A Man To His Mate

By J. ALLEN DUNN

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RAINEY A HERO.

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. The blind man tells Rainey he is an old shipmate of Captain Simms. 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 declines to 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, 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 how 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 between the seal hunters. Then Carlsen tells them there is no more ammunition to be found.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

Rainey gave over the spokes and went to the starboard rail with Lund, watching the preparations between fore and main masts for the competition, and telling Lund what was happening. Carlsen gave out some shotgun cartridges from cardboard boxes, twelve to each of the six hunters.

Sandy, the roustabout, had been requisitioned to toss up empty bottles, and those who failed cursed him for a poor thrower. A hunter named Deming made no misses, and secured first prize of ten dollars in gold, with a man named Beale scoring two behind him, and getting half that amount from Carlsen.

Then came the test with the rifles. The weapons were all of the same caliber, well oiled, and in perfect condition. Each of the hunters had a few shells in his possession, but they lacked the total of six dozen by a considerable margin.

Carlsen went below for the necessary ammunition while the target was completed and set in place. A keg had been rigged with a weight understung to keep it upright, and a tin can, painted white, set on a short spar in one end of the keg. A light line was attached to a bridle, and the mark lowered over the stern, where it rode, bobbing in the tail of the schooner's wake, thirty fathoms from the taffrail where the crowd gathered.

More bullets hit the keg than the can, and Carlsen was often called upon as umpire. But the tin gradually became ragged and blotched where the steel-jacketed missiles tore through. Beale and Deming both had five clean, undisputed hits, tying for first prize. Beale offered to shoot it off with six more shells apiece, and Deming consented.

"Can't be done," declared Carlsen. "Not right now, anyway. I gave out the last shell there was in the magazine."

"Derned funny," said Deming, "a sealer shy on cartridges! Lucky we ain't worryin' about that sort of a cargo."

"Probably plenty aboard somewhere," said Carlsen, "but I don't know where they are. You boys have got me beaten on rifles and shotguns," he went on, producing from his hip pocket a flat, effective-looking automatic pistol of heavy caliber. "How are you on small arms?"

The hunters shook their heads dubiously.

"Never use 'em," said Deming. "Never could do much with that kind, anyhow. Give me a revolver, an' I might make out to hit a whale, if he was close enough, but not with one of them."

"Not much difference," said Carlsen. "Any of you got revolvers?"

No one spoke. It was against the unwritten laws of a vessel for pistols to be owned forward of the main cabin. Beale finally answered for the rest.

"Nary a pistol, sir."

"Then," said Carlsen, "I'll give you an exhibition myself. Any bottles left? Beale, will you toss them for me?"

There were eight shots in the automatic, and Carlsen smashed seven bottles in midair. The hunters shouted their appreciation.

"Break all of 'em?" Lund asked Rainey. "Enny bottles left at all?"

He walked toward the taffrail, addressing Carlsen.

"Kin you shoot by sound as well as by sight, Doc?" he challenged.

"I fancy not," said Carlsen.

"If I had my eyes I'd snapshot ye for a hundred bucks," said Lund. "As it is, I might target one or two. Rainey, have some one run a line, head-high, an' fix a bottle on it, will ye? I ain't got a gun o' my own, Doc," he continued, "will you lend me yours?" Carlsen filled his clip and Lund turned toward Rainey, who was rigging the target.

"I'll want you to tap it with a stick," he said. "Signal-flag staff'll do fine."

Rainey got the slender bamboo and stood by. Lund felt for the cord, passed his fingers over the suspended bottle and stepped off five paces, hefting the automatic to judge its balance.

Rainey tapped the bottle on the neck and it gave out a little tinkle, lost immediately in the crash of splintering glass as the bottle, hit fairly in the torn label, broke in half.

"How much left?" asked Lund.

"Half? Fetch it up."

Again he fired and again the bullet found the mark, leaving only the neck of the bottle still hanging. Lund grinned.

"That's all," he said. "Jest wanted to show ye what a blind man can do if he's put to it."

There was little applause. Carlsen took his gun in silence and moved forward with the hunters and the onlookers, disappearing below.

"Given 'em something to talk about," chuckled Lund. "Carlsen wanted to show off his fancy shootin'. Wal, I've shown 'em I ain't entirely wrecked, if I ain't currvin' lights. An' I slipped mor'n one over on Carlsen at that."

Rainey did not catch his entire meaning and said nothing.

"Did you get wise to the play about the shells?" asked Lund. "A smart trick, though Deming almost tumbled. Carlsen got those dumb fools of hunters to fire away every shell they happened to have for'ard. If the magazine's empty, I'll bet Carlsen knows where they's plenty more shells, if we ever needed 'em bad. But now those rifles an' shotguns ain't no more use than so many clubs—not to the hunters. An' he's found out they ain't got enny pistols. He's got one, an' shows 'em how straight he shoots, jest in case there should be enny trouble between 'em. Plays both ends to the middle, does Carlsen. Slick! But he ain't won the pot. They's a joker in this game. Mebbe he holds it, mebbe not."

