

HATE

By
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WNU Service

CHAPTER XII—Continued

Two more broadsides smote the privateer in the interval required to tack out of the danger zone, and when she recovered her raking position the Badger continued to flail her with several heavy guns that could be aimed forward. A lucky shot dismounted a twelve-pounder and puddles of blood soaked the sand the powder boys had sprinkled across the deck. But one by one the Badger's guns ceased firing as her hull was raked from end to end by the relentless broadsides of the Yankee brig, and presently the Centurion hauled out of the smoke bank to survey the situation, the Long Tom alone hammering away at the unfortunate Britisher.

The Badger was a dreadful sight, her remaining sails split and tattered, her rigging a tangle, her upper works largely demolished. And she looked to be somewhat down by the head. But the White Ensign floated at the jagged peak of her mainmast, apparently nailed there, at intervals in the ribbed belt of her bulwarks grined the muzzles of cannon and one of her chase guns that had been hoisted at belching defiance of the privateer—“We're not licked yet,” it growled.

Fellowes examined his own ship, received hasty reports from his officers. Five men wounded, three killed. No damage worth mentioning afloat, except for the foretopmast. The hull sound the well dry.

“We'll board,” he decided, and a murmur of assent expressed his hearers' opinion. “Mr. Noggle, I'm turning over the ship to you. I shall be on the fore'st'le with the marines. Mr. Spencer, you'll remain aboard, and fight the batteries, if necessary. Mr. Breed, I'll have you take the starboard watch after the marines. That will be all, gentlemen.”

Fellowes clung to a foremast, atop of the Centurion's bulwarks, peering into the furry smokeclouds that swirled and trembled to the throbbing cadence of cannon and musketry behind him the fore'st'le was crammed with men. Tom Grogan, hefting an ax in a knotty fist, crouched at his captain's feet.

“Can ye see her, messmate?” he croaked anxiously, barriers of rank forgotten.

“Not yet—Ah, there's her main-truck!”

A wild cheer announced that others had seen it, too. The Long Tom thundered brazenly, the starboard battery boomed by divisions, and the concussion blew the smoke upward to expose the Badger's hull, rolling sluggishly like a wounded whale, half a cable's length distant.

“Hard over, Mr. Noggle,” Fellowes hailed the sailing master. “Ready, you grape-men!”

The privateer slid silently around the sloop-of-war's bow, poking her bow sprit into the tattered boarding nettings aft of the forechairs. Grapnels jangled across the narrow belt of water, and slowly, very slowly, the two vessels ground together, broadside guns muzzle to muzzle, gun crews stabbing at each other through the ports, small arms rattling in a savage crescendo.

From his perch Fellowes looked down upon the Badger's shattered deck. Scores of hostile faces scowled up at him. His eyes coolly scrutinized the Britishers for his enemy's face. And misgiving stirred in him, for Collishawe was nowhere visible. Curry, the first lieutenant, and a midshipman were the only officers in sight. The Badger was a shambles, although her crews were still unbeaten, surging forward to meet the Americans when Fellowes jumped among them.

Coffee had lingered for one more shot with the Long Tom, and leaped from the hot breach of the piece to the brig's bulwarks, yelling his war cry. A second leap carried him over the heads of the boarders, fighting to widen their foothold on the Badger's fore'st'le, and into the midst of the enemy, who, for the first time, recoiled from the negro's cutlass and terrible scarred face—“Grogan's nigger!” “Gawd, 'ere's Coffee!” The old superstitions were aroused—“He'll tear ye wiv his teeth!” “A man-eater lads!”

The resistance commenced to weaken. Still as numerous as the boarders, the Badger's crew suffered mainly from their dearth of officers, which became an absolute lack after Joe Donk had bayoneted Mr. Curry and Tom had disposed of the one surviving midshipman. Where was Collishawe? Fellowes asked himself again. The Britishers would have been leaden if it hadn't been for Bob Clinch. The boson was indefatigable, wielding a gory boarding pike, shouting hoarse admonitions to his followers.

But one man's steadfastness couldn't overcome the driving power of a crew who knew they were victorious, plus

the superstitious fear engendered by Coffee. Clinch, himself, realized this latter factor, and bravely sought the negro in personal combat—vastly to Coffee's delight.

