# A Man To His Mate

## By J. ALLEN DUNN

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### LUND AND CARLSEN.

Synopsis.—Loitering on the San Francisco water front, John Rainey, newspaper reporter, is accosted by a giant blind man, who asks Rainey to read him aboard the sealing schooner Karluk. In the cabin they find Captain Simms and a man named Carlsen. Simms recognizes the blind man, calling him Jim Lund. Lund accuses Simms of abandoning him, blind, on an ice floe, and denounces him. Simms denies the charge, but Lund refuses to be pacified. He declares his intention of accompanying the Karluk on its expedition north, where it is going in quest of a gold field which Lund has discovered. Peggy Simms' daughter, is aboard, and defends her father. Carlsen, who is a physician as well as first mate, drugs Rainey. Awaking from his stupor, Rainey finds himself at sea. Carlsen informs him he has been kidnaped. He offers Rainey a share of the gold, and Rainey is forced to declare himself satisfied. Lund gives him a brief account of a former expedition of the Karluk, tells him he distrusts Carlsen, and suggests a "partnership." Rainey to act as Lund's "eyes." Rainey is made second mate. Captain Simms is ill and the navigation is left entirely in the hands of Carlsen. At the latter's suggestion a shooting match is staged and the sealhunters exhaust their ammunition. Carlsen shows his skill with the pistol and Lund does some astonishing shooting. "By gum," Sandy, the ship's boy, is swept overboard and is rescued by Rainey, who thus wins Peggy's admiration. The captain gets worse. Sandy tells how Carlsen is stirring up trouble over the division of the gold. Carlsen draws a gun on Rainey, who overpowers him. Tamada, the mysterious Japanese cook, declares himself neutral.

### CHAPTER VI—Continued.

—7—

"All right, sir," Rainey answered, getting a thrill at this first actual intimation of the meeting. Hansen, it seemed, was not to be one of the representatives of the seamen. And Carlsen had been smart enough to forestall Lund's demand for Rainey by taking some of the wind out of the giant's sails and doing the unexpected. Unless the hunters had suggested that Rainey be present. But that was hardly likely, considering that he was to be left out of the deal.

"In just what capacity are you callin' this conference?" Lund asked, when Carlsen notified him in turn. "The skipper ain't dead, is he?"

"I represent the captain, Lund," replied the doctor. "He entirely approves of what I am about to suggest to you and the men. In fact I have his signature to a document that I hope you will sign also. It will be greatly to your interest to do so. I am in present charge of the Karluk."

"You ain't a regular member of this expedition," objected Lund stolidly. "Neither am I a member of the crew, just now. But the skipper's my partner in this deal, signed, sealed and recorded. Afore I go to onny meetin' I'd like to have a talk with him personally. There's four engines, ain't it?"

Several of the hunters had gathered about, and Lund's question seemed a general appeal. Carlsen shrugged his shoulders.

"If you had your eyesight," he said almost brutally, "you could soon see that the skipper was in no condition to discuss matters, much less be present."

"Here's my eyesight," countered Lund. "Mr. Rainey here. Let him say the skipper and ask him a question or two?"

"What kind of a question? I'm asking as his doctor, Lund."

"For one thing if he's read the paper you say he signed. I want to be sure of that. An' I don't make it onny of yore business, Carlsen, what I want to say to my partner, by proxy or otherwise. Second thing, I'd like to be sure he's still alive. As for yore standin' as his doctor, all I've got to say is that you're a dead poor doctor, so far as the skipper's concerned, onnyway."

The two men stood facing each other, Carlsen looking avidly at the giant, whose black glasses warded off his glance. It was wasting looks to glare at a blind man. Equally to sneer. But the bout between the two was timed now, and both were casting aside any veneer of diplomacy, their enmity manifesting itself in the raw. The issue was growing tense.

Rainey fancied that Carlsen was not entirely sure of his following, and relied upon Lund's indignant refusal of terms to back up his plans of getting rid of him decisively.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### The Show-Down.

"Rainey can see the skipper," said Carlsen carelessly.

"All right," said Lund. "Will you do that, Rainey? Now?" And Rainey had a fleeting fancy that the giant winked one of his blind eyes at him, though the black lenses were deceiving.

He went below immediately and rapped on the door, a little surprised to see the girl appear in the opening. The drawn expression of her face, the strained faint smile with which she greeted him, the hopeless look in her eyes, startled him.

"I wanted to see your father," he said in a low voice.

She told him to enter.

"He is in a stupor," she said. "He has been that way since last night, following a collapse. I can barely find his pulse, but his breath shows on this."

