



SOME FIGHT!

Synopsis—Littering on the San Francisco water front, John Rainey, newspaper reporter, is accounted by a giant blind man, who asks Rainey to lead him aboard the sailing schooner Karluk. In the cabin they find Captain Simms and a man named Carlsen. Simms recognizes the blind man, calling him Jim Lund. Lund accuses Simms of abandoning him, blind, on an ice floe, and denounces him. Simms denies the charge, but Lund refuses to be pacified. He declares his intention of accompanying the Karluk on its expedition north, where it is going in quest of a gold field which Lund has discovered. Perry, Simms' daughter, is aboard, and defends her father. Carlsen, who is a physician as well as first mate, drugs Rainey. Awakening from his stupor, Rainey finds himself at sea. Carlsen informs him he has been kidnapped. He offers Rainey a share of the gold, and Rainey is forced to declare himself satisfied. Lund gives him a brief account of a former expedition of the Karluk, tells him he distrusts Carlsen, and suggests a "partnership." Rainey to act as Lund's "eyes." Captain Simms is ill and the navigation is entirely in the hands of Carlsen. At the latter's suggestion a shooting match is staged and the seal hunters exhaust their ammunition. Carlsen shows his skill with the pistol and Lund does some astonishing shooting "by sound." Sandy, the ship's boy, is swept overboard and is rescued by Rainey, who thus wins Perry's admiration. The captain gets worse. Sandy tells how Carlsen is stirring up trouble over the division of the gold. Carlsen draws a gun on Rainey, who overpowers him. Tamada, the mysterious Japanese cook, declares himself neutral. Lund, his slight restored, kills Carlsen. Captain Simms dies.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

"I guess he was 'Honest Simms,' after all," said Lund at last. "The gal blames me for the morphine, but Carlsen never meant him to live. She'll see that after a bit, mebbe."

Rainey glanced at him curiously. He was getting fresh lights on Lund.

Then the girl appeared, pale, composed, coming straight up to Lund, who halted his stride at sight of her.

"Will you change the course, Mr. Lund?" she said. "Father spoke once more. After you left. He does not want to go on to Unalak. He said it would mean a rush for the gold; perhaps you would have to stay there. He does not want you to lose the gold. He wants me to have my share. He made me promise. And he wants—she bit her lip fiercely in repression of her feelings—"to be buried at sea. That was his last request."

"She turned and looked over the rail, struggling to wink back her tears. Rainey saw the giant's glance sweep over her, full of admiration."

"As you wish, Miss Peggy," he said. "Hansen, 'bout ship. Hold on a minute. How about you, Miss Peggy? If you want to go home, we can find ways at Unalak. I play fair. I'll bring back yore share—in full."

"I am not thinking about the gold," the girl said scornfully. "But I want to carry out my father's last wishes, if you will permit me. I shall stay with the ship. Now I am going back to him. You—you—she quelled the tremble of her mouth, and her chin showed firm and determined—"you can arrange for the funeral tomorrow at dawn, if you will. I want him tonight."

Her face quivered pitifully, but she conquered even that and walked to the companionway.

"Game, by Heaven, game as they make 'em!" said Lund.

CHAPTER IX.

Deming Breaks an Arm. Rainey, dozing in his bunk, going over the sudden happenings of the day, had placed Carlsen's automatic under his pillow after loading it. He found that it lacked four shells of full capacity, the two that Lund had fired at his bottle target, the one fired by Carlsen at Rainey, and the last ineffective shot at Lund, a shot that went astray. Rainey decided, largely through Lund's coup-de-theatre of tearing off his glasses and flinging them at the doctor.

The dynamo that he had idly fancied he could hear purring away inside of Lund was apparent with vengeance now, driving with full force. Lund had brains, cunning, brute force that commanded a respect not all bred of being weaker. In a way he was magnificent. And Rainey vaguely heralded trouble when Captain Simms was at last given to the deep. He felt certain that the hunters under Deming were hatching something but, in the main, his mental prophesy of

trouble coming was connected with the girl.

On the border of dreams he was brought back by a strange noise on deck, a rush of feet, many voices, and topping them all, the bellow of Lund, roaring, not for help, but in challenge.

Rainey, half asleep, jumped from his bunk and rushed out of the room. He had no doubt as to what had happened; the hunters had attacked Lund! And, unused to the possession of firearms, still drowsy, he forgot the automatic, intent upon rallying to the cry of the giant. As he made for the companionway, the girl came out of her father's room.

"What is it?" she cried. "Lund—hunters!" Rainey called back as he sped up the stairs. He thought he heard a "wait" from her, but the stamping and yelling were loud in his ears, and he plunged out on deck. As he emerged he saw the stolid face of Hansen at the wheel, his pale blue eyes glancing at the set of his canvas and then taking on a glint that turned amishish.

