



CHAPTER XX—Continued.

We emerged through the companion, and I stepped aside as the others rushed by. There was no shout, no cheer, the fellows seeming to realize the desperate nature of their work, and the importance of surprise. They were outnumbered five to one, and their only hope of success lay in rendering their opponents helpless before they could rally to a defense. All the pent-up hate of years was in their hearts, blazed madly in their eyes; they were tigers leaping at the throat of their prey, yet sane enough to comprehend even in their blood-rage that they must act together. It was over so quickly I scarcely saw it all. My eyes swept from group to group—the four tolling at the cover of the main hatch; the fellows racing toward the fore-castle; and Watkins' squad driving straight into the grouped water beyond the foremast. It was smartly done; Watkins had taken no cutlass, but went in with both fists, asking no questions, but battering right and left, his men surging after, with steel blades flaming in the sunlight. The astounded watch, cursing and fighting grimly, held for a moment, and then went staggering back against the port rail, unable to stem the rush, and roaring for mercy. I had view of Carlson dropping recklessly down the fore-castle scuttle, and then sprang forward myself to give a hand to the four wrestling with the main hatch. Together we dragged it into position, forcing relentlessly back as we did so, a dozen struggling figures frantically endeavoring to reach the deck. Shots were fired, the bullets whistling through the opening, the flare lighting up the black depths below, revealing vaguely a mass of frantic men staring up, and cursing us fiercely in a dozen languages; but, in spite of them, we clamped the hatch down tight, and locked it securely into place with an iron bar.

Watkins needed no help; he had his party rounded up. To my orders they were driven into the cook's galley and a guard stationed at the door. Then I turned to the more serious work confronting me in the fore-castle. We must have men enough to sail the bark, and if I was to command them, I must first of all prove my courage and enforce authority. The whole success of our effort depended on this.

"What's going on below?" I asked. "Cursin' mostly," answered Carter, peering down through a slight up-lifting of the scuttle. "They don't just know what's happenin' yet, but the big nigger seems ter be raisin' hell. Carlson is a holdin' him back with his cutlass."

"Open up and let me down." I fell, rather than clambered along the rungs of the ladder, coming to my feet on deck in the midst of a group of angry men. The light was so poor I could scarcely see their faces; a babel of voices greeted me, and more than one hand gripped me fiercely as the excited owner yelped a demand to know what in hell we were up to. I roughly cleared a space, aided by Carlson's cutlass, and fronted them. Towering above them all, his black ape-like face, distorted with rage, I distinguished the giant Cochose, his immense hands grasping a wooden bar ripped from a bunk. Plainly enough he was the leader. If I was to rule, this black brute must be conquered at the very start, conquered by my own hands, and in the presence of his mates.

"Stand back there lads," I said sternly. "I'll explain all that has happened presently, but first I am going to lick that black within an inch of his life. Step out of there, Cochose."

He came grinning widely, balancing the heavy club.

"You mean me, sah? You all think yer kin lick me?"

"Yes, I think so; I'll try it anyway. Here Carlson, take this pistol and sheath knife. If anyone interferes shoot him. All I ask is fair play. Drop that club, Cochose, and throw away your knife. You and I will fight this out with bare hands."

His dull brain worked slowly, and he stared at me, his eyes ugly. His silence and lack of response, awoke a growl from the impatient circle of men behind. One fellow kicked the club out of his hand contemptuously, and another plucked the knife from his belt.

"You big skulker," the latter said, with an oath of derision, "go on, and fight!"

"What for Ah fight this white man? Ah don't even know who he is."

"Then I'll tell you. Estada is dead; Manuel is a prisoner. I'm in command of this bark. You are a big, boasting cur! I heard what you said when I came down, and now I'll make you prove it."

I took two steps forward, my advance so swift and unexpected the big negro had not even time to throw up an arm in defense. With open hand I struck him squarely across the face.

CHAPTER XXI.

In Full Possession.

A roar of delight went up. I knew sailors and felt they would welcome a fight like this and their immediate sympathy would be with me for starting it. More than that, this black bully, ruling over them by brute force, could be no favorite. They might fear him, but with that fear would be mingled hate, and a delight in his downfall. In that instant, although I cannot recall removing watchful eyes from the negro's face, I received an impression of my surroundings never to be erased from memory—the gloomy interior, the deck, foul, littered with sea boots, and discarded clothing, and the great beams overhead blackened by smoke. The rays of the swinging slush lantern barely illuminated the central space, the rows of bunks beyond remaining mere shadows, yet this dim, yellowish light, fell full upon the excited half circle of men who were roaring about the negro. They were a rough, wild lot, ranging in color from the intense black of Central Africa to the blond of Scandinavia, half naked some, their voices mingling in a dozen tongues, their eyes gleaming with savagery.

