



STORY FROM THE START

Returning to America, during the War of 1812, after a successful voyage, Capt. Lion Fellowes' merchant ship Sachem was sunk off Portugal by a British frigate. His crew surrendered, but Fellowes reaches shore exhausted. His life 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. Fellowes goes to Lisbon, hoping to find a vessel America bound. He meets Captain Chater of the American ship True Bounty, an acquaintance. Chater offers him a berth as mate. Fellowes refuses, knowing Chater is disloyal in trading with the enemy. He meets the girl who saved his life, Cara Inglepin, daughter of the owner of the True Bounty. Cara induces him to sail as mate. Fellowes falls in love with her. The True Bounty is stopped by the British frigate, Badger, Captain Collishaw. Despite his American citizenship Fellowes is taken aboard the Badger as a "pressed" man. Maddened at what he believes is Cara's and Chater's treachery he strikes Collishaw, who orders him a hundred lashes with the "cat." Fellowes' hatred of the three becomes an obsession.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

"I'm Captain Fellowes of New York, whom you cramped out of the True Bounty."

"How's your back?" snapped Collishaw. "Why aren't you on duty?" Fellowes slipped out of the loose pen-jacket he wore, dropping a mass of bandages with the garment, and turned to expose his stripes to the Englishman's inspection.

"You ought to see it," he said. "You might like to describe it to Miss Inglepin, when you go to smoke your pipe in her father's garden."

Collishaw's cheeks whitened. "No occasion for this exhibition—or for your insolence. You were flogged for striking your commander—you should have been hung; I made allowance for your excited condition." He hesitated. "It ought not to be necessary to have to tell you that the lady you mention was in no way responsible for your being pressed. If you're a gentleman—"

"But I'm not," objected Fellowes. "I'm a common sailor. I've been flogged to convince me of it—one hundred lashes of the cat."

Collishaw rubbed his chin, embarrassed, apparently at a loss.

"See here," he exclaimed impulsively. "I'm d-d sorry this happened. You acted most foolishly, but I wouldn't have ordered the cat if there'd been any way out of the mess you got yourself into."

"Oh, d-n you and your sympathy," Fellowes answered, gently venomous. "And d-n your lies. I know what you are up to. I know what Miss Inglepin is up to. You aren't fooling me."

The Englishman stared at him coldly.

"That will do," he rasped. "Go be low. And if you insult me again I'll send you to the brig in strict confinement. Clinch?"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Escort this man to his berth. He's not to come on deck unless he conducts himself in accordance with discipline."

"Aye, aye, sir!" The bosun was flustered. And as soon as they were out of earshot of Collishaw: "Wot 'ave I been atollin' ye? Want to get that back cut up again? Only that the cap'n's kindly ye'd be stripped at the mast this mornin'."

Fellowes sobered. "I hate him. I think I hate him more every day. I hate him for what he did to me. I hate him for being sorry he did it. I hate him—Oh, I just hate him. D'you understand, Clinch? I hate him! Whatever he does, I hate him!"

"Tain't Christian, lad," rebuked the bosun. "Tain't nowise Christian. Now, ere's yer berth. Lie down, and rest up a piece. Likely ye'll get some o' that hate out o' ye, then."

"No, Bob," Fellowes answered wearily. "It's a part of me. It won't come out."

CHAPTER V

Escape

Plying her regular patrol well to seaward of Sandy Hook, the Badger was the vidette of the New York squadron, always on outpost.

One of the first things Fellowes discovered was that the blockaders were in constant communication with the shore. At night sloop and periaugers would steal out from the Jersey coves or the Rockaway inlets with fresh meats and vegetables—and information that was much more valuable. Well-dressed gentry would

climb aboard the sloop-of-war, hats pulled low over their eyes, and be escorted to the cabin, where they talked into the small hours.

Obviously, Ben Inglepin's daughter was not singular in her disloyalty; in the country seethed with factional strife as in the days of the Revolution. There must be many Americans who hated Madison worse than the stupid Prince Regent—Americans who would wreck their country, procure its defeat, sacrifice a measure of its independence, rather than see the Democratic administration triumph.

Fellowes regarded the intercourse between the blockaders and the shore as encouraging for his plans to escape. He was certain the tide of treason was flowing unchecked. The continuing visits of the contraband traders were sufficient proof, and the news that percolated from them through all ranks indicated how disastrously the national effort was being crippled by political jealousy and incapacity.