Lund looked like a bear surrounded by the dog-pack. He stood upright while the six hunters tore and smashed at him. Lund's arms swung like clubs, his great hands plucked at their holds, while he roared volleys of deep-sea, defiant oaths, shaking or striking off a man now and then, who charged back snarling to the attack.

Brief though the fight had been when Rainey arrived, there was ample evidence of it. Clothes were torn and faces bloody, and already the men were panting as Lund dragged them here and there, flailing, striking, half-smothered, but always coming up from under, like a rock that emerges from the bursting of a heavy wave.

A hunter lunged out heavily and confidently to meet him as the others got Lund to his knees for a fateful moment, piling on top of him, bludgeoning blows with guttural cries of fancied victory.

Rainey's man struck, and the strength of his arm, backed by his hurling weight, broke down Rainey's guard and left the arm numb. The next instant they were at close quarters, swinging madly, rife with the one desire to down the other, to maim, to kill. A blow crashed home on Rainey's cheek, sending him back dazed, striking madly, clenching to stop the piston-like smashes of the hunter clutching him, trying to trip him, hammering at the fierce face above him as they both went down and rolled into the scuppers, tearing at each other.

He felt the man's hands at his throat, gradually squeezing out sense and breath and strength, and threw up his knee with all his force. It struck the hunter fairly in the groin, and he heard the man groan with the sudden agony. But he himself was nearly out. The man seemed to fade away for a second, the choking fingers relaxed, and Rainey gulped for air. His eyes seemed strained from bulging from their sockets in that fierce grip, and there was a fog before them through which he could hear the roar of Lund, sounding like a siren blast that told he was still fighting, still confident.

Rainey saw his face, one red mask of blood and hair, with his agate eyes flaring up with the glory of the fight. He roared no longer, saving his breath. One of the men tackling his legs dropped senseless from the buffet he got on the side of his skull, and Lund's kick sent him scudding across the deck, limp, out of the fight that could not last much longer.

All this came as Rainey, still dazed, helped himself by the skylight toward the companion, going as fast as he could to get his gun. If he did not hurry he was certain they would kill Lund. No man could withstand those odds much longer.

Lund killed, it would be his turn next, and the girl would be left at their mercy. The thought spurred him, clearing his throbbing head, jarred by the smashes of his still senseless opponent who would be coming to before long.

Then he saw the girl, standing by the rail, not crouching, as he had somehow expected her to be, shutting out the sight of the fight with trembling hands, but with her face aglow, her eyes shining, watching, as a Roman maid might have watched a gladiatorial combat; thrilled with the spectacle, hands gripping the rail, leaning a little forward. She had no eyes for Rainey, her soul was up in arms, backing Lund. The shine in her eyes was for the strength of his prime manhood, matched against the rest, not as a person, an individual, but as an embodiment of the conquering male.

He got the gun, and he snatched a drink of brandy that ran through his veins like quick fire, revivifying him so that he ran up the ladder and came

on deck ready to take a decisive hand. But he found it no easy matter to risk a shot in that swirling mass. They all seemed to be arm weary. Blows no longer rose and fell. Lund was slowly dragging the dead weight of them all toward the mast. The two men on the deck still lay there. Rainey's opponent was trying to get up, wiping clumsily at the blood on his face, blinded. A man broke loose from the scrimmage, on the opposite side from Rainey, who barely recognized the disheveled figure with the bloody, battered face as Deming. The hunter had managed to get hold of Lund's gun. Rainey's aim was screened by a sudden lunge of the huddle of men. He saw Lund heave, saw his red face bob up, mouth open, roaring once more, saw his leg come up in a tremendous kick that caught Deming's outstretched arm close to the elbow, saw the gleam of the gun as it streaked up and overboard, and Deming staggering back, clutching at his broken limb, cursing with the pain, to bring up against the rail and shout to the seamen:

"Get into it, you d—d cowards! Get into it, and settle him!" Even in that instant the sarcasm of the cry of "cowards" struck home to Rainey. The next second the girl had jumped by him, a glint of metal in her hand as she brought it out of her blouse. This time she saw him. "Come on!" she cried. And darted between the fighters and the storming figure of Deming, who tried to grasp her with his one good arm, but failed.

Rainey sped after her just as Lund reached the mast. The girl had a nicked pistol in her hand and was threatening the sullen line of irresolute seamen. Rainey with his gun was not needed. He heard Lund shout out in a triumphant cry and saw him battering at the heads of three who still clung to him.

