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A Man To His Mate

By J. ALLEN DUNN

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CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

—13—

"They've swiped it," he said. "Put an empty one from the hold in its place. We got plenty without nuin' that one for a while, an' I only happened to notice it this morning by chance. They've bin drinkin' all night, I reckon. They're ugly, Mr. Rainey. It's the crew this time. They got the booze. The hunters are sober. Deming ain't in such a hurry as they did it on their own. I don't know how they got it. I didn't get it for 'em, sir. They must have worked plumb through the hold an' got to it that way."

"All right, Sandy. Thanks. Mr. Lund can handle them, I guess. He's coming now."

The men had got to the ice, hidden from Lund, who was walking to the Karluk on the opposite side of the vessel. The seamen were gesticulating freely; the sound of their voices came up to him where he stood, tinged with a new freedom of speech, rough, confident, menacing. As they climbed the trail their legs betrayed them and confirmed the boy's story. Behind them came the four hunters, with Hansen, walking apart, watching the sailors with a certain gravity that communicated itself despite the distance.

Lund showed at the far rail of the schooner with his bar. He glanced toward the men going to work, went below, and came up with a sweater. He had left the bar behind him in the cabin, where it was used for a stove poker.

The men filed by Rainey, their faces flushed and their eyes unusually bright. They seemed to share a prime joke that wanted to bubble up and over, yet held a restraint upon themselves that was eased by digs in one another's ribs, in laughs when one stumbled or hiccoughed.

But Hansen was stolid as ever, and the hunters had evidently not shared the stolen liquor. Only Deming's eyes roved over the group of men as they gathered round for their cups and pannikins of food. He seemed to be calculating what advantage he could gain out of this unexpected happening.

Peggy Simms, under cover of pouring the coffee, sweetened heavily with condensed milk, found time to speak to Rainey.

"They're all drunk," she said.

"Not all of them. Here comes Lund. He'll handle it."

Lund seemed still pondering the problem of the floe. At first he did not notice the condition of the sailors. Then he apparently ignored it. But, after they had eaten, he talked to all the men.

"Two more days of it, lads, and we're through. The beach is nigh cleared. We can git out of the floe to blue water easy enough, an' we'll git a good start on the patrol-ship. We'll go back with full pockets an' heavy ones. The shares'll be half as large again as we've figgered. I wouldn't wonder if they averaged six-teen or seventeen thousand dollars apiece."

Rainey had picked out a black-bearded Finn as the leader of the sailors in their debauch. The liquor seemed to have imbued him with a spirit of revolt that bordered on insolence. He stood with his bowed legs apart, mittened hands on hips, staring at Lund with a covert grin.

Next to Lund he was the biggest man aboard. With the rum giving an unusual exhilaration to his usually sluggish nervous system, he promised to be a source of trouble.

Rainey was surprised to see him shrug his shoulders and lead the way to the beach. Perhaps breakfast had sobered them, though the fumes of liquor still clung audibly on their breath.

Lund went down, with Rainey beside him, reporting Sandy.

"I'll work it out of 'em," said Lund. "That booze'll be an expensive luxury to 'em paid for in hard labor."

They found the men ranged up in three groups. Deming and Beale, against custom, had gone down to the beach. They were supposed to help clean the food utensils, and did Tamada after a meal, besides replenishing the fires.

They stood a little away from the hunters and Hansen and the sailors. The Finn, talking to his comrades in a low growl, was with a second group.

There was an air of defiance and fest, a feeling of suspense in the tiny valley, backed by the frowning cone, ribbed by the two icy promontories. Lund surveyed them sharply.

"What in h—'s the matter with you?" he barked. "Hansen, send up a man for the drills an' shovels. Yore work's laid out; hops to it!"

"We ain't goin' to work, no more," said the Finn aggressively. "Not fo' no sich wage like you give."

"Oh, you ain't, ain't you?" mocked Lund. He was standing with Rainey in the middle of the space they cleared of gravel, the seamen lower down the beach, nearer the sea, their ranks compacted. "Why, you booze-bitten, lousy hunky, what in h—l do you want? You never saw twenty dollars in a lump you c'u'd call yore own for more'n ten minutes. You boardin'-house loafer an' the rest of you scum o' the seven seas git yore shovels an' git to diggin', or I'll put you ashore in San Francisco flat broke an' glad to leave the ship, at that. Jump!"

