

The Mutiny of the Albatross

by WYNDHAM MARTYN

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WNU Service

CHAPTER XII—Continued

"That would be useless," she said more coldly. He knew she was relieved to see Mary coming toward her. He sighed. So there must be a little more sailing under the skull and crossbones.

As the yacht neared its destination Hamner became less certain of his future. His efforts to stir Todd and Bob Unwin into active insubordination had not come to fruition. His aim was to awaken a certain proper pride in the breast of the late Captain Hallett's nephew. Was he, an officer, to allow the vessel he should control by right, to be taken into New York by a murderous villain like Andrew Orme?

"They'll say," said Hamner, with resigned sadness, "that you were afraid of him; they won't believe it. I'll say he was bigger and stronger and you were wise to wait. What's it matter if they do laugh at you a bit, sir?"

"Shut up," Crosby Todd said angrily. He resented these implications of cowardice. It happened that he was courageous and had long felt his inaction was unmanly. And it seemed that Bob, who had a spell off duty, expected him to betray more leader-like qualities.

"What do you think we ought to do?" Bob asked.

Hamner sprang instantly into action.

"Seize him," he said; "there's three to one and he don't suspect a thing. Tie him up, the swine, and then wireless for help. That'll put us in good. It's my belief," the tempter went on, "that him and Metzger plan to get away. What's to stop them going overboard just after we get through the Bridge and escaping or lowering a boat in the dark?"

"We mustn't let him get away from the police," Todd said, wavering, "and yet it seems hardly playing the game to get him now?"

"If you're afraid, just say so," Hamner's manner was less polite. "But don't expect me to want to give a bloody murderer fair play same as I'd give you." A happy thought struck him. "If the judge says to you, 'Why didn't you do what Albert Hamner said?' what'll you answer? I'll have to tell him everything."

At the wheel Bettington was fighting against the desire to sleep. Never had he gone so long with so little rest. There was a great deal of shipping and he had not much confidence in Todd's seamanship.

The dawn was breaking chill and gray when he passed Fort Hancock. It was there that the three flung themselves upon him. There was little opportunity to struggle. Hamner brought down a belaying pin on his head with enough force to render him unconscious. He was awakened by the harsh spitting of the wireless. He realized that the Albatross was anchored. He was lying on the floor of the wheelhouse. He was bound and gagged as neatly as ever Metzger and Pereira had been. The pain in his side was now very severe. And with it all was a racking headache.

Mrs. Radway came on deck at about eight o'clock. She thought that Crosby Todd and Bob looked at her with a certain degree of embarrassment. And Hamner, the ill-omened, was with them.

"The New York Yacht club is sending out some one to take us in," Todd told her. "They ought to be here any minute now."

"I thought the doctor capable of that," she said, frowning.

"He's capable of anything," Hamner cried. "You don't know what we've done for you, ma'am."

"What does the man mean?" she asked of Todd.

"I had to seize the ship," he said. There was no question of evading what he had done or declining responsibility. "We found that Orme had planned to escape and we are holding him for the police. You remember he wouldn't let me use the wireless? That was because he didn't want to be caught. It's easier for a crook to escape in New York than it is to be in Limon."

"Where is the doctor?" Mrs. Radway asked.

She followed them to the bridge. The attack had been made in the dawn, and Todd had no idea that Hamner's blow had been so severe or that so much blood had flowed from the wound. He tried to prevent Mrs. Radway from seeing the man. She knelt down at his side and removed the gag.

"Are you very much hurt?" she asked. Her heart was beating wildly. After all, they had betrayed him. There were tears in his eyes. She could see that he did not dissociate her from those who had made the assault.

"They carried out your orders most successfully," he said, and turned his aching head away.

The shrill sound of a siren stirred Todd to action.

"It's the Yacht club launch," he cried.

Mrs. Radway bent over Bettington again. None else was near.

"I suppose you can never, never believe it," she whispered, "but I had no hand in this. I shall always feel ashamed when I think of it."

When he made no answer she went out on deck. Perhaps what had happened was fated, that hour to which he had been drawing near for a lifetime.

