CHAPTER XVI-Continued. -17-

talk like a fool. I tell you he's dead!" Why should Peter be angry because she could not believe this impossible thing?

She forced herself to listen to what | Corkran?" Peter said when he now began to relate what had happened, telling George, while the others listened.

Peter said they came out at last on an open hillside grown with berry bushes. They saw the pond on the saddle of the ridge and a great flock of geese in the pond.

"I would have to crawl to get near enough to shoot," Peter said, explaining to them as they listened without speech, Isaiah and Hiram in the door with Corkran behind them, George and Mary at the table. Tommy Hanline had come to stand behind Peter, tears streaking his cheeks

Peter went on with his story of his brother's death.

"I'd have to crawl," he said. "on my hands and knees. Richard and Gee stayed where they were, so's within shot range and waited till they lined up good, and shot. Some were dead, and some of them flapping on the water. The others flew away.

"I stood up and yelled, and Gee came running. We chased the wounded geese in the shallow water, and caught some, till we had eight.

"Then I asked Gee where Richard was. He said Richard had gone down to the beach. I went along the top of the cliff looking for him, and finally I saw him. There was a point of rocks running out into the water, and he was sneaking toward the point as if he was trying to cut something off from the water. I thought it might be seals, but I couldn't see them.

"I saw him start to run, and then I saw them coming toward the water, galloping on their flippers the way they do; but they were sea lions, bigger than seals, some of them ten or twelve feet long. Dick got in the way of them and he hit at one with his club. It snapped at him. I was too far away to see just what happened, but they have long tusks, teeth like a dog's, only longer. It must have sunk the tusks into his hand; and it just galloped on, dragging Richard with it, into the

"I think one of the tusks stuck in his wrist somehow; maybe wedged between the bones, or hooked into the tendons. He was jerked off his feet, couldn't do anything. It dragged him into the water, and they went under together. The place was boiling with them, dozens They churned it into foam like milk. stern. The desk was at her left, the Even from up where I was, I couldn't log book lying on the end of it. see down into it.

saw him again."

CHAPTER XVII

"He can't be." Mary realized she dead Peter " He stood up angrily. "I tell you

he is." "We can go back and find him.

Please!"

ly. "I'm sorry, Mary. I know how my brother, wasn't he?" He looked promoted to be second mate." around at them all; he cried, as We're leaving!"

No one denied him.

"Corkran, come on deck. I want a was very different from the precedword with you." Without waiting for | ing entries in Richard's small, neat, | Richard." an assent, he turned abruptly into the after cabin. Corkran went compact and firm, Peter's large and through the steerage to ascend the companion ladder there.

Tommy had given him and went to long ago. Peter had written this! his bunk to lie under blankets there. Peter! She followed him, her legs stiff and wooden with the penetrating damp startled attention. and chill. Standing by the bunk she could see through the small window above it a headland a mile away. She watched the headland fall slowly behind; and she felt the heavier But Richard had written that note seas outside the Bay begin to lift the way Peter had written this enthe Venturer. She stood there long, try in the log, in a sprawling hand, not moving, her eyes fixed on that the words straggling up and down, him to silence. Mary pressed the bluff which was gray through rain; the capitals ornate. till presently they changed course, brought the wind more abeam, and the headland disappeared.

When Mary came into the main cabin that night, Peter sat in Richard's place at the head of the table. He told her that Corkran had staring at her, asking quickly: been appointed second mate. The mates had not yet come below. She went to speak to George and found him stronger than he had been, bent ard and I loved each other that on coming to be at table with them, day?" She sat on Peter's right as she had been on Richard's right during all right." these weeks of the voyage. Willie Leeper had roasted one of the geese She demanded acutely: "George, shot that afternoon, had cooked it so did Peter give you a letter he said Bay. thoroughly the meat fell off the I'd written to Richard?"

bones at a touch. Peter served her and George, and as Mat Forbes last: "Why-he didn't give it to me, Peter said, angrily resenting her joined them he served his own plate no. I wanted to go on deck, and it refusal to accept his word: "Don't and then Mat's. When Corkran ap- was cold, and Peter gave me Richpeared, a little uncertainly, Peter heaped his plate; and he asked in own. After we got on deck, I put an agreeable tone:

"Do you know navigation, Mr.

"No, sir."

"Mr. Forbes can give you a start. Better work on it." Peter smiled grimly. "The Venturer's had hard luck with her officers this voyage. Something might happen to me."

"Yes, sir," Corkran assented in a toneless voice. Peter looked at him thoughtfully, but he said nothing. There was little speech during that meal.

