

"The Best Sea Story of the War That Has Been Written"

By Randall Parrish
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ROBERT HOLLIS MEETS THE MYSTERIOUS GIRL AND HAS LONG TALK WITH HER—WORD COMES THAT WAR HAS BEEN DECLARED

Synopsis—Robert Hollis, one-time sea captain, who tells the story, is a guest on Gerald Carrington's yacht, Esmeralda, which, with a party of gay New York business men, is making her maiden voyage to the coast of South America. It is supposed to be strictly "stagn," and Hollis, wandering alone on deck at night is surprised to discover on board a woman who evidently wishes to remain unknown. The next night he succeeds in meeting her and having an interview.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

Before the party finally broke up I had outlined my plan. I was in no haste to retire, having slept more or less during the afternoon. I would remain alone on deck, and see what happened. We were steaming right gallantly now, and stars were finding rifts in the clouds through which to silver the waves of the South. The first officer was still on the bridge, but Seeley would relieve him at twelve; there was nothing for me to do but wait until then.

I could better my position, however, and immediately did so. If the second officer really proved to be the accomplice of the girl, he would be likely to take a rather careful survey of the deck aft before permitting her to venture forth from concealment. If his search disclosed any person who the young woman would doubtless be ordered to remain below. My choice of position was easily determined. The flag locker was unusually high, and one of Carrington's hobbies was to dress the ship handsomely on every gala occasion, and display the colors of all nations. It was built directly against the after rail, and back into its protective shadow I silently drew a steamer chair, concealed myself beneath the folds of a rug, and lay there quietly.

Time dragged, but finally the bell forward announced the hour for the change of watch. I was silent enough to comprehend the meaning of every sound. I heard someone walk hastily across the main deck, and descend through the companion to the second deck to call the second mate. The two came back together. Five minutes later, with no warning sound of approach, I became aware that someone had quietly rounded the end of the cabin. The mate passed me by within a few feet, so close indeed, I could distinguish the buttons of his uniform and the white cap he wore. Nothing, however, could have occurred to arouse his suspicions, for the man did not pause in his slow walk, and disappeared along the port rail. Fearing he might return, I remained motionless, yet was doubly assured now that my suspicions were about to be verified. I dared not venture any exploitation. Thus far my plan had worked nicely, and I could not now afford to risk discovery. She came so stealthily like a gray shadow gliding out of the night, that I was actually beside her rail, resting steadfastly on the very water, before I was even clearly aware of her presence. I was scarcely willing to accept the evidence of my own eyes, yet arose slowly, dropping her rug silently onto the deck. She heard no sound of the movement, and, with no suspicion of any other person on board, remained motionless drinking in the soft beauty of the night, and breathing deeply the crisp salt air.

I could see her plainly, although against the sky, illumined by the starlight which reflected upward from the water, her hands clasped on the rail, her feet bent slightly, as though she were blowing lightly in the wind. She was slender and young, no doubt as to that, with a certain supple grace to her figure noticeable even in that quiet posture.

Helped by the support of the flag locker, I strained my feet noiselessly, only half determined to rise, and held her letter portfolio. However, I was left no choice. Something served to startle her, to make her vaguely aware of some other presence on the deck. She turned, still grasping the rail with one hand, and confronted me. I caught a glimpse of her face, white and youthful, her big eyes staring at me, as though in sudden terror. She stepped back, then straightened slightly, her questioning eyes never leaving my face.

"I supposed myself to be alone," she said, the words uncertain, but the voice clear. "You are one of the passengers?"

"Yes; I chanced to be still on deck when you came."

"Where? You were expecting me?" I indicated the chair on the shadow, but did not venture to move.

"I was lying here, covered by a rug, but did not see you until you appeared yonder at the rail. I do not know if I was expecting you."

She hesitated just an instant, but answered frankly.

"But you may be asking? This is not to be our last meeting?"

"So far as I can say," she answered soberly. "I may—yes call me Vera."

CHAPTER III.

War, and a Copper Pool.

"Vera," I echoed, in some way vaguely conscious of a strange familiarity with the word, yet utterly unable to immediately recall the association, "that must be your given, not your family name?"

"And you are not even satisfied at this evidence of my trust?" she asked quite a compliment to be permitted to call a lady by her given name—yet I grant you, a stranger, this privilege?"

"To which I am not inebriated; yours is not a common appellation, yet I have known someone so named before."

"Indeed? A friend?"

"Well, really, I cannot say; I have not quite figured it out yet; only that I am sure you are not a friend, as something ought to remember."

