

HATE
By ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH
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STORY FROM THE START

Capt. Leon 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...

CHAPTER V—Continued

The venture assumed the aspect of a nightmare. He was being crushed between black water and darkness, the air squeezed from his laboring lungs, a deadly pressure numbing his heart...

"Mars'r Fellowes!" pleaded the negro. "Mars'r Fellowes!" We go fo' surf. Yo' hear? Dat him surf!"

"Where's Tom?"

Cuffee indicated a dripping burden lashed to his belt by the remnants of his shirt.

"Tom plenty wet, mebbe him drown. But we go fo' surf—quik! Yo' ho' Cuffee tight. Cuffee pull yo' two like him whale pull boat. Yo' see!"

Fellowes was too tired to argue longer. He suffered his fingers to be hooked into the negro's belt, and floated supine, marveling at the undiminished vigor with which Cuffee slashed into the rollers...

"We'll make a spy run with this wind," Joe Doak announced as the sail filled. "Wouldn't be s'prised if we done it in two hours to Sampa-wama creek—land ye slick as a whistle at the Manor dock, squire."

"No, we'll have to run into East creek," replied Fellowes. "The Brits'ers will be at Saul Chater's farm and I don't hanker to go near them."

"For sartain," Joe spoke up proud ly. "That's the Fenibles."

"All of us—Nimrod Sopher's cap'n." Fellowes deliberated for some minutes.

"I'll tell you what," he decided finally. "As soon as we land, Paris'll better go wake up Sopher. The rest of us—I suppose the Widow Rhodes still has the Pig and Farmer at the crossroads? 'Tis a convenient place to rally at, Joe, you can be wakin' other lads in the village. I think I'll get some sleep while I can. He had rolled himself in a blanket

"—Jes as I'm atellin' ye, Joe," one of the voices was saying. "He come back nex' night, and he looked like he'd seed a ghost. Ses he: 'Twas that air slaver cap'n—over to Pint o' Woods. Hanted me, he did. All night. Come n' wailed l'to my ear. 'Whar's my head?' he'd holier 'Whar's my—"

"Lord!" mumbled another voice. "Here he be, head n' all!"

Fellowes, peering in the doorway, saw two frightened figures cowering in a corner of the hut, but no sign of a "hant" until he happened to glance sideways. Then he chuckled. Cuffee, curious as to these strangers, had stuck his head in a convenient window. The negro's scarred features, atop of his glistening naked torso were sufficient to frighten any yokels at ready bent on frightening themselves.

"Haven't you seen a black man before?" called Fellowes, stepping inside. "Paris Eches! And Joe Doak. Well, well, boys—"

"Another hant," gasped Doak. "Oh, Squire Fellowes, be kind like ye used to, and go back to the grave, and leave us poor fellows be."

Fellowes laughed outright.

"You'd better try the santes, Tom," he invited. "Here, Paris, Joe! Ever see anyone more like a live saller?" The pair were fascinated by Tom's gargantuan visage and grotesque figure. "Be—be—ye really Squire Fellowes?" quavered Eches. "Feel my hand," Fellowes bade him. "Cuss me, but that's flesh-n'-blood," he confessed. "But how 'n tim'd ye git here, squire? We heard tell ye was pressed by Collishawe."

"'Tis a long story," Fellowes answered grimly. "Is Saul Chater in Babylon?"

"Ever sence he come home from Portugal," Eches replied, a trifle shamefaced. "But who ye got with ye, squire?"

"Two men who escaped with me off the Badger. Collishawe and a landing party are bound for Babylon tonight. I want to take them. Have you a boat here?"

"My leetle ducker," responded Doak. "She's a durned handy craft, if I do say so."

"Get her ready. We must scud for it. Hurry! Every minute counts." He set an example by seizing a roll of blankets; Cuffee helped Eches collect the provisions; Doak slipped out



"We're as Good as Home, Tom."

with an apologetic: "Git the anchor up. Ye'll have to wade to her, and Tom brought up the rear."

