

# WOLVES OF THE SEA

By RANDALL PARRISH

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## CHAPTER XIX.

### Laying the Trap.

Our first job was executed much more easily than I had anticipated. We caught Manuel sound asleep, and LeVere had slung hands at his throat before the fellow could grasp a weapon. The narrowness of the stateroom prevented my taking much part in the affair, but the mulatto needed no help, as he dragged the cursing Spaniard from his bunk to the deck and throttled him savagely. Indeed he would have killed the fellow had I not interfered and twisted his hands loose, leaving Estevan barely conscious. A blanket ripped into strips served to bind him securely enough for the present, but I thought it best to lock the door, and keep the key in my own pocket. LeVere would have knifed him even as he lay there helpless, but for my threat and insistence. Once back in the cabin my eyes distinguished the frightened face of the steward peering forth at us from out the dark of the passage leading forward.

"Come here, Gunsauls," I said sternly. "Step lively, lad; there's nothing for you to fear. Senor Estada has been killed during the night, and we have just captured his murderer," I explained. "There is reason to believe this act was part of a conspiracy to seize the ship in connection with those fellows amidships. Does that passage lead to their quarters?"

"It did once, senior, but now there is a closed door of oak, studded with iron, not only locked, but barred on this side. There are but two keys—one for the captain and the other for him who commands the buccaners."

I stood there a moment, considering this information. The only way the nutcrackers could reach the cabin then would be from the deck, descending through the companion. So long as they remained unaware of the capture of Manuel there was little danger of their taking such action.

"Very well, steward," I said. "You go on about your work as though nothing had happened. If any word of this affair gets to the crew, or to those fellows forward, I'll hold you responsible. You are not to leave this cabin without my permission, nor speak to anyone. LeVere."

The mulatto faced me respectfully enough, and I had a feeling he would obey orders, largely because he dare not rebel.

"They will be wondering why you are not on deck. It will be better for you to take charge of the watch at once, and keep the men busy. Relieve Watkins at the wheel and send the man down to me. He can choose the fellows who will stick better than you could, and then can circulate among them without arousing suspicion."

Watkins soon shuffled down the steps. He whipped off his cap and stood waiting.

I put my hand on his shoulder. "Tom," I said soberly, "we are in the same boat, and understand each other. The chance has come for both of us, if we play the cards right. Listen while I tell you the situation, and what I plan doing."

I told it briefly, wasting no words, yet relating every fact. He listened eagerly, but without interruption until the end.

"What do you make of it?" I asked. "About what you do, sir. I knew there was something of the kind going on—some of the men forward are in on it. You've got the ring-leader."

"Manuel, you mean. Who did he count on for help in the forecastle?"

"Cochose, and a handful of others, niggers and Spaniards, mostly. They meant to pull the affair off either today or tonight. Your plan gives us a fair chance, sir. A dozen good men on deck might do the business."

"But are there a dozen aboard to be trusted?"

"Well, yes sir. I rather think there are. I'd say that in both watches there's maybe fourteen to be relied on."

"In my watch there's Jones, Harwood and Simms, either English or Welsh. They're all right. Then there's a nigger named Sam; Schmitt, a Dutchman, with his partner, whose name I don't know, and two Frenchies, Ravel and Pierre. That makes eight, nine counting myself. Then in the starboard watch I'd pick out Jim Carter and Joe Cole, two Swedes, Carlson and Ole Hallin, and another nigger. Then there are a couple of Finns who ought to be with us, but I can't talk their lingo. That would give us sixteen out of thirty, and it's quite likely some of the others would take a hand with us, if they thought it was safe. I haven't any use though, sir, for Francois LeVere. There ain't a worse scamp aboard."

"I know that," I admitted, "but he had to be used."

"And what is my part now?"

"This is my watch below, and it will be best for me to keep off the deck until all is prepared. You sound those men and get them together; wake up the ones in the starboard watch you feel sure are all right, and have them slip quietly on deck. Then we'll get

these arms in the rack here, and be ready for business—the rest will be done in a hurry. I'll wait here for your report."

At the very best Watkins could scarcely perform the task assigned him in less than an hour. The success or failure of our effort depended entirely upon taking these fellows by complete surprise. If it came to an open fight our cause was hopeless, for that would mean fourteen or fifteen men unarmed, pitted against over a hundred thoroughly equipped and trained fighters. Only by confining them below, with hatches battened down, and a cannonade trained upon them, would we be safe.

I sat where I could watch the stairs, and the entire forward part of the cabin. Gunsauls lowered the table, and began preparing the morning meal. Finally he announced breakfast.

"Suppose you rap on the lady's door yonder, and ask if she will join me. Say your message is from Senor Gates."

She came at once and seated herself opposite me, and we spoke of the weather while Gunsauls served. He was still hovering about, but my anxiety to have a word with her alone caused me to send him to attend Captain Sanchez. We waited until he disappeared within the after stateroom, bearing a tray; then her eyes suddenly lifted to mine, filled with questioning.

"Tell me what has happened?" She breathed eagerly. "I heard the noise of a struggle out here, and voices conversing. Why are you alone?"