"Or else forget," she interrupted quickly. "What do you say if you find me here, and I am just here for a while? Have you the slightest knowledge of where we are, Mr. Hollis? What is that light flashing out yonder?"

"Montauk point," I answered, instantly recognizing the peculiar flash. "The eastern extremity of Long Island. We shall be here, and just before daylight if all is well. I have good reason to remember Montauk."

"Yes? You were there?"

"I slept so soundly as to be the last guest at the breakfast table the next morning, although as I sat there, I was of course not at all in the mood to be disturbed, and I reported a heavy fog, through which the yacht was proceeding very slowly. The fog, or had been before the visit of Montauk, but the really important news had come to me, and I was in the mood to be disturbed."

"You were a sailor?"

"I was twelve years at sea; my father was a large ship owner. I left the sea when I was thirty. I had a few years of command, my father died, and I decided I had had enough. I suppose I am quite uneducated?"

"Indeed you do not. I think it is wonderful for you to fight your way like that, when your father was rich. It was a man's work. Tell me about it. Your sea life I mean."

"The eagerness of her voice must have touched a responsive chord, for almost before I realized my purpose, I began speaking. I began at the first, relating my life as a cabin boy and as a man before the mast, my first voyage as mate, and the experiences of my earliest command. I told of shipwreck, of my life as a cabin boy, and as a man before the mast, my first voyage as mate, and the experiences of my earliest command. I told of shipwreck, of my life as a cabin boy, and as a man before the mast, my first voyage as mate, and the experiences of my earliest command."

"Really, I must have nearly talked you to sleep," I said regretfully. "I do not know when I have before been guilty of such egotism."

"Do not say that," she said, smiling. "It is not so bad as you think. It is most interesting. It is nice to be spoken to as though one was an intelligent human being—it is quite an experience."

check for a hundred thousand dollars "And I," and I," echoed from lip to lip. Carrington, smiling pleasantly, turned toward me. "And how about you, Hollis? Coming in with us? We ought to have one Chicago representative, you know?" I shook my head, exhibiting my ability to produce the amount required off-hand.

"Not today; give me a few hours to think it over. I should like to talk with you privately first."

"All right; we shall have enough with you, but I'll hold the check open until you do decide. Let's adjourn to the cabin, gentlemen, where you can draw your checks while the steward mediates, he's better than I am on this occasion to be celebrated."

"We were upon our feet, not unwilling to escape from the low air, when the voice of the lookout sounded muffled, but distinct, far forward. "Sail ho!"

"Where away?" echoed the bridge. "Off the starboard bow, sir—a big one."

We gathered at the rail staring out blankly into the smother. There suddenly appeared a dark shadow, as though cut by a knife, and there in the rift, as if the fog were a frame, appeared one of the finest sea pictures ever remembered. A huge iron warship, her funnels belching smoke at full speed, the white spray racing along her sides, swept into view. The officer on the bridge raised the red flag. There was no flag, nor did we need one to know what she stood. Carrington pointed out into the blank mist. "There goes the German fleet," he said now. "That fellow has his orders altered. In five hours more a German liner will depart New York."

With the news of war and evidence of warlike activities on the sea, Carrington's party began to think they will have some real adventure before they reach their destination.

SERBIANS FIGHT FOR COATS

Cold Soldiers in Trenches Capture Fur Garments After Weeks of Manoeuvring.

Occasionally the drama of war takes on an intimate—almost a neighborhood—in the Balkans. Five or six miles from the front, a division became aware last winter that in the Bulgarian digout just opposite their post—20 feet away—three fur coats were ready for the taking. The National Geographic Magazine.

"Let us get the fur coats," said the five cold Serbs. The first of the getting is too long to tell here. But during the two weeks in which the five cold men became aware of the entry of the fur coats their entire regiment was aware of the play-acting watched it as one might a particularly entertaining play. Lives were lost on both sides; but that is beside the point. From the colonel down the men of that regiment were ordered to get the five cold coats. For the remainder of the winter they luxuriated in fur. The bitter winds of Dobruja mountain had no terrors for them.

Ready to Do His Bit. A scene in the life of an individual whose selfish magnificence reached its zenith in a white waistcoat with blue-flowed design dropped or struck in the mud in the trench at the front. He had the coat, but he could do very little. "I'm just a gambler, and I don't take much stock in 'em," he said. "If they ever decide to settle this mix-up with cards or dice, you got me addressed there, an' first drop me a line. If it's cards, I'll give you a set of dice, 'n' we'll give you a fight all the way."