“Yaa-naah, Bob! Coffee goin' cut yo' nose for eat.”

“No nigger deserter can stand up to me,” growled Bob, thrusting despatchedly. “Ere's daylight in ye.”

But Coffee parried the pike with a single blow of his left arm, and raked his cutlass point down the unscathed side of the boson's face. Poor Clinch, blinded by the flow of blood, staggered and would have fallen if Tom Grogan hadn't caught him.

The capture of Clinch disheartened the Britishers. They had kept together for a part of the mainmast, close ran's fairly impenetrable; but now, as Coffee whirled into them, hacking and bawling, parrying strokes with his bare hand, felled teeth gleaming ferociously in the shiny black mask of his face, a score of Americans wedged after him, they developed a tendency to scatter into isolated groups, which surrendered as rapidly as they were surrounded. Fellowes was leading an attack upon one of these groups when a pistol cracked behind him, and the ghost of a quarter-deck voice pealed languidly above the clack-clack of steel:

“I'll shoot every man who tries to touch that flag!”

The startled bluejackets dodged right and left, flinging their weapons from them, and there, propped against the break of the poop, lay Collishawe, his eyes blazing in a face drained of



“Done the Same in Your Place,” He Repeated.

all color, his body, from the waist down, a bundle of soggy bandages. Near by sprawled one of his sailors, dead, the smoking pistol in his hand telling its own story. While the Americans watched, he dropped the weapon, and selected another from a row convenient to his grasp, cocking it and shaking the priming in the pan as carelessly as though not an enemy was in sight.

Fellowes was embarrassed, uncertain how to act, mistaking the idea of violence against a wounded foe. But Coffee was not so compunctious. The negro stole aft along the port bulwarks, and threw an empty water-bucket which brushed the pistol from Collishawe's hand, and then, before the Englishman could replace it, kicked the remaining weapons out of reach.

Collishawe had been wrenched around by the blow, and a trickle of blood began to seep from his bandages; but not a muscle twitched in his face, and his one indication of feeling was a curious glance at Fellowes. The Long Islander was more at a loss than ever. He had obtained his supreme objective. Here, before him lay the man who had flogged him, wounded, defeated, at his mercy. The Badger was his. He had humiliated Collishawe as much as he had dreamed of doing. And the words that came to his lips were consolatory!

“Sorry you're wounded. What can we do for you?”

“Nothing, thanks,” answered Collishawe. “I'm done for.”

“Oh, not my surgeon—”

“Have him spend his spare time with my men who need it.” The Englishman's tone was inflexible, but Fellowes began to detect a slightly hesitant quality in it, a hidden weakness. “Our Scotchman was howled out.”

“But won't you let me have a look?”

“No use. My legs are pulp. One of your d—n twenty-four pounder shot.”

Fellowes looked away uncomfortably. He hadn't envisaged this ending to his quest. Suddenly he heard Collishawe speaking again.

“I say, you're a stickler. That was a well-fought action. Used your head did you, by any chance, plan that bit very for me?”

Fellowes nodded. Collishawe frowned, plucking at the bandages around his thighs.

“Tone the same, myself, in your place. Humpf! But I couldn't very well help floggin' you, y'know. Dis oblige, and all that sort of thing.”

“You needn't have pressed me,” asserted Fellowes, recovering a sense of justice.

Collishawe frowned again. There were tiny beads of sweat on his forehead, and his gaunt cheeks grew gaunter.

“Ain't sure,” he answered. “Couldn't help myself, though. That swine Chater. Swore you were a British

subject, said anyway 'twould be dangerous to let you get into New York—you'd talk about the True Bounty meetin' us.”

Fellowes rocked on his heels, eyes shut, an awful nausea possessing him. “There wasn't—anyone else?” he asked dully.

“Eh? Anyone—” A shrewd light flickered in Collishawe's fever-bright eyes. “Oh, Miss Inglepin! No, she knew nothin' of it. Matter of fact, I've thought since, Chater hooked me deliberately while she was away. Kind of thing the cursed swine would do, y'know.”