The ducker was an almost flat-bottomed craft, an elongated triangle in shape, with a single leg-o'-mutton sail, capable of astonishing speed before the wind. Just the feel of her slimy floorboards under the bare feet stimulated Fellowes' self-respect. She was a boat, and he was captain aboard her; and the realization helped him to slough off the last trace of the subordination the Badger's iron discipline had ground into his soul.

His voice crackled with the crisp authority of the quarterdeck. "Get that sail up, Paris! Joe, you take the tiller. Cuffee and Tom, lie up in the bow."

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under the berders' feet when a sudden thought occurred to him. "Have you heard if Chater has visitors at the farm?" he asked, sitting up.

"By heck, I'd plumb forgot," exclaimed Eches. "Couple o' women, squire, and the feller to Noo Yawk owns Chater's ship."

Fellowes laughed harshly. "I expected they'd be there. Wake me when you make in for the East creek."

He was asleep almost as soon as his head touched the floorboards. Everything was happening as he had intended. Success be no longer doubted.

CHAPTER VI

At the General Armstrong

Doak's hand on his ankle awakened Fellowes with all his senses alert. No light showed against the curtain of the night, no noise came from the shore.

"Seems as though the Brits'ers were mortal quiet," whispered Eches. "They don't want to be seen here," returned Fellowes. "Look sharp, Joe! There's a landing."

"'Twill do," acknowledged Doak, and slid the ducker inshore beside a rickety wharf.

Their feet clattered on loose boards, then pattered soundlessly on the earthen roadway paralleling the creek. "Wasn't I turn'd off here for Sopher's," Eches announced. "I'll knock at every door I pass. Joe, ye better work west."

"I'll rattle up the bull durned village," promised Doak.

Eches vanished between the trees, and at the next lane Doak left them, with a brief, "See ye at the Widdler's."

The others soon emerged upon a wider thoroughfare, sprinkled liberally with houses, the largest of which, directly opposite, was distinguished by a signboard, creaking gently in the breeze as it swung above the street. In the stable yard beside it stood a dilapidated stagecoach.

"Jeff Riggle must have been late driving out from Brooklyn," exclaimed Fellowes. "Mrs. Rhodes is still up. This is luck."

The lighted window was open, and a spatter of argument carried clearly to the fugitives. "I never heard such foolishness! Ye be'n adrin'kin' Jeff, that's what ye be'n."

"No, I ain't, Mr'andy. I seed him as nigh as ye do. A grenat, tall man, dressed like a English sailor, and a naked cutlass in one hand and pistol in t'other. And he stuck the pistol into my stumuck, and says he: 'Is this the Babylon road?' and sea! 'It be.' And sea he: 'Git along it, mate.' An' I seed mebbe three-four more drested like he."

"A likely tale," scoffed the woman. Fellowes snatched aside the window curtain.

"But true, Mrs. Rhodes," he said. "Another one," squawked Riggle. "And look to that evil anygur with him!"

But Mrs. Rhodes was unperturbed. She rose from the table at which she had been sitting, six feet of gaunt, capable bone and muscle, and stalked to the window.

"Now, see here, my man," she asserted sternly. "No nightwalker, be he English or American, ever had ought out o' Mr'andy Rhodes. I've a musket handy, and—God bless my soul, 'tis Squire Fellowes! Where in the name o' Providence did ye come from, sir, that Saul Chater tote us wore pressed off'n his ship. Dear, dear, dear! Come in, sir, come in. And who have ye that? Land's sake, that nigger's as tall as some o' Jeff Riggle's stories!"

"Hub, ye better not talk so brash, Mr'andy," growled Riggle. "I said I seed a Englishman, and it 'pears like I did."

"Ye saw that nigger o' squire's—?" "No, he saw a real English sailor, Mrs. Rhodes," interrupted Fellowes. "We've just escaped off the Badger, Captain Collishawe's ship. She's lying outside the Inlet, and Collishawe and twenty men should be at Saul Chater's this moment—they came ashore in the longboat."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

OREGON STATE NEWS OF GENERAL INTEREST

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

A Kiwanis club has been organized at Burns with 34 charter members. Charles Ellis is president.

James Nichols, 73, resident of the Plainview community near Albany for 55 years, died at his home there.

Four arrests of boys and men for shooting ducks within the city limits have been made at Klamath Falls.