The Finn snarled, and the rest stood firm. Not one of them knew the real value of their promised share. Money represented only counters exchanged for lodging, food and drink enough to make them sodden before they had spent even their usual wages. Then they would wake to find the rest gone, and throw themselves upon the selfish bounty of a boarding-house keeper.

But they had seen the gold, they had handled it, and they were inflamed by a sense of what it ought to do for them. Perhaps half of them could not add a simple sum, could not grasp figures beyond a thousand, at most. And the sight of so much gold had dazed them, in a manner, cheap. It was there, a heap of it, and they wanted more of that shining heap than had been promised them.

"You talk big," said the Finn. "Look my hands." He showed palms calloused, split, swollen lumps of chilblained flesh worn down and stiffened. "I bin seaman, not navvy."

Lund turned to the hunters.

"You in on this?" he asked. Deming and Beale moved off. Two of the others joined them. "Neutral?" sneered Lund. "I'll remember that." Hansen and the two remaining came over beside Lund and Rainey.

"Five of us," said Lund. "Five men against twelve fo'c'sle rats. I'll give you two minnits to start work."

"You talk big with yore gun in pocket," said the Finn. "Me good man as you, jenny day."

Lund's face turned dark with a burst of rage that exploded in voice and action.

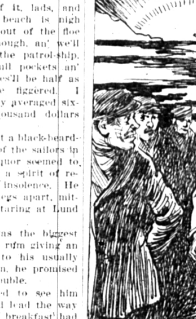
"You think I need my gun, do ye, you pack of rats? Then try it on without it."

His hand slid to his holster inside his heavy coat. His arm swung, there was a streak of gleaming metal in the lifting sun-rays, flying over the heads of the seamen. It plunked in the free water beyond the floe.

"Come on," roared Lund, "or I'll rush you to the first bath you've had in five years." The Finn lowered his head, and charged; the rest followed their leader. The hot food had steadied their motive control to a certain extent, they were firmer on their feet, less vague of eye, but the crude alcohol still fumed in their brains. Without it they would never have answered the Finn's call to rebellion.

He had promised, and their drunken minds believed, that refusing in a mass to work would automatically halt things until they got their "rights." They had not expected an open fight. The spur of alcohol had thrust them over the edge, given them a swifter flow of their impoverished blood, a temporary confidence in their own prowess, a quick valor that answered Lund's contemptuous challenge.

Lund, thought Rainey, had done a fool-hardy thing in tossing away his gun. It was magnificent, but it was not war. Pure bravado! But he had



Lund's Face Turned Dark With a Burst of Rage That Exploded in Voice and Action.

scant time for thinking. Lund tossed him a scrap of advice. "Keep movin'! Don't let 'em crowd you!" Then the fight was joined.

The girl leaned out from the promontory to watch the tourney. Tamada, impassive as ever, tended his fires. Sandy crept down to the beach, drawn despite his will, and stopped in and out, irresolute, now and then to attempt to mix in, but excited, eager to help. Deming, Beale and the two neutral hunters, stood to one side, waiting, perhaps, to see which way the fight went, reserves for the apparent victor.

The Finn, best and biggest of the sailors, rushed for Lund, his little eyes red with rage, crazy with desire to make good his boast that he was as good as Lund. In his barbaric way he was somewhat of a dancer, and his legs were as lissome as his arms. He leaped, striking with fists and feet.

Lund met him with a fierce uppercut, short-traveled, sent from the hip. His enormous hand, bunched to a knuckly lump of stone, knocked the Finn over, lifting him, before he fell with his nose driven in, its bone shattered, his lips broken like overripe fruit, and his discolored teeth knocked out.

He landed on his back, rolling over and over, to lie still, half stunned, while two more sprang for Lund.

Lund roared with surprise and pain as one caught his red beard and swung to it, smiting and kicking. He wrapped his left arm about the man, crushing him close up to him, and, as the other came, diving low, butting at his solar plexus, the giant gripped him by the collar, using his own impetus, and brought the two skulls together with a thud that left them stunned.

The two dropped from Lund's relaxed arms like sacks, and he stepped over them, alert, poised on the balls of his feet, letting out a shout of triumph, while he looked about him for his next adversary.

The bedrock on which they fought was slippery where ice had formed in the crevices. Two seamen tackled Hansen. He stopped the curses of one with a straight punch to his mouth, but the man clung to his arm, bearing it down. Hansen swung at the other, and the blow went over the shoulder as he dodged, but Hansen got him in chancery, and the three, staggering, swearing, sliding, went down at last together, with Hansen, underneath, twisting one's neck to shut off his wind while he warded off the wild blows of the second. With a wild heave he got on all fours, and then Lund, roaring like a bull as he came, tore off a seaman and flung him headlong.

