A Man To His Mate

By J. ALLEN DUNN

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"HE IS DEAD!"

Synopsis.—Loitering on the San Francisco water front, John Rainey, newspaper reporter, is accosted by a giant blind man, who asks Rainey to lead 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 entirely in the hands of Carlsen. At the latter's suggestion a shooting match is staged and the seal hunters exhaust their ammunition. Carlsen shows his skill with the pistol and Lund does some astonishing shooting "by sound." 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. Lund, his sight restored, kills Carlsen.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"It's all right, Miss Simms," he said. "Jest killed a skunk. Rainey, git that gun an' attend to the young lady, wyl you?"

The girl stood in the doorway of her father's cabin, her face frozen in horror, her eyes fixed on Lund with repulsion. As Rainey got the automatic, slipped it into his pocket, and went toward her, she shrank from him. But her voice was for Lund.

"You murderer!" she cried.

Lund grinned at her, but there was no laughter in his eyes.

"We'll thrash that out later, miss," he said. "Now, you men, jump for'ard, all of you. Deming, unlock that door. Jump! Equals, are you? I'll show you who's master on this ship. Wait!"

His voice snapped like the crack of a whip and they all halted, save Deming, who sullenly fitted the key to the lock of the corridor entrance.

"Take this with you," said Lund, pointing to Carlsen's sagging body. "When you git tired of his company, throw him overboard. Jump to it!"

The nearest men took up the body of the doctor and they all filed forward, silently obedient to the man who ordered them.

The girl shuddered. Rainey saw that Lund was exhilarated by his victory, that the primitive fighting brute was prominent. Carlsen had tried to shoot first, goaded to it; his death was deserved; but it seemed to Rainey that Lund's exhibition of savagery was unnecessary. But he also saw that Lund would not heed any protest that he might make, he was still swept on by his course of action, not yet complete.

"I'll borrow Carlsen's sextant," said Lund. "Nigh noon, an' erbout time I got our reckonin'." He went into the doctor's cabin and came out with the instrument, tucking it under his arm as he went on deck.

The girl wheeled into her father's room and shut the door. Rainey heard the click of the bolt on the other side. He listened for a moment, but heard nothing within the skipper's cabin. The swift rush of events was still a jumble. Slowly he went up the companionway to the deck.

CHAPTER VIII.

Honest Simms.

Lund greeted Rainey with a curt nod. Hansen was still at the helm. The crew on duty were standing about alert, their eyes on Lund. They had found a new master, and they were cowed, eager to do their best.

"I'll show this crew they've got a skipper aboard," said Lund. "How's the cap'en?"

Rainey told him.

"We'll see what we can do for him," said Lund. "He's better off without that fakir, that's a cinch. Called me a murderer," he went on with a good-humored laugh. "Got spunk, she has, and she's a trim bit. A slip of a gal, but she's game. An' good-lookin', eh, Rainey?"

He smiled as if the prospect suited him. A suspicion leaped into Rainey's brain. Lund had said he would not see a decent girl harmed. But the man was changed. He had fought and won, and victory shone in his eyes with a glitter that was immune from sympathy, for all his air of good-nature.

He had said that a man under his skin was just an animal. His appraisal of the girl struck Rainey with apprehension. "To the victor belongs the spoils." Somehow the quotation persisted. What if Lund regarded the girl as legitimate loot? He might have talked differently beforehand, to assure himself of Rainey's support.

And Rainey suddenly felt as if his support had been unveiled upon a frail reed at best. Lund had not needed him; would he need him, save as an aid, not altogether necessary, with Hansen aboard, to run the ship?

He said nothing, but thrust both hands into the side pockets of the pilot coat he had required from the ship's stores. The sudden touch of cold steel gave him new courage. He had sworn to protect the girl. If Lund, seeming more like a pirate than ever, with his cold eyes sweeping the horizon, his bulk casting Rainey's into a dwarf's by comparison, attempted to harm Peggy Simms, Rainey resolved to play the part of champion.

He could not shoot like Lund, but he was armed. He felt the mastery of the man. And he felt incompetent beside him. Lund held the power of life and death, not by brute force alone. He was the only navigator aboard, with the skipper seriously ill. As such alone he held them in his hand, once they were out of sight of land.

