



BY
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SMITH

STORY FROM THE START

Returning to America, during the War of 1812, after a successful voyage, Capt. Lion Fellowes, merchant ship Sachem is sunk off Portland by a British frigate. His crew surrenders, but Fellowes escapes, and is saved by an English-speaking girl who conceals her identity. He learns from her, however, that she is about to set out for Lisbon.

CHAPTER II

A Licensed Trader

The diligence from Beja deposited Fellowes at the ferry-landing opposite Lisbon. The river was crowded with shipping, and his heart leaped in his throat at sight of the legend, "True Bounty, New York," printed across the broad stern of a ship. His mind harked overseas, to the sprawling town on the tip of Manhattan Island, a little, red-brick town, bordered in tulip trees and chestnuts, that he'd left a year and a half ago, and to the sleepy village he called home, huddled between the pine forests of Long Island and the Great South Bay. He wondered how an American ship, flying American colors—the Stars and Stripes flaunted proudly from the mainmast—could be in the distance of the White Ensign displayed by the King's ships—could be here in the Tagus. How had she gotten in? And more important, how would she get out? A small boat lay alongside her, and as he watched, a lank stoop-shouldered man descended into it. Saul Chater! No wonder he'd been thinking of Babylon. And Chater's presence meant the True Bounty was an English ship. Ben Inglepin, of course. Ben had married a Portuguese, and very naturally, specialized in the Peninsula trade. In that, as in everything else, differing from Joshua.

Fellowes chuckled as he remembered the whimsical feud between the brothers. They had been enemies from the day the firm of Inglepin Brothers was dissolved in '93, after Joshua had declared General Washington was plotting to return the country to the British Crown. Joshua believed in Jefferson; Ben cursed him for a demagogue. Joshua considered Washington had been "that libertine, Hamilton's puppet"; Ben all but said his prayers to the General's memory.

The ferry bumped into the quay, and noticing Chater's boat heading for the same landing-steps, Fellowes decided to wait, and speak to the True Bounty's master. Chater was the last American he would have chosen to meet in a foreign land, but the fellow was an American, and what was more, came from Babylon. Fellowes recalled the day the New Englander had appeared in the village, buyer of the farmlands across Sampawam's creek from the Manor. Fellowes' father, whose ancestors had held the Manor since the conquest from the Dutch, insisted the village must give Chater fair treatment.

Fellowes knew his father had come to defeat the man, but he, himself, had seen little of Chater. For he had taken to the sea in the hope of replenishing the family fortunes, undetermined by years of ill-paid diplomatic service, and particularly since his father's death, was seldom at home. Now, he reflected there'd be nothing to lure him from Babylon, unless he could obtain a privateer. All his spare funds had gone in the wreck. He banished such thoughts, however, as Chater shuffled up the landing-steps. It would never do to let the New Englander suspect the extent of his misfortunes. So, proffering his hand, he mustered a cheery smile.

"How are you, Captain Chater?" "Well, well, now," Chater winced nasally. "If I ain't Lion Fellowes! Last I heard, ye'd sailed for Canton."

"I was wrecked a couple of weeks ago," Fellowes explained. "Driven ashore by a British frigate south in Algarve."

"That was pesky luck. Ye got to be careful in wartime. Cap'n Fellowes."

"I can call this careful?" Fellowes waved toward the British armada that surrounded the True Bounty. Chater chuckled derisively.

"Ye see, I sail on license. I got me a dockment, all stowed and sealed, with Admiral Warren's name on it, license the True Bounty for a voyage to Portugal."

"You mean the British Admiral Warren? Who commands at that?" "That's him."

"But—but—you're trading with the enemy!" "Oh, no, we ain't," Chater denied, chuckling again. "Portugal's a neutral. And there's a better market for flour and naval stores right here in Lisbon than anywhere else these days."

"Flour for Wellington's army and naval stores for the British fleet? Fellowes commented grimly.

