

CHAPTER XII_Continued -17-

The captain studied the papers again.

"Pulled a boner bringing that fool Besser on board," he said softly. "What am I to do with him?"

"Sorry, but I had to bring him. couldn't let him go. He had been snooping about, and I didn't know how much he had picked up."

"Why didn't y u-" The captain's gentle voice trailed off suggestively. "Two reasons, and both d-d good

ones. We couldn't get rid of him in that cove. You ought to know that .-My God, I'll never forget poor Blakely, and how he kept coming in on every wave .- That cove, I tell you, is a trap. The tide gets nothing out, brings everything back .- Five times Blakely came in-the men cursing and praying -crossing themselves .- And at the last we had to keep him there in the shack till he rotted. I tell you, rotted. -Besides," he said, "that was my bargain with you. I told you in the Neginning that I stuck at murder, and I still do. D--d if I'll kill them unless I have to."

"A good preacher was lost in you, Ronnie," the captain said affectionately. "You've got a conscience-on a weak stomach-same thing .-- Why, what's one crook more or less in a world full of 'em?"

"Blakely was no more a crook than I am," Ronald muttered doggedly.

The captain laughed jovially. "Well, bless us, boy, what else are you?-Come, have more coffee .- You've got the blues." He touched the bell. The captain glanced at the list of names In his hand. "Bring Mr. Rivers," he

suld to the seaman who answered. "There's a reward of three thousand for him, but he had plenty on him, so I said five."

One of the men from the Little club came in, his hat in his hand. The two officers nodded to him curtly, without offering him a chair. He laid his papers before the captain.

"John D. Rivers. London. Pass ports, visas, birth certificate, everything O. K .- Ninety dollars, Mr. Rivers. I understand you are going home on this old freighter because of the economy .- Sorry we can give you no better accommodations," he said suavely, "but we do not cater to passengers, really .- Fare, ninety dollars."

The man Rivers without a word counted out five thousand from his wallet, and laid it on the table. Ingram handed him a receipt for the money. One after another the men from the Little club were ushered into the captain's room, their papers examined with great attentiveness, their money taken-usually fat rolls of bills for which a form receipt was given in exchange. When the last man had gone out the captain figured swiftly on the back of an envelope for a moment. Then, detaching a small amount from the heap in his open drawer, he counted out a portion of it, and put it in a section of the wall safe beside the desk. "One thousand eight dollars for the good ship Roger Williams," he said. "Twelve stalwart passengers at ninety Jollars a fiead." The rest of the money he tucked quickly into a steel box, and touching a secret spring in his table, fitted the box within it, closed it again. "And for the brains and blood behind the Roger Williams-a wee mite more," he said laughingly. They smoked for a moment in st lence. The captain poured out fresh "The papers were good," the coffee. captain said in a tone of satisfaction. "He's getting better and better .- We may need to keep a friendly oversight on him. He's getting almost too good. -Well, let's turn in. I'm tire4, You look like the face on the bar-room floor, Ronnie. Cheer up. Things are looking up to heaven. That takes care of everything, doesn't it ?"

appraising look he gave her, a look that swept her from leather boots to leather cap, and then he turned about in his chair and looked at Ronald Ingram.

His voice was a dangerous purr. "This, Mr. Ingram, is a flagrant infraction of rules, as you know very well. You have deliberately disobeyed the one order to which I have held every one around me in all of my varlous-sailings .- No women aboard is my rule-and no women aboard applies right now." There was a slight return to something of suavity beneath his anger as he turned to Gay.

"Madame, I am sorry. I can understand that a woman may have quite as good reasons as a man for wishing to sail without the fanfare of publicity. The ladies, madame, have my sympathy, but they do not sail on my ship." He bowed mockingly, the red lips curving into a derisive smile. "Sorry, very sorry, but law's law. The charm of your presence, the warmth of your beauty, the brightness of your eye, serve to strengthen me in my conviction that women play the devil on shipboard. Sorry. I have never had a woman aboard, and-" "But-I am aboard," said Gay

faintly. "You are, yes. Worse luck to all of us. But you won't be-very long. Where are your papers?"

"Sir," interrupted Ronald Ingram quickly, "I beg your pardon, butyou do not understand. Miss-the lady is-not a fugitive. She is my -my flancee .- We love each otherwe-we could not bear to be separated-"

The captain's dark eyes were still boring into Gay's face, and in that instant Ronald was able to flash her a warning signal with his eyes. Quickly she realized that he wished to help her, and the warm gratitude in the look she gave him might easily have been misconstrued by one who thought she loved him.