"Hansen," said Lund, "Mr. Rainey'll relieve you after we've eaten. Come on, Rainey. You ain't lost yore appetite, I hope. Watch me discard that spoon for a knife an' fork. I don't have to play blind man enny longer."

Food did not appeal to Rainey. It was Lund's demeanor that gripped him. The giant dismissed Carlsen as unceremoniously as he might have flipped the ash from a cigar, or tossed the stub overside.

"I've got to tackle those hunters," Lund said. "I expect trouble there, sooner or later. But I'm goin' to lay down the law to 'em. If they come clean, well an' good; they git their original two shares. If not, they don't get a plugged nickel. An' Deming's the one who'll stir up the trouble, take it from me. I'd jest as soon it was war. I don't see as we can help the skipper much 'less we try reverse treatment of what Carlsen did—if we knew what that was. If he gits worse she'll let us know, I reckon. See you later."

Rainey took the dismissal and went up to the relief of Hansen. He did not mention what had happened until the Scandinavian referred to it indirectly.

"They put the doc overboard, sir, soon's mr. Lund an' you bane go below."

It seemed a summary dismissal of the dead, without ceremony. Yet, for the rite to be authentic, Lund must have presided, and the sea-burial service would have been a mockery under the circumstances. It was the best thing to have done, Rainey felt, but he could not avoid a mental shiver at the thought of the man, so lately vital, his brain alive with energy, sliding through the cold water to the ooze to lie there, sodden, swinging with the sub-sea currents until the ocean scavengers claimed him.

"All right, Hansen," he said in answer, and the man hurried off after his extra detail.

Lund came up after a while, and Rainey told him of the fate of Carlsen's body.

"I figgered they'd do about that," commented Lund. "They savvied he'd aimed to make suckers out of 'em, an' they dumped him. But they ain't on our side, by a long slight. That Deming is a better man than I thought. He's the main grouch among 'em. Said if I hadn't had a gun he'd have tackled me in the cabin. Meant it, too, though I'd have smashed him. He's sore becoz I said he warn't my equal. I told him if he wanted to try it out, I'd accommodate him. He didn't take it up, an' they'll kid him about it. He'll pack a grudge. I ain't afraid of their knifin' me, not while the skipper's sick. They need me to navigate."

"This might be a good chance for me to handle a sextant," suggested Rainey casually.

Lund shook his head, smiling, but his eyes hard.

"Not yet, matey," he said. "Not that I don't trust you, but for me to be the only one, jest now, is a sort of

"They Put the 'Doc Overboard, Sir, Soon's Mr. Lund an' You Bane Go Below."

life insurance that suits me to carry. They might figger, if you was able to navigate, that they c'ud put the screws on you to carry 'em through, with me out of the way. I don't say they could, but they might make it hard for you, an' you ain't got quite the same stake in this I have."

Here was cold logic, but Rainey saw the force of it. Hansen came up early to split the watch and put their schedule right again, and Lund went below with Rainey. Lund ordered Tamada to bring a bottle and glasses, and they sat down at the table. Rainey needed the kick of a drink, and took one.

As Lund was raising his glass with a toast of "Here's to luck," the skipper's door opened and the girl appeared. She looked like a ghost. Her hair was disheveled and her eyes stared at them without seeming recognition. But she spoke, in a flat, toneless voice.

"My father is dead! I—" she faltered, swayed and seemed to swoon as she sank toward the floor. Rainey darted forward, but Lund was quicker and swooped her up in his arms as if she had been a feather, took her to the table, set her in a chair, dabbled a napkin in some water and applied it to her brows.

"Chafe her wrists," he ordered Rainey. "Undo that top button of her blouse. That's enough; she ain't got on corsets. She'll come through. Plumb worn out. That's all."

He handled her, deftly as a nurse would a child. Rainey chafed the slender wrists and beat her palms, and soon she opened her eyes and sighed. Then she pulled away from Lund, bending over her, and got to her feet.

"I must go to my father," she said. "He is dead."

They followed her into the cabin and Lund bent over the bunk.