Mary Unwin had seized her arm excitedly. How like youth, she thought, to forget its recent perils and present a serene front to the world.

"Look," Mary cried. "There's Dad." Evelyn Radway looked down at the launch and saw that there were men in police uniform, too. Then she recognized the senior partner of the great firm which transacted her business. There was nothing she could do now for the injured man than commend him to Mr. Bigelow's care.

It seemed an interminable time before the police questions were answered and she was on the Yacht club launch with the Albatross lying astern. She had been glad to accept the opportunity to leave the yacht on the much faster launch.

CHAPTER XIII

Mr. Unwin Speaks His Mind

The Unwins were speedily to find what wealth and the desire to help them could do. Within twelve hours of meeting Evelyn Radway, their small flat had been abandoned and they were occupying six beautifully appointed rooms in a mansion, whose grounds ran down to the Hudson.

It was Unwin's mission to go to the Albatross and bring back a list of things Mrs. Radway wanted. On the night of his first visit to the yacht, he returned in a mood of horrified excitement.

"Do you remember a man named Hamner?" he asked.

"I shall never be able to forget him," his hostess answered. "Why?"

"A sailor they called Red Mike must have had some grudge against Hamner who, from all accounts, seemed a quiet, civil-spoken man. Mike got at him and jumped overboard with the poor fellow in his arms. The stream was running fast and they couldn't save them."

"Horrible," she exclaimed. "There must have been a curse on the ship. Death upon death."

"And there's another likely," Unwin went on, "the prize crook of them all, Dr. Andrew Orme. There's not much chance for him. Perhaps it's the better way. I should like to have seen him. The police think he was the brains of the whole thing, even the man you called Clements seems to



"What's it Matter if They Do Laugh at You a Bit, Sir?"

have been less dangerous. They have Orme's record complete and hope to be able to fill in the details of the years they lost sight of him."

Unwin talked on, asking innumerable questions and getting ready replies from all but Mrs. Radway.

Less than forty miles distant there were grouped around the bedside of a man who was not expected to live, an inspector from headquarters, a police surgeon and an official stenographer.

"Now, Andy," the inspector begged, "be reasonable. Why go to your Maker with a lie on your conscience?" The suspect held out his hands. The inspector did not know what he meant.

"Finger prints," said Bettington faintly; "you haven't verified them yet."

The inspector did not like to tell him he was rushed to the bedside in order to take his dying depositions. A dead man's hands were just as good evidence as those through which the blood coursed.

"I thought you told me he was all in," the inspector said to the surgeon.

"You said you'd give him half an hour at the most."

"He's one of those obstinate cusses," said the surgeon. There was a certain admiration in his voice; he could not forget that here was a member of his own profession who had attained world-wide fame ere crime enmeshed him. "He's got the will to live," the surgeon added. "Why not humor him? He's crazy to be finger printed."

The inspector came to the bedside. It was not often he could grant a last favor so easily.

"All right, Andy," he grinned. "I'll do it."

An hour later the surgeon was wanted on the telephone.

"That bird ain't Andy Orme," said the inspector with a note of grievance in his voice. "His prints are absolutely new ones to us."

The surgeon found the unknown awake and in pain. The surgeon's look was not as friendly as it had been. He had been mistaking a person of probably no importance with the discoverer of the celebrated Orme method of cerebral surgery.

"You're not Andrew Orme," he asserted. There was irritation in his manner; he felt he had been fooled and the sensation was not pleasing.

"I keep on saying so," Bettington remarked, smiling grimly. "Now can I be allowed to sleep in peace?"

Mrs. Radway discovered in Unwin, a man whom she could trust because he was honest and devoted to her interests. A very great deal of business devolved upon him. For the first time in his working life he was happy. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology was to receive Bob, and Mary was to graduate from Smith before she married. Crosby had yet to win his way.

Usually the Unwins took their meals in their own suite, but very often they were invited to dine with Mrs. Radway.

The three of them—Mrs. Unwin was still unable to move—were invited to a dinner party, given by Evelyn Radway, when she learned that Todd was to leave for an appointment to Chicago, exactly one week after landing from the Albatross.