“I'm sorry,” Fellowes said.

Collishawe's jaws contracted somewhat, his first real sign of emotion. “Done the same in your place,” he repeated. “I've thought a lot about it. Funny how a feller gets things twisted, eh?”

He caught his breath.

“Palm?” Fellowes exclaimed quickly.

“Yes-ee. Think you could get me—bit of rum?”

A sailor brought a pannikin on the run, and Collishawe lapped it eagerly while Fellowes supported his head.

“That's—better,” he said in the crisp, impersonal tones habitual with him. “Y'know, I've often thought about that time—floggin' you, and all. Bothered me. But I can't see how I could have let you off.”

There was a new humbleness in Fellowes' heart.

“I expect you couldn't have,” he admitted.

“Sportin' of you to say so. But I'd have felt just as you did if you'd flogged me. Some things a feller can't forgive.”

“Why can't we forgive?” cried Fellowes. “Why should we go through life hating people?”

“Not a preacher—can't say. But any feller'd hate a feller flogged him, especially if he felt there was a dirty play behind it.” A streak of passion warmed Collishawe's tone. “What I can't go is havin' a rat like Chater start all this. D—n his soul! If I find him in hell—”

“He's dead,” Fellowes blurted out.

“Dead? You mean the True Bounty—”

A tremor convulsed Collishawe, and once more the ominous trickle of red seeped through his bandages.

“Miss Inglepin? She—you mean they went down?”

“No, the True Bounty is sunk; but Miss Inglepin—”

“I'm here,” Cara's voice panted.

“Oh, where is she? Where is James?”

The steady ring of sailors was burst asunder as if Coffee's Big Sargeant had been discharged into their midst, and Cara fluttered down beside Collishawe.

“James! What have they done to you? Oh, Father, Father, please fetch Doctor O'Shaughnessy.”

“No use,” said Collishawe. “With an effort that was pitiful, he raised a hand in Cara's direction, and both hers closed around it. “Goner. But no hard feelin's—eh, Fellowes?”

Fellowes bowed his head, heart sick.

For Cara, he saw, he didn't exist.

“But there must be something to do,” she was saying in a strained voice, tears streaking her cheeks. “Do let me see!”

Collishawe tightened his grasp of her hand, and in response to the effort the trickle that flowed from his bandages became a stream.

“No, no,” he denied faintly. “Don't!”

And she saw, as Fellowes did, the gray shadow that mottled his face. She must have seen something, too. In the fading eyes that Fellowes did not see, for she bent swiftly, and her lips touched his.

“Worth everything,” he murmured, smiling.

For a breath the shadow lifted from his face. The light blazed in his eyes again.

“Nall up that flag, damme!” he cried. “You not strike whilst I'm—”

Fellowes stooped and caught the poor, mangled clay as it slipped sideways. His shoulder chanced to touch Cara's, and she drew back with an instinctive aversion that blistered his self-respect.

“This is the fruit of hate,” she said in a hard, still voice. “But death is better than some things—yes, better than living in hate. Oh, sir, if you might know how I—how I despise you!”

She fumbled in her bosom, and produced a clean kerchief, which she spread over Collishawe's face.

“Come, Father,” she said—and oh, how weary! “We should try to help James men.”

Fellowes wanted desperately to speak to her, to comfort her, to excuse himself; but the words wouldn't come—a sense within himself informed him her mind was closed to him. Her mind and her heart. So much for victory!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Peep at Valencia

The city of Valencia is one that wonderful bit of Spanish Mediterranean coast where the climate is so much more certain than that of the Italian Riviera or the French Cote d'Azur. It is curious that so many places in this district should be associated with “desert.” Valencia and Malaga raisins, Denia oranges, Barcelona nuts—they are all familiar to us. And Tarragona supplies a wine which does duty on many a British dinner table for port.

Common Fault

“In studyin' a great man,” said Uncle Eben, “you is liable to find it too easy to imitate his little weaknesses instead of his big strength.”—Washington Star.

Straitened circumstances tempt many a man to become crooked.

OREGON STATE NEWS
OF GENERAL INTERESTPrincipal Events of the Week
Assembled for Information
of Our Readers.