The mill of the Bronson Lumber company of Estacada and all machinery were destroyed by fire recently.

Dedication of the Mount Angel-Gervais market road was celebrated Saturday night at the Mount Angel school auditorium.

Workmen employed by William Pollman and William Wendt to drill a well at the outskirts of Baker struck an artesian flow of water at 530 feet.

During the past two weeks a total of close to 4000 acres of logged-off lands in Coos county and Douglas, the latter in the Camas valley section, have been air-seeded.

Mayor T. A. Lively officiated at the big valve gate when gas from the 50-mile main, just completed between Portland and Salem, was turned into the Salem gas mains recently.

Robbers obtained \$250 in postal receipts, money orders, cash and license money of the state game commission when they broke into the combined store and postoffice at Mapleton.

Losses estimated at an aggregate of \$337,605 resulted from 100 fires in the state outside of Portland during October, according to a report by Clara A. Lee, state insurance commissioner.

Big Sandy dam records show the lowest water mark since the dam was built 16 years ago. About 251 second feet of water is going through the canal, and none is going over the dam.

Fire starting from a dust explosion in the E. W. Hearing grain elevator at Haines destroyed the elevator and adjoining warehouse and caused serious injury to Kenneth Doty, 24, night watchman.

From a 40-acre upland field in the Winnie McDougal farm near Dayton, 2560 bushels of Holland wheat was produced this season. The entire 87 acres of wheat averaged 55 bushels to the acre.

After having destroyed a section of the village of Harbor, 50 miles west of Grants Pass, a forest fire attacked a 300-foot bridge across the Chetco river, about seven miles west of that community.

The fire record of the Santiam national forest this year was the lowest of any forest in Oregon and Washington. There were only 33 fires during the season, of which only one covered more than 10 acres.

Ratios of 1929 assessments to the true cash value of assessable properties in various Oregon counties for 1929 were completed by the state tax commission recently. The ratios are slightly lower than in 1928.

C. Ceciliani, Bull Run farmer, claims a record size for potatoes this season. He brought one potato to Sandy that weighed 3 1/2 pounds and was showing samples averaging 10 inches in length and weighing from 2 1/2 to 4 pounds.

Stage companies operating in Oregon have been required to pay to the state approximately \$25,000 in taxes which they alleged were collected without authority, but which cannot be refunded without legislative sanction.

Merger of the Salem Bank of Commerce with the First National bank of Salem was announced recently. The consolidated banks, with combined resources of \$3,113,426 and deposits of \$2,034,188, will carry the name of the First National bank of Salem.

THE MARKETS

Portland Wheat—Big Bend bluestem, \$1.36; soft white, western white, \$1.23 1/2; hard winter, northern spring, western red, \$1.22.

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, \$1@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, \$1.24; western white, hard winter, western red, northern spring, \$1.23; bluestem, \$1.37. Eggs—Ranch, 28@46c. Butterfat—46c.

Cattle—Choice steers, \$9.50@10.25. Hogs—Prime light, \$10@10.20. Lambs—Choice, \$10.25@10.50.

Spokane Cattle—Steers, good, \$9.25@10.25. Hogs—Good and choice, \$9.50. Lambs—Feeder lambs, \$8.25@8.75.

That a platinum strike has been made in the Coleman creek district and \$38 worth of the metal was taken out of one small crevice by two miners during the past few days, was a report brought to Medford by John Moore of that district.

The war department has approved the application of the Oregon state highway commission for approval of plans for a bridge to be constructed across Rogue river at Gold Beach, about three-quarters of a mile above its entrance to the ocean.

An effort is under way to have the county court of Linn county employ a county agent and also a county club leader for another year. Petitions to that effect have been circulated over the county. Linn county has not hired a county agent for some years.

With organization recently completed and an increased capitalization of from \$50,000 to \$100,000, the Western Board Products company announces plans for the establishment of a plant at Salem to cost from \$65,000 to \$75,000 and to employ about 40 people.

The town of Island City, two miles from La Grande, for a time was threatened by fire when a warehouse containing 10,000 gallons of oil belonging to the Fletcher Oil company burned. The La Grande fire department answered the call and saved several nearby gasoline tanks.