But he waited with unabated confidence. His back was entirely healed and he was glad to do his share of hard, physical labor. Work helped to dull the curling itch of humiliation. Collishaw ignored him, and he avoided Collishaw as much as he could.

With the crew he was, if not popular, respected. But then any man would have been respected aboard the Badger, who could boast the friendship of Bob Clinch and Cuffee Cockroach. Clinch was all-powerful aboard, and no sailor would have dared to risk the giant negro's wrath. The nigger, men said, fought with 'is teeth; he'd eat yer alive, if 'e got primed.

One July morning the Badger left her consort of the Hook, hauled her wind and stood to the northwest on long, reaching tacks, and Fellowes' eye glinted expectantly when she closed a low, sandy shore that afternoon, and dropped her anchor outside the line of breakers. The hunger in his face drew Cuffee to him.

Fellowes caught the negro by the arm.

"That's mine, Cuffee! That's my land."

In his excitement he had raised his voice slightly, and Tom Grogan rolled across the deck.

"Easy all, messmate!" advised Tom. "No need to git yer dander rizzed up. These landin' parties is reg'lar divarsons on the blockade."

"Landin' parties?" exclaimed Fellowes. "Who told you a party was going ashore?"

"Nobody, but I seed Clinch afussin' with the long boat, and we ain't anchored here for to rest our spars."

Fellowes glanced aft to where the longboat lay on its chocks. Bob Clinch was bending over it. As Fellowes watched him, he straightened and strolled for'ard.

"Oh, Bob," called Fellowes. "What's this I hear about a landing party?"

"Cap'n's orders. Dark o' the moon, ye see." Clinch winked mysteriously. "Fine time to mid 'enroasts."

"Is that what you're after?" There was disappointment in Fellowes' voice.

"Ow should I know, lad? The cap'n ain't give me 'is confidence. All 'e says is: 'Bosun, landin' party tonight. Overhaul the longboat and pick me twenty good men. Plasto's 'is cutlasses. Ye'll go with me.'"

"He's going, himself?" Fellowes asked eagerly.

"Aye, aye, lad. That's 'ow I understand it."

Clinch stumped off, and Fellowes fixed his gaze again on the shore that was so near, and so unattainable. He had been right. Cara Inglepin's tree

Vegetables Enjoyed by Epicures of Old Times

The boots of ancient Greece were black and white and the leaves as well as the roots were used. The leaves were generally preferred to lettuce, though lettuce was highly thought of for its cooling effect.

There are accounts of lettuce being served in its natural state at the tables of Persian kings as far back as 500 B. C. The Romans generally cooked it. Roman lettuce was black and its milky juice was said to induce sleep. In sixteenth century England, where eight varieties were found, it was cooked or served with oil and vinegar.

Only in recent years have mushrooms been anything like abundant on the market, and outside the large cities they are considered a rarity still; yet mushrooms have been available for thousands of years. Said Pliny: "The last device of our epicures to sharpen their appetites and tempt them to eat inordinately is the cooking of mushrooms."

son was bearing fruit. Tonight, perhaps, it would flower. And he was helpless to interfere!

He groaned, and Tom inquired anxiously:

"Ye ain't goin' to be silly, 'n fret 'caus' ye can't go in the longboat?" "Dat him land," spoke up Cuffee. "Dat him home whar he lib."

"Not my home, Cuffee," denied Fellowes. "That's Fire Island, the Great South beach. My home is across the Great South bay beyond it—at Babylon, where the landing party are going."

"Who tole ye that?" demanded Tom. "I'm as positive as I can be," the Long Islander concluded. "Collishaw, himself wouldn't go with an ordinary raiding party. No, he is going to meet her—Miss Inglepin—" a cold note of passion rang in his voice as he spoke the name—"and her father. At Chater's farm, of course. They must have something for him, political or military information—and if he could only get there in time we might raise the militia, and trap them all!"

"Mebbe so we swim fo' sho'," suggested Cuffee. "Cuffee him Krooby. All Krooby swim plenty. Cuffee swim fo' beach, pull yo' wild him."

Startled and doubtful, Fellowes surveyed the expanse of restless blue water and the smother of breakers. "It would be a hard swim, Cuffee," he objected. "I can swim a little, but—"

"I can't," granted Tom. "Cuffee pull yo' bofe," grinned the negro. "Dat easy fo' Cuffee."