The captain's eyes had not wavered from her face. "How much do you know of our-business ventures?" he demanded curtly.

And then, in hope forgetting to seek advice in Ronald's pleading eyes, she blundered into her great error. Her desire was to intimidate the captain. show him her power, make him respect her for her knowledge, and she cried triumphantly:

"Everything! I know everything .-Smuggling Chinese, forged passports. -Yes, the murder of poor Blakelyhing! It was no less than murder that showed in the captain's black eyes then. His voice was a whisper, the whisper of a wild animal panting. "So! Everything." His eyes turned slowly upon Ronald Ingram. And Gay, following his glance, seeing his fury, seeing Ronald's consternation at her revelation, realized the gravity of

HALSEY ENTERPRISE, HALSEY, OREGON, MAY 31, 1928

why he had purchased the clubhouse, how Blakely's body came into the cove- I put everything together and it. was strange. So-I-just snooped." A quick flash of amusement lightened the black fury of the captain's

face. "Oh! You snooped!" "Yes, I-I loved him, and I had to find out from the plazza floor and crawled under and peeked through the ollcloth over the window and-I saw everything."

"And knowing - everything - still you took a chance and came along?"

"I could not bear to-to let him go away-into such danger-alone. Besides-it is all your fault," she said accusingly, but there was no very convincing quality in the accusation. "You are older than he, you are magnetic, powerful. You led him into it." The captain laughed softly at that, but frowned again in a moment.

"This is a devilish kettle of fish," he grumbled anxiously to Ronald. "Where are her papers?"

"She has no papers, sir. She only decided to come tonight." "How do you expect to get her

ashore-" "She won't go ashore, sir. She is an American citizen, so i.m I. She will stay on board when we are in foreign ports. And when we come back we can land her at the island .- I couldn't come away-without her."

The captain lighted a cigarette, and bit the end of it thoughtfully. His mildness of manner had returned. "I'm not blaming him, you under-

stand, Miss-Miss-"Gay is my name, Gay Delane."

"Gay. That's dce. Like that. Call you Gay then, right off, since you'll sort of be my mate-in-law as you might say .- You'll have to keep in your cabin, out of sight of the men .-



thing They Know"

You understand how men are, miss, when they're at sea, no women, you know-goes to their heads-nice chaps, our men, fine chaps-but the thought of a moman goes right to their heads."

"I-1 wouldn't cause trouble for anything," Gay said quickly, and hope sprang into her heart again. "I am

Ronald answered with a straight deflant stare. He stepped quickly to the door and opened it, then, after a moment's pause while he waited for a seaman to pass' through the corridor, he took Gay's hand.

The captain, milling, gave her a friendly touch on the shoulder. "Don't be frightened, little girl," he said. "I'm going to take care of you. I am the captain here. Don't be frightened.'

"Th-thanks," stammered Gay weakly, and then, hurrieo by Ronald who held her hand, the ran, a boyish slim figure beside him, down the corridor to the farther cabin, and the door closed behind them.

Safe in their retreat, Gay faced Ronald Ingram defiantly, chin sturdily upturned, hands in pockets, eyes stubborn. She was not afraid of Ronald Ipgram.

"What-what in the-the name ofheaven and earth-" he began wildly, "what in the name-of heaven-"

"You said that once," she interrupted coldly. "Don't be silly," And then she wilted suddenly. "D-don't scold me. I-I-feel just-terrible. I -1 know I'm going to cry." Then, remembering Rand, she stiffened, faced him furiously again, drove the quiver from her lips. "Where is he," she cried, "where is Randolph Wallace? What have you done with him?"

"Oh!" Ronald Ingram looked white and sick all at once. "Oh, the Cavalier !- So that's it. I might have known. Fool that I was, for a moment I believed it-1 thought-1 belleved you really did come-because you loved me-" His voice broke, and his eyes were smartingly bright.

But Gay was heartless. She caught his arm, held it in wrenching, strong young fingers. "You tell me," she commanded. "If you have hurt-one hair of his head-"

"I haven't seen him, Gay. I don't know anything about him. What has he to do with-us?"

Gay wilted again, broke into soft painful sobs. "Rand, Rand," she whispered through tears.