Chater's outcries features took on a sallow tinge.

"What's that to me?" he whined. "Or a sight more folks to home? This damned war's ruinin' trade and taint so popular as the Democrats could wish for."

"There are worse fates than loss of trade to befall a nation," Fellowes returned. "I owe the British for the

destruction of my ship, and I can't forget I'm at war with them."

"A bit of a fine war!" mocked Chater. "What can we do ag'n a hundred and twenty sail of the line?" "We can fight. We did in '76. When I got home—"

"Calc'latin' on a passage for Noo Yawk?" Chater interrupted with interest. "I'm lookin' for a mate—jest lost mine with the river-bus. And my second's too young to take his place. Got some of the owner's family aft. Make it wuth yer while, Cap'n Fellowes."

"Thank you, but I'd prefer not," Fellowes declined. "Can you tell me where the American consul has his office?"

"A sight of good he'll do ye," jeered Chater. "Hornswoggle me, if I can see how ye reason things out. If any feller oughter be Federalist, ye'd oughter be. Wasn't ye born in London? Didn't yer pa send ye to school in England?"

"That why I'm a Democrat, and a believer in American trade rights," Fellowes replied good naturedly. "It wasn't my fault my father happened to be consul in London, or that I was at Eton."

"Well, now, I'd say ye ain't made the most of it," gloomed Chater. "But I ain't got time to stand gormin' here, with a new mate to find, and sailin' tomorrow."

More discouraged than he liked to admit, Fellowes watched the drab figure of the True Bounty's master

slouch away through the gaudy throng of mariners on the quay.

Dispiritedly, without any conscious purpose, he suffered himself to drift in the tide of humanity that swirled along the quays, and presently emerged in Black Horse square, center of state and military activities. Over one of the palaces waved the Cross of St. George. A loquacious sergeant informed him Lord Wellington was down from the front in Spain and for want of something else to do Fellowes loitered, curious to see the Englishman who had bested Napoleon's bravest marshals.

A knot of officers emerged from the doorway, a flutter of feminine garments in their midst. Fellowes stood paralyzed with astonishment as he recognized a hulking black specter of a woman. The duenna! And behind two glittering aides, leaning on the arm of a lean-backed officer in an dress uniform, his rescuer, herself. She looked lovelier than ever, her oval face framed in the folds of the mantilla, her eyes upcast gravely to

meet the gaze of her escort. No ordinary lack of the Staff, this man's voice, curt as a drillmaster's, carrying to where Fellowes stood.

"—get your people lined up, ma'am, he was saying. Ministers are cordial, but they'll require a definite petition, d'ye see? No sense in this American war. We've got troubles enough without it. Sure there's nothing else we can do for you?"

"Oh, yes, my lord. 'Tis for us to do, now, though I fear 'twill take a year, at the least."

"Can't be helped," he returned brusquely. "Worth waiting for, if you pull it off. He saluted mechanically. "Servant, ma'am. Remember me to your father."

In the crowd Fellowes lost sight of the two women, and several minutes passed before he could elude the sentries and pursue them. He had forgotten his immediate troubles. His one concern was to speak to the

terrible girl.

Despite his efforts, he failed to overtake his quarry until they were entering Lahmeyer's hotel, in the Largo da Sao Paulo.

"Ma'am! Oh, ma'am," he panted desperately. "May I speak with you?"

And he flushed at the inanity of his address, conscious of the travel stains acquired in the long journey by diligence, and the abominable fit of the clothes he had bought in Beja to replace the shrunken garments in which he had been washed ashore.

The girl in the golden-yellow cloak stared at him blankly, then, as his identity dawned upon her, a slow smile spread across the smooth oval of her features.

"The our American sailor! But, sir, you have no right to be here. I bade Padre Antonio keep you all of a week."

"I left against his urgency," Fellowes answered, the friendly reproof putting him at his ease. "But there was no need for me to linger—my carcass is a tough one."