At seven, Mary heard her father's voice on the telephone. He said he should not be able to get to Peekskill until nine.

"Your voice sounds cross, Daddy," she said. "Are you angry with anyone?"

"Angry is too mild a term," he said, and hung up. Usually he called her by some pet name, but he was abrupt, different and incomprehensible.

When he came they were sitting around a wood fire in the large hall around which the house was built. Unwin was one of those kindly men given to effusive greetings when he knew his people. Tonight he bowed to them all coldly. Not even to Mrs. Radway did he unbend.

"Daddy," said Mary, plaintively, "you haven't spoken to poor Crosby yet. He's hurt."

"I have no doubt," said Unwin distinctly, "that a young man of his resourcefulness and intrepidity will recover from the shock."

Crosby Todd flushed. He had been told that his future father-in-law was of a kindly and affectionate disposition. Assuredly, the smileless, middle-aged gray gentleman on the rug before the fire was not running true to form.

"I'm afraid you have had a tiring day," Mrs. Radway remarked.

"One of the most miserable I have ever spent," he answered. "It is difficult to know just how to tell you about it."

Mary came to his side and slipped her arm through his. Very rarely had she seen her father in such a mood as this. Had he, she wondered, taken some dislike to Crosby? His tone seemed evidence of it. Essentially she was a peace-maker.

"Don't tell us now," she begged. In the morning this black mood would have passed.

Floyd Unwin took no notice of his daughter. He stood there meditating. The girl might not have existed.

"Very difficult," he repeated. "I suppose I had better commence by proclaiming my own inefficiencies. I have been an economic failure, Mrs. Radway. I have worked hard and there is nothing to show for it. A month or so ago I went to an old friend and asked financial aid from him. It was for my children's education I needed it. He refused me. I learned then something of the scorn success has for such as I."

"Don't Daddy," Mary begged. She saw that for some reason, unguessed by her, he was bent on crucifying himself publicly.

"Another man," he went on, unheeding, "a friend of equal standing in point of years, offered aid. It was not in his power to give it immediately. He set out to earn by his unquestioned skill the few thousand dollars I needed. It was for Bob and Mary he took this burden upon him. I remember that he said he would try and be a fairy godfather to them. Well, he failed."

Unwin fell into another fit of silent

musings. When he spoke again it was of another subject. "I have just come from the bedside of a man who is dying," he looked toward Crosby Todd, sourly. "The man you and my son attacked, wounded and left for the police to drag to the Tomb. I commend your caution, Mr. Todd."

Evelyn Radway was glad that the dancing shadows from the open fire concealed her face.

"I don't understand you, Mr. Unwin," Crosby Todd stammered.

"Daddy, they had to do what they did," Mary told him earnestly.

"You waited," Unwin resumed, looking implacably at Todd, "until he was worn out from the sleeplessness he endured for you. You and my son took him at a moment when he was physically exhausted. You attacked him when he was suffering from three ribs broken in the fight with the man he killed. You inflicted such violence that the splintered ends of these fractured ribs penetrated the pleural sacs."

"We didn't know that," Bob cried.

"We hadn't any idea he was hurt; he never let me know."

"You must be fair to them, Daddy," the girl insisted.

"I feel just as bitterly toward you and Mrs. Radway," he said. "You lent yourself to the betrayal. Isn't there anything that looks from the soul of an honest man to tell women, with their finer intuitional senses, that he is to be trusted?"

Evelyn Radway's voice had tears in it.

"How could we know?" she wailed.

"Madam," Unwin said coldly, "he told you. Many times he tried to convince you. But you would not listen. After that, I suppose, he was too proud. He told you all his real name. Can you deny that he claimed to be Howard Bettington?"

"But you went to Bettington's funeral just before we sailed," Bob reminded him. "You identified him."

"I do not want to spare myself," his father answered. "I identified the body of a man, whose face was disfigured, as Howard Bettington, because he wore Bettington's clothes, and had papers of Bettington's in his pockets. But I did not fall him as you did."

"What man was it whom you identified?" Evelyn Radway demanded, with a passionate eagerness.