All through the fight Lund had kept his head, struggling to the purpose he had finally achieved, to reach the mast-rack of belaying pins, seize one of the hardwood clubs and, with this weapon, beat his assailants to the deck.

He stood against the mast, his clothes almost stripped from him, the white of his flesh gleaming through the tatters, streaked with blood. Save for his eyes, his face was no longer human, only a mass of flayed flesh and clotted beard. But his eyes were alight with battle and then, as Rainey gazed, they changed. Something of surprise, then of delight, leaped into them, followed by a burning flare that was matched in those of the girl who, with Rainey herding back the seamen, had turned at Lund's yell of victory.

The girl wheeled and fled, dodging behind Tamada, who gave way to let her pass, his ivory features showing



Then He Saw the Girl Standing by the Rail.

no emotion, closing up the face companionway as Peggy Simms dived below.

Lund did not follow her. Instead, he laughed shortly and appeared to see Rainey for the first time.

"Jumped me, the bunch of 'em!" he said, his chest heaving, his breath coming in spurts from his laboring lungs. "Couldn't use my gun. But I licked 'em. D—n 'em! Equals? H—!" He seemed to have a clear recollection of the fight. He smiled grimly at Deming, who glared at him, nursing his broken arm, then glanced at the man that Rainey had mastered.

"Did him up, eh? Good for you, matey! You didn't have to use yore gun. Just as well, you might have plugged me. An' the gal had one, after all."

He seemed to ruminate on this thought as if it gave him special cause for reflection.

He surveyed the rueful, groaning combatants with the smile of a conqueror, then turned to the seamen. "Here, you!" he roared, and they jumped as if galvanized into life by the shout. "Chuck a bucket of water over 'em! Chuck water till they get below. Then clean the decks. Off watch, you're out of this. Below with you, where you belong. Jump!"

"They all fought fair," he went on. "Not a knife out. Only Deming there, when he knew he was licked, tried to git my gun. You're yeller, Deming," he said, with contempt that was as if he had spat in the hunter's face. "I thought you were a better

man than the rest. But you've got yores. Git down below an' we'll fix you up."

Lund passed his hand over his face. "I'm some mess myself," he said, stretching his great arms. "Give me a five-finger drink, Rainey, afore I clear up. Some scrap. And the gal! Did you see the gal, Rainey?"

"Out of the bloody mess of his face his agate eyes twinkled at Rainey with a sort of good-natured malice. "After this cheery little fracas," said Lund, mopping at his face, "we'll mebbe have a nice quiet, genteel sort of ship. My gun went overboard, didn't it? Better let me have that one you've got, Rainey."

He stretched out his hand for it. Rainey delivered it, reluctantly. There was nothing else to do, but he felt more than ever that the Karluk was henceforth to be a one-man ship, run at the will of Lund.

But the girl, too, had a weapon. He hugged that thought. She carried it for her own protection, and she would not hesitate to use it. What a girl she was! What a woman, rather! Rainey thought of her as one does of a pool that one plumbs with a stone, thinking to find it fairly shallow, only to discover it a gulf with unknown depth and currents, capable of smiling placidness or sudden storm.

CHAPTER X.

The Rifle Cartridges. The girl did not appear for the evening meal. She had refused Tamada's suggestions through the door. Lund drank heavily, but without any effect, save to sink him in comparative silence, as he and Rainey sat together, after the Japanese had cleared the table.

"We've got to git hold of those cartridges," Lund said, after a long pause. "Carlsen had 'em planted somewhere, an' it's likely in his room. Best thing to do is to chuck 'em overboard. Cheaper to dump the cartridges an' shells than the rifles an' shotguns."

"Where is the magazine?" asked Rainey.

"In the little room aft o' the galley. We'll look there first. Come on."

The strong room of the Karluk was a narrow compartment, heavily partitioned off from the galley and the corridor. There was a lamp there, and Rainey lit it while Lund closed the door behind them. The magazine was quite empty.

"Thorough man, Carlsen," said Lund. "Prepared for a show-down, if necessary. Might have put 'em in the safe. Wonder if he changed the combination? I bet Simms didn't, year in an' out. We'll tackle Carlsen's room next. I don't suppose you looked between the bunk mattresses, did you?"

"I never thought of it," said Rainey. "I didn't imagine there would be more than one."

"I've got a hunch you'll find two on Carlsen's bunk. An' the shells between 'em. He kept 'em door locked when he was out of the main cabin an' slept on 'em nights. That's what I'd be apt to do."

As they came into the main cabin Rainey caught Lund by the arm.

"I'm almost sure I saw Carlsen's door closing," he whispered. "It might have been the shadow."

"But it might not. Shouldn't wonder one of 'em's sneaked in. Saw the cabin empty, an' figured we'd turned in. While we was in the strong-room."

