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HATE

By ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

WNU Service

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STORY FROM THE START

Capt. Lion Fellowes American merchant ship is sunk by a British frigate off Portugal in the War of 1812. The crew surrenders, but Fellowes reaches shore exhausted. His life is saved by an English-speaking girl, who conceals her identity. She is about to set out for Lisbon. Fellowes goes to Lisbon where he meets an acquaintance, Capt. Chater of the American ship True Bounty, who offers him a berth as a mate, but knowing Chater is disloyal in trading with the enemy, he refuses. He meets the girl who saved his life, Cara Inglepin, daughter of the owner of True Bounty. She is bound for home and induces Fellowes to sail as mate. He is in love with Cara. The vessel is stopped by the British frigate, Badger, Captain Collishawe. Despite his claims to American citizenship, Fellowes is taken aboard the Badger a "pressed" man. Maddened at what he believes is Cara's and Chater's treachery he strikes Collishawe, who orders him a hundred lashes with the "cat." Fellowes' hatred of the three becomes an obsession. Off New York Fellowes escapes from the Badger. He scents a plot in a meeting to be held at Chater's home and gathers a company of militia to circumvent the plotters. In a fight between the militia and British sailors Collishawe escapes.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

—11—

No one was visible about the house and outbuildings, but a trickle of smoke capped the chimney, and from the barns in the rear came the lowing of cattle, and a great clucking and quacking. Fellowes threw wide the front door, and motioned Cuffee to pass in first. On their right hand, a door stood ajar, and through the crack filtered a shaft of light and an indefinable suggestion of human presence. Fellowes kicked open this door with his bare foot, and again gave precedence to Cuffee.

There was a flutter of movement in the room. "God save us!" exclaimed a man. "Oh, who is he?" cried Cara Inglepin's voice. An asthmatic torrent of Portuguese: "Sanctissima mae todos os Santos!" And Chater's nasal drawl: "You daon't need to drip all the blood onto the carpet, nigger."

Fellowes entered after Cuffee, with Tom trampling his heels. He saw Cara Inglepin first, very white-faced and thinner than he remembered her on the True Bounty, in a green frock that accentuated the dusky glory of her hair; and resolutely, tenaciously he curbed the thrill her beauty inspired. He hated this woman, he reminded himself. What right had she to rouse in him desire or satisfaction?

She sat on a sofa by the fireplace with a man he recognized as her father. Benjamin Inglepin was a stout, ruddy gentleman. He was dressed, as became a prominent Federalist, in the fashion of the elder century, black satin breeches and dresscoat, Mechlin stock and jabot, white silk stockings and varnished pumps with silver buckles. The faces of father and daughter revealed a mingling of fright and compassion. Chater leaned against the mantelshelf, chewing a cigarro, his wily visage doing its best to mirror indifference. The duenna crouched in a corner, her broad face woebegone, her fingers plucking at a rosary.

Fellowes bowed ironically toward the sofa.

"I am loath to incommode you," he said, "but we require a temporary resting place for the body of an American soldier."

Cara Inglepin was on her feet in a second; her father rose more slowly.

"You?" she cried, her face a study in emotions. "How come you here? He said you were on the Badger!" She clutched Ben Inglepin's arm. "Father, 'tis Lion—Lion Fellowes! James must have fetched him ashore after all."

Inglepin was nonplused, and made no attempt to hide it. Chater's jaw dropped, and he went as tallowy as the duenna, who wheezed a reiterated: "Sanctissima!"

"No, I assure you Captain Collishawe had nothing to do with my being here," Fellowes denied.

"But he promised me you should be set ashore in the next cartel."

Fellowes laughed, and she shrank from that laugh as from a blow.

"You don't believe me!"

"I fear I do not, ma'am."

"Oh, you must!" There was a frantic note in her voice. "I have suffered more than you can know. But 'twas a mistake! James—Captain Collishawe—he had seen you in New York. He knew officers who had been at Eton with you. He was persuaded you were truly a British subject. And he misunderstood something Captain Chater said."

"I'll swear he did," Fellowes assented mockingly. "How of that, Chater? What was your—error?"