I leaned over to speak in as low a tone as possible. And I told her the situation in detail and my plans.

She sat silently gazing at me across the table, her parted lips trembling to

an unasked question. Before she could frame this in words, the door to the companion opened, and Watkins descended the stairs. At sight of her he whipped off his cap.

"You may speak freely," I said. "This is the young lady I told you about, and of course she is with us. Only talk low."

"Yes, sir," using a hoarse whisper, and fastening his gaze on me. "It's all right, sir."

"Then the sooner we act the better. Watkins, have LeVere order these men aft. Let him say that Senor Estada wishes them to break out some stores in the lazaret. They need be here only long enough for us to distribute these arms among them, and for me to speak a word of instruction to them."

"But have I no part? Is there no way in which I can help?" asked the girl.

"You have your pistol? Then remain here. I shall have to go on deck with the men, and will not dare leave them a moment until the ship is absolutely secure, Manuel is locked in that stateroom, but must not be communicated with by anyone. It will be your part to see that Gunsauls neither enters that passage leading amidships, nor approaches this door. Keep him in sight. You will save us a man. Wait here now until I see how securely this passage forward is closed."

It was as described to me—a heavy oak door, well studded, not only locked, but held firmly in place by a stout iron bar. There was not the

faintest possibility of any entrance aft, except through assistance from this side. As I returned to the cabin, Gunsauls came out of the captain's room and crossed the deck. At sight of me he stopped instantly.

"Gunsauls," I said, "you are to remain in this cabin until I give the word. The lady here has a pistol, and orders to shoot if you attempt to either enter this passage, or approach the door of Manuel's stateroom. How did you find Sanchez?"

"Sitting up in his bunk, senior, and able to eat."

"Does he know what is occurring on board?"

"No, senior. He questioned me, but I only told him everything was all right, so far."

In my heart I believed the fellow deliberately lied, but there was no opportunity to question him further, for at that moment the door of the companion opened and a miscellaneous group of men thronged down the stairs. They were a rough hairy lot, here and there a sturdy English countenance meeting my gaze, but the faces were largely foreign, with those of two negroes conspicuous.

"Twelve here, sir; I couldn't get Harwood down from the foretop," said Watkins.

"And there are others below who will join us?"

"Yes, sir; six more I count on."

"Which means lads, that with Harwood, Senor LeVere, and myself, we'll total twenty-one in this shindy. Now I'll tell you what is up. Watkins gave you some of it no doubt, but a word from me will make it clearer. I'm no pirate; I'm an English sailor, shanghaied. Estada named me first officer because I understand navigation."

I stopped speaking, staring at one of the faces before me; all at once it appeared familiar. "What is your name, my man?"

"Jim Carter, sir."

"You were on the Sinbad, three years ago?"

"I was that, Mister Carlyle," he answered grinning. "I know'd you the minute I cum down yere."

"Then that is all I need say on that line. Here's one of your mates, lads, who will vouch for me. Now, as I've been told, you are all of you in the same boat—you are prisoners on board. Luck has given us a chance to make a break, and get away. Captain Sanchez is wounded and helpless. Pedro Estada is dead, and I've got Manuel locked in that stateroom. His cut-throats are all below, and now all we've got to do is clap on the hatch and keep them there. Now, what I want to know is are you fellows with me?"

Watkins answered up promptly; then Carter, the others joining in with less heartiness, the different accents revealing their nationalities. I knew sailors well enough to feel assured they would follow their leaders once the game started.

"That's good enough; now we've got to hit hard and quick, lads. There are six men on deck who are not with us. Watkins will take care of them with those fellows I don't assign to other work. Jones, you and Carter make straight for the forecastle and don't let anyone come up the scuttle. One of you had better drop down below, and prevent any of those lads from unbaring the door leading amidships. Who is the best for that job?"

"Let Carlson do it."

"All right—Carlson it is then. You Frenchmen, and the two negroes, your part will be to ship the main hatch. Do a quick job, and clamp it down tight."

"I'll come down to you Carlson, as soon as we have the deck. It ought not to take more than five minutes to handle those lads, and slew around a carronade. Watkins, you and Carter hand out the cutlasses from the rack; you boys will handle those better than firearms. Good; now are you all ready?"

There was a low murmur of voices, the faces watching me showing their increasing excitement and eagerness. Our little talk had served to arouse their confidence in my leadership, and with gleaming weapons in their hands they became self-reliant volunteers. Once turned loose my greatest difficulty might be to restrain them, rather than urge them on. Revenge for past wrongs was in each heart, and they welcomed a chance to strike.

I whispered a parting word of admonition into the ear of Dorothy, receiving in return a glance from her eyes, which gave a new throb to my heart; then straightened up, and pistol in hand, pushed my way through the throng of sailors to the foot of the stairs.

"Follow me, lads," I said quietly. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Celtic Isle.**

The smallest dependency of France is the Ile d'Hoedde, situated at the east of Belle Isle. Its population is 238. The people do not speak French, but Celtic. Fishing is the principal industry, and all the inhabitants are provided with food at an inn managed by the women. The town has no streets. The houses are mostly of mud.