"Foolishness," grumbled Tom. "We must make a try for it, Tom. If you won't come—"

"Cuffee no let yo' drown," promised the negro.

"We'll stand by you, if you'll stand by us," Fellowes pleaded earnestly. "But we must make a try for the shore. We may never have another opportunity. Why, we'd deserve to be flogged, if we didn't go!"

Tom spat disgustedly. "Oh, I'll go," he agreed. "Flogged or drowned, it's all one."

Despite himself, Fellowes was unable to keep his eyes off Collishaw, methodically concerned with preparations for the longboat's expedition. An undercurrent of excitement pervaded the crew. Each of the men selected to go was surrounded by a knot of friends, and Bob Clinch was trailed along the deck by sailors, who hoped to be chosen at the last moment. Mr. Curry and the other officers were hurrying about their various duties; the gunner was inspecting pistol-flints, and packing bags of grape-shot for the light three-pounder which squatted in the longboat's bow. Only Collishaw remained phlegmatic and undisturbed. Watching Collishaw, fury slowly welled in Fellowes' heart. He pondered the thoughts which occupied Collishaw, tried to plumb the secrets concealed behind the Englishman's hawk-nosed face.

Battle lanterns shed glows of yellow radiance on the deck, and the longboat's company followed their captain down the Jacob's ladder. Clinch tacked them off at the gangway. Oars rattled in the thole-pins. "That you, Clinch? Take the tiller. Give way, men."

Fellowes stole for'ard. Men were dousing the extra lights. A pair of ship's boys were sparring by the main-hatch, egged on by a circle of sailors. The confusion of the longboat's departure hadn't quite died down.

"Cuffee?" whispered Fellowes. "Yah, mar'sr." The negro rose from the windlass. "Tom been under bowsprit heel."

"Good! We must go quickly." They slipped over the catheads into the water that rippled purringly about the bow. Tom muffled a groan.

"Drown me, ye will," he murmured dully.

"Cuffee no let yo' drown," returned the negro, placing one of Tom's hands on his shoulder. "Hol' on dar."

And he vanished in the darkness with the celerity of a fish, towing Tom's floundering bulk as easily as though his companion was a lump of cork. Fellowes pursued at a more moderate pace. He couldn't see twenty feet beyond his nose; the Badger was a vague huddle of spars, in a few strokes more became invisible. He traced Cuffee's progress by Tom's puffings and snortings. It was easy, he told himself, driving ahead, hand over hand, legs kicking rhythmically. Ah, but not so easy, he discovered soon, as the little waves kept slapping at his face, and his limbs grew heavier and heavier.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

OREGON STATE NEWS OF GENERAL INTEREST

Principal Events of the Week Assembled for Information of Our Readers.

Otho Eckersley, 90, one of the best known of the old settlers of the Cove section, died recently at Hot Lake.

Splendid progress is being made in the half-mile cut-off in the Dayton-Salem market road near the south city limits of Dayton.

The Menifee Lumber company building on the Old Oregon Trail, about five miles east of La Grande, was totally destroyed by fire.

Five inches of snow blanketed the McKenzie Pass district but the pass is not closed, according to stage drivers who came across last week.

The United National bank of Astoria, capital \$100,000, has applied to the comptroller of the currency for permission to organize as a national bank.

The Independence corn show was well attended, and was the most successful in point of interest and displays in the history of the organization.

Fire destroyed the top floor and roof of the four-story Commodore apartment house at The Dalles and caused damage estimated at nearly \$30,000.

From 14 acres of Willamette river bottom land in the Edward Winger farm in the Pleasantdale vicinity, 910 bushels of Golden Dent corn was produced this season.

Nine hundred thousand bushels of wheat were shipped from Jefferson county recently. Many Deschutes and Jefferson county wheat ranchers received \$1.13½ a bushel.

The government is making a preliminary survey for a forest road to the top of Mount Emily, and Union county may cooperate by building a road from La Grande to connect.

R. C. Spink, for 17 years a resident of Chilquin and for four years a justice of the peace, has been fined \$400 and sentenced to 100 days in jail on a charge of driving while intoxicated.

The Northwestern Turkey show, sponsored by the newly formed turkey breeders' association, is to be held at Oakland, December 14. Hundreds of dollars' worth of prizes are being offered.

The Lorane highway between Eugene and Lorane is being worked over extensively by the Lane county road. The surface has been badly rutted by heavy trucks hauling sawlogs and cordwood.

