a jib. She'll ride easier and make better progress with more canvas showing."

The men gradually knocked off work and lay down, and finally I yielded to Dorothy's pleadings and fell into a sound sleep. It seemed as though I scarcely lost consciousness, yet I must have slept for an hour or more, my head pillowed on her lap. When I awoke Schmitt was again at the steering paddle, and both he and Dorothy were staring across me out over the port quarter.

"What is it?" I asked eagerly, but before the words were entirely uttered a hoarse voice forward bawled out excitedly:

"There you see it; straight out agin that cloud edge. It's a full-rigged schooner."

"Ay," boomed another, "an' headin' straight cross our course astern."

I reached my feet, clinging to the mast to keep erect and, as the boat was again flung upward, gained clearly the glimpse I sought.

"Ay, you're right, lads!" I exclaimed. "It's a schooner, headed to clear us by a hundred fathoms. Port your helm, Schmitt—hard down, man. Now, Sam, off with that red shirt; tie it on the boat hook and let fly. They can't help seeing us if there is any watch on deck."

We swept about in a wide circle, headed straight across the bows of the on-coming vessel. All eyes stared out watchfully, Sam's shirt flapping above his head.

He trotted close at my heels as I flung open the door leading into the cabin. The air seemed fresh enough and I noted two of the ports wide open. A tall, smooth-shaven man, with an ugly scar down one cheek, lay outstretched on a divan at the foot of the after mast, his very posture proclaiming him dead. His face was the color of parchment, wrinkled with age.

The negro crept up behind me and stared at the upturned face.

"My Gawd, sah, he was de ol' captain. Paradilla, sah; damn his soul!"

In what was evidently the captain's room I discovered a pricked chart and log-book, with no entry in it for three days. Without waiting to examine these I stowed them away in my pocket. Between us we forced the stiffened form of the captain through the open after port and heard it splash into the sea astern. There were two dead seamen in the fore-cabin, both swarthy fellows, with long Indian hair. I never saw a dirtier hole, the filth overpowering, and once satisfied that both were beyond help, I was content to leave them where they lay and return to the scuttle and leave them to God! It was a relief to return to the open deck and breathe the fresh air. I hailed the boat toward

presumably dirty, yet otherwise shipshape enough. Nothing human greeted me, and conscious of a strange feeling of horror, I slipped over onto the deck. The next moment the negro and Dutchman joined me, the former staring about wildly, the whites of his eyes revealing his terror.

"My Gawd, sah," he ejaculated. "Ah done know dis boat—it's shore de Santa Marie. Ah's cooked in dat galley. She was a slaver, sah." He sniffed the air. "A kin smell dem niggers right now, sah. Ah suah reckon dars a bunch o' ded ones under dem hatches right dis minute."

Schmitt's hand fell heavily on my sleeve and I glanced into his stolid face.

"I just bet I know vat was der trouble."

"What, man?"

"Cholera," he whispered; "ve haf boarded a death ship."

CHAPTER XXVII.

On Board the Slaver.

The terror of the two men as this thought dawned upon them in all its horror was apparent enough. Nothing, not even fire, was more to be dreaded than a visitation of this awful nature on shipboard. Charnel ship though this might be, it was safer by far than the cockleshell towing alongside.

"Let's find out the truth first, men," I said quietly. "Hold your tongues. There is no use giving up until we know what the danger is. Will you come with me?"

The terror in Sam's eyes caused me to laugh and my own courage came back with a rush.

"Afraid of dead men, are you? Then we'll face them together, my lads, and have it over with. Come on, now, both of you. Buckle up; there is nothing to fear, if you do what I tell you—this isn't the first cholera ship I've been aboard."

It was no pleasant job confronting us, although we had less dead men to handle than I anticipated. Indeed, there were only five bodies on board. There were only two on deck, a giant, coal-black negro, and a gray-bearded white man, his face pitted with smallpox. Determined on what was to be done, I wasted no time with either body. The two sailors hung back, terrorized at the mere thought of touching these victims of plague. I steered myself to the job and handled them alone, dragging the bodies across the deck and launching them over the low rail into the sea. I ordered Schmitt to cut the lashings and take charge of the wheel.