He nodded mysteriously, well pleased with himself.

CHAPTER IV.

The Bowhead.

Captain Simms appeared again in the cabin and on deck, but he was not the same man. His illness seemed to have robbed him permanently of what was left him of the spring of manhood. It was as if his juices had been sucked from his veins and arteries and tissues, leaving him, flabby, irresolute, compared to his former self. Even as Lund shadowed Rainey, so Simms shadowed Carlsen.

Sometimes the girl would come up on deck in her own waterproofs and stand against the rail. And presently Carlsen would come from below or forward and stand to talk with her until she was tired of the deck.

They did not seem much like lovers. Rainey fancied, they lacked the little intimacies that he, though he made himself somewhat of an automaton at the wheel, could not have failed to see. If the girl slipped, Carlsen's hand would catch and steady her by the arm; never go about her waist. And there was no especial look of welcome in her face when the doctor came to her.

Carlsen seldom took over the wheel. Rainey did more than his share from sheer love of feeling the control. But one day, as a word from the girl, Carlsen and she came up to Rainey as he handled the spokes.

"I'll take the wheel a while, Rainey," said the doctor.

Rainey gave it up and went amidships. Out of the tail of his eye he could see that the girl was pleading to handle the ship, and that Carlsen was going to let her do so.

Rainey shrugged his shoulders. It was Carlsen's risk. It was no child's play in that weather to steer properly. It took not only strength, but watchfulness and experience to hold the course in the welter of cross-seas.

The Sea Struck the Opposite Rail With a Roar.

Lund and Rainey stood together by the weather-rail. It was still Rainey's deck watch, and at any moment Carlsen might relinquish the wheel back to him as soon as the girl got tired. Suddenly shouts sounded from forward, a medley of them, indistinct against the quartering wind. Sandy, the roustabout, came dashing aft along the sloping deck, catching clumsily at rail and rope to steady himself, flushed with excitement, almost hysterical with his news.

"A boyhead, sir!" he cried when he saw Rainey. "And killers after him! Blowin' dead ahead!"

Beyond the bows Rainey could see nothing of the whale, that must have sounded in fear of the killers, but he saw half a dozen scythelike, black fins cutting the water in streaks of foam, all abreast, their high dorsals waving, wolves of the sea, hunting for the gray bowhead whale, to force its mouth open and feast on the delicacy of its living tongue. So Lund told him in swift sentences while they waited for the whale to broach.

Rainey glanced aft. Sandy had carried his warning to Carlsen and the girl, and now was craning over the lee rail, kneedeep in the wash, trying to see something of the combat. Peggy Simms' lithe figure was leaning to one side as she, too, gazed ahead, though she still paid attention to her steering and held the schooner well up, her face bright with excitement, wet with flying brine, wisps of yellow hair streaming free in the wind from beneath the close grip of her woolen red tam-o'-shanter.

"Blows!" started the deep voice of a lookout, from where sailors and hunters had grouped in the bows to witness this gladiatorial combat between sea mousters, staged fittingly in a sea that was running wild.

"Bl-o-ows!" The deep voice almost leaped as others joined in a sudden shrill of apprehension. Others voices mingled with his in a clamor of dismay.

"Look out! Oh, look out! Dead ahead!"

The enormous bulk of the whale had appeared, not to spout, but to lie belly up, rocking on the surface with fins outspread, paralyzed with terror, directly in the course of the Karluk, while toward it, intent only on their blood lust, leaped the killers, thrusting at its head as the schooner surged down. In that tremendous sea the impact would be certain to mean the staving in of something forward, perhaps the springing of a butt.

"Hard a lee!" yelled Rainey. "Up with her! Up!"

Forward, the men jumped to handle the headsails. The Karluk started to spin about on its keel, instinct to the changing plane of the rudder. But the waves were running tremendously high, and the wind blowing with great force, the water rolling in great mountains of sickly greenish gray, topped with foam that blew in a level scud.

As the schooner hung in a deep trough, the whid struck at her, bows on.

Rainey saw one huge billow rising, curving, high as the gaff of the main, it seemed to him, as he grasped at the coil of the main halyards. Down came the tons of water, booming on the deck that bent under the blow, spilling in a great cataract that swashed across the deck.

His feet were swept from under him, for a moment he seemed to swing horizontal in the stream, clutching at the halyards. The sea struck the opposite rail with a roar that threatened to tear it away, piling up and then seething overboard.

With it went a figure. Rainey caught sight of a ghastly face, a mouth that shouted vainly for help in the pandemonium, and was instantly stoppered with strangling brine, pop-eyes appealing in awful fright as Sandy was washed away in the wash. The halyards were held on the pin with a turn and twist that Rainey swiftly loosened, lifting the coil free, making a fast loop, and thrusting hand and arms through it as he flung himself after the roustabout.