"A name well known to you," he returned. "One Andrew Orme, forger and double murderer. This has been established by the finger prints."

"How did Mr. Bettington get aboard the Albatross?" Mrs. Radway still spoke from the enveloping shadows.

"I told you that one of my friends offered help. That was Bettington. Although his reputation was wide he had not needed to sell his pictures, as many do, to live. For the sake of my children he determined to fill commissions long ago given him. He went off on his trip eagerly, like a boy seeking adventure. My G—d! What an adventure! In that great August storm which did such damage he was nearly drowned and took refuge in the hut of a fisherman who called himself Jonathan Gibbs. In reality he was Orme, who had lived there many years, having no friends and passing a solitary existence. When Bettington, in Orme's clothes, was forcibly taken aboard the yacht, Orme took Bettington's clothes and money and went to New York and met his death there, as you know." Unwin sighed heavily. "A double tragedy."

He related, as well as he could, the manner of Bettington's abduction. When it was clear he had nothing more to tell, Mrs. Radway arose and asked him to follow her into the library.

"You must take me to him," she said. For the first time he saw that he had been crying. Dully, he wondered why.

"I don't think it necessary," he told her. "He sent messages by me to you all. For some reason or another, he persists in thinking you were justified for what you did. I confess I do not understand why. It seems quixotic in the extreme."

"Mr. Unwin," she said, "I am going to see him. If you don't care to come, please give me the address."

"I'll take you," he said wearily. "I must speak with my wife for a few minutes first."

He joined Mrs. Radway in a quarter of an hour. She was waiting for him impatiently, but they were already on

World's Oldest Library Discovered in Syria

What is supposed to be the most ancient library in the world, consisting of documents written in the first alphabetic signs known to savants, was discovered in Syria by a French archaeological expedition. Eighteen large and small tablets, engraved with letters that are neither hieroglyphics nor Assyrian cuneiform characters, but evidently parts of the first alphabet made of 26 and 27 signs, were found by a young Assiatic archaeologist on the Syrian coast of the Mediterranean, at a place called Ras-Shamra, near Latakia (Ladikiya). The expedition had discovered there a necropolis, the 4,000-year-old ruins of a Phoenician palace and town, and numerous ancient vases, jars and statues of great archaeological and historical value. The opinion was put forward by the Académie that these ruins represented traces of an Aegian colony that existed on the Phoenician coast 2,000 years before the present era, and whose civilization was of the Mycenaean period. Salomon Reinach, the famous French historian, who was present when the report was presented, declared that the discovery

the steep hill leading into Croton before she spoke.

"You were right to feel bitterly toward me," she confessed. "I have always held that love should cast out all doubt, and yet, when the trial came, I was found wanting. I loved him and yet allowed all these seemingly inexplicable things which confused us, mixed identities and small jealousies, to blind me and build a wall of distrust which hid him from me. And now it is too late."

Unwin patted her hand with a gesture that was at once clumsy and affectionate. His anger had died down. Her grief moved him. He began to regret his bitterness.

"My dear," he said simply. "God is good and understands—and forgives. We do not yet know that it is too late."

That surgeon met them who had been disappointed in finding his patient was not the celebrated Andrew



"You Attacked Him When He Was Suffering From Three Ribs Broken in the Fight With the Man He Killed."

Orme. He gazed with marked interest at the beautiful woman he knew to be the many-millioned widow of Elgar Radway.

"May I see him?" she begged.

"These are not visiting hours," he reminded his visitors, "but I might stretch a point if it's important."

"It is the most important thing in my whole life," she said simply.

She stood for a few moments framed in the doorway of that bare and pallid room which had been the place of innumerable sorrows. In this sordid setting she seemed to the man on the cot ethereally beautiful, slender as the stem of a lily and filled with a divine compassion. In vain he tried to make some motion of welcome, but his body was immobile in plaster casts and his hands seemed too weak to respond to his will. His voice forsook him. He could only stare at her in wonder.

Then she came to the bedside and knelt down and took the strengthless hands and held them to her lips.