She produced a small mirror, little larger than a dollar, and held it before her father's lips. When she took it away Rainey saw a trace of moisture.

"Carlsen cannot rouse him?" he asked.

"He cannot—or will not," she answered in a voice that held a hard quality for all its despondency.

"Lately the doctor has seemed uncertain. He talks of perverted nerve functions, and he has obtained a tremendous influence over father."

"You heard what he said when—the night he tried to shoot you? You see, I am trusting you in all this, Mr. Rainey. I must trust some one. If I don't I can't stand it. I think I shall go mad, sometimes." The doctor has changed. It is as if he was a dual personality—like Jekyll and Hyde. And now he is always Hyde. He said last night that he could save father or I—or—that he would let father die. I told him it was sheer murder! He laughed. He said he would save him—for a price."

She stopped, and Rainey supplied the gap, sure that he was right.

"If you would marry him?"

The girl nodded. "Father will do anything he tells him. I sometimes think he tortures father and only relieves him when father promises what he wants. Otherwise I would go mad, last night father asked me to do this thing. He told me he looked upon the doctor as a son, that it would make him happy for me to marry him—now. That he would perform the ceremony. That he did not think he would live long and he wanted to see me with a protector.

"It was horrible. What shall I do?"

"Miss Simms," said Rainey, "your father is not in his right mind or he would see Carlsen as you do, as I do. Carlsen's brain is turned with the lure of the gold. If he marries you, I believe it is only for your share, for what you will get from your father. It cannot be right to do a wrong thing. No good could come from it. But—something may happen this morning—I cannot tell you what. I do not know, except that Lund is to face Carlsen. It may change matters."

"Lund," she said scornfully. "What can he do? And he accused my father of deserting him. I—"

A knock came at the door, and Rainey started to open. Carlsen entered.

"Ah," he said. "I trust I have not disturbed you. I had no idea I should interrupt a tete-a-tete. Are you satisfied as to the captain's condition, Mr. Rainey?"

Rainey went on deck, raging but impotent. He told Lund briefly of the talk between him and Peggy Simms, and described the general symptoms of the skipper's strange malady. It was nine o'clock, an hour to the meeting. He went down to his own room and sat on the bunk, smoking, trying to piece up the puzzle. If Carlsen was a potential murderer, if he intended to let Simms die, why should he want to marry the girl? He thought he solved that issue.

As his wife Carlsen would retain her share. If he gave her up, it would go into the common purse. But, if he expected to trick the men out of it all, he could mingle with a passion for possession of her? He might know that the girl would kill herself before she would submit to dishonor. Perhaps he knew she had the means!

One thing became paramount—to save Peggy Simms. Lund might fight for the gold; Rainey would battle for the girl's sanctity. And, armed with that resolve, Rainey went out into the main cabin.

Carlsen took the head of the table. Lund faced him at the other end. All six of the hunters, as privileged characters, were present, but only three of the seamen, awkward and diffident at being left. The nine, with Rainey, ranged themselves on either side of the table, five and five, with Rainey on Lund's right. The girl was not present. Yet her share was an important factor.

Lund sat with folded arms, his great body relaxed. Now that the table was set, the cards all dealt, and the first play about to be made, the giant shed his tenseness. Even his grim face softened a trifle. He seemed to regard the affair with a certain amount of humor, coupled with the zest of a gambler who loves the game whether the stakes are for death or dollars.

Carlsen had a paper under his hand, but deferred its reading until he had addressed the meeting.

"A ship," he said, "is a little community, a world in itself. To its safety every member is a necessity, the lookout as much as the man at the wheel, the common seaman, the navigator. And, when a ship is engaged in a certain calling, those who are hired as experts in that line are equally essential with the rest. Each man's responsibility being equal, his reward should be also equal.

"Payment for all services comes on this voyage from an uncertain amount of gold that Nature, mother of us all, and therefore intending that all her children shall share her heritage, has washed up on a beach from some deep-sea vein and thus deposited upon an uncharted, uncl aimed island. It is discovered by an Indian, the discovery is handed on to another,"

"Meanin' me," Lund seemed to be enjoying himself. Despite the fact that Carlsen was presiding and most evidently assumed the attributes of leader, despite the fact that ten of the twelve at the table were arrayed against him, with the rest of the seamen behind them, Lund was decidedly enjoying himself.

"Share and share alike," he said. "I've got yore drift, Carlsen. Let's get down to brass tacks. The idea is to divvy the gold into equal parts, ain't it? How does she split? There's twenty-five souls aboard. Does that mean you split the heap into a hundred parts an' each one gits four?"

"No." It was Deming who answered. "It don't. The Jap don't come in, for one."

"A cook ain't a brother?"

