

# THE KING OF THE HARBOR

## BY RANDALL PARDESS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRIETTA HAVILL

### SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the introduction of John Stephens, a man of many talents, who is a native-born American and a brilliant engineer. He is introduced to the reader as a man who has been successful in his career and is now returning to his native land to start a new venture. The synopsis continues to describe the various challenges and adventures that Stephens encounters as he navigates the complex world of international trade and politics. The story is filled with action, suspense, and a deep exploration of human nature.



### CHAPTER XI—Continued.

This unexpected and undesirable information seemed fairly to stun the fellows, their eyes meeting blankly. I heard Bill Anderson swear. The question is how can we best dispose of them? This is no excursion for ladies, no pleasure trip of any kind, we've started on. Shall we haul some passing vessel and let them go, or shall we run in to Juan Fernandez and put them both safely ashore?"



"None of the three men ventured to glance toward me, and for a long moment no answering voice spoke. Then Tuttle gave oily utterance to words of compromise.

"Hilme if this don't sort o' knock me all put, sir," he acknowledged, "I don't exactly cotton to either of these ideas of yours, an' I don't know what in best. I guess I'll have to talk it over with my mate here first, but you can tell them ladies that we'll get on somehow before we turn south. Anyhow, they don't need to worry about 'bout being ill-treated. Them I take it, sir, that you mean to sail with us?"

"I wasn't exactly sure," he commented in sudden anger. "Better give the crew their breakfast, Anderson. Mr. Stephens, I've sent Dade into the cabin to attend things at. He'll make a good hand at that sort o' job."

"We passed out together into the bright sunlight on deck, and I remained in silence for a moment before the rail, gazing forth across the open sea. Had I done well in the right in all these circumstances? Under God, I was not really certain; yet I could perceive no other action possible.

A slenderly built, stoop-shouldered young fellow, who shuffled about like a water snake, was in the pantry, and I noticed a white cloth hanging over the table, which had been lowered from its stanchions and now occupied the center of the main cabin, and a swinging shelf suspended above.

"Ever act in this capacity before, Dade?" I asked, sizing him up in the dim light.

"Oh, yes, sir," a slight slip in his tongue. "I've done cabin work on the coast liners."

"Then you should surely understand your business. Lay covers for four."

"Four, sir?" in surprise.

"That is what I said, Dade. Two ladies, Mr. Tuttle, and myself. That makes four on my figuring. Now step lively, my lad. While my breakfast be ready to serve."

"In about fifteen minutes, sir."

"I waited until he became busy with his work, his face still filled with discontent over my retention, then I walked around the end of the plan and rapped softly at the after-cabin door. Celeste opened the door with a dainty courtesy and a questioning of frightened eyes to my face. She had been crying, and in some way her hands were made me suddenly aware how poorly I stood in the estimation of her mistress and herself. Yet, for the moment, I did not resort to any care, stopping quietly within, I had, I believe, nearly completed the rapid completion of my visit. Lady Darlington arose instantly from her chair, steadying herself to the rail of the bed, and fronted me as expected, the expression of her face expectant, but reserved. Gaining my feet, I felt the fully revealed power of her beauty, as the sunlight streaming through the open port illumined her hair and outlined the delicate contour of her face. Troubled as she was, surrounded by a terror no less real than that which she felt through the compressed head it, facing one she must distrust and secretly fear, her first utterances, friendly and courteous, merely exhibited a heart which beat warmly beneath its slight armor of pride.

"I am exceedingly glad to greet you again, Mr. Stephens," she said, pleasantly, even endeavoring to smile. "I was absent so long who had begun to expect evil news."

I regret to say, Lady Darlington, that I regret to say only very little of any

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# VENTILATING DAIRY BARN IS IMPORTANT FEATURE

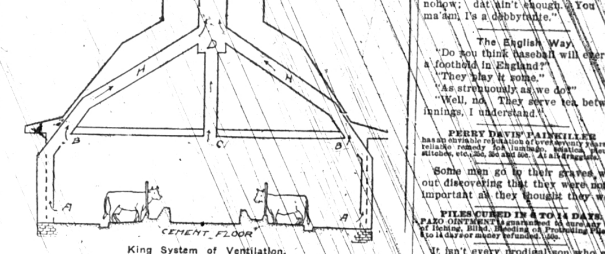
Cleanliness of the Milk, Health of the Cows and Success of Whole Business Depends on Fresh Air.