Christian Literature in Japan. The Christian Literature society in Japan is probably the most organized, united, Christian organization in the world. It publishes nearly 32,000,000 pages of Christian literature last year. Its executive secretary, Doctor Wainwright, is a man of power and influence. He says the Christian Herald, which is more upon the eagerness of the Japanese for knowledge, and the fact that the power of their country is based upon the union of more than a score of missions in its support of the executive and literary ability of its conductors.

Macdonald Country of Queer People. Here in Macdonald country, so very far away. In actual distance we may be nearer home than if we were in Egypt, says a correspondent of the Macdonald Herald. We know a lot about Egypt before we went there, but very few of us knew anything at all about Macdonald, and the country which is the power it exerts and will exert, says the Christian Herald, is more upon the eagerness of the Japanese for knowledge, and the fact that the power of their country is based upon the union of more than a score of missions in its support of the executive and literary ability of its conductors.

Out of His Line. "Who was the man that just stopped you on the street and waved his hands around so distractingly?" "That was the celebrated astronomer, who discovered and named 'Mars planet'."

Behind the Bars. "How long are you in for?" asked the warden. "Six months," was the reply. "I see. Just doing your little bit, right?"

Michigan Happenings

Pontiac—Hunters nearly killed the conductor of a Grand Trunk train passing the Franklin road. A ball grazed the man's ear as he passed through the caboose.

Saginaw—Citizens have raised a fund of \$10,000, with which Liberty bonds have been purchased, as a memorial to Don McLean, the local actor who died in the city.

Jackson—James Eckler, Calumet county convict, was shot five times by B. H. Hunter, a guard, when he attempted to escape with two other inmates over the east wall of the state prison. Neither of the other men were shot, as they gave up the attempt when discovered.

St. Clair—Joseph Bearge, 37 years old, was drowned in Belle Isle park. He was rowing in Belle Isle park, and when two boys broke through the ice while skating, Charles Van Bergen, 16, of the city, saw the boys and pulled him to shore. Bearge's body was recovered.

Cadillac—The first drowning of the season occurred here when Elvin Bodary, 23, of Cadillac, was killed by the ice on Lake Cadillac. Bodary, with six others was riding on an ice boat which they passed over the current that flows from the east end of the lake. The ice here was thin and broke, throwing all the water. Efforts were made by the rest to rescue the Bodary boy, but he was killed before they could where on the lake was three inches thick.

Muskegon—A local dairy gave 500 quarts of milk to the city, as a gift to the city schools, who are getting less than \$30 a month for a Christmas fund. The gift was made by the city of Lake Cadillac, Bodary, with six others was riding on an ice boat which they passed over the current that flows from the east end of the lake. The ice here was thin and broke, throwing all the water. Efforts were made by the rest to rescue the Bodary boy, but he was killed before they could where on the lake was three inches thick.

Sault Ste. Marie—Every teacher in the city schools who is getting less than \$30 a month will get a Christmas fund. The gift was made by the city of Lake Cadillac, Bodary, with six others was riding on an ice boat which they passed over the current that flows from the east end of the lake. The ice here was thin and broke, throwing all the water. Efforts were made by the rest to rescue the Bodary boy, but he was killed before they could where on the lake was three inches thick.

Potosky—H. A. Fillmore, of Ness City, was shot through the hip while hunting near Rubicon, by a hunter who was called to answer his call for help in a serious condition. The accident occurred in the woods 10 miles from a road.

Pl Pleasant—Way Painter, Blanchard farmer for whom searching parties were looking in the woods of the upper peninsula for nearly two weeks ago, was seen by a hunter near his original camp. Painter disappeared while near hunting expedition near Newberry.

Muskegon—Shoes cost \$20 a pair in Russia, according to a letter just received here by Peter Machkowsky from his parents, who live on a farm two miles from the city. The shoes are made of pounds and wheat \$7 for the same amount. Though revolutions have been raging in Moscow, they say that two million of them have not been bothered.

Keeler—Ola Adams, 14, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Adams of this place, was exonerated by a coroner's jury in connection with the shooting of his sister, Ella Williams, 12. The lad killed his sister while in a bedroom at his home with a shotgun. The jury told the coroner's jury that the gun was empty when he found it. He said he shot his sister in the back and that the gun was later accidentally discharged.

Muskegon—Jay Mortuary was lost in the sinking of the American steamer Muskegon. The municipal fish market has sold two and one-half tons of fish in two weeks.