"Not when he's got a yellow skin," answered Deming. "We'll take up a collection for Sandy. Rainey ain't in on the deal. We split it just twenty-two ways. What have you got to say about it?"

His tone was truculent, and Carlsen did not appear disposed to check him. He appeared not quite certain of the temper of the hunters.

"You figger we're all equal aboard," said Lund slowly, "leavin' out Mr. Rainey, Tamada an' Sandy. You an' me, an' Carlsen an' Harris there"—he nodded toward one of the seaman delegates who listened with his slack mouth agape scratching himself under the armpit—"are all equal?"

Deming cast a glance at Harris and, for just a moment, hesitated.

Harris, squirming under the look of Deming, which was aped by the sudden scrutiny of all the hunters, found speech: "How in h—ll did you know I was here?" he demanded of Lund. "I ain't opened my mouth yit!"

"That ain't the truth, Harris," replied Lund composedly. "It's allus open. But if you want to know, I smelled ye."

There was a guffaw at the sally. Carlsen's voice stopped it.

"I'll answer the question, Lund. Yes, we're all equal. The world is not a democracy, Harris, so far, hasn't had a chance to get the equal share that belongs to him by rights. That's what I, meant by saying that the Karluk was a little world of its own. We're all equal on board."

"Except Rainey, Tamada an' Sandy. Seems to me yore argumint's got holes in it, Carlsen."

"We are waiting to know whether you agree with us?" replied Carlsen. His voice had altered quality. It held the direct challenge. Lund accepted it.

"I don't," he answered dryly. "There ain't enny one of you my equal, an' you've showed it. You had to band together in a pack, like a flock of sheep, with Carlsen for sheepherder. I'm talking," he went on in a tone that

"A Fine Lot of Skunks—"

suddenly leaped to thunder. "None of you have got the brains of Carlsen, becoz he had to put this scheme inter yore noodles. Deming, you know d—n' well you play better poker than the rest, an' you agreed to this becoz you figger you'll get most of the gold afore the voyage is over. The rest of you snickers listened becoz some one tells you you are goin' to get more than what's rightly comin' to you.

"This gold is mine by right of discovery. I lose my ship through bad luck, an' I make a deal whereby the skipper gets the same as I do, an' the ship, which is the same as his daughter, gets almost as much. You men were offered a share on top of yore wages if you wanted to take the chance—two shares to the hunters. It was d—d liberal, an' you grabbed at it. I got left on the ice, blind on a breakin' floe, an' you sailed off an' grabbed a handful or so of gold, enough to set you crazy.

"What in blazes would you know what to do with it, enny of you? Spill it all along the Barbary coast, or gamble it off to Deming. Is there one of you 'ud have got off thet floe an', blind as I was, turned up ag'in? Not one of ye. An' when I did show you got sore becoz you'd figgered there 'ud be more with me away.

"A fine lot of skunks. You can take yore d—d bit of paper an' light yore pipes with it, for all of me. To h—ll with it!"

"Shut up!" His voice topped the murmurs at the table. Carlsen was quiet, sometimes licking his lips gently, listening to Lund as he might have listened to the rantings of a melodramatic actor. But Rainey sensed that he was making a mistake. He was letting Lund go too far. The men were listening to Lund, and he knew that the giant was talking for a specific purpose. Just to what end he could not guess. The big booming voice held them, while it lashed them.

"Equal to me? Bah! I'm a man. Yo're a lot of fools. Talk about me bein' blind. It was ice-blink got me. Then ophthalmy matterin' up my eyes. It's gold-blink's got you. Yo're cave-fish, a lot of blind suckers."

He leaned over the table pointing a massive square finger, thatched with red wool, direct at Carlsen, as if he had been leveling a weapon.

"Carlsen's a fake! He's got you hipped. He thinks he's boss, becoz he's the only navigator of yore crowd. I ain't overlooked that card, Carlsen. That ain't the only string he's got on ye. Nor the three shares he expects to pull down. He made you pore suckers fire off all your shells; he found out you ain't got a gun left among you that's enny more use than a club. He's got a gun an' he showed you how he could use it. He's sittin' back larfin' at the bunch of you!"

The men stirred. Rainey saw Carlsen's grin disappear. He dropped the paper. His face paled, the veins showed suddenly like purple veins in dirty marble.

"I've got that gun yet, Lund," he snarled.

Lund laughed, the ring of it so confident that the men glanced from him to Carlsen nervously.