J. C. Aoby, aged trapper, was killed in his residence near Alfalfa, 13 miles south of Bend, when the rifle he was carrying was accidentally discharged.

The dates of the 1930 Columbia county fair will be September 10, 11, 12 and 13, it was decided at a meeting of the fair board held at St. Helens.

A timber sale amounting to \$62,437.95 was conducted by the United States land office at Roseburg recently, 19 tracts of Oregon and California grant lands being sold.

One hundred fifty Knights of Pythias of Union and Walla Walla counties gathered at La Grande recently for their annual convention. The 1932 meeting will be held at Elgin.

L. O. Herrold, with four power dredges and a small army of men, is busy clearing up land in Lake Labish. This Labish lake land will be drained, cleared of roots and placed under cultivation.

Six of the 48 tracts offered at delinquent tax sale by the Linn county court have been sold to new owners at auction. Several tracts were reclaimed by their owners at the last minute.

Kimball School of Theology, Methodist institution at Salem, will suspend activity for one year, beginning September, 1930. Dr. Edward Laird Mills, president of the board of trustees, has announced.

The date of the annual Linn-Benton Jersey Cattle club show will not be changed. It was decided at a meeting of the club at Albany, at which it was proposed that the show date be changed to coincide with that of the Linn county fair.

Other Oregon communities report the first trilliums and lamb's tongues, but it remained for the mid-Columbia country to claim the first bouquet of cherry blossoms. They stood on a peak in the office of Sheriff Section, orchardist, of The Dalles.

One mile of grading on the Oregon Coast highway, which will cost \$100,000, in Douglas county, was authorized by the state highway commission at a special session held in Portland. The unit will be north of Gardiner, and will be financed on a co-operative basis.

The huge snow plow being operated in Crater Lake park has opened the road as far as Anna Springs, but the road is closed to traffic from Union Creek. At the lake the snow is five feet deep on the level and has drifted to the second story window of the lodge.

Dr. W. H. Flanagan, ex-mayor of Grants Pass and past right eminent grand commander of the Grand Commandery of Oregon, died at Grants Pass. He was 75 years old and was a 33d degree Mason. He had been active in civic affairs of Josephine county since 1884.

The Coos Cedar company has celebrated at Bandon the biggest week in its history with a chicken dinner in six days the crew logged and put into the river 805,773 feet of logs, which were hauled 1½ miles over a 5 per cent grade, scaled and dumped into the boom.

Material reduction of the hop acreage all up and down the Pacific coast is the only solution of the present unfavorable market conditions, according to Mayor T. A. Livesley of Salem, who has returned from a three-weeks' tour of the east. “There is no chance of cleaning up the 1929 crop in Oregon until late this year,” said Livesley, “and I am convinced that the 1930 carryover will exceed 30,000 bales.”

THE MARKETS

Portland
Wheat—Big Bend bluestem, \$1.20; soft white and western white, \$1.09; hard winter, northern spring and western red, \$1.07.

Hay—Alfalfa, \$23@25.50 per ton; valley timothy, \$20.50@21; eastern Oregon timothy, \$23@25.50; clover, \$20; oat hay, \$19; oats and vetch, \$19.50@20.

Butterfat—28@33c.
Eggs—Ranch, 26@29c.
Cattle—Steers, good, \$11@11.50.
Hogs—Good to choice, \$10@11.25.
Lamb—Good to choice, \$9.75@10.50.

Seattle
Wheat—Soft white and western white, \$1.09; hard winter and northern spring, \$1.08; western red, \$1.07; Big Bend bluestem, \$1.19.
Eggs—Ranch, 26@29c.
Butterfat—38c.

Cattle—Choice steers, \$10.35@11.35.
Hogs—Prime light, \$12.15@12.25.
Lamb—Choice, \$11@11.50.

Spokane
Cattle—Steers, good, \$10.25@11.
Hogs—Good to choice, \$11.50.
Lamb—Good to choice, \$10.25@11.

Waldport has voted to build a new water system, voting 57 to 7, and voted against the purchase of the old one, 48 to 13. The question of whether the city council should manage the system or not resulted 45 yes and 7 no.