"See here, Sam, and you too, Schmitt, I am in love with that girl in the boat. Do you suppose I would ever have her come on this deck if I believed she might contract cholera? You do as I say and you are perfectly safe. Now, Schmitt, remain at the wheel, and you, Sam, come with me. There will be a dead nigger aboard unless you jump when I speak."

He trotted close at my heels as I flung open the door leading into the cabin. The air seemed fresh enough and I noted two of the ports wide open. A tall, smooth-shaven man, with an ugly scar down one cheek, lay outstretched on a divan at the foot of the after mast, his very posture proclaiming him dead. His face was the color of parchment, wrinkled with age.

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Watkins," I called to the lady up first, and she came forward with her hands and aided me in my work. "Has she abandoned?" I asked. "No," she answered. "Do you want to see her?"

"Yes," I said. "Bring her up."

"She is here," she said, and as she spoke she pointed to a woman who was sitting on the deck. "She is a very nice girl."

"I will see her," I said, and I went to the woman who was sitting on the deck.



ATTENTION GIVEN TO FEEDING FALL PIGS

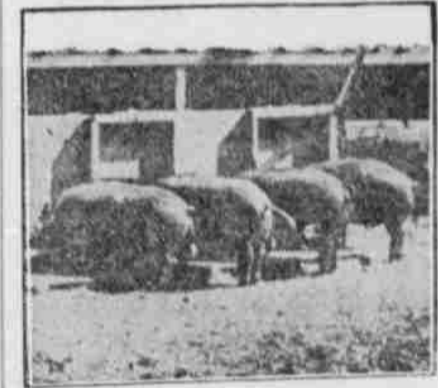
Improvement in Their Care Is Urged by Professor Eward.

System of Feeding "Cafeteria" Style and Types of Houses Attract Comment—Pigs Are Pushed Along From Start to Finish.

At the Iowa agricultural experiment station at Ames, a great deal of attention has been given to fall pigs. Prof. John M. Eward, chief of swine production, has been a leader in advocating an increase in the number of fall pigs and in the improvement of their care. His system of feeding them "cafeteria style" and his types of hog houses have attracted much attention.

Professor Eward says:

"For a number of years the animal husbandry section of the experiment station has been feeding pigs that come in the last days of August or during September. We push them from start to finish, until in April, and it is not unusual for them to weigh around 250 pounds, not so bad for pigs of eight months of age, fed right through the cold winter. Our fall pigs gain practically as well as our spring pigs. We have had fall pigs return us



Pigs Getting Their Dinner at Self-Feeder.

within five cents a bushel as much for the feed they ate as the spring pigs.

These fall pig "pointers" are offered out of the experience of the experiment station:

1. Keep the pigs warm and dry.
2. Keep the pigs sanitary, killing off the lice, worms and other parasites.
3. Feed them exceptionally well; in truth, feed them "free-choice style;" give them a chance at corn and tankage in separate feeders.
4. Give them plenty of water. It is essential that you warm it, but a little warm water once or twice a day is all right.
5. Believe in the fall pigs and have faith in them and they will make good. If you do your part, they will.

VICIOUS BULLS ARE SAFEST

Gentle Animal Is Cause of Most Trouble, Because Little or No Precaution Is Taken.

The gentle bull has as many victims as the gun that isn't loaded, or the hunter who "thought it was a deer." It's the gentle bull that causes the trouble in most cases. "The bull had never before shown an ugly disposition," says one clipping. "The bull had always been considered gentle," says another; and so on through the list. Because the victims thought the bulls gentle, they took no precautions, which leads us to say: Never trust a gentle bull! Better look down the barrel of a rifle! "Bulls, like cold-storage eggs, should always be considered bad," a friend wisely said the other day. Warning about vicious bulls is seldom necessary, for nobody trusts them.