"Looks like it," he whispered to Rainey. Then he tore open the skipper's vest and shirt and laid his head on his chest. The girl made a faint motion as if to stop him, but did not hinder him. She was at the end of her own strength from weariness and worry. Lund suddenly raised his head.

"There's a flutter," he announced. "He ain't gone yit. Get Tamada an' some brandy."

With the dose there came signs of revival, a low moan from the skipper. The girl flew to his side. Tamada, standing by with the bottle, stepped forward, handed the brandy to Rainey, and rolled up the lid of an eye, looking closely at the pupil.

"I study medicine at Tokyo," he said.

"Why didn't ye say so before?" demanded Lund. It did not occur to any of them to doubt Tamada's word. There was an air of professional assurance and an efficiency about him that carried weight. "What can you do for him? There's a medicine chest in Carlsen's room."

"I was hired to cook," said Tamada quietly. "I should not have been permit to interfere. It is not my business if a white man makes a fool of himself. Now we want morphine and hypodermic syringe."

Tamada rolled up the captain's sleeve. The flesh, shrunken, pallid, was closely spotted with dot-like scars that showed livid, as if the captain had been suffering from some strange rash.

Lund whistled softly. Rainey, too, knew what it meant. The skipper had been a veritable slave to the drug. Carlsen had administered it, prescribed it, used it as a means to bring Simms under his subjection.

"How much d'ye suppose he took at once?" Lund asked the Japanese in a low voice.

"Fifteen grains, I think. Maybe more. Too much! Always too much drug in his veins. Much worse than opium for man."

"Carlsen's work," growled Lund. "Increased the stuff on him till he couldn't do without it. Made him a slave to dope an' Carlsen his boss. He deserved killin' jest for that, the skunk."

Rainey frantically searched through the medicine chest and, finding only five tablets marked Morphine 1 gr. in a bottle, sought elsewhere in vain. And he could find no needle. But he ran across some automatic cartridges and put them in his pockets before he hurried back.

"This is not enough," said Tamada. "And we should have needle. But I dissolve these in galley." And he hurried out. The girl had slipped down on her knees beside the bed, holding her father's hand against her lips, her eyes closed, She seemed to be praying.

Tamada administered the morphine. The beneficial results were apparent. The dry, frightfully sallow skin had changed and Simms was breathing freely, while Tamada, feeling his pulse, nodded affirmatively to the girl's questioning glance.

"We'll have to put in to Unalaska," Rainey said. "There are doctors there." The girl turned toward Lund. He smiled at the intensity of her gaze and pose.

"I play fair, Miss Peggy," he said. "Rainey, change the course."

The Karluk came about as Rainey reached the deck and gave his orders. Then he returned to the cabin. The captain had opened his eyes.

"Peggy!" he murmured. "Carlsen, where is he? Lund! Good God, Lund, you can see?"

"Keep quiet as you can," said Tamada. Something in his voice made the skipper shift his look to the Japanese.

"Where's Carlsen?" he asked again.

"He can't come now," said Tamada.

Under the urge of the drug the skipper's brain seemed abnormally clear, his intuition heightened.

"Carlsen's dead?" he asked. Then, shifting to Lund; "You killed him, Jim?"

Lund nodded.

"How much morphine did you give me?"

"Five grains."

"It's not enough. It won't last. There isn't any more?" he flashed out, with sudden energy, trying to raise himself. "I'll be gone in an hour or two. Got to talk while this lasts. Jim—about leavin' you that time. I could have come back. I had words about it—with Hansen. He knows. But the gale was bad, an' the ice. It wasn't the gold, Jim. I swear it. I had the ship an' crew to look out for. An' Peggy, at home.

"I might have gone back sooner, Jim, I'll own up to that. But it wasn't the gold that did it. An'—I didn't hear what you shouted, Jim. The storm came up. We were frozen by the time we found the ship. Numb.

"Jim, this trouble hit me the day after we left the floe. Not sciatica, at first, but in the head. I couldn't think right. I was just numb in the brain. An' when it cleared off, it was too late. The ice had closed. We couldn't go back. I read up in my medical book, Jim, later, when the sciatica took me.