Passengers in a southbound Yellow-bus were badly shaken up a few miles north of Grants Pass when the bus crashed into a herd of cattle, killing three of the cows. The machine did not leave the road and no one was seriously injured.

Dairymen from all sections of the Willamette valley met in Salem to organize a producers' association. The purpose of the proposed organization is to co-operate with milk producers in securing a fair price during all seasons of the year. Approximately 400 dairymen were in attendance.

About 2,000,000 baby chicks, it is estimated, will be shipped out of Corvallis in the next few months. With several large hatcheries in the Benton-Linn county district operating to full capacity, some way behind in their orders, 1930 promises to be a record poultry year for this area.

Fire destroyed the entire yard of the Lamm Lumber company at Modoc Point with an estimated loss of \$300,000, partly covered by insurance. The flames were difficult to fight on account of a high wind, but its direction from the south saved the lumber plant, planing mill, kilns and houses of employees.

Four persons, one a child of 5 years and another an aged woman who was crippled and unable to walk, lost their lives, and 15 others, three of them children, were burned or injured in fires resulting from overheated stoves, defective chimneys, open fires, explosions and accidents in Oregon during the recent cold spell.

Favored by good weather, sheepmen of eastern Oregon are expecting good returns from the lambing season which is just now getting into full swing. The season will continue until late in March. A few flock owners suffered losses because they began lambing operations during the severe cold weather in January.

A short crop of peaches and apricots in the Walla Walla valley is anticipated as the result of cold weather of last month. W. C. Hopson, horticulturist, reports that frost killed the buds and much of the young wood on the trees. The cherry buds are said to be in fair condition, while the prune and apple trees were not harmed.

A Portland concern received the contract for furnishing the state department with approximately 300,000 sets of motor vehicle license plates for the last six months of 1930 and the first six months of 1931. The plates will cost approximately 11.8 cents a set. The new plates will have a black background and orange numerals.

The traffic on both branches of Coos river will be carried by motor vehicles before the end of 1930, superseding the usual system of river boats which has prevailed since the country was opened in the '50s. Highways on the main river and on the south and north forks are constructed and will be surfaced by fall, and three ferries established.

Possibility of damage from heavy truckage led state highway officials to establish 12,000-pound load limits on the Old Oregon trail between North Powder and Baker. The normal limit is 22,000. The limit of 10,000 pounds was also placed on the Prairie City-Unity stretch of the John Day highway. The changes were made necessary by the prevalence of warmer weather.

Nine persons were killed and 291 were injured in a total of 2195 traffic accidents during the month of January, according to a report prepared by T. A. Rafferty, chief inspector for the state motor vehicle department. Careless driving was responsible for 929 of the accidents. Failure to give right of way resulted in 330 accidents, while 161 accidents were due to failure to give proper signals. There were 320 arrests, with fines aggregating \$2655.

An intensive campaign against the gray-digger squirrels in all parts of the county will be launched this year by the rodent control committee of the Lane county agricultural council. It was decided at a meeting of the council last week. The rodent control program for 1930 adopted at the meeting provides for the nomination of rodent control supervisors for each school district by farm organizations, and sets Monday, March 30, as “poisoning” day.

May 8 and 9 have been selected as the dates for the second annual music festival to be sponsored by the Southern Oregon normal school. All grade schools in northern California and southern Oregon have been invited to participate.

A four-year-old Holstein bull, while in a playful mood, struck his owner, A. E. Hartley, of Cove, in the back with such force as to throw him 30 feet. Mr. Hartley, landing on his head and shoulders, was severely bruised and shaken.

DAIRY
FACTSCOOLING MILK BY
ELECTRICITY NEWCurrent Is Cheaper Than Ice
on Many Dairy Farms.

“The advent of electric refrigeration as a new method of cooling milk has awakened new interest among dairymen in the cost and efficiency of the several methods used to get low temperatures in their cooling vats,” said R. F. Bucknam of the New York Agricultural college, in a radio talk. As long as it was a question of an other cake of ice from a well-fitted ice house, no one worried much about the cost of cooling milk on farms. But when the cost of cooling shows up every month on the bill for electricity interest in the subject develops rapidly, Mr. Bucknam said.