"Pound him, Hansen!" he shouted, his eyes hard with purpose, shining like ice that reflects the sun, his nostrils wide, glorying in the fight.

The Finn had got himself together a bit, wiping the gouts of blood from his face and spitting out the snags of his broken teeth. He drew a knife from inside his shirt, a long, curving blade, and slided, like a crab, toward Lund, murder in his piggy, bloodshot eyes, waiting for a chance to slip in and stab Lund in the back, calling to a comrade to help him.

"Come on," he called. "Olsen, wit' yore knife. Git the swine!"

Another blade flashed out, and the pair advanced, crouching, knees and bodies bent. Lund backed away warily toward the opposite cliff, looking for loose rock fragment. He had forbidden knives to the sailors since the mutiny, and had forced a delivery, but these two had been hidden. A knife to the Finn was a natural accessory. Only his drunken frenzy had made him try to best Lund at his own game.

One of the two hunters, lamed with a kick on the knee, howling with the pain, climbed savagely and bore the seaman down, battering his head against a knob of rock. The other friendly hunter had bashed and buffeted his opponent to submission. But Rainey was in hard case.

A seaman, half Mexican, flew at him like a wildcat. Rainey struck out, and his fists hit at the top of the breed's head without stopping him. Then he clinched.

The Mexican was slippery as an eel. He got his arms free, his hands shot up, and his thumbs sought the inner corners of Rainey's eyes. The sudden, burning anguish was maddening, and he drove his clasped fists upward, wedging away the drilling fingers.

Two hands clawed at his shoulders from behind. Someone sprang fairly on his back. A knee thrust against his spine.

The agony left him helpless, the vertebrae seemed about to crack. Strength and will were shut off, and the world went black. And then one of the hunters catapulted into the struggle, and the four of them went down in a maddened frenzy of blows and stifled shouts.

The sailors fought like beasts, striving for blows barred by all codes of decency and fair play, intent to maim. Lund had got his shoulders against the rocks and stood with open hands, watching the two with their knives, who crept in, foot by foot, to make a finish.

Peggy Simms, a strand of her pale yellow hair whipped loose, flung it out of her eyes as she stood on the edge of the cliff, her lips apart, her breasts rising stormily, watching; her features changing with the tide of battle as it surged beneath her, punctuated with muffled shouts and wind-eclipped oaths. She saw Lund at bay, and snatched out her pistol. But the distance was too great. She dared not trust her aim.

Sandy, dancing in and out, willing but helpless, bound by fear and lack of muscle, saw Deming, followed by Beale, stealing up the trail, unnoticed by the girl, who leaned far forward, watching the fight, her eyes on Lund and the two creeping closer with their knives, cautious but determined. Tamada stood farther back and could not see them.

The lad's voice shrilled. His forecastle experiences, furnished Deming and Beale were after as they gained the promontory that and ran toward the fires.

"Hey!" he shrilled. "Look out; they're after the tools!"

Deming's hand was stretched toward a shovel, a worn steel scoop, sharp as a chisel. Beale was a few feet behind him. They were going to toss the shovels and drills down to the seamen.

Tamada turned. His face did not change, but his eyes gleamed as he thrust a dipper in the steaming remnants of the pea soup and flung the thick blistering mass fair in Deming's face. At the same moment the girl's pistol cracked with a stab of red flame. Beale dropped, shot in the neck, close to the collarbone, toppling like a scotched snake, rolling down the trail to the beach again.

Deming, howling like a scorched devil, clawed with one hand at the sticky mass that masked him as he ran blind, wild with pain. He tripped, clutched, and lost his hold, slid on a plane of icy lava, smooth as glass, struck a buttress that sent him off at a tangent down the face of the cliff, bounding from impact with an outthrust elbow of the rock, whirling into space, into the icy turmoil of the waves, flooding into the inlet.

Peggy Simms fled down the trail with a steel drill in either hand, straight across the beach toward Lund. The Finn turned on her with a snarl and a side swipe of his knife, but she leaped aside, dodged the ob-

er slow-foot, and thrust a drill at Lund, who grasped it with a cry of exultation, swinging it over his head as if it had been a bamboo. Hansen had shaken off his men, and came leaping in for the second drill.