Turkeys valued at \$40,000 have been shipped out of Grants Pass during the past few days, executives of the turkey pool announced. Josephine county will supply the Thanksgiving market with approximately \$120,000 worth of the birds. The market price has ranged around 32 cents.

Seven persons were injured and three freight cars derailed when two mixed trains on the Oregon Trunk railroad met head-on at Oakbrook, a station 35 miles south of the Columbia river in the Deschutes river canyon. A mix-up in train orders was responsible for the wreck.

Wrights bridge, in the Molalla country, which was built in 1882, was blasted and burned, so that in case of high water it would not wash out and loogie against the present new bridge. The bridge was dedicated 47 years ago with a large dance. The proceeds were used to build the approach.

Strawberries picked from his Cottage Grove city garden were delivered by A. F. Glass. Last year his plants produced in sufficient quantities for sale up to November 20, and he believes they will this year beat that record. Mr. Glass finds it necessary to blanket the berries on cold nights.

A Swedish turnip, or rutabaga, with leaves instead of roots growing underground, was found in a Bend garden and placed on display in Bend by A. N. Hicks. Intermingled with the mass of underground leaves are innumerable fibrous roots.

An examination of the vegetable freak revealed that the underground leaves sprouted from the root system.

Property valuations of approximately \$2,000,000 will be added to Salem's tax roll during 1929 and 1930 as the result of improvements and extensions now under way. The largest item involves improvements by the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Company.

These improvements include a new office building, extension of telephone lines, and installation of new and costly equipment.

Automobile registration fees for the first 10 months of 1929 up to November 1, totaling \$7,585,032.69, show an increase of more than \$600,000 over the receipts of the department for the entire 12 months of 1928, according to Secretary of State Hoss. A statement prepared by Hoss shows that a total of 244,337 passenger cars and 24,134 trucks were registered up to November 1 this year.

Lois Bailey of Eugene, who has won national recognition as champion 4-H club girl of America, will leave soon for Chicago, where she will be the guest of honor at the eighth annual Boys' and Girls' club congress. Upon her return she will be greeted by 2000 Lane county club members, proud of the 16-year-old club worker and her work in bringing their county and state into the national limelight.

The old bridge that spans the McKenzie river near Corvallis was permanently closed last week when the county court placed barricades at both ends of the span. Built in 1878, of Douglas fir timber, the old bridge has stood up under 50 years of traffic and weather. The University of Oregon has made request for some of the old timber when the span is raised in order to make tests to determine if the heavier pieces are as strong as new lumber.

The Jerusalem artichoke harvest has been begun in the Grand Island vicinity. A crop of eight acres was raised for the laboratories of the Fabst company of California as a substitute for sugar, and to combat diabetic ailments.

The state reclamation commission at a meeting recently, approved a deal whereby the Rogue river valley irrigation district takes over the entire interest of the Public Water company in a series of canals and reservoirs in Jackson county.

WHY WE BEHAVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS

By GEORGE DORSEY, Ph. D., LL. D.

"Bone-Heads" Really Exist

IN UPRIGHT gait, balanced skull, and arms free at the sides of the body, we differ most from the only animals that ape us. This upright gait is maintained by action of muscle largely levers. We hang on a bony skeleton, large levers in motion. To put us across a hundred yards in ten seconds, the skeleton must be mature. If our bones were cartilage we would be wonderful contortionists, but our upright gait would collapse.

Our ancestors went on all fours. In acquiring the upright gait, the axis of the body changed from horizontal to perpendicular. This necessitated changes in every bone and muscle in the body and a complete overhauling of everything inside—lungs, circulation, abdominal viscera—everything.

Our pelvic girdle is a broad, shallow basin; it supports the viscera. The keystone of the girdle is the sacrum. It supports the backbone and locks the arch behind. The dog's sacrum is long and narrow; ours, broader than it is long. The sacrum at birth varies from four to seven vertebrae. These unite into one bone; but the first, and sometimes the second, never unites with the others.

Above the sacrum is the vertebral column proper; seven neck or cervical, twelve thoracic, and five lumbar vertebrae—twenty-four in all. But there may be six or eight cervical; eleven or thirteen thoracic; four to six lumbar. At birth, most of us have twelve pairs of ribs; some, only eleven; some, thirteen.