"Dick was always a hero to me," Peter said, half to himself. "I didn't think anything could happen to him. He seemed so strong and sure, and luck was always with him. I almost went crazy, running up and down that beach today." He rose, shaking his head.

George and Mary followed him into the common room, and George she looked up at George in a deep lay down on the long bench there. mirth. It was still broad day in these high not to scare the birds. I crawled latitudes, but the small window gave scant light. Peter lighted the whale oil lamps.

"I don't like the dark," he said. 'I'm dreading tonight. Probably won't sleep." He decided, after a moment: "I'll go on deck and have a look at her."

George lay quietly. Mary stood looking out of the small square win-



"But don't you see, George, this means Richard isn't dead!"

of them, like a school of mackerel. dow at the boil of water under the

After a while, she looked down at "I stayed there, running up and the book; and presently she lifted down the beach, shouting and yell- it and turned the pages to the latest ing like a crazy man, but I never entry. She read it, her eyes glancing along the lines.

"Hoakes Bay. Day began with southwest wind and rain. Repairs finished this morning. Captain Richard Corr and Mate Peter Corr went had spoken aloud, for their eyes to shoot geese on shore while the turned to her. "Richard can't be water casks were being filled. Captain Corr descended to the south beach and tried to club a sea lion. The animal bit at him and its tusks fastened in his arm and it dragged him into the sea. He was lost. Wind Peter's face darkened, but he came southeasterly in the afternoon, spoke without heat, understanding- giving us a fair chance to make out of the Bay. Will stop at Stanley to me you love me. It's only when you you always felt about Richard. But set up new topmast and topgallant. I feel worse than anyone. He was Rain squalls tonight. Corkran was

Mary read and nodded slowly. As if their eyes accused him: "Blast she conned the words, she seemed it, I couldn't do anything! I tell you to hear, far away, a faintly familiar he's dead!" No one spoke. He came sound, not easily identified. She to his feet, strongly. "I want to get tried to hear more plainly. Peter away from here. This easterly's had written this. The capitals were mean Richard's not dead?" what we need to get out of the Bay. ornate, involved in sweeping curves, We might not get another for weeks. and there were blotches where the pen had pressed too hard, and the letters staggered erratically up and Peter said, his tone placating: down. Peter had written this. It careful hand. Richard's hand was sp. awling. Peter had written this. What was it she seemed to hear? George put off Richard's coat that Something heard long ago. Or seen sat beside George and in a whisper

Her eyes widened in a sudden

Once years ago Richard had written her a note, two or three lines, brief, curt, cruel. "Wait, till you grow up. Don't be a silly little fool."

Suddenly she knew in a complete and overpowering revelation that it ran woke at the sudden flare. Exhad been Peter, not Richard, who wrote that cruel note long ago.

The log book snapped shut with a sound so loud that George sat up, "What is it, Mary?"

She asked in a sharp whisper: "George, what made you think Rich-

"Don't be unhappy about that. It's

"No," she insisted. "Tell me."

He looked at her steadily, said at ard's big sea coat to wear over my my hands in the pockets, and felt a piece of paper, and before I thought, I looked at it. It was your letter to Richard, Mary."

She spoke quickly. "It began: 'Dear Richard, Having been captivated by the charms of your person . . . '?"

For answer, he fumbled in his pocket, produced a crumpled paper, gave it to her. She smoothed it out, read it swiftly with racing eyes that nevertheless lingered over the familiar, not-to-be-forgotten words.

She smiled as she read. Once these words had seemed to her so impassioned and tender and beautiful that they made her senses swim; and once she had treasured this scrap of paper in her bosom happily. But now even in the tension of this moment she was amused; and

"You really thought I'd written this to Richard?"

"What could I think?" "I mean, since we came aboard

"I'm afraid I did," he admitted.

"My dear, can you imagine any girl really writing a letter like that; so many long words, so stilted and silly and everything?"

He said, half-smiling at his own confession: "I've never had a love letter, Mary. I don't know much about them. Didn't you write it?" "Yes, but years ago. My hand-

writing doesn't even look like that now!" "I've never seen your handwriting, you know. We've not been sep-

arated, so we've never written letters to each other." "And it's signed 'Mary Doncas-

ter,' " she insisted. "Not Mary Mc-Ausland."

"I thought you had forgotten you were my wife."

He spoke so humbly that for a moment she caught him close in tenderness; but then she spoke in swift explanation, and soberly now. "Listen, George. I copied this letter out of a 'Complete Letter Writer' when I was in school in New Bedford. It was supposed to be from a man to a girl, and I thought it was perfectly beautiful."