Rich Run—Smith D. Palmer, 70 years old, was killed by a delayed explosion of dynamite when he stepped over to see why it had not been ignited.

Albion—While decorating her home in addition for her wedding, Alva Hills, 27 years old, was taken on a charge of burning a barn on the farm. Hills was in the house when the fire led to the girl's home. She died of the charge.

Lansing—Innocent fire and fire from "unknown" cause demolished the city of Lansing, according to the report of State Fire Marshal Ellis. The loss from these fires was \$130,210, considerably more than one-half of the total fire loss of the month, which was \$248,216. The total number of fires reported was 273.

Jackson—This city is now selling fish at a municipal market. The market is being sold after the war hinges on the strength she is able to throw into the world economy, declared William Jennings Bryan, in his address to the people of Michigan at Lansing. College hall, the first building in America which agriculture was taught in America, has again been saved by the state power of agricultural education, and the appearance of Alumnus M. A. C. An architect has been authorized to plan the reconstruction of the building, which was destroyed by fire in 1910. Several years ago similar actions were taken.

Kalamazoo—Susan Washburn was sentenced to 60 days in the county jail for the robbery of a bank. The robbery was committed by a man named John A. B. (this announced that succeeding cases will be dealt with even more severely).

Ann Arbor—The Detroit Armada and Northern railway, which is being promoted by John H. Allardice of Ann Arbor, has filed condemnation proceedings with the state fire marshal. Several years ago similar actions were taken.

Long Endured Pain Eased by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

Thousands Find Relief IN THE RELIABLE OLD BRAND

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

IN ALL parts of this country, every day, hundreds of people are suffering from kidney trouble. They have swollen, painful, and inflamed kidneys. They have backache, headache, and all the other symptoms of kidney disease. They have tried every other remedy, but they have not found relief. They have tried Dr. Dodd's Kidney Pills, and they have found relief. They have found that Dr. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only pills that will cure kidney trouble. They have found that Dr. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only pills that will cure kidney trouble. They have found that Dr. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only pills that will cure kidney trouble.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 48-1917.

No Benefit. "That man has a screw loose." "Well, you can't improve the situation by making him tight."

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Tired Business Men. "Was this show gotten up to cheer the tired business men?" "Yes," replied the manager. "After it's done the work." "How do you know?" "By playing to crowds. Before the war I was getting to be one of the weakest business men in the business."

States of Ohio, City of Toledo Lucas County— "I have tried every other remedy, but I have not found relief. I have tried Dr. Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I have found relief. I have found that Dr. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only pills that will cure kidney trouble. I have found that Dr. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only pills that will cure kidney trouble. I have found that Dr. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only pills that will cure kidney trouble."

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 15th day of December, A. D. 1916. W. C. Gannon, Notary Public. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts directly on the mucous membrane of the system. It is sold by all druggists. P. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Rabbit Juice. John G. Abbott, selector for a news paper in Brown county, tells a rabbit-hunting story in his column, "Rabbit Juice." While covering the rural mail routes Abbott carries a rifle to kill any rabbits he may see. School children on route No. 2, knowing that the selector would pay for the rabbit, took the skin from a rabbit, stuffed it with sawdust and placed it near a small white oak bush. Abbott came along at the time he was told by one of the youngsters where he could kill a rabbit, and all the pupils, hiding behind trees and bushes, watched him fire 13 shots at the little animal. The rabbit did not move, and after Allison examined the gun thoroughly he began to speak, but the children could remain quiet no longer and began laughing. It then dawned on Allison that the rabbit was stuffed, and that he was the victim of a job.

Didn't Like the Idea of Christmas. "There is a story in Christian's Home, in connection with which this passage occurs: "Fun" snarled Grandfather Merrivale, whose face was flushed from the heat of his anger, as he saw the child in his face to distract his attention. Grandfather Merrivale had a habit of sticking out one foot from a speech and holding it in a certain way, and when he saw the child's foot sticking out, he was annoyed and worried it in his teeth. "Fun" what's the sense in fun? What's the use of fun? Here we are in high school in high, good and light. And you talk about fun?"

Typical Housecleaning. A woman wouldn't think she was housecleaning if she didn't get all the articles her husband owned, and she would find it impossible to place her first day.

Lansdowne Pa., new St. Vincent's home for epileptic cost \$3,000,000 of more.

Instant Postum fits the spirit of the times perfectly. It is Purely American Economical Convenient

and is a pleasing, wholesome, drug-free drink good for both young and old.

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