CONCRETE FLOORS ARE BEST

Conservation of Soluble Manure Makes Big Returns in Shape of Various Farm Crops.

By increasing the value of manure produced, concrete floors for feeding stables will return their cost in about one year, as shown by tests at the Ohio experiment station. The extra crop returns from manure kept on concrete floors is due to the soluble plant food in the manure; the rest goes away where earthen floors are used.

The cost of concrete floors generally amounts to

Coyote Killing Resumed

By the U. S. Department of Agriculture



A Coyote Photographed on the Western Plains.

The biological survey of the United States department of agriculture, in co-operation with the North Dakota Agricultural college, has made arrangements to begin work in destroying coyotes and other predatory animals in North Dakota. What the funds available may be expended to the best advantage conferences have been held at which plans of procedure were worked out, and certain sections of the region needing assistance most urgently were designated. The latest and most effective methods of hunting and trapping in wolves and coyotes as developed by the biological survey will be employed in this campaign. Similar operations for the destruction of predatory animals destructive of live stock are in progress in Montana and other western states.

CHILD LABOR IS REDUCED

Decrease of More Than 40 Per Cent Under New Law

Child labor has decreased more than 40 per cent since the child labor tax provision of the revenue act went into effect April 25 last. This act levied a tax of 10 per cent on the net earnings of plants employing children under 14 years or between 14 and 16 for more than eight hours in the production of commodities entering into interstate commerce.

Reports of internal revenue bureau agents, it is announced, indicate that the greatest decrease has occurred in the cotton mill industry of the southern states where, it is said, more than 85 per cent of the mills now are operating on a basis that exempts them from the tax. Marked reduction in child labor also was reported. It was said, in the coal mining and canning industries. Many plants, particularly cotton mills, have discharged all children under 16 years of age, the report said, rather than adjust the operation to an eight-hour day.

Communism Was Tried Out Centuries Ago by Little Republic in Central Asia

In the heart of Asia centuries ago Manchu merchants discovered three large auriferous regions which the Peking government immediately claimed by forcing thousands of laborers to work the mines. Most of these men, when possible, fled and hid in the mountains and forests surrounding them. As the government kept refilling the deserted ranks the colony in the hills also grew and formed itself into a federation, whose leaders were to protect the lives and supply the means of livelihood for the rest.

This little republic was founded upon the shores of the River Centung, and is the earliest communist experiment known. All the fruits of labor and production were for common use. It was absolutely prohibited that anyone withhold from the commune any part of the gold which all were occupied in mining; it was placed to the credit of the whole colony and deposited with the association, to be used for anyone in need. Everyone had to work to his utmost capacity, and charity or begging was unknown.

Any disobedience to the laws was punishable by death. This sentence was pronounced by a committee of twelve, five, elected by universal suffrage, as well as two judges and the two presidents of the commune.

ART THOU THE SAME?

Art thou the same, thou sobbing winter wind?
The same that rocked the cradle of the May?
That whispered through the leaves of summer noon,
And swelled the anthem of the fall-grown year?
Art thou the same, thou piteous, moaning thing,
Beating against the pane with ghostly hands,
Calling in agony across the waste—
Art thou the same—the same?

Art thou the same, thy poor heart bruised and faint,
Leading thy way along through twilight gloom?
Art thou the same that sang to greet the dawn,
Calling in the sunlight like a bird,
Glad for speech, too glad for aught but song?
Art thou the same that prayest but for night,
Night to come and ease thee of thy pain—
Art thou the same—the same?

Art thou the same that walkest through the night,
Thy broken heart too crushed to moan or cry,
Thou wilt be rest even for ye, poor thing,
More than rest—a joy now washed in tears;
Through the portals of the fading year,
Thy sunny hills and fields fresh-clad in green,
Thou night who knows what day will bring?