He took the automatic from his pocket and went straight to the door of Carlsen's room. It was locked or bolted from within.

"The fool!" said Lund. "I've got a good mind to let him stay there till he swallows some o' the drugs to fill his belly." He rapped on the panel with the butt of the gun.

"Come on out before I start trouble. There was no answer. Lund looked uncertainly at Rainey.

"I hate to start a rumpus ag'in," he said, jerking his head toward the skipper's room. "Count of her. Reckon he can stay there till after we've buried Simms. He's safe enough."

"She's a woman," said Lund. "And you're a d—d prig."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Old Age.

To those who have no recourse in themselves for living well, every age is burdensome. We must fight against disease. Repard must be paid to health. Moderate exercise must be adopted. So much of meat and drink must be taken. Senile folly, which is commonly called dotage, belongs to weak old men, but not to all. For, as I like young men in which there is something of the old, so I like old men in whom there is something of the young. One who always lives in these pursuits and labors for the welfare of the state does not perceive when old age steals upon him.—Cicero.

That Sunday School Class. Wishing to become acquainted with the methods of her predecessor, a young woman who taught a Sunday school class for the first time asked what the lesson had been the previous Sunday. Silence prevailed for a moment. Then a snub-nosed urchin waved his hand frantically and when granted permission to speak, answered: "It was about burning the bugs in the church." Conversation with the former teacher afterwards revealed that the lesson had been "Burning Incense in the Temple."

Lines to Be Remembered. What is derae? Nothing but education, nothing but a first step to something better.—Wendell Phillips.

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Making Good an Old Boast.

A process has been discovered whereby old leather can be converted into gelatin. Such transformation offers a ready way of utilizing many articles after their value to every one but the junk man appears to be gone. Since head coverings are sometimes made of leather, it would appear that at least the man confident that his candidate will win in an election may literally back up his confidence with the time-honored promise that he will eat his hat in the event that his man loses.



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HELP INVALIDS TO FORGET

Presence of a Canary or Goldfish in the Sickroom Invariably Has Beneficial Effect.

Next time you sit in a room, the furnishings of which include a bowl of goldfish, consider how much time you spend watching the small fish as they swim slowly about or dart about in pursuit of each other.

Probably you will conclude you were indulging the usual tendency of the normal person to be attracted to moving objects. In sick persons and convalescents this tendency is more pronounced, and in the aged and very young it is still more so.

That psychology of this attraction was given by Dr. Edward N. Leavy, formerly veterinarian to the animals in Central park zoo. He is now connected with a Fifth Avenue pet store. "Sick persons lying in bed spend a great deal of time watching the goldfish if an aquarium is in their room," he said. "It takes their minds off their pains and aches and is very beneficial."

Canaries share with goldfish the honor of being the chief animate entertainment to the sick.—New York Sun.

One isn't troubled much by the laws against violence if he isn't troublesome.

The Wrong Foot.

From a telegram recently received by the district superintendent of at Indian railway from a Babu station master: "Coming on duty early in the morning clad in my new and white uniform I perceived a man seated on a box in a naked and aggressive manner. Taking him to be an ordinary passenger, I proceeded to slap him, whereupon he hastily arose, unlocked the said box, clad himself in a policeman's uniform he took thereout and arrested me. The shoe is thus situated on the erroneous peddle. Please arrange."—London Morning Post.

National Emblems. The rose, England's national flower, was chosen as the country's symbol at the close of the War of the Roses. The shamrock is firmly imbedded in Irish hearts because St. Patrick used it to illustrate one of his sermons. The thistle was adopted as the national emblem of Scotland because, in the reign of Malcolm II, a most filled with thistles saved a Scotch fortress from Danish invasion.

A Forgotten Art. In New York's streets there may be counted hundreds of signs that read "Watchmaker." Yet perhaps less than a dozen of such concerns could make a watch.

The crooked path is longest.

You are entitled to the benefit of the doubt. Why not take advantage of it?

The law is very careful in protecting the rights of a prisoner charged with a crime.

How about the Law of Common Sense and the man who has committed an error only? Isn't this a good place to use the benefit of the doubt, too?

Take your own case: If you don't know for sure whether tea or coffee is harming you, you do know that many are harmed by the drug element in tea and coffee, and that headaches, nervousness, or high blood pressure are symptoms which often tell that the drug, caffeine, is giving the nervous system too much jolt.

Probably you know, too, that some people can't drink a cup of tea or coffee at bed-time, and sleep well that night.

Where many have been harmed by tea and coffee, and you may be harmed, isn't it well to put the benefit of the doubt on your side before doubt becomes an unpleasant certainty?

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