I know not whether Cochose lunged forward of his own volition, or was pressed on from behind, yet suddenly he was within reach of me, and the battle was on, his object evidently being to crush me in his giant grip, mine to oppose science to strength, and avoid his bear-hug. We swayed back and forth to the sharp pitching of the ship. Then he sprang straight at me determined to smash me to the deck by the very power of his onslaught. But I side-stepped him, getting in two swift blows, which rocked his head, and tore open one cheek, from which blood trickled. Yet he kept his feet, blindly gripping for me.

I evaded his clutch by leaping aside, but the space was far too small to permit these tactics to carry long, and finally he had me. Yet, even as he seemingly crushed the very breath out of me, his giant strength met with a resistance which increased his fury. Already the fellow had lost his head, but I fought coolly, putting my skill against brute force, every wrestler's trick I knew flashing into my brain. Breathlessly, my flesh scraped and bruised, I wriggled partly free, and tripped him, his great body striking the deck with a thud. I fell with him, dragged down by his desperate grip, but was first upon my feet, saluted by a roar of delight from the lips of those crowding about us. As he staggered up also, I struck him again, a blow which would have ended the game, had not my foot slipped on the reeling deck. As it was it drove him to his knees, groggy, and with one eye half closed, yet with strength enough left to regain his feet as soon as I. This time he charged me like a wild bull, froth whitening his lips, scarcely appearing human in the yellow light. In mad rage he forgot all caution, his one thought to reach me with his hands, and throttle me into lifeless pulp. I fought him back, driving blow on blow through his guard, side-stepping his mad rushes, landing again and again on his body. Twice I got in over his heart, and at last, found the chance I sought, and sent a right jab straight to the chin. All the force of one hundred and eighty pounds was behind the clenched fist, and the negro went down as though felled by a poleax. Once weakly he endeavored to rise, but this time I used my left, and he never stirred again, lying there with no sign of life except the quivering of the huge body. Assured that he was down and out, I stood above him, gazing into the ring of excited faces.

"That's one attended to," I said shortly. "Now is there any more of you who would like to fight this out?" There was no answer although the ring widened under the threat of my eyes, and I met sullen faces here and there. I was in no mood to take chances.

"Carlson," I said, "you know all these men. Pick out those you can trust, and have them stand over there to the right. Call them out by name; be lively now."

They stepped forth eagerly enough, and ranged themselves before the bunks, the faces mostly those of northern Europe, although a negro or two was among them. As the Swede ceased calling, six or seven yet remained clustered in front of me, a motley lot, one of them an Indian, the others mostly half-breeds. I glanced from face to face inquiringly.

"How about it, you?" I asked. "Are there any more of you fellows who take a chance with us? This is my last offer."

"What's the game?" asked a sullen voice in English, and a bearded fellow, burned black, pushed his way to the front. "I used ter be Scotch; now I don't know what I am. One flag is as good as another ter me—only I want to know what sorter game I'm playin' in. Who are yer? An' whar'd yer cum from?"

"I am an English seaman," I answered shortly, "and how I came aboard makes no difference. Right now I am the only navigator on the Namur. Estada is dead—knifed last night by one of the buccaneers. Manuel Estevan had a hand in the business, and he's safely locked in a state-room aft. Captain Sanchez is wounded and helpless, and those cut-throats amidships are batted down below hatches. LeVere and I are the officers left, and we control the deck."

"Yer mean those fellers were aimin' ter take the ship?"

"Exactly that; now where are you lads? With Manuel and his bunch of pirates? Or with us?"

"What'er yer going ter do with us, an' this ship? That's the fust question."

I had not decided that even in my own mind, but the answer came promptly enough.

"I am going to leave that to the crew. As soon as we have all secure, I'll have every man on deck, and then we'll talk it over. That's fair enough isn't it?"

"It looks fair. Come on, mates; I'm fer the Englishman."

Only one followed him, however, a sheep-faced boy; the others remained sullen and defiant. I had no further time to waste in explanations. I glanced up at Carter's face framed in the scuttle hole.

"Carter, pass these men up and take them forward with the others. Turn them over to Watkins. Then come back here, and report to me."