"Why, ye heard what I said to him on deck," responded the True Bounty's master.

"Ah, but below decks?"

"Well, naow—Tarnation, Fellowes, he asked me was it true ye was born in London, and all that. And I said twas. And afore I could say more he cut me off."

"A fair story," Fellowes applauded. "And where were you, ma'am?"

She regarded him gravely.

"My duenna was quite ill of the sea sickness, and called me from the cabin."

Fellowes remembered the duenna's face at the cabin port as he left the True Bounty, and his impression of her ejaculation in English. He wheeled upon the stolid creature.

"Is it true?" he snapped.

She eyed him with imponderable calm, gabbling a phrase in Portuguese.

"She has no English," said Miss Inglepin. "You must know that."

"I am not so sure," returned Fellowes. "There is a deal of—misinformation abroad in this room."

Ben Inglepin seemed to think the time had come to assert himself.

"You are entitled to a sense of injustice, Captain Fellowes," he said courteously; "and I hold myself to blame that you should have been pressed from my ship. But indeed, sir, you'll not find us backward in making amends, and I assure you the whole sorry affair was founded upon misunderstanding." Captain Collishawe confessed himself in the wrong tonight in this very room."

Fellowes stared at him with a contempt that set atwitching the wattles under the merchant's chin.

"Frankly, sir, I do not believe you."

"Tush, Captain Fellowes, as one gentleman to another—"

"What has gentility to do with it, sir? I am an American—who has been wronged. And I have yet to ask you to explain Captain Collishawe's presence here. This poor old man—" he nodded to Cuffee's burden—"gave his life to thwart the treason you plotted."

Inglepin changed color.

"Treason! 'Tis a strong word."

Chater exclaimed angrily:

"No man can't say that 'baout me! I'm as good as ye by any day, Fellowes."

"Doubtless you'll have no difficulty in so convincing the Federal authorities," Fellowes observed.

"It can be explained, sir," Inglepin protested eagerly. "The thoughtless deed of a rash young man."

"Acting upon his admiral's instructions."

"No, no! A personal matter." Mr. Inglepin became ruddier, a thought short of wind. "Most unfortunate, most unfortunate! My daughter—you see, the fact is—"

He glanced toward her appealingly, and she made a little gesture of resignation.

"He came to see me, Mr. Fellowes."

"I question it not, ma'am."

She hesitated, blushing rosy-red, and Chater interjected:

"Collishawe's daft over her."

"A lover's tryst," sneered Fellowes. "That's the tale, now!"

"Need we dispute over it, sir?" she asked with dignity. "We seem all to forget that death is present with us, and deserves somewhat of respect."

"Even a dead American, who was sacrificed for a nest of traitors?" he queried sarcastically, turning to assist Cuffee.

"Does it matter for what a man dies, if it be only what he believes—Oh!" Her voice shrilled in a scream. "Your back! Your back!"

One hand flew to her mouth as if to contain the sobs that rattled in her throat; the other was extended shakily toward Fellowes, who, in turning, had exposed his striped back and flanks to the glare of the candles in the wall-sconces. The agony in her face was unmistakable.

"Oh, Father!" she wailed. "How dreadful! That was what he meant—when he spoke of punishment."

Fellowes fronted her again, stirred despite himself, by the genuineness of her emotion, provoked that he should be.

"'Twas only a hundred lashes," he said. "Is it so much worse than you looked for?"

She shuddered.

"How you must hate me!" There was no trace of belligerance in her manner. "I am proud, too. A hundred lashes! I should hate— But words are cheap, sir."

"They have their price," Fellowes agreed coldly. "'Tis lamentable a lesser injustice should breed a greater, but those who deal in injustice may not complain if their victims rebel against the larger portion."

"Injustice!" She swayed. "Ah, if I might make you see. Oh, Father, I said ill should come of this, and sure, 'tis here. He does well to hate me," she panted. "That back! How can men— Oh, there are stripes on my soul will never fade!"

And she collapsed in a crumpled green mass on the turkey carpet.

There was a sudden tense silence in the crowded parlor. Then Inglepin bent over his daughter, and the duenna swept across the floor, a purposeful glint in her beady eyes. Fellowes motioned Cuffee toward the dining-room.