"Yo're a fake, Carlsen," he said. "And I've got yore number! To h—l with you an' yore pop-gun. You ain't even a doctor. I saw real doctors ashore about my eyes. Niphablepsia, they call snow-blindness. I'll bet you never heard of it. Yo're only a woman-conning dope-shooter! Else you'd have known that niphablepsia ain't permanent! I've bin gettin' my sight back ever since I left Seattle. An' now, d—n you for a moldy-hearted, slimy-souled fakir, stand up an' say yore my equal!"

He stood up himself, towering above the rest as they rose from their chairs, tearing the black glasses from his eyes and flinging them at Carlsen, who was forced to throw up a hand to ward them off. Rainey got one glimpse of the giant's eyes. They were gray-blue, the color of agateware, hard as steel, implacable.

Carlsen swept aside the spectacles and they shattered on the floor as he leaped up and the automatic shone in his hand. Lund had folded his arms above his great chest. He laughed again, and his arms opened.

In an instant Rainey caught the object of Lund's speechmaking. He had done it to enrage Carlsen beyond endurance, to make him draw his gun. Glant as he was, he moved with the grace of a panther, with a swiftness too fast for the eye to register. Something flashed in his right hand, a gun, that he had drawn from a holster slung over his left breast.

The shots blended. Lund stood there erect, unhinged. A red blotch showed between Carlsen's eyes. He slumped down into his chair, his arms clubbing the table, his gun falling from his nerveless hand, his forehead striking the wood like the sound of an auctioneer's gavel. Lund had beaten him to the draw.

Lund, no longer a blind Samson, with contempt in his agate eyes, surveyed the scattering group of men who stared at the dead man dully, as if gripped by the exhibition of a miracle.

"You murderer!" she cried. "Lund grinned at her, but there was no laughter in his eyes."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## TALES OF ANCIENT VOYAGERS

### Make as Pleasant Reading Today as They Did When They Were First Written.

Many of the tales of voyagers that were collected by Richard Hakluyt in the time of Shakespeare are fully as pleasant to read now as "Robinson Crusoe" or "Gulliver's Travels," and they have the advantage of being shorter. Take, for instance, "The First Voyage of Master John Davis, Undertaken in June, 1585, for the Discovery of the North-West Passage, written by John James Merchant, servant of the Worshipful Master William Sanderson." Here we read of the discovery of a land "the first sight whereof did show as if it had been in form of a sugar loaf standing to our sight above the clouds, for that it did show over the fog like a white liste in the sky."

Mooring the barque in good order, the captain and his company went on shore on a small island, where they found people who showed them a "thing made like a timbrel," which they "did beat upon with a stick, making a noise like a small drum." Then John James Marchant goes on to tell of the canoes which these people had, the rocks of the land "very fair, like marble, full of veins of divers colors," of their sleds, of their fire backed by stones laid like a wall, of their fruit like currants, and of the pools of snow-water beside cliffs "of such ore as Master Frobisher brought from Meta Incognita." A pleasant land it was to discover, and a pleasant land it is to discover today with the help of some parts of Hakluyt's tales.

#### Delicate Revenge.

"You must have made a few enemies in your long political career?"

"More than a few," answered Senator Sorghum. "I have forgiven them all."

"That is magnanimous."

"Not especially. By forgiving them I call their attention to the fact that they never succeeded in injuring me enough to earn my abiding resentment."

#### No Luck.

Blackstone—Heard you had an accident with your car. Was it damaged much?

Webster—No such luck. The best I could get from the insurance people was a new coat of paint.

## LIVE STOCK NEWS

### PUREBRED FEMALES GAINING

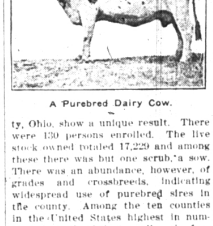
#### Striking Development in Federal-State Campaign for Live Stock Improvement.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Noteworthy progress during the last three months in the federal-state campaign for live-stock improvement is reported by the bureau of animal industry, United States Department of Agriculture. The most striking development is the increasing tendency for purebred-sire users to acquire purebred female stock as well. In the period of January 1 to March 31 of this year, 970 persons filed with the department signed enrollment blanks, indorsed by county agents, showing the use of purebred sires exclusively for all classes of live stock kept. This number is an increase of 254 over the previous three months and is nearly three times as many as for the same period in 1921.

Although the department has stressed chiefly the use of purebred sires, records of the "Better Sires, Better Stock" campaign show a gradual rise in the proportion of purebred female animals, including cattle, horses, swine, sheep, goats and poultry. The proportion of purebreds to the total of female animals kept now exceeds 35 per cent. A decline in the proportion of scrub females in herds headed by purbred sires accompanied the rise in purebreds.