## WAR-TIME ORDER ON FUEL ISSUED

Government Attempts to Avert Coal Famine.

## PRIORITY LIST MADE

Control of Distribution by Retail Dealers May Be Awarded to State Officials—Crisis Near.

Washington, D. C.—War-time restrictions on the nation's use of coal, more stringent than those applied during the war, were ordered into effect Monday to stave off a fuel famine.

Moved by reports of diminishing coal stocks and growing danger of distress in numerous sections, the government sought no compromise with striking miners, whose walkout forced the emergency, but asked for national determination to endure privation and discomfort until coal mining was resumed on its terms.

Fuel Administrator Garfield, acting in conjunction with the railroad administration, gave notice that hereafter only the essential consumers included in the first five classes of the war priorities list would be supplied with coal, and asked the help of all state and municipal authorities to make rationing effective.

The order, which made national those restrictions already put into local effect by regional coal committees, where the pinch of fuel shortage has been felt, cut off supplies from all but transportation agencies, which includes inland and coastwise shipping as well as railroads; federal and local governmental institutions, including concerns working on government contracts; public utilities, including newspapers and retail dealers. Railroad administration officials conceded that it meant widespread cessation of industrial operations, only justified by the gravity of the situation.

"It is necessary that coal shall be used only for essential purposes," Dr. Garfield said in giving public notification of the step. "Public utilities consuming coal should discontinue to furnish power, heat and light to non-essential industries and should consume only sufficient coal to produce enough light, power and heat to meet the actual urgent needs of the people. Advertising signs and displays of various kinds necessitating the use of coal should be curtailed and no coal should be distributed for such purposes."

Officials said that the terms of the order as given were framed to allow the greatest possible variation in local arrangements, so that emergencies could be met by action best suited to that result. Industrial establishments operating their own power plants will be forced to shut down when present supplies are exhausted, while the operations of those whose power is supplied from public utility plants will be curtailed or continued in the discretion of local agencies and officials. Dr. Garfield noted further that the government would be glad to leave supervision and control of distribution by retail dealers entirely "to any state, county or municipality which may make provision therefor."

## Congress Opens Session, But Little Is Accomplished

Washington, D. C.—Washington looked on Monday at one of the quietest and most uneventful opening days of congress in history. Perhaps fatigued by the long strain over the peace treaty, which was laid aside only ten days ago, but 55 senators appeared to answer to rollcall.

This was in distinct contrast to the last week of the old session, when the complete vote of the senate was cast on several of the peace treaty votes for the first time in almost a quarter of a century.

There was an absence of all of that hurry and bustle which usually marks an opening day, because another precedent was broken in the failure of the executive departments, through the secretary of the treasury, to have their estimates of expenses for the fiscal year ready to submit when congress met. These came out later in the afternoon, however.

**Data on Siberia Asked.**

Washington, D. C.—Information as to how long American soldiers are to be kept in Siberia was sought of the state department Monday in a resolution by Representative Rhodes, republican, Missouri.

It asked also if Japan had defined its Siberian policy and for the strength of British, French, Italian and Japanese forces in Siberia and whether any draftees are among the American troops there.

# WRIGLEYS

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**Hurrah! How's This**  
Cincinnati authority says corns dry up and lift out with fingers.

**Sensible.**  
Japanese girl babies have their heads shaved until they are three years old.

**Not Right Kind of Laughter.**  
One is tempted sometimes to laugh at another's mishap or disappointment, but the laughter that leaves a sting in someone's heart is not the sort of laughter that helps anyone.

**Preventive for Cold Feet.**  
A recent patent covers a shoe to cure cold feet, a heated plate being inserted and the heat being retained by the close-fitting construction of the shoe ankle.

**Largest Custom House.**  
New York has the largest custom house in the world. Cost, \$4,500,000.

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**Thought She Was Serving.**  
We took our 3-year-old son to a cafeteria for supper the other evening and when he saw me going around with the tray he said out loud: "Mamma, are you working here now?"

The Delaware Indians made salt from brine springs in New York state and sold it to settlers as early as 1670, making probably the first commercial production of salt in this country. The manufacture of salt by white people in the United States was begun near Syracuse, N. Y., about 1783. Salt is the most commonly used mineral in the world, and no useful mineral except coal, perhaps, occurs in greater abundance or is more widely distributed in the United States.

Wesleyan college at Macon, Ga., was founded in 1836, and is therefore older than Elmira college, chartered in 1852. It is the oldest woman's college in the United States.

## THE JOY OF MOTHERHOOD

**Came to this Woman after Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to Restore Her Health**

Ellensburg, Wash.—"After I was married I was not well for a long time and a good deal of the time was not able to go about. Our greatest desire was to have a child in our home and one day my husband came back from town with a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and wanted me to try it. It brought relief from my troubles.



I improved in health so I could do my housework; we now have a little one, all of which I owe to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. O. S. JOHNSON, R. No. 3, Ellensburg, Wash.

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