The knife fell tinkling on the frozen rock as Lund snatched the wrist of the Finn. The girl's gun made the second would-be stabber throw up his hands, while Hansen snatched his weapon, flung it over the farther cliff, and knocked the seaman to the ground before he joined Lund, charging the rest, who fled before the sight of them and the threat of the bars of steel.

Lund laughed loud, and stopped striking, using the drill as a goad, driving them into a huddled horde, like tenderless sheep, knee-deep, thigh-deep, into the water, where they stopped and begged for mercy while Hansen turned to put a finish to the separate struggles.

It ended as swiftly as it had begun. One hunter could barely stand for his kicked knee, Rainey's back was strained and stiffening, Lund had lost a handful of his beard, and Hansen's cheek was laid open.

On the other side the casualties were more severe. Deming was drowned, his body flung up by the tide, rolling in the swash. Beale was coughing blood, though not dangerously wounded. The Finn was crying over his broken wrist, all the fight out of him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CITES EARTH'S 14 MOVEMENTS

Flammarion, French Astronomer, Enumerates Various Activities of Globe During Its Travels.

The fact that our earth in its voyage through space has no fewer than fourteen distinct movements has been pointed out by the French astronomer and scientist, Camille Flammarion, according to an article in the Paris Temps. These are as follows:

"Daily rotation, annual revolution, fluctuation or rocking due to the precession of the equinoxes in a period of 26,753 years, monthly movement of the earth around the center of gravity of the earth-moon couple; nutation caused by the attraction of the moon every eighteen and a half years; variation, coming once every century, of the obliquity of the ecliptic; variations every century of the excentricity of the terrestrial orbit; displacement of the line of apses every 21,000 years; disturbances caused by the constantly changing attraction of the planets; displacement of the center of gravity of the solar system around which the earth travels annually, this center being determined by the variable positions of the planets; perpetual variation of latitudes; daily tides of the continental soil; displacement of the whole Milky Way, of which our sun is one star, toward the constellation of Cepricorn, at the formidable speed of 375 miles per second, or 1,250,000 miles per hour."

First Magic Lantern.

Fakers in the old days were no less quick than their present brethren to take advantage of scientific discoveries to fool the public. In 1646, one Athanasius Kircher announced to the few German scientists of his day that he had discovered an instrument which would throw large pictures of any drawing or painting played on it, upon a white screen. He wrote quite a treatise on this first magic lantern and called it the "Arm Magna Lucis et Umbrae."

From a scientific point of view Kircher's discovery did not make a very deep impression. But half a dozen traveling magicians somehow or other got hold of copies of the first magic lantern. They traveled far and wide through the country, and they not only scared the peasants and small-town peoples out of their wits, but by making a specialty of showing pictures of the devil, of poor souls frying in purgatory and other unpleasant subjects, they collected considerable sums in return for the promise to keep these evil spirits out of the homes of their victims.

Origin of Famous Phrase.

There was a time when "Let 'er go, Gallagher," meaning start or "cut loose," was heard in all parts of the United States. The exclamation was originated by a Judge Beaver, of Morgan county, Ky., during a trotting meeting in Tippon county.

The judge had entered a mare which was driven by one Gallagher, the city marshal of Harrodsburg. Some of the sporting fraternity, thinking to catch the judge napping, entered a famous fast trotter against his horse. At the end of the first half-mile the two racers approached the wire neck and neck at a 2:40 pace. At this moment the judge shouted:

"Let 'er go Gallagher!"

Gallagher hearing the words, loosed the reins and the mare rushed forward and won by almost a dozen lengths.

Wool of Australia.

The great superiority of Australian wool is supposed to be due mainly to climatic conditions; but no little credit is also due to the grasses and herbage upon which the sheep feed. The native grasses of Australia are looked upon as superior for pasture to exotic grasses; experience has inclined the opinion that way. They possess greater reproductive powers, and there is very little necessity for reseeding.

All Kinds.

"I wish you all kinds of luck."

"Well, I have all kinds, principally bad."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

JAMES P. HUMPHREYS, well-known automobile man of Hebron, Md., who declares he believes Tanlac is the best thing to overcome stomach trouble and run-down condition. States it completely restored his health.

"I believe in giving everything its due and I want to say right now I just can't praise Tanlac too highly for what it has done in my case," declared James P. Humphreys, proprietor of the Hebron Motor Co., Hebron, Md.