Seven pairs of ribs join our sternum, or breastbone; there may be only six, there may be eight. The first pair are sometimes mere rudiments. Our floating ribs are not so important as when we walked on all fours; they vary in number and size. The sternum is less important than formerly; it varies enormously. Two little bones sometimes found on its upper border are vestiges of the episternal bones of the lowest mammals.

No man-made column is so delicately adjusted, so slender, or so well balanced as our spine. Its sigmoid, or "S" curve, gives elasticity to our body, grace to our carriage, fine lines to our back, and saves our brain from jar and shock. The really human curves develop after birth, especially the lumbar curve in the "small" of our back. The infant cannot stand straight up because it has not yet acquired a stand-up-straight backbone.

Our backbone ends in small rounded bones about the size of peas. They are the coccyx, skeleton of our tail.

The upper-arm bone assumes its human form only after birth, when it also begins to twist, as does the femur, to conform to its new position at the side of the body.

Human history may not start with man's foot, but our foot is as human as our hands. Its bones show coming and going changes. The big toe is the strongest and is more powerful in man than in any ape; it is coming. But most of it comes after birth; baby's big toe is a poor affair. The little toe is going. In one individual out of every three it has lost a joint. But not on account of tight shoes—they can make corns, but cannot change heredity; the third bone of the little toe is as often absent in feet which never were shod.

Our skull is no more human than are the bones of our foot or of our pelvis. It is shorter in front, longer at the back, better balanced on the spine; adaptations to an upright gait.

Man has a flat face and a sizable chin when he has short jaws. But jaws vary, and long or prognathic jaws change the countenance.

In fetal life we have a pair of intermaxillaries between the upper jaw bones. At birth the suture, as skull joints are called, between them can barely be seen; by maturity, not at all. The suture often persists, obviously atavistic. The chin, or mental point of the lower jaw, has nothing to do with "mentality." It is a human trait, but not of all men equally. Some have "strong" chins, some next to no chin at all.

We have two nasal bones. But in some men and all monkeys they become one; no real bridge then to the nose. Sometimes the bones are small and flat; no bridge at all.

The brain can grow only as long as the three big sutures of the skull remain open. They begin to close at the age of forty; the one at the back first; the fore part of the brain can keep on growing. In animals the sutures close earlier than in man, the front ones first. They may close early in man; they may persist till old age.

When one or another skull suture closes prematurely, curiously shaped heads result. The "boat-shaped" head is due to premature closing of the parietal suture. When all the sutures close prematurely, the skull becomes solid as though a single bone. The brain can grow no more. Idiocy results—the "Aztec" people of the circus. (© by George A. Dorsey.)

Chrysolite Highly Valued

The Egyptians, who found the chrysolite in their own domain, wore magnificent specimens as talismans for victory; the Romans believed it had the sun-given power to induce cheerfulness, while during the Middle Ages when large quantities of the finest periods were brought from the East by soldiers of the Crusades, it was called the "gem of divine inspiration."

This Mother Had Problem



As a rule, milk is about the best food for children, but there are times when they are much better off without it. It should always be left off when children show by feverish, fretful or cross spells, by bad breath, coated tongue, yellow skin, indigestion, biliousness, etc., that their stomach and bowels are out of order.

In cases like this, California Fig Syrup never fails to work wonders, by the quick and gentle way it removes all the souring waste which is causing the trouble, regulates the stomach and bowels and gives these organs tone and strength so they continue to act normally of their own accord. Children love its rich, fruity flavor and it's purely vegetable and harmless, even for babies.

Millions of mothers have proved its merit and reliability in over 50 years of steadily increasing use. A Western mother, Mrs. May Snaveley, Montrose, California, says: "My little girl, Edna's, tendency to constipation was a problem to me until I began giving her California Fig Syrup. It helped her right away and soon her stomach and bowels were acting perfectly. Since then I've never had to have any advice about her bowels. I have also used California Fig Syrup with my little boy, with equal success."

To be sure of getting the genuine, which physicians endorse, always ask for California Fig Syrup by the full name.

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