"They will require the sofa for the lady. Lay Sergeant Peirt on the table. Tom, you stand guard at the door here. And remember, no one is to pass out."

"Nonsense, Captain Fellowes!" Inglepin abandoned his daughter to the capable attentions of the duenna. "We must remove this girl to her bedroom."

"Not for the present, sir. None of you leaves this room without being searched—or until after the house has been searched."

"Mighty high-handed, ain't ye?" whined Chater. And Inglepin slammed a plump fist into a plump palm.

"By Heaven, young man, you go too far! I may be a Federalist in a state governed by Democratic banditti, but you'll learn I'm not without either friends or influence. Search, and be d—d to you!"

"Ye'll find nothin'," jeered Chater.

Footsteps sounded in the hall, and Tom leaned Cuffee's musket against the parlor wall, hefting his ax expertly.

"Strange craft in the offin', messmate," he reported. "Boarders in the companionway." He peeked around the lintel. "Sink me, if 'tain't that millishy cap'n."

Chater bared yellow fangs to greet Nimrod Sopher, who stalked in, the dragoon saber in hand, a slightly sheepish air of bravado on his long face.

"Well, naow, Sopher, this is real neighborly of ye, overunnin' my farm with yer Fencibles! I s'pose ye're fixin to rid me of Squire Fellowes 'n' all this crazyfool talk o' his'n?"

Sopher was taken aback.

"I wouldn't go so far as to say that," he denied. "You know, you are subject to suspicion, Chater—oh, not in any atrabilious or, let us say, invective sense—No, no, nothing libelous! Merely, that you have—ah—whether of your own volition or not, been in communication with the enemy."

"How can I help it if some young squirt o' a Britisher wants to come ashore to see a gal?" demanded Chater.

Fellowes found the form and tone of the question as unpleasant as did Inglepin.

"That will do," he ordered sharply. "Are your men outside, Nimrod?"

"Most of them. I—ah—thought best to rally them after—we—ah—parted company."

"If they hadn't had to—rally—we should have taken Collishawe, and poor old Peirt wouldn't have died by himself."

"Oh, quite a rash statement, my dear fellow, quite a rash statement," objected the lawyer-militiaman. "I'm certain you couldn't prove it. And green troops always require blooding, you know. 'Tis the rule. And as for Peirt—a worthy fellow, very—splendid soldier—a veteran, to be sure, forever talking of battles. But fortunately a widower—and no children. I confess I shouldn't know where to turn if we'd lost a man with a family. I must have left the village. Actually, I assure you!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Jackson Earned Place Among America's Great

In all American history, says a writer in Thrift Magazine, there never lived a more interesting character than Andrew Jackson. He possessed a fiery temper and loved a fight. But he took up his cudgels always in defense of what seemed to him a just cause. He fought the battles of the weak and the poor and was relentless in opposing those who sought to take unfair advantage of others.

Notwithstanding his tumultuous life, Jackson early became imbued with the principles of thrift. Beginning life in poverty, he began saving money as soon as he had an income. In the rugged districts where his young manhood was spent, money was a scarce object and incomes were exceedingly small, but Jackson, realizing ever the great value of thrift, managed to save modest sums. He proved to be successful in business and by the time he had reached middle age had acquired what was considered in his day a very comfortable fortune.

Noise May Grow

A great deal of the noise which assails our ears in a busy city, for instance, is not only due to the constantly increasing use of machinery but because the type of building construction now used tends to prolong and transmit noises. A bare plastered wall, for example, reflects noises better than a mirror reflects light. If you clap your hands together in a bare plastered room, more than 95 per cent of the noise will be reflected from the wall. The sound of the hand clap will, therefore, persist for several seconds. This phenomenon of reverberation causes noises to be built up and retained "alive" in a room in such a way that their intensity is actually increased.