Although there is considerable variation in the cost of electric equipment and its installation, it may be roughly estimated that the investment will be from \$75 to \$100 for each can capacity.

The amount of current required is easily ascertained. Studies made in Wisconsin show an average requirement of about eight-tenths of a kilowatt hour for each can of milk cooled. This investigation reports studies in large-size dairies where a high efficiency may be expected. Limited investigation in New York shows that the kilowatt hour consumption to a can was somewhat higher. At rates available in most of New York, the cost of actual operation would be about five cents for current and nine cents a can for maintenance of equipment, making a total cost for cooling with electricity of fourteen cents a can, as compared with a cost of sixteen cents by ice cooling as generally figured.

If a farmer has a good ice house, a convenient ice pond, and no serious labor problems, it would probably be cheaper for him to continue with ice according to Mr. Bucknam. If, on the other hand, it is necessary to build a new ice house, or go to any great expense to repair one, or if labor is a serious problem, the use of electricity should be thoroughly investigated.

Calves Require Protein
Ration During Winter

Young calves trying to live through their first winter on cornstalks, straw, or prairie hay will do much better if given a little cottonseed cake to supply the protein their bodies need for normal growth. Tests of the last few years at the Valentine experiment station of the University of Nebraska have shown that from one-half to one pound of pea size cottonseed cake per calf per day in conjunction with prairie hay is enough to produce the most economical gains. In all these tests, the gains were worth several times the cost of the cake. The cottonseed cake may be fed in bunks, or some cattlemen prefer to scatter it on clean ground by throwing a sack over a horse and letting the cake dribble out slowly as they ride around the field.

The calves used in the Valentine tests were continued each year on pasture during the summer and then fed out the next winter at the agricultural college experiment station in Lincoln. In each case, the completed tests showed that no one can afford to stunt young calves. The thin stunted calves did gain rapidly on the grass the next summer, but they never caught up with those that had cottonseed cakes the first winter.

Dairy Notes

Provide warm, dry, clean stalls for fall-born calves.

Barley, oats, wheat and corn will not make up a balanced ration.

Gluten feed, gluten meal and bran are widely used in preparing the winter ration.

Feeding large amounts of cottonseed meal, even though it is low in price, is not advisable.

Cows like clover hay. Clover requires about 14 per cent digestible protein in the grain mixture.

Cows will eat mixed hay. Mixed hay requires about 16 per cent digestible protein in the grain mixture.

Time spent in cleaning and washing a separator will pay dividends. A dirty separator will not skim efficiently.

With a roughage very low in protein such as corn fodder, sudan, or timothy hay, feed equal parts ground corn, wheat bran and cottonseed oilmeal. Unless silage is fed, linseed oilmeal is preferable.

For the great majority under normal conditions, some combination of hays is usually available that falls between the two extremes. When the hay consists partly of clover, feed 400 pounds of ground corn, 200 pounds of wheat bran and 100 pounds of cottonseed meal.

Scientific Safe
Feen-a-mint
The Changing Game
LAXATIVE
No Taste But the Most
Chewy Gum
Like Gum
FOR CONSTIPATION
Feen-a-mint

In Numbers
“Have you good references?”
“Yes, ma'am—297 of them.”—Il Traraso, Rome.

Relieve
COUGHS
Quickly
with
Boschee's
Syrup
At all
druggists

It Was Always Thus
Nan—Donald is certainly tickled with his new mustache, isn't he?
Belle (with shy blush)—Yes, but not half as much as I am.

Dainty white dresses for baby or daughter made beautiful by Ross Ball Blue. Your Grocer has it—Adv.

Retort Courteous
The Haughty One—Do you know who I am?
The Other—No, don't you?

ONE PRESCRIPTION
MADE FAMILY DOCTOR
FAMOUS



Seldom has any single act been of greater benefit to mankind than that of Dr. Caldwell in 1885, when he wrote the prescription which has carried his fame to the four corners of the earth.

Over and over, Dr. Caldwell wrote the prescription as he found men, women and children suffering from those common symptoms of constipation, such as coated tongue, bad breath, headaches, gas, nausea, biliousness, no energy, lack of appetite, and similar things.