"I see," he assented. "But Mary, Richard kept it all these years. So perhaps he loved you too!"

She shook her head. "No, he didn't keep it! He never saw it. I know that now. Peter stole it from me in school. He told me he was going to give it to Richard. I begged him not to." Her cheek colored, and she said honestly: "Next day he brought me what he said was Richard's answer; but I know now that Peter wrote the answer himself, because it's the same handwriting in the log; and he must have kept my letter all this time . . ." Her voice checked as though some thought struck her; then she went on: "And he put it in Richard's coat, to fool you, to make you mad!"

He said grimly, remembering that storm of emotion which had racked him so: "I was crazy, Mary. I'll spend the rest of my life making up to you for the way I acted that

day." She told him, warmly comforting: "I didn't mind really, George." Her eyes twinkled almost mischievous-"You know, you've never told get terribly jealous that I can see you do." Then she cried, tense again, leaning close to him so that they could not be overheard: "But don't you see, George, this means Richard isn't dead! If he is, Peter killed him; but I know he isn't!" He asked gropingly: "How does it

"Why, don't you see?" she insisted. "Peter's a coward and a sneak and a thief, or he wouldn't have done that with my silly letter! George, we've got to make him go back to Hoakes Bay and find

After some consideration George agreed with Mary to seek aid from the crew in forcing Peter to return to search for Richard. Mary explained that when Peter was surely asleep, they could creep across to wake the mates and enlist their aid. For if help were to be found against Peter it must come from those next in authority aboard.

Mat Forbes and Corkran were sound asleep when George in darkness opened their door and felt his way to Mat's bunk and whispered in the mate's ear, warning door shut without a sound; and George lighted the candle, and Corkcept for their boots, he and Mat were both fully clad, sleeping in their clothes against the pitiless and searching cold.

Mat and Corkran, when the lamp was lighted, looked at their visitors in a sleepy wonder, waiting to hear what this visitation meant; and Mary tried to explain. She found that there was terribly little she could say. She had no evidence beyond her own certainty that Richard was alive, and that Peter knew it. and that they must return to Hoakes

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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1. What capital letter is used most frequently in English words? 2. What is a Jolly Roger?

3. Of currants, grapes, cranberries, oranges, tomatoes and bananas, how many are classified by botanists as berries?

4. Without stopping to count, give the number of zeros in one billion. 5. In major league baseball, how

often are games won by a no-hit, no-run pitching performance? 6. Are glow worms worms?

7. Where in the United States is the longest stretch of railroad track without a curve?

The Answers

1. The letter "S," according to Funk and Wagnalls New Standard dictionary.

2. A pirate flag. 3. All of them. 4. Nine-count them-1,000,000,-

5. Only one in about 1,400

games. 6. No, glow worms are actually beetles. The males can fly, but

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"I'm afraid of my own shadow."

"No wonder. It's so large it looks like a crowd following you."

The man who is described as a "hard drinker" usually takes it very easy.

Taking Over

Waiter-Aren't you going to give me a tip? Why, the town's champion skinflint gives me a penny. Hornpuff-Then just take a look at me. I'm the new Champ.

Returned With Thanks It was a very tense scene in the film. The audience sat enthralled.

Suddenly the hero slapped the heroine in the face. In the stunned silence which followed a little voice piped up.

"Mummy," it said, doesn't she slap him back like you do?"

Density of Fogs

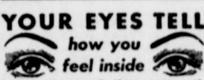
In 1921, the British weather bureau set up standards for describing fogs which fall into more or less definite categories. They range from "very dense," in which objects become invisible at 27 yards distance in the daytime, through "thick," "rather thick," "moderate," "mist or thick "fog," "moderate," "mist or thick haze," and "slight mist or haze" -in which objects are visible at a distance of 71/2 miles.

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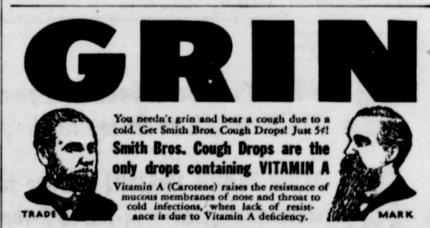
Sweetest Plum

In all the wedding cake, hope is the sweetest of the plums .- Douglas Jerrold.



Tide Will Turn till it seems as if you couldn't -Harriet Beecher Stowe.

hold on a minute longer, never When you get into a tight place, give up then, for that is just the and everything goes against you, place and time the tide will turn.



Wishes

had only one heart; grief, two Anger wishes that all mankind tear-glands; and pride, two bent had only one neck; love, that it knees.-Richter.

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