They went up the ladder one by one, and disappeared onto the deck above, Carlson and I watched the others until Carter stuck his head once again through the opening.

"All safe, sir—they was like lambs."

"Very well; stand by to help. Now you lads, lift this black and shove him up to where they can get hold above."

They hoisted the unconscious form up the ladder and forced it through the hole onto the deck. At my stern command they crawled forth into the sunlight. There they picked up Cochose and carried him aft.

I went to the main hatch, and had the cover slipped to one side, the armed sailors gathering close about the edge, as I peered down. It was a scene of pandemonium, revealed in the yellow flame of slush lanterns, a group of white faces showing clearly, as the prisoners below struggled forward, gesticulating and shouting. Ignoring their mad roaring, and the threat of leveled guns, I stared down at the infuriated faces, until the clamor ceased sufficiently to let my voice be heard.

"What are you men trying to do, frighten me? You might as well stop that. This opening is lined with guns, and if one of you fire a shot we'll pour lead into you. More than that; if you attempt to climb out there is a brass cannonade trained on the hatch. So listen! We are in control of the ship and mean to keep it. The old officers are either dead or prisoners. What we do with you will depend on your actions, but we're ready to kill if necessary. If you keep quiet down there, and obey orders, you'll be fed, and treated decently enough. Pass up your arms."

There was no movement, only a glare of hostile eyes, an indistinguishable growl of voices.

"Kneel down, lads and cover those fellows," I ordered sternly drawing my own pistol. "Now you below there, this is my last word. I'll count ten, and you'll either pass up those weapons or we'll pour our fire into you. Take aim, boys."

There was a moment of deathly silence, except for my counting. One man uttered a curse, and the jam of figures at the foot of the ladder endeavored to work back out of range, yet, before I had spoken the word eight, guns were held aloft, and poked up within reach, and at this sign of surrender even the most desperate lost heart and joined the more cowardly. It was a strange collection of weapons stacked on the deck—guns, cutlasses, knives and pistols of every description. Probably all had not been delivered, yet I felt no further fear of the few pieces remaining hidden.

"That's all, is it? Very well—now take care of this big nigger we're sending down; no, he is not dead, only stunned. Now stand aside while a few of your friends join you; they'll tell you what's up. Make room there."

We passed the fore-castle scum down one by one. Ignoring the indignant roar of voices which greeted my order, I watched the men shift the heavy hatch cover into place, and then permitted my eyes to survey the deck, as I hastily considered our next action.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Rich Rhine Country.

Strange to say, the fine grapes are grown on the eastern slopes of the Rhine and the choicest varieties, as Johannisburger and Steinberger, are produced higher up the river, south of the Rhine province. It is, nevertheless, the land of the vine, especially the Moselle valley. The substantial claim of the province is its mineral wealth.

Optimistic Thought.

He hath riches sufficient who hath enough to be charitable.

WORLD HAPPENINGS OF CURRENT WEEK

Brief Resume, Most Important Daily News Items.

COMPILED FOR YOU

Events of Noted People, Governments and Pacific Northwest, and Other Things Worth Knowing.

El Universal of Mexico City, a copy of which reached Laredo, Texas, Sunday, announces that Dr. Benito Sanchez of Mexico City has discovered a serum that cures typhus within 48 hours.

Senora Felipe Angeles, widow of the Mexican revolutionist recently executed by Carranza troops, died Sunday in New York, without having been informed of her husband's arrest and death.

The Mexican gunboat Guerrero has sailed from Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico, in search of pirates reported to be making their headquarters in certain islands in the Pacific ocean off the coast of Mexico.

Long overdue and believed lost by many mariners, the three-masted barkentine Thrasher, which left San Francisco October 26 for Seattle, was towed into that port Sunday by the tug Richard Holyoke.

Mr. and Mrs. Dominic Pusateri were shot and killed and their 12-year-old daughter, Angelina, was seriously wounded, near their home in Pueblo, Colo., Monday. Three other children escaped injury.

Forty persons, mostly women, were thrown into the icy waters of Puget sound at Manette, opposite Bremerton, at 8:40 Sunday night, and one woman and perhaps others drowned, when a landing float capsized.

George McDonald, 8 years old, was shot and seriously wounded Sunday at the McDonald home near Billings, Mont., when his little sister, aged 4, picked up a .32-caliber rifle and pointed it at him in play, pulling the trigger.