"That we may allow, sir. Yet still you were rash to come to Lisbon. If the British Secret Service List to arrest you, there are the press-gangs. We must take thought to this. Hei brow puckerd. 'If you'd tell me who you are—'"

A familiar nasal voice interrupted her.

"Well, well, now! I didn't figger on ye fixin' to git me a new mate Miss Cara. But taint no use—least ways he turned me down."

Fellowes eyed Chater with a distaste as pronounced as his bewilderment at the discovery of a connection between his rescuer and the master of the True Bounty, but the girl cried eagerly:

"Do you know this gentleman, Captain Chater?"

"Calc'late I do," drawled Chater. "Make ye acquainted with Cap'n Lion Fellowes. Neighbor of mine home to Babylon."

"How fortunate," she exclaimed. "This is the first time I've seen Captain Chater since we came north, so he hasn't heard of our meeting at Perenna, Captain Fellowes. And I didn't know, then, that Mr. Penner, his mate, had died. But if I had—"

she hesitated—"I couldn't offer a strange American passage in the True Bounty."

"What have you to do with the True Bounty?" asked Fellowes. "I thought you English."

She laughed.

"I'm Cara Inglepin. You must know my father, if you are from New York, but I have been little in America—especially since my mother died for my grandfather, the old Marques was failing, and he would have me by him, wherever he went. And now that he is dead—"

her voice sobered. "—there are reasons I must fly home as fast as I may."

"Do you sail on the True Bounty?" "By tomorrow's tide, nor may we wait. So if you'd pocket your pride and step down a rank for the voyage, I would serve me beyond measure."

The frankness of her appeal flattered him, but he looked uncomfortably at Chater, who snickered:

"Hei! Hei! He doesn't hold with sailin' on license, Miss Cara. A real democrat, and him brought up in England!"

"Surtissima!" Miss Inglepin bit her lip. "I might have remembered you preferred shipwreck to visiting to an English frigate. But this is foolishness, sir. You are not like to reach home, save it be in a licensed ship. No privateer or letter of marque will touch at a Portuguese port."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

But I Ain't Got Time to Stand Gormin' Here, With a New Mate to Find, and Sailin' Tomorrow."

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The Kitchen Cabinet

(By 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

Not what we have, but what we use,
Not what we see, but what we choose—
These are the things that mar or bless
The sum of human happiness.

Not as we take, but as we give,
Not as we pray, but as we live—
These are the things that make for peace
Both now and after time shall cease.

THIS AND THAT

In the South guava jelly is much used as a garnish for various dishes, as a breakfast jelly and for many dainty dishes.

The crab apple jelly made from the fall crab apples is just as delightful and to many a more agreeable flavor than the guava. Serve it as the southern people do, and enjoy the same dishes.

One in particular is cheese (the cream or cottage) formed into a ball and served on a crisp lettuce leaf with a spoonful of jelly as a garnish. This makes a dainty salad and one quickly prepared.

Balls of cottage cheese, pressed in at the top to form a cavity and filled with the crab apple jelly is a nice finish for dinner with a cracker and demitasse of coffee.

Few of our housewives appreciate the food value of dates. Stuffed with nuts or cream cheese they serve as a delicious dessert and one that will not strain the family purse or the energy of the cook. Sometime when pressed for ideas try this: Slice stoned dates into small glass serving dishes, sprinkle with a few pecans and top with lightly flavored whipped cream. The dates are sweet enough to not need sugar.

When serving tea for the afternoon bridge club make very small baking powder biscuits, not more than an inch across. Split while hot, spread with butter and fresh raspberry jam or any other well-liked jam. These are so good with tea—but make plenty.