"Don't cry. Don't. He-he's all right. D-n him. I don't know where he is, but he's all right. Nothing ever -only us poor-devils-who-get-Don't cry, Gay." He put his arm about her tenderly, but Gay wept passionately and would not be comforted.

"What the dickens did you tell him all that for?" he broke in at last impatiently. "Nice mess you've got yourself into. Why didn't you keep your mouth shut, as I gave you a sign? Why do women always have to blab everything they know?. You put yourself in his power by your own words. If he thought you were innocent, knew nothing, he would send you ashore. But now, knowing you have his life in your hands, you are his slave for life. You'll never get out of his sight as long as you live. He wouldn't dare let you go."

"I was afraid of it." she said faintly. "I knew I had made a mistake when I saw his eyes. I was very foolish. I was never-very wise," she admitted pathetically.

"No. But you are-very sweet," he said sadly. "Help me, Ronald. Won't you help

me? You said you-liked me. I only came because I thought-" "You thought that chap-the Cava-

"I thought you would kill him, so I ame-"

COULD NOT GET "To intercede for him-to

"Old-Fashioned" Winter Classed as Illusion

Records kept by the United States weather bureau indicate that there has been no appreciable permanent change in the weather of the northern hemisphere during the last fifty or sixty years. Weather records show that the winters are as cold on the average as they were half a century ago. The "old-fashloned" severe winter that elderly people are fond of telling about is a psychological illusion. Winters seemed colder to the ploneers because they were not as well protected as people are now. The advance of civilization has relieved the inhabitants of this country from many of the hardships formerly suffered because of cold weather. Also, the difference between the child and adult mind has undoubtedly contributed considerably to the illusion. Things seen through the eyes of childhood are likely to have a distorted appearance. It is human nature for peo ple in their reminiscences to exaggerate past events, especially the hardships of early life.

Water for Your Birds

Fresh water is a necessity for your bird, says Nature Magazine. Water for bathing should be made available daily during the warm months and twice a week during the winter. If the bird refuses to bathe do not force it. Always keep a supply of good gravel or grit in the cage to serve in place of teeth.

No Wonder

"My husband was furious yesterday. He came across one of my love letters unopened !"

"But if it were unopened what could he be angry about?" "It was one that he had sent to

me!"-Stockholm Kasper.

Meaning of "Greyhound"

The "grey" in greyhound is not meant to represent the color of the animal. "Grey" is a Scandinavian word for hound, this particular species of animal from that country having the name. So that when we use the word "greyhound" we are really saying "hound-hound."

Saving Machines

"Ah left mah last place," said Rastus in reply to his prospective employer's question, "'cause of the laborsavin' contraptions."

"But why did you do that?" "'Cause they saved up all the la-bor fo' mahself."

Dogs

"You are fond of dogs?" "I am." "Why?"

"Because they are dumb animals who, after receiving favors, never talk about you."

Had Nothing to Say

"Don't you deny your wife any-thing?" "How can I when she won't let me?"

Enough people can be offended by bad taste in advertising to lose se money.





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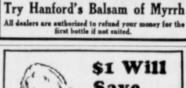


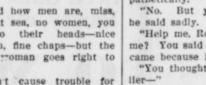
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One instant they both paused, on the edges of their chairs, for a final pull at their clgarettes. And in that moment Gay wriggled out from beneath the bunk silently and took one firm but fearful step toward them. "It-doesn't take care of-me," she

stammered weakly.

CHAPTER XIII

"Gay Delane!" The exclamation was Ronald Ingram's.

Even in that terrible moment Gay was quick to observe the sinister change that came over the captain's face. His air from one of rich well being became portentous and greatly The soft brown eyes receded in still to themselves, became fathomlessly deep and dangerous. His lips showed a straight red line between the black

her mistake. "Oh. no," she gasped. "Oh, no." The captain's eyes traveled slowly that deadly trail from Ronald's eyes to hers again.

"Yes?" he purred. Gay pulled herself together. "He

did not tell me," she disclaimed guickly. "He told me you were just independent shippers, running a tramp steamer wherever you could get a cargo."

"Who told you-everything-then? Not-Moy Sen?"

"Certainly not." But she gained confidence, strengthened by the firm timbre of her own voice. "But it was Moy Sen who first aroused my suspicions. I live in the cottage next to the clubhouse. Moy Sen watched me -and I caught him. That was curlous .- And then I put things together.