"Why have you come?" he asked and dreaded to hear the answer. He dared not allow himself to feel the certainty of the happiness which had come to him at sight of her.

It was when she looked at him that he knew there would be no misander standing between them while life remained.

"I came to say good-by and ask you to forgive me if you could. But I see now there is going to be no good-by and you have forgiven me."

The bitterness of the waste years had gone from her. Over the man on the cot was stealing a new strength and peace. He experienced a sense of protection; he was assured of the return to health and the reality of happiness.

In the outer room the surgeon was discussing his creed with Floyd Unwin.

"When I told him who was waiting I could see new life coming back. I claim to be a free-thinking materialist, but every now and then a miracle like this happens. . . . I suppose one might say that love is the supreme miracle. . . . But all the same," said the surgeon, "it upsets my calculations."

PUZZLES

What is the most difficult thing to hold in the world? Your tongue.

Why are clocks like the schoolboys at drill? Because they mark time.

What is the worst thing you could do to a junior farmer? Tread on his corn.

What is the dirtiest letter in the alphabet? O, because it has been twice placed in soot.

A knight of old had a pain; when and where did he have it? In the middle of the knight (night).

Why may a boy playing "blindman's buff" be called sympathetic? Because he feels for his fellow creatures.

Why would an owl be offended if you called him a pheasant? Because you would be making game of him.

What is the difference between a groom and a repairing tailor? One tends the mare, and the other mends the tear.

What is the difference between an elephant and a flea? The elephant can have fleas, but the flea can't have elephants.



CATS' CHATTER

"What are they running about in that wild fashion for, do you know?" asked Miss Gray Cat as she watched some people on a tennis court.

"They call that a game of tennis," said Mrs. Black Cat. "There have been times when I have entered into that game."

"Yes, once in awhile, I will admit that I have liked the game of tennis." "Can you use one of those funny bats?" asked Miss Gray.

"Of course not, my dear, I can't use one of those rackets, as they are called, but I can chase a ball, you know, and catch it."

"Sometimes I go near the net and make a fine jump for the ball."

"Where did you learn the game?" asked Miss Gray.

"It is natural for me to play with balls, and sometimes to catch them," said Mrs. Black.

"To get them between my paws and have a little game all by myself is something I like."

"Ah, yes, when I would get hold of a ball I'd have my own little game of tennis."

"I wouldn't pay any attention to the regular rules of tennis, which, to be frank with you, I never knew."

"And I don't suppose I ever will, for I really don't want to learn them." "Then I don't suppose you will," said Miss Gray. "It's not a cat's nature to do something she doesn't want to do, unless sometimes when we run out of some one's way who doesn't want us around."

"Just the way it was. I didn't have to learn tennis, and so I didn't want to learn tennis, and so I didn't learn tennis," said Mrs. Black.

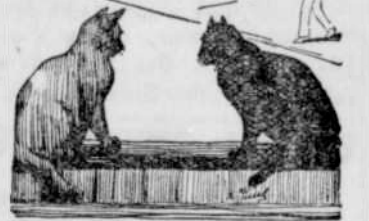
"I played it the way I wanted to, but I'll tell you a great secret."

"What, purr, purr, what is the secret? Do tell it to me. I love secrets," said Miss Gray.

"This is a fine one, too," said Mrs. Black.

"Then don't keep me waiting for it," begged Miss Gray.

"Although I didn't know any of the



"I Played It the Way I Wanted To."

rules of the game of tennis, they were always afraid of me, those players."

"Many and many has been the time when they've been afraid I would win everything."

"Then they have offered me milk at the back of the house to get me away from the tennis court."

"Isn't that a fine secret—to think that they had to offer me milk to get me out of the way?"

"Yes," said Miss Gray, "but perhaps they were afraid you would take away their balls so they couldn't play at all. Do you think they were afraid of your winning the game? Are you sure that was the secret reason why they offered you the milk?"

"Quite sure of it," snarled Mrs. Black.

"Well, you're not playing today, are you?" asked Miss Gray.

"I told you that it was because I was so sensible and wouldn't play when I felt lazy."

"I don't say I need the exercise the way they do when I'd rather not take any exercise."



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