"Had to take to my bunk. Couldn't stand. I had morphine, an' it relieved me. Took too much after a while. Had to have it. Got better in San Francisco for a bit. Then Carlsen prescribed it. Morphine was my boss, an' then Carlsen, he was boss of the morphine. Seemed like—seemed like—"

His voice was weaker when he spoke again. They came closer to catch his whispers.

"Carlsen—mind wasn't my own. Peggy—I wasn't in my right mind, honey. Not when—Carlsen—he was angel when he gave me what I wanted—devil—when he wouldn't. Made me—do things. But he's dead. And I'm going. Never reach Unalaska.

The Girl Had Slipped Down on Her Knees Beside the Bed.

Peggy—forgive. Meant for best—but—not in right mind. Jim—It wasn't the gold. Not Peggy's fault—anyway."

"She'll get hers, Simms," said Lund. "Yours too."

The skipper's eyes closed and his frame settled under the clothes. The girl flung herself on the bed in uncontrollable weeping. Lund raised his eyebrows at Tamada, who shrugged his shoulders.

"Better get out o' here," whispered Lund. He and Rainey went out together. In a few minutes Tamada joined them, his face sphinxlike as ever.

"He is dead," he said.

Rainey and Lund went on deck. The schooner thrashed toward the volcano, the bearing mark for Unalaska, hidden behind it. They paced up and down in silence.

"But the girl, too, had a weapon. He hugged that thought."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PLANTS' POWER OF MOTION

Enthusiasts Who Have Studied the Subject Say That Many Undoubtedly Possess It.

One of the chief popular distinctions between vegetable and animal life is that animals have power of choice and of voluntary motion, while vegetables and plants grow only mechanically. But the microscope seems to show that many vegetable forms can move as easily as can animals.

There is a plant called volvox globator, so minute that millions of it could be put in a drinking glass, which is seen to whirl like a top across the field of the microscope. Some plants found in ponds, which are still more minute, move habitually, as with an apparent purpose.

Naturalists who have given closer study than others to climbing plants state that these seem to exercise the liberty of choice. Their tendrils, in climbing over pieces of wood with holes, will try one hole after another until they find one that pleases them. One investigator saw a tendril withdraw itself after having pushed itself in a hole for 36 hours.

Mythology.

Hebe was the goddess of youth, who poured out the nectar with which the gods pledged each other. One day, upon a solemn occasion, she tripped and fell, and was forced to resign her office. Her father, Jupiter, secured as her successor the beautiful youth Ganymede. Hebe retained the power of restoring the bloom of youth and beauty to the aged and, according to some accounts, it was only after she became the wife of Hercules that she gave up her office of cupbearer. She even succeeded in reconciling her mother, Juno, to Hercules, who suffered all his life from the hatred of the queen of the gods.

Hercules was deified as a reward for his achievements.

Odors Carried Far.

The odors of tropical vegetation growing on islands in the West Indies can at times be detected on board vessels 25 or 30 miles from shore.

Odd Effect of Frozen Air.

A beefsteak frozen in liquid air becomes so brittle that it is shattered like china if struck a light blow.

The wisest habit to acquire is the habit of care in forming habits.

CAN NOW WALK AS WELL AS EVER

Esteemed Lincoln Resident Declares Tanlac Has Made a Clean Sweep of Her Rheumatism and Other Troubles.

"I couldn't believe all they said about Tanlac until I tried it myself, and now I never doubt what I read about it," said Mrs. Anna B. Crawford, 2500 N. 23rd St., Lincoln, Neb., wife of a well-known retired business man.

"I got into a badly run-down condition," she continued, "and suffered greatly from indigestion. I had headache for days at a time, slept poorly and woke up mornings so weak and dizzy I could hardly get up. Then rheumatism set in and made walking difficult and I could scarcely use my arms for the pain.

"But Tanlac has made a clean sweep of my troubles, brought back my appetite and enabled me to gain much weight. It is a pleasure to make a statement in praise of this great medicine."

Tanlac is sold by all good druggists.

All women are more or less vain—likewise men.

GUARDS WOOL FROM MOTHS

New Preparation Said to Preserve the Fabric From Depredations of the Pests.

A preparation has been discovered in Europe which, it is claimed, makes wool immune from the ravages of moths. It is in the form of a powder, which, before it is applied, is mixed in water with a small quantity of sulphuric acid for all-wool goods, formic acid being used for half-wool.