"For three years or more I suffered from indigestion. After eating I would bloat terribly with gas and my heart would palpitate until it interfered with my breathing. I was habitually constipated and my nerves were all upset. My sleep was unsound, I got up mornings all tired out, and I was only a shadow of my former self.

"Well, Tanlac has given me a keen appetite, stomach trouble has disappeared, my nerves have steadied down, and I have gained several pounds. Tanlac, to my mind, is the best thing ever sold for stomach trouble and run-down condition."

Tanlac is sold by all good druggists.

Signal for Anvil Chorus.

"Pride goeth before a fall."

"True. Which of the neighbors are you going to knock now?"

WAS A BROKEN-DOWN WOMAN

Then I Began Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Medicines

Donaldsonville, La.—"I write with pleasure to praise your medicine—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—which has done so much to restore my health. I was a broken-down woman until my husband brought me a bottle of your Vegetable Compound and one of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood-Medicine. I had been having pains every month and at intervals between, was weak and seemed to be smothering at times, but in a week I felt like another woman. I also used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. I did me a lot of good too. I cannot praise your medicines too much and will be more than glad to recommend them to any woman who is suffering from female troubles. You may print my testimonial, as it is true."—Mrs. T. A. LANDRY, 612 Miss. St., Donaldsonville, La.

Note Mrs. Landry's words—"as it is true." Every letter recommending Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is genuine. It is a statement telling the merits of these medicines just as the women in your own neighborhood tell each other about them. For fifty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has sold on merit.

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GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

bring quick relief and often ward off deadly diseases. Known as the national remedy of Holland for more than 200 years. All druggists, in three sizes.

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The Golden State.

California has 99,617,280 acres of land, of which 18,447,043 are national forest, 20,236,977 are unappropriated public lands, 463,041 are Indian reservation, 745,798 are school lands, 4,555,941 are private timber holdings, and 27,931,444 are farms, with an approximately equal area classified as miscellaneous. Of the farm lands only 11,889,894 acres are improved, and of this but 3,893,000 are irrigated.

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6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief

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Half a Dozen Fines Did It.

"Mr. Grumpson is a changed man since he bought a car."

"For the better?"

"Yes. There was a time when he wouldn't take anybody's advice, but now he lends an attentive ear to traffic policemen."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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British Columbia Goat Farms.

There are several farms in British Columbia where goats are raised exclusively and which have herds of several hundred each. These farms not only make excellent profits on milk which is shipped to Vancouver, Victoria and other cities for the use of children and invalids, but on young animals that are sold to supply the rapidly developing market.

Goat breeding is being taken up by suburban city dwellers, the people of small towns and farmers. Goats are hardy animals and if permitted a good range will rustle their own living the year around. If kept confined, their upkeep is inexpensive while their milk sells for a much higher price than cow's milk. Yields of six quarts a day are common.

Oratory.

"You have never tried to shine as a great orator?"

"No," replied Senator Sorghum. "My idea of a great orator is a man who has a vast audience unanimously with him at the meeting and then loses every one who goes home and remembers enough of the speech to think it over."

If a man has never made an ass of himself, it is probably because Nature beat him to it.

A painful duty is best performed by a substitute.

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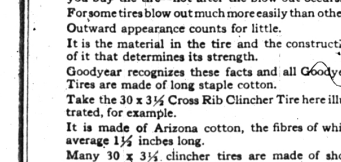
What Is It Worth to Change a Tire?



On the road changing a tire is not an especially pleasant task.

The dust or mud, the grease and grime, the tedious delay—all are things we like to avoid.

But the time to think about these things is when you buy the tire—not after the blow-out occurs.

For some tires blow out much more easily than others.

Outward appearance counts for little.

It is the material in the tire and the construction of it that determines its strength.

Goodyear recognizes these facts and all Goodyear Tires are made of long staple cotton.

Take the 30 x 3½ Cross Rib Clincher Tire here illustrated, for example.

It is made of Arizona cotton, the fibres of which average 1⅛ inches long.

Many 30 x 3½ clincher tires are made of short staple cotton from ½ inch to 1⅛ inches long.

This means less strength and greater danger of blow-outs—more tire troubles.

Yet this high grade guaranteed Goodyear Tire costs only $10.95.

You can buy some tires for even less than this but none with the fine materials and construction of this one.

Can you afford to take a chance on more frequent tire troubles for the sake of the slightly lower price of cheaper tires?

GOODYEAR

10c Saves Need Buying a New Skirt

Putnam Fadeless Dyes—dyes or tints as you wish