Eleven hundred American soldiers returned to America from Siberia Sunday aboard the transport Sheridan with a large canvas sign put up on the side of the ship reading "Bolshevists, beware! We are coming home to join the American Legion."

Cedric Scharff, Monument, Oregon, farmer, who shot and killed Martin Leslie while the lad with a companion was crossing the Scharff melon patch last summer, Saturday was sentenced to a term of seven years in the penitentiary. Scharff did not appeal the verdict.

Vice-President Marshall declared in an address at a dinner given in his honor Saturday night in New York, that his sympathies were with the miners who were "not adequately compensated." He asserted that he "would not go down in an Indiana coal mine for one day, even though he received a vice-president's salary for doing so."

William L. Collier, ex-president of the defunct National Bank & Trust company, which closed its doors in January, 1917, has been paroled from the Washington state penitentiary, where he was committed by Superior Judge Everett Smith for not less than five years nor more than 15 years on pleas of guilty to having embezzled more than \$63,000 of the bank's funds and to having made false entries in the institution's books to deceive deputy state bank examiners.

Ratification of the federal woman suffrage resolution was completed by the South Dakota legislature when the senate passed the measure early Friday. The lower house acted Wednesday. South Dakota is the 21st state to ratify the amendment.

Certain American concerns operating in Mexico ordered their border representatives Friday to prepare for getting their American employes out of the country. In some cases definite instructions were given for immediate withdrawal of American employes from Mexico.

Sale of the army transport McClellan to the French government for 2,025,000 francs was announced recently by the war department.

A seat on the New York Cotton Exchange was sold Friday for the record price of \$26,000. This is \$2250 above the best previous price.

Senator Newberry of Michigan has gone to Grand Rapids to enter a personal plea of "not guilty" to a federal indictment charging election frauds.

CARRANZA WITH REDS IN U.S.

Plot to Seize Border States Is Revealed By Senator Fall.

Washington, D. C.—Evidence that radicals in Mexico, with the knowledge and support of President Carranza, plotted to instigate a revolution in the United States and to seize the border states acquired by the American government in 1848 is contained in a memorandum presented to President Wilson by Senator Fall of New Mexico, chairman of the foreign relations sub-committee investigating the Mexican situation.

Plans for the proposed revolution were obtained by the sub-committee from the minutes of a meeting last October 15 in Mexico City of Lodge 23, an organization of extreme agitators and members of the I. W. W.

The Mexican president is linked most directly with the plot through correspondence in which he recommends three men for special consideration because of their connection with "the plan which they desire to put into practice in the state of Texas."

These men, the committee states, have been identified as active agents of Lodge 23.

The memorandum, which contains an abstract of the evidence collected by the committee, was delivered to the president by Senator Fall Friday night and made public Monday.

The notes of the October 15 meeting of the lodge declare "there appeared three delegates, two Americans and one Mexican, who had arrived from the United States and who claimed that 'the society' would be able at the beginning of next November (that is, November, 1919) to call a general strike of all miners and metal workers in the United States; that they have 3,000,000 adherents in that country; where they will be able to seize one western and two Atlantic ports; that a large number of American soldiers were preparing to take sides with them and that they proposed to establish a capital of a reformed government of the United States in the state of Colorado; that when such a revolution was successful, the Mexicans rendering their assistance, the border states which were acquired by the United States under the treaty of 1848 would be returned to Mexico."

The three men referred to are the same, the memorandum states, as those mentioned by Carranza in letters, of which the committee has obtained photographic copies. The first of these letters, dated June 4 and addressed to Manuel Aguirre Berlanga, Mexican minister of Gobernacion, says: "Senator Lino Cabbalo, bearer of this letter, is the person who, in company with two friends, will bring to you the manifestos and the plan which they desire to put into practice in the state of Texas."

"This plan being very favorable for Mexico, please aid them in every way and give the necessary instructions in the frontier states."

"I remain your affectionate friend, V. CARRANZA."

The second letter, dated August 19, and addressed to the same government official, follows:

"The present letter will be delivered to you by Mr. Juan N. Garcia and the two friends from Texas who accompany him, and in accordance with our conversation, please give them the guarantees they solicit as well as the pecuniary assistance they may desire."

"I remain your friend affectionately, V. CARRANZA."

"V. CARRANZA."

SIX I. W. W. PLEAD GUILTY, SENTENCED

Tillamook, Or.—Six I. W. W., on trial here for violation of the criminal syndicalism act, pleaded guilty Monday in Judge Bagley's court.