There is no more important feature about a dairy barn than the ventilation system. The cleanliness of the milk, the health of the cows and the success of the whole business depends on the proper ventilation. Ventilation of a dairy barn is not a matter of mere convenience, but a matter of necessity. The air in a dairy barn should be fresh and pure, and should be kept at a constant temperature. The King system of ventilation is the best and most reliable system for dairy barns.

The King system of ventilation is a simple and effective system that can be installed in any dairy barn. It consists of a series of small, rectangular ventilators that are placed in the roof of the barn. These ventilators allow fresh air to enter the barn and circulate throughout the space. The King system is easy to install and maintain, and it is a proven method for keeping a dairy barn clean and healthy.

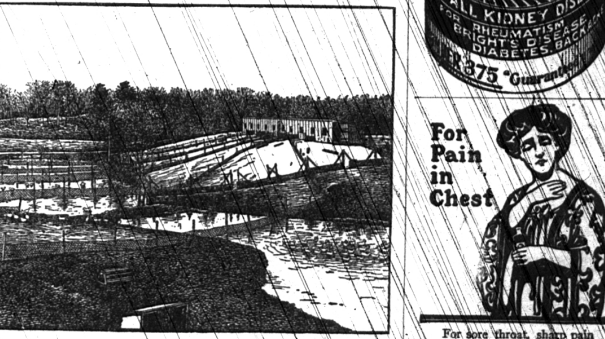
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It is possible to keep the temperature of the property constructed dairy barn at any degree that is wished. This is all important to the dairy animal. They will not do well if they are compelled to exist where the temperature is fluctuating all the time and to great extremes. The dairy animal is a highly sensitive creature and requires the best treatment and one of the essentials is proper ventilation in the barn in which she is housed.

## BREEDING HOUSE FOR DUCKS



The above illustration shows a duck brooder until feathered. During the day they should be kept in a movable house on fresh grass. Don't let the ducklings puddle in the water or they are liable to get wet, and dampness is more fatal to young ducks than to young chickens. The drinking water should be given them in a patent drinking fountain, where they can get enough water to drink but not any to play with.

Warmth is half the feed for cows, and hatched, keeping their feet covered in a warm room or in a regular

## SUCCESSFUL IN RAISING SQUABS

Indiana Girl Uses Trap Nests in Making, and in Great Measure the Result is Favorable Result.

(BY I. HAYNES)

A young lady of Delphi, Ind., has a pleasure in raising squabs. She is very successful in breeding and raising them.

She makes the birds by using trap nests and is an expert in the line of raising. She claims that by the proper mating is the basis for success in breeding.

When the birds are two weeks old the leg is banded with a number and a record kept of it.

When four weeks old they are examined as to their qualifications for breeders and if not suitable they are sold as squabs.

No squab is allowed a greater age than four weeks, for at that age they

## Better Than Any Physician

Mr. Brown's Remarks Quickly Brought Wife Back from Borderland.

"William, dear," feebly called the invalid wife, who was supposed to be nearing the end of her earthly career. "Yes, darling," answered her nervous husband. "What is it?"

"When I am gone," said she, "I feel that for the sake of some good woman, that you should marry again."

"Do you really think it would be best, darling?" asked the faithful William.

"Yes, William, I really do," replied the invalid. "After a reasonable amount of time, you should seek the companionship of some good woman."

"Do you know, my dear," said the husband, "that you have lifted a great burden from my heart. Now, there is that charming widow Jones across the way. She has acted rather freely in her practice. Her ears can find out more about the ways of his patients than those of most seeing men."

## PUBLISHED EVERY WINTER

George Washington Henry King, called by Carter, who of feeling was a driver citizen, was suddenly killed on not long ago to explain his presence at the house of a white woman.

"Stealing my chickens, among you black race!" the owner screamed. "You've stolen my chickens! You've stolen my chickens! You've stolen my chickens!"

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