Melville Cookies.—Cream one cupful of butter, add one and one-half cupfuls of sugar gradually and three eggs well beaten. Dissolve one-fourth teaspoonful of soda in a tablespoonful of hot water and add to the mixture. Sift three and one-half cupfuls of flour with four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three-fourths teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of cinnamon. To part of the flour add three-fourths of a cupful of raisins and the grated rind of an orange. Add the orange juice and one cupful of nuts to the mixture, then mix all together. Drop by spoonfuls on baking sheets and bake in 7 hot oven.

Coffee Recipes.

As coffee is such a universally liked drink, the flavor, too, is enjoyed in other combinations.

Coffee Custard.—Scald two cupfuls of milk with two tablespoonfuls of ground coffee, and strain. Beat four eggs lightly and add one-fourth cupful of sugar, one-eighth teaspoonful of salt, and the milk. Strain into cups set in hot water and bake until firm.

Coffee Tapioca.—Soak two tablespoonfuls of pearl tapioca overnight in water to cover. Drain off the water and add three cupfuls of strong coffee infusion. Add one-half cupful of sugar, a pinch of salt and bake or cook in a double boiler until clear. Serve with sugar and cream.

Coffee Cream.—Soften one tablespoonful of gelatin in two tablespoonfuls of cold water and add one-third cupful of boiling water. Add one-quarter cupful of sugar and one cupful of strong coffee infusion. Fill eight individual molds half-full of this jelly. Meanwhile soften two teaspoonfuls of gelatin in a tablespoonful of cold water. Beat one egg slightly, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one-quarter cupful of coffee infusion. Cook over hot water until thickened, then add the gelatin and stir until well dissolved. When thickened fold in two-thirds of a cupful of whipped cream which has been flavored with a few drops of vanilla. Fill the molds with this mixture. Set on ice to chill. Unmold to serve.

Malted Coffee.—Take two cupfuls of strong coffee infusion, six tablespoonfuls of malted milk, one and one-half cupfuls of milk, one-half cupful of cream. Add the coffee to the malted milk, stirring until well blended, or beat with an egg beater. Add a pinch of salt and sugar, if needed. Chill, add milk and cream and serve with ice as a cold drink, or heated, for a hot stimulating drink.

Coffee Syrup.—Make two cupfuls of extra strong coffee, add after straining, three and one-half pounds of sugar, boil three minutes, then bottle. Seal and keep in a cool place. This syrup may be used in various ways.

Coffee Egg Nog.—Take three tablespoonfuls of the coffee syrup, three-fourths cupful of rich milk, one egg yolk and white, beaten separately. Vanilla, if wished. Add coffee syrup to milk, then beaten egg yolk, a pinch of salt, fold in the stiffly-beaten white, chill and serve.

Wine Drunk by Romans

The drink of the ancient Romans was wine, which varied in strength from pure grape juice to a beverage containing alcohol.

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Signs That Intrigued

The hotels or inns of ancient days supplemented the oral presentations of "milk host" with signs that made it clear why the place was known as the Inn of the Four Sisters, or the Inn of the Elephant, or what you please. When you saw painted on the wall of a wine shop at Ostia, a beautiful two-handled cup, and read below it "Bibe quod stiles" ("Drink, because you may be thirsty") one's dust-clogged throat would want to sample whatever wine the keeper of the Ostia might have.

OLD DOCTOR'S IDEA IS BIG HELP TO ELDERLY PEOPLE



In 1885, Dr. Caldwell made a discovery for which elderly people the world over praise him today!

Years of practice convinced him that many people were endangering their health by a careless choice of laxatives. So he began a search for a harmless prescription which would be thoroughly effective, yet would neither gripe nor form any habit. At last he found it.

Over and over he wrote it, when he found people bilious, headachy, out of sorts, weak or feverish; with coated tongue, bad breath, no appetite or energy. It relieved the most obstinate cases, and yet was gentle with women, children and elderly people.

Today, this same famous, effective prescription, known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is the world's most popular laxative. It may be obtained from any drugstore.