Angelina Romero, 5, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Romero, was burned to death when her tent home caught fire at Klamath Falls. The child had been left at home asleep, while her parents went visiting.

The dedication of the new highway bridge across the Willamette river at Springfield has been postponed until December 7, to suit the convenience of Governor Patterson, who will be the principal speaker.

The new gymnasium of the Amity high school was dedicated recently. This is approximately a \$16,000 structure, built of hollow tile and stucco, and equipped with stage and seating capacity for about 700.

With a balance of \$979,556 more than a month ago the financial condition of Jackson county is good. County Treasurer predicts that within six years the entire warrant indebtedness of the county will be cleaned up.

Reforestation of a tract of land 1400 acres in area on Youngs river in Clatsop county will be started in December by the Crown-Willamette Paper company, it has been announced. The company has already reforested about 6000 acres in that county and a policy of planting land as fast as it is logged has been established.

THE MARKETS

Portland

Wheat—Big Bend bluestem, \$1.29; soft white and western white, \$1.17; hard winter, northern spring and western red, \$1.15½.

Hay—Alfalfa, \$23@23.50 per ton; valley timothy, \$20@20.50; eastern Oregon timothy, \$22@22.50; clover, \$20; oat hay, \$19; oats and vetch, \$19.50@20.

Butterfat—47c. Eggs—Ranch 32@50c. Cattle—Steers, good, \$10.25@11. Hogs—Good to choice, \$9.25@10.25. Lambs—Good to choice, \$10.50@11.

Seattle

Wheat—Soft white and western white, \$1.16; hard winter, western red and northern spring, \$1.15; Big Bend bluestem, \$1.30.

Eggs—Ranch, 33@54c. Butterfat—46c. Cattle—Choice steers, \$10.25@11. Hogs—Prime light, \$10.30@10.40. Lambs—Choice, \$10.25@10.50.

Spokane

Cattle—Steers, good, \$9.25@10. Hogs—Good and choice, \$9.50. Lambs—Feeder lambs, \$8@8.50.

The Central Civic Council at Medford has passed a resolution protesting against removing the equipment of the old Beekman bank at Jacksonville to the museum of the Oregon Historical society at Portland.

State prohibition operatives took part in 59 arrests for liquor law violations in October, according to George Alexander, state prohibition director. Fines imposed aggregated \$7120, with jail sentences totaling 730 days.

Apparently \$20,000,000 was spent in Oregon by tourists this year, according to the report made at the opening session in Medford of the convention of the Oregon Auto Camp association by Clinton A. Ambrose of Portland, secretary.

The Mount Angel Business Men's club in preparing for the dedication of the recently completed Mount Angel-Gervais market highway in the near future. This road will cut the distance from Mount Angel to the Pacific highway to 5½ miles.

John A. Simmons, 78, of Yamhill, has never had a shave in his life, it was revealed when Mr. Simmons came to McMinnville and entered the whisker contest which was held as part of the McMinnville American Legion Armistice day celebration.

Totals of 1,031,421 pounds of milk and 50,521 pounds of butterfat were produced by the 1936 cows in the 86 herds tested in Tillamook county during October. The average production per cow was 542 pounds of milk and 27.03 pounds of butterfat.

Removal of all gasoline pumps from within buildings and prohibition of additional pumps along street curbs or sidewalks are provided in an ordinance passed by the city council of Albany. The ordinance affects both private and commercial garages.

Fire which broke out in the repair shop of the Parker Jenkins Motor company at Corvallis spread quickly through the garage, ate its way into the Evans Motor company and caused between \$11,000 and \$13,000 damage to the two garages before it was brought under control.

Workers and officials of the Siuslaw national forest have had to contend with 75 man-caused fires since January 1 this year, and 11 persons have been convicted on charges of setting fires, according to a report compiled by R. S. Shelley, supervisor of the forest.

Multnomah county has remitted to the state treasurer \$312,000 of its second half taxes, aggregating \$1,028,804.60. Counties which have remitted their second half taxes in full are Jackson, \$77,156.81, Malheur \$30,683.10, Jefferson \$13,152.73 and Sherman \$24,570.71.

The public spirited citizens of Ballston held a regular old-fashioned shingling bee there a few days ago, and put new shingles on half of the roof of the Ballston community church. The men did the necessary shingling, while the women prepared a dinner for the workers.