Sneezing Superstition

Ancient rabbinistic tradition asserts that from the time of Adam to Jacob sneezing was a sign of death. Jacob thought long on these things. He finally went into prayer for a repeal of the law. So successful was he in his petition that the phenomenon of sneezing ceased to be a sign of death and became an infallible sign of life. After Jacob's day, when children came into the world, they announced their arrival by sneezing. So that when the son of the Shunamite was called to life by the power of Elisha, "The child sneezed seven times and the child opened his eyes."—New York Times.

Trumpeter's Guilt

A trumpeter during a battle ventured too near the enemy and was captured by them. They were about to proceed to put him to death when he begged them to hear his plea for mercy. "I do not fight," said he, "and indeed carry no weapon; I only blow this trumpet, and surely that cannot harm you; then why should you kill me?" "You may not fight, yourself," said the others, "but you encourage and guide your men to the fight." Words may be deeds.—Aesop.

True to Life

Many a wife has helped her husband to the top of the ladder—and then left him there while she decided where elsethe picture would look good.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Needless Pain!

The man who wouldn't drive his motorcar half a mile when it's out of order, will often drive his brain all day with a head that's throbbing.

Such punishment isn't very good for one's nerves! It's unwise, and it's unnecessary. A tablet or two of Bayer Aspirin will relieve a headache every time. So, remember this accepted antidote for pain, and spare yourself a lot of needless suffering. Read the proven directions and you'll discover many valuable uses for these tablets. For headaches; to check colds. To ease a sore throat and reduce the infection. For relieving neuralgic, neuritic, rheumatic pain.

People used to wonder if Bayer Aspirin was harmful. The doctors answered that question years ago. It is *not*. Some folks still wonder if it really does relieve pain. That's settled! For millions of men and women have found it *does*. To cure the cause of any pain you must consult your doctor; but you may always turn to Bayer Aspirin for immediate relief.

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Round-Up

The recent fashion mandate from Paris that feminine figures are to be plumper than heretofore caused Mayor Walker of New York to remark:

"I see where we are due for a back-to-the-girth movement."

Deadly

Artist's Model—Do you do much sketching from life?

Artist—Oh, no, mostly from the wife.

A wise man never guesses that a woman is over forty—in her presence.

Children Cry for it

Children hate to take medicine as a rule, but every child loves the taste of Castoria. And this pure vegetable preparation is just as good as it tastes; just as bland and harmless as the recipe reads. (The wrapper tells you just what Castoria contains.)

When Baby's cry warns of colic, a few drops of Castoria has him soothed, asleep again in a jiffy. Nothing is more valuable in diarrhea. When coated tongue or bad breath tell of constipation, invoke its gentle aid to cleanse and regulate a child's bowels. In colds or children's diseases, use it to keep the system from clogging. Your doctor will tell you Castoria deserves a place in the family medicine cabinet *until your child is grown*. He knows it is safe for the tiniest baby; effective for a boy in his teens. With this special children's remedy handy, you need never risk giving a boy or girl medicine meant for grown-ups.

Castoria is sold in every drug store; the genuine always bears Chas. H. Fletcher's signature.

Troubles

"Were you telling your troubles to a policeman?"

"No. It's the other way around at present. He was telling me his."

Few women tell all their secrets.

Mustn't Be Too Sure

The fellow who says it cannot be done is likely to be interrupted by somebody doing it.—Capper's Weekly.

Father's only way to win in an argument with the family is to holler.

Night Life Gets You if You Don't Watch Out!

War Vet almost takes count, but pals help.

This kind of man wins no matter where you put him

HOW would you like it if every two weeks you had to give up your good night's sleep, and work all night instead? This is what happened to W. H. Huggins of 90 Savannah Street, Rochester, New York. When he came back from the War, he took a night "shift" job.

"It certainly shot me all to pieces," said Mr. Huggins. "I was licked before I started. My pals noticed that the night shift got me, so during a 'lunch' period in the middle of one night one of them said to me, 'Hug, I bet I know what's the matter with you. This irregular life gets us all unless we watch out. Why don't you try Nujol? Most of the boys are onto this little health trick. Try it!'

"Well, that very night on the way home I got a bottle and within a week I felt like a different person. I wouldn't know myself. You can lick any job, even a night one, if you get the poisons out of your system regularly. Nujol sure did it for me!"

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