Wishing to Be Unselfish

One of the faculty members of Indiana university entertained relatives recently with a chicken dinner. Mrs. Blank explained to her children that they must let their cousin have the liver that day and not be selfish. Returning to the kitchen after a brief absence, she met her five-year-old daughter coming out of the kitchen. Later she missed the liver and asking the child about it received the astonishing reply:

"Yes, mother, I ate it so I wouldn't be selfish."—Indianapolis News.

Proof of the Pudding

Bride—My, there are a lot of mistakes in the cook book.

Husband—Yes, I've tasted them.—Ulk, Berlin.

Traffic cop gets summons

Even he can't get away with it



Nature's law O. K.

"DON'T try to put anything over on Nature," is the way a cop would express it. "Sooner or later he'll get you. Give you a ticket and lay you up in a place where you'd rather not be. Even cops can't get away with it. Like everyone else, if they don't pay attention to the warnings they get a summons that lands them in the doctor's office."

"What the doctor advises is Nujol. Says Nujol will regulate you just like you regulate traffic. Keep things from getting in a jam. And the doctor is right. Just ask the healthiest men on the force. If they need Nujol—with all the exercise they get—what about the fellows that roll by in their cars?"

"Just take a tip from me. You may have the best intentions in the world. But everybody gets tied up at times. Nature can't always take care of things without help."

"Our Medical Chief tells me that Nujol isn't a medicine. It contains absolutely nothing in the way of medicine or drugs. It's simply a pure natural substance (perfected by the Nujol Laboratories, 2 Park Avenue, New York), that keeps things func-

tioning at all times as Nature intends them to. Normally. Regularly. It not only keeps an excess of body poisons from forming (we all have them), but aids in their removal."

Start Nujol today. It won't cost you much—not more than the price of some smokes. Worth a try, isn't it?

You'll find Nujol at all drugstores. Sold only in sealed packages. Get some on your way home today.

Forest Preservation

Some of the national forest districts have already set aside certain "wilderness" areas, to be maintained free from occupancy or industrial development. The preservation of research and primitive areas is now a part of the forest service program on a national basis.

Taps

"Ever since 1918 I've been trying to collect some back pay from the government," complains a San Diego man, "but it seems I'm just another unknown soldier."—Exchange.

Real Point

Fault finding is easy, anyone can do it. To show how a thing could be better done—aye, that is the rub.

Read what

Will Rogers writes about LEVI STRAUSS OVERALLS

A New FREE If They Rip

Ask your dealer for LEVI'S

Reliable Merchandise since 1853

Smart Youngsters

One proof that the new generation is smarter is the fact that children know how to handle their parents without a hook on the subject.—Cap-per's Weekly.

Accidentally an Arkansas lady cured fits in a valuable dog with Russ Ball Blue. Many others now use it. Newer falls, she says.—Adv.

Wait'll She Returns

"Your wife's a blonde, isn't she?" "I'm not sure. She's down at the beauty parlor now."—Pete Mele, Paris.

View of a Boss

There are two kinds of men; the kind you can teach and the kind you have to break.—American Magazine.

Bad Year for City Slickers, Says Rogers

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—Say, our champion New York university team looked like Mas-

of War till that bunch of Oregon apple knockers got a hold of 'em this afternoon. It was no place for a raccoon coat athlete, up against an old bunch of wheat shockers whose college emblem is a pair of

These old salmon giggers from the mouth of the Columbia had the city slickers strewn from goal to goal.

With Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Columbia and Al Smith gets down all in succession, it just looks like it's the old country boy's year.

Yours, WILL ROGERS.



Lydia E. Pinkham and Her Great Grandchildren

IF Lydia E. Pinkham were alive today she would be 109 years old. Her descendants continue to manufacture her famous Vegetable Compound and the integrity of four generations is behind the product. By accurate record, this medicine benefits 98 out of every 100 women who report after taking it. You can be almost certain that it will help you too.

10,000 Bottles Sold Every Day

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., Lynn, Mass., U. S. A.