The city of Cottage Grove has retired \$40,000 in water, sewer and street bonds during the past year and has added only \$3000 in street bonds. The city has been steadily reducing its bonded indebtedness for a number of years and has already retired \$60,000 of a \$100,000 water bond issue.

During October 34 hunters employed by the federal biological bureau and the Oregon state livestock board, worked a total of 907 days and took 323 coyotes, 41 bobcats and one stock-killing bear, a total of 365 predatory animals, according to Stanley G. Jewett, in charge of predatory animal control.

Because of the many serious traffic accidents near the west end of the Marion-Polk county interstate bridge, plans have been completed by the state highway commission for partial reconstruction of the west approach. New decking will be laid, which will be covered with a non-skid preparation.

Falling of about 4000 dangerous snags along the Mt. Hood Loop highway from three miles west of Sandy to Hood River Meadows, and from the junction of the Loop and Wapinitia cut-off to the Clear Lake road, has been completed. It took four sets of fallers more than two months to complete the work.

A freak cabbage having two well developed heads, each weighing 10 pounds, a carrot whose growth was arrested when it was prematurely pulled, weighing 2½ pounds and measuring 16 inches around the top, and a quince that measured 15 inches around and weighed 24 ounces, are on display at Sheridan.

Two score Four-H club boys and girls, winners of awards at the state fair, Portland livestock exposition and east Oregon livestock show, were the guests of the chamber of commerce at La Grande recently, with an attendance of 225.

The Cushman cheese factory started last spring by H. M. Biberstein of Monitor and lately sold to the dairy men of the vicinity is to be incorporated with a capital stock of \$3500 under the name of Western Lane Cheese company.



PLANS

They were not chattering and playing so much now in the music shop when Minna was paying them a visit.

She had been talking to the instruments and pieces of music after they had come to life as they did outside of hours.

They all came around her now as though they expected her to have something special to say to them.

"Won't you play for me or sing for me?" she asked them all.

"If you will accompany us, on the piano," the Bass Viol answered.

"Mother Piano will let you play upon her, and the rest of us will give you a concert. It is what we've been hoping you would ask us to do. We won't all play, of course, but a good many of us are on the program."

"I'd adore a concert," Minna cried, "but I don't know whether I could accompany you. I can play very easy first pieces, but—"

"Oh, yes, you could accompany us," they all said.

"Our tunes," the Piano continued, "are very simple. We planned them so you could read them. These are



A Real Concert.

accompaniments for In-Betweens. So we'll have a concert."

"A real concert?" asked Minna.

"A real concert," said the Piano.

"A real concert," said the Bass Viol.

"A real concert," they all cried.

"We'll have everything very orderly," said Father Bass Viol.

"I'll see to everything," said the Metronome. "We'll get started at once."

"Arrange the stools and the places for the performers!"

"See that everyone is on time. Pull down the shades so that people walking up the street after supper won't see us. Turn on all the lights." They had turned on several brighter ones when she had first come inside.

Quickly and without any apparent hurrying everyone and everything were soon ready.

Minna had helped a great deal, too. A space was cleared for the platform, beside which was Mother Piano.

Now the Saxophone led Minna to the Piano Stool. In his foolish, clumsy way he was giving her his encouragement and the Violin was looking at her with such a very kindly expression.

There was a great space cleared for the audience of musical instruments and pieces of music now arranging themselves, here and there, on the floor.

Now the instruments who were going to play began to tune up, and Minna felt that queer little shiver of delight go up her spine that she had felt when she had gone to hear the orchestra in the city.

She was sitting upon the Piano Stool which no longer squeaked. She was nervous, a little bit nervous, but it was strange—she was not nearly so nervous as she thought she would be.

It was probably because Miss Drumble, her teacher, had taught her tunes and easy pieces and even had made little melodies of the exercises.

And then Father Bass Viol announced the beginning of the concert.

RIDDLES

What nut is good for naughty boys? Hickory.

What nut is like an oft-told tale? Chestnut.

What nut grows nearest the sea? Beechnut.

What nut grows the lowest? Groundnut.

Of what trade are all Presidents? Cabinet makers.

What nut is the color of a pretty girl's eyes? Hazelnut.

Why is a quarrel like a bargain? It takes two to make it.

When is a fowl's neck like a bell? When it is rung for dinner.

What was the President's name 20 years ago? Herbert Hoover.

What is the worst weather for rats and mice? When it rains cats and dogs.

What flower if combined with bread and milk completes the lunch? Buttermilk.



Acidity

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