The greatest activity during the quarter was in Ohio where 532 persons were enrolled—more than half of the total. Nebraska came second with 135 enrollments, Wisconsin third with 126 and Kentucky fourth with 124. A new state, Michigan, entered the campaign actively. Virginia has been the premier state since the beginning of the campaign from the standpoint of persons participating. Nebraska occupies first place in number of animals being bred to purebred sires. Ohio, which at the beginning of the year occupied third place, is now second and is fast approaching the leader. The returns from Green county, Ohio, show a unique result. There were 130 persons enrolled. The live stock owned totaled 17,223 and among those there was but one scrub, a sow. There was an abundance, however, of grades and crossbreeds, indicating widespread use of purebred sires in the county. Among the ten counties in the United States highest in number of purebred-sire enrollments four are in Ohio. One of them, Hardin county, is second only to Pulaski county, Virginia.



A Purebred Dairy Cow.

The most active counties during the three months' period were Hancock and Green counties, Ohio, Kittitas county, Washington, Hoffman county, Kentucky, Dodge county, Nebraska, and Hardin county, Ohio. Comments received by the department from live-stock users show an increasing appreciation of the value of purebreds. Numerous disposals of grade sires to be replaced by purebreds are reported.

### GOOD TREATMENT PAYS BEST

#### Most Profitable Beef Animal Is One That Has Capacity to Eat and Produce Meat.

W. H. Peters, professor of animal husbandry at University farm, emphasizes the fact that the most profitable beef animal is the one that has the capacity to eat and manufacture into beef the greatest amount of feed, and not the one that can subsist on the least amount of feed.

"There are thousands of two and three-year-old beef cattle that can eat plenty of feed," he says, "but many of them are not able to manufacture much beef out of it, largely because their growth was stunted, their vitality weakened and their beefy conformation lost through lack of proper and sufficient feed when they were calves.

"Present high prices for cattle and feed," says Mr. Peters, "make it more clear than ever before that there are two ways of securing a profit from beef cattle: through the production of a good, well-grown beefy type of animal, and by keeping down the cost of production to the minimum consistent with full development.

#### Sows Need Exercise.

In order that the sow may come to farrowing time in proper thrift, it is necessary that she have plenty of exercise.

#### Save the Little Pigs.

Save all the piglets. A little April pig will grow into a $20 purbred by October.

#### Feeds for Growing Pigs.

A good plan is to provide a creep in which the pigs may have access to shelled corn, ground oats and tankage.

#### Sheep in United States.

Out of a total of 35,033,516 sheep on farms in the United States, as shown by the last census, only 463,504, or a trifle over 1 per cent, were purebreds.

#### Pasture Crops Save Grain.

Using good pasture crops for hogs saves 10 to 25 per cent of the grain necessary to produce 100 pounds of grain.

#### Ewe Will Relish Water.

A ewe will appreciate a drink of water soon after lambing.


### If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfill the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited, to those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact, so many people claim, that it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments; corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcels Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.Advertisement

#### He Got His Answer.

A local candidate, who has been vigorously stumping the county, in view of the coming primary, got a pat answer at one place at which he called, seeking votes. After looking around he could see nobody but a future voter of the recently enfranchised sex, but then he let he realized that the "female of the species is more deadly than the male" at repartee. "Where is you pa, missy?" he inquired in ingratiating manner. "He's burying the dog, mister," was the reply. "Why, what happened to the dog?" said the sympathetic candidate. "He barked himself to death, barking at candidates," was the unsympathetic answer.

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#### Newfoundland Industry.

A total of 25,000 horsepower is estimated as the probable output of a project which comes from a rather surprising locality. The development is to be undertaken in the Humber valley, Newfoundland, with the expenditure of $7,000,000 within the next two years. The power project is tied up with logging and other operations in a way which will involve the permanent employment of 1,500 men in the working and 2,000 more in the woods. The paper resources of the island will be very largely expanded by the new development, which is actually under contract at the present writing.—Scientific American.

#### Cuticura Soap for the Complexion.

Nothing better than Cuticura Soap daily and Ointment now and then as needed to make the complexion clear, scalp clean and hands soft and white. Add to this the fascinating, fragrant Cuticura Talcum, and you have the Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Advertisement.

#### Leisurely.

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"Yes, but he is usually some distance behind."—Life.

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W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 22–1922.

#### Long Trip Ahead.

"Mrs. Gadder has taken up a new cult."

"She'll exhaust its possibilities in about ten days."

"Not this time. The high priest has informed her kindly, but firmly, that it will take her at least six months to pass the outer portals."

#### Talent.

Zeb.—Am Elusia a musical genius?

Zeke.—Am she? Boy, you oughta hear dat baby re-frain from singing!—Wayside Tales.


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