The wool itself is said not to be affected by the application, and only a few colors, very slightly. In case no alkalies are brought into contact with it the wool remains moth-proof when washed. Tests made with two pieces of wool cloth exactly alike, in which moth eggs were placed, resulted, in the course of six months, in the entire disappearance of the untreated fabric, whereas the wool which had been treated remained intact.

Of Course.

"I have fallen arches."

"You should see a building inspector at once."—Boston Transcript.

A man says, "I will do better to-morrow," and when tomorrow comes he does just about the same.

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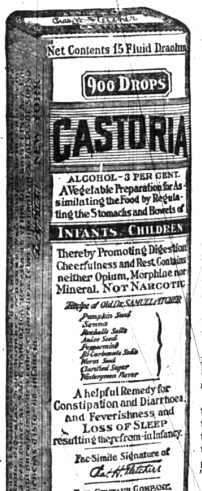
Baby Specialists.

THAT there are Physicians who specialize on Infant ailments you know. All Physicians understand Infant troubles: all Physicians treat them. It is his profession, his duty, to know human ills from the Stork to the Great Beyond.

But in serious cases he calls in the Specialist. Why? He knows as every Mother knows, or ought to know, that Baby is just a baby, needing special treatment, special remedies.

Can a Mother be less thoughtful? Can a Mother try to relieve Baby with a remedy that she would use for herself? Ask yourself; and answer honestly!

Always remember that Baby is just a baby. And remembering this you will remember that Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for Infants and Children.



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The False and the True.

Advertising by the use of large space, the expenditure of huge sums of money have placed on the market, have put in *your* home, perhaps, many articles that today have been discarded, as you will readily admit.

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The big splurg, the misleading claims may win for a time, but the honest truth-telling advertiser is like the old story of the tortoise that beat the hare.

Mothers everywhere, and their daughters, now mothers, speak frankly, glowingly, enthusiastically in praise of Fletcher's Castoria. Speak of it lovingly as a friend that has brought comfort, cheer and smiles to their little-one.

To them: to these true mothers no argument can induce them to set aside their bottle of Castoria, their old friend, that they might try even another and unknown remedy for babies. Then, would YOU think of going to YOUR OWN medicine chest to find relief for Baby's troubles? Can you not separate the false from the true?

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Getting It Straight.

He—So you have finally decided that you cannot marry me.

She—You are mistaken. I knew all along that I could marry you. What I've decided is that you cannot marry me.—Boston Transcript.

Freshen a Heavy Skin

With the antiseptic, fascinating Cuticura Talcum Powder, an exquisitely scented, economical face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume. Renders other perfumes superfluous. One of the Cuticura Toilet Trio (Soap, Ointment, Talcum).—Advertisement.

Little Room for Criticism.

There are so many jay walkers and so many jay drivers that it hardly behooves any driver to talk about jay walkers, or any walker to mention jay drivers.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Open Season.

"Sap is running in the baseball bats." "Been running a long time in the golf clubs."

In Evidence.

"We are advertised by our stylish friends." "What do you sell?" "Ladies' hosiery."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

We Hope Not.

"He drinks like a fish."

"Gosh. I hope a fish doesn't drink bootleg."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Why does a man lose interest in a subject as soon as his argument is exhausted?

Is there ever as much cake in the world now as a boy used to see at a church festival?

To please others an artist must first please himself—but he must be hard to please.

Ladies Furnished.

The prince of Wales is said to have enjoyed many a laugh when he saw some of the signs with English inscriptions which several Japanese tradesmen display outside their shops. Here are a few which may catch his eye. "Tailor of Respectable Wet Coat." "Bargages Sent, any Direction by Internal Railway." "Horse-bif Shop." "Coats Made from any hides Yours or Ours." "Ladies Furnished in the Upper Story."

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Moved?

Bob Newby, Mayor Lew Shank's chauffeur, was explaining the distance from Indianapolis to Columbus.

"It was about forty-three miles," he told the mayor.

"Was?" returned his honor. "Have they moved the town?"—Indianapolis News.

A busy tongue can make one's resources of explanation very much busier.

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