A. Lewis and J. A. Laclair each were sentenced to serve ten years in the penitentiary and each fined \$1000. The men were paroled upon payment of \$100 of the fines in each case.

Two others, Alex Simon and H. C. Holleraud, each got off on payment of \$100 fines.

John Lund was fined \$1000. He was paroled upon promise of payment of \$250 at the rate of \$25 a month, and agreeing not to leave the county until the money is paid.

H. P. Haddock was sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary and fined \$1000. He also was paroled, on payment of \$150.

Of the 20 I. W. W. rounded up in Tillamook three others still are to stand trial. They are Eugene Bandrez, Steven Rossehau and Gus Hersche.

Hundred See Two Drown.

Seattle, Wash.—Two unidentified men were drowned in Puget sound between Vashon and Blake islands Sunday when a canoe in which they were riding capsized. The accident happened in full view of passengers on the steamer Burton, which was maneuvering to reach the overturned canoe without running down the two men. Before assistance could reach them the victims released their hold and sank from sight.

NATION'S USE OF COAL IS CUT DOWN

Drastic Orders Issued by Federal Fuel Authorities.

EFFECTIVE AT ONCE

All Street Lighting Other Than That Necessary for Safety of Public Materially Curtailed.

Washington, D. C.—Viewing with alarm the steadily dwindling bituminous coal supply due to the miners' strike, Fuel Administrator Garfield, by an order Monday night, restored for the entire nation most of the drastic restrictions on lighting and heating which were in effect during the coal shortage of 1917-18.

The limitations which are applicable to consumers of bituminous coal and coke, were made effective with issuance of the order and are to be enforced by the railroad administration. Consumers of anthracite coal, gas and other fuels are not affected by the order.

All street lighting, other than that necessary for the safety of the public, must be curtailed, and stores, office buildings and industrial plants, with a few exceptions, are put on a reduced ration as to both lighting and heating.

Another of the restrictions provides that all manufacturing plants, except those engaged in the making of necessary products, shall reduce their operations not to exceed three days in any one week.

Electric railways are required under the fuel administrator's order to reduce schedules to minimum requirements and no heat shall be provided in electric cars during rush hours.

"No ornamental lights, 'white way' or other unnecessary street lights, outline lighting, electric signs or illuminated billboards, show window or show case lights, are to be operated. This does not affect street lighting necessary for the safety of the public."

"No cabaret, dancehall, poolhall or bowling alley shall be permitted to use light except between 7 P. M. and 11 P. M."

"Stores, including retail stores, but excepting stores selling food, and warehouses, must not use light (except safety lights) except for six hours per day. Manufacturing plants shall be allowed to use lights only during the time prescribed for the use of power."

"Drugstores and restaurants may remain open according to present schedules, but must reduce lighting one-half."

"Railroad stations, hotels, hospitals, telephone, telegraph and newspaper offices are not included insofar as necessary lighting is concerned."

"General and office lights must be cut off not later than 4 P. M. in office buildings, except necessary federal, state and municipal offices, and except where office operation of vital industries is involved."

"Dairies, refrigerator plants, bakeries, plants for the manufacture of necessary medicinal products, water works, sewerage plants, printing plants for the printing of newspapers only, battery charging outfits in connection with plants producing light or power for telephone, telegraph or public utility companies are exempted."

"Only enough heat may be used in offices, stores, warehouses and manufacturing plants to keep the average temperature at 68 degrees Fahrenheit, and then only during the hours for which light is permitted. During other hours enough heat is to be used to prevent freezing of water pipes or sprinkling systems."

"In manufacturing plants or plants coming under the power curtailment rules, heat (to 68 degrees Fahrenheit) will be allowed only during that time prescribed for use of power."

500 Murders Recalled.

Budapest.—In closing the evidence for the prosecution in the trial of communists charged with murder and pillage during the Bela Kun dictatorship, the attorney-general, Dr. Vary, summarized 500 murders committed by the "Lenine boys" of M. Czerny and Tibor Szamuely.

Eighteen of those charged with being leaders of the murder forces were in court. The remainder are still in sanctuary in Austria.

Sugar Supply Shipped.

New York.—Fifty million pounds of beet sugar is being shipped into territory east of Pittsburg and Buffalo and north of Virginia, it was announced here by the sugar equalization board. The steamship *Luca* arrived Monday with the first cargo of the new San Domingo sugar crop to reach this country.