Why Ronald went away so suddenly,

That most children are punished not |

parent is angry or has had his ego wounded is revealed by Winthrop D. Lane, writing in the Delineator Magazine.

"Parents have certain pictures of themselves," points out Mr. Lane, "certain conceptions of themselves, and they do not like to have these disturbed. Even a child, if he steps on an adult's ego, is likely to regret it. And then we have to admit that children are nulsances. Love them as we may, cherish them as tenderly as we wish, they annoy us tremendously. They make us climb the stairs at night to give them drinks; they disobey us; they endanger our property by striking matches. They break things -they lose things. They plle all the chairs in one corner of the room and call it a steamboat. They trail mud through the house; they leave marks on the walls. They break out, in new of his mustacle and beard. One quick a misconduct every day. We cannot | ner's Maga ine.

sorry I came. I see now how foolish it was. But things just-went to my head, too, I suspect .- Perhaps you'd be er just put me off and send me ashore in a small boat."

"I'd like to," the captain said pleas antly, and a smile snowed in the dark mild eyes, "I'd like to first rate. But it's too late now. No, you'll have to stick it out with the Roger Williams this trip. Keep her in your cabin. Ronald, until- You'll have to be married! That's the dope. The men don't have much regard for women. but they show : ome respect to a wife.' Gay flashed a frightened, appealing look at Ronald. Married!

"The captain marry us," he stammered. "At sea. Captain's privilege. Yes, that would be-best." But he did not meet her eyes.

"Yes. And me ntime, keep her in your cabin, and out of sight." The captain's eyes wandered to Gay again. warmly appraising, slowly approving, "Maybe she'd better stay here. My cabin is safe enough, for woman, child or beast. I'll keep her for you." "No. She'll be all right in my

cabin .- She-she is very nervous; I-I must console her." "I could console her," said the cap

tain, smiling broadly.

Punishment Not Given for the Child's Good

cope with all the varieties of their to make them better but because the mischief.

"And so we punish them. We punish them because they make us angry, interfere with our plans and cause us worry. No parent likes to have his day knocked into a cocked hat."

Peculiar Roman Sauce

The use by the Romans of the sauce which they called "garum" and which consisted of the thoroughly rotted entrails of the tunny fish, must mean that despite the fact that the Roman laws forbade selling in the market any fish that bad ceased to glisten, and for that reason forbade the wetting of fish after it left the water, much un clean fish was eaten and needed therefore to be flavored with a sauce made of decayed fish.

Garum cost in the days of the Roman empire about what a good bottle of brandy costs in France today .- Scrib bim?"

"Alas, no, I had no hope. I thought you would let us die together." "I will help you, Gay. It is putting

my nose behind the bars to run the risk, but I will do what I can. We must think, we must plan it out. You must pretend to be in love with mekeep away from the captain-fear him more than the men. Gay, I am afraid he will insist that you marry me. I almost hope he will." "Oh, no; oh, no."

"You could easily have it annulled. Gay, don't be foolish-marriage would protect you-until you reach home. I would not-bother you. Gay, watch the captain. Do not think he would stick at murder? Don't you know that when a man is facing exposure, capture, death, he is mad-quite mad? Well, you mean those things to the captain, Gay, exposure, capture, death, He will keep you in his web like a spider. Remember Blakely-' "Blakely," she said sadly. "Poor

Blakely !' "You stand where Blakely stood. Watch the captain, and do not cross him, or you'll lie where Blakely lies. Blakely got in a mess-with a woman. too-no wonder Garman rules the women out; we've lost three good men because of them. Well, Blakely tried to swing Garman in to clear bimself. You saw the end of Blakely. I tell you, Gay, watch the captain, and do

not cross him " "But, Ronald, I can't marry yeu. 1 -1 love- I can't marry you.

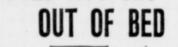
"Sh !" He signaled her into silence. his manner changed. "I know, dearest," he said clearly, "but don't cry. Don't be afraid of him. We were very wrong to do this, and put him in such a position, but he has promised to take care of you and he will keep his promise."

He indicated for her to take her cue.

"I-1 am afraid, Ronald," she said faintly at first, but gaining courage as she spoke. "I-1 wish I could go nome. Oh, why did you let me come! Why didn't you warn me? He bates me, I know. He looked very flercely at me. He is handsome, is he not? But I know he hates me."

A brisk tap at the door, and th opened. The captain entered, and one of the bravest of men, not without his smirk of satisfaction. His eres upon Gay were amorous.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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