A great bulk wallowed just before him, the helpless body of the bowhead whale, the killers darting in a mad melee for its head. Then a figure was literally hurled upon the slippery mass of the mammal, its gray bellyplate in the welter, a living raft against which the waves broke and tossed their spray.

Clawing frantically, Sandy clutched at the base of the enormous pectoral fin, clinging with maniacal strength, mad with fear. Striking out to little purpose, save to help buoy himself, blinded by the flying scud and broken crests, Rainey felt himself upreared, swept impotently on and slammed against the slimy hulk, just close enough to Sandy to grasp him by the collar, as the whale, stung by a killer's tearing at its oily tongue, flailed with its fin and the two of them slid down its body, deep under water.

Rainey fought against the suffocation and the fierce desire to gasp and relieve his tortured lungs. The hulk's weight seemed to be carrying him down as if he was a thing of lead, but Rainey would not relax his grip. He could not. He had centered all his energy upon the desire to save Sandy, and his nerve centers were still tense to that last conscious demand.

The Karluk was into the wind and they were in what little lee there was, dragging aft at the end of the halyards, being fetched in toward the rail by the mighty tugs of Lund. A great light to Rainey's smarting eyes as he caught sight of the giant, with red hair uncovered, his beard whipping in the wind, his black glasses still in place, making some sort of a blessed monster out of him.

Rainey had his left fist welded to the line, his right was set in Sandy's collar, and Sandy's death clutch had twined itself into Rainey's oilskins, though the lad was limp, and his face, seen through the watery film that streamed over it, set and white.

A dozen arms shot down to grasp him. He felt the iron grip of Lund upon his left forearm, almost wrenching his arm from its socket as he was inhauled, caught at by body and legs and dragged on the deck of the schooner, that almost instantly commenced to go about upon its former course.

Lund bent over him, asking him with a note that Rainey, for all his exhaustion, interpreted as one of real anxiety:

"How is it with you, matey? Did ye git lunged up?"

Rainey managed to shake his head and, with Lund's boughlike arm for support, got to his feet, winded, shaken, aching from his pounding and the crash against the whale.

Sandy was lying facedown, one hunter kneeling across him, kneading his ribs to bellows action, lifting his upper body in time to the pressure, while another worked his slack arms up and down.

"That was splendid, Mr. Rainey! Wonderful! It was brave of you!"

Peggy Simms stood before Rainey, clinging to the mainstays, a different girl to the one that he had known. Her red lips were apart, showing the clean shine of her teeth, above her glowing cheeks her gray eyes sparkled with friendly admiration, one slender wet hand was held out eagerly toward him.

"Why," said Rainey, in that embarrassment that comes when one knows he has done well, yet instinctively seeks to disclaim honors, "any one would have done that. I happened to be the only one to see it."

"That Was Splendid, Mr. Rainey! Wonderful! It was Brave of You!"

"I'm not so sure of that," replied the girl, and Rainey thought her lip curled contemptuously as she glanced toward Carlsen at the wheel. Yet Carlsen, he fancied, had full excuse for not having made the attempt, busied as he had been adding needed strength to the wheel.

"Oh, it was not what he did, or failed to do," said the girl, and this time there was no mistaking the fact that she emphasized her voice with contempt and made sure that it would carry to Carlsen. "He said it wasn't worth while."

Sandy forecasts a long program of trouble.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OSMIRIDIUM ONE OF HARDEST

Metal Is Employed in Tipping of Fountain Pens and for Delicate Machinery Bearings.

An interesting history attaches to a small packet about two and a half inches square which recently arrived in London. It weighed two and a half pounds and was eagerly bought by an American firm for about $6,000. The packet contained osmiridium (osmium and its alloy, iridium), used for the tipping of fountain pen points and for delicate bearings of fine machinery.

The discovery of osmiridium, which is a member of the platinum group of metals, constitutes an interesting romance, the Detroit News states. Toward the end of the last year a small group of prospectors were washing for gold in one of the river beds in Papua, British New Guinea. In their eagerness to find the precious metal they threw away from their pans a bluish-gray, waxy substance as worthless.

This was osmiridium, and it is eight times more valuable than gold and worth at the present time about $200 an ounce.

When the men got back to the settlement they mentioned the occurrence to a mining engineer, who immediately asked them what they did with the substance. They replied that they left it on the river bank, and the engineer exclaimed, "It must be osmiridium."

The next morning the whole party started for the spot, only to find on their arrival that the tropical rains and the swollen river had washed away most of the precious stuff. What remained was carefully raked together, refined and dispatched to London, where it arrived safely a short while ago, having been heavily insured for the voyage.

Osmiridium is one of the hardest metals known and prospectors are eagerly searching for it in Papua.

Insects as Human Food.

Several kinds of insects were eaten by the ancient Hebrews, Greeks and Romans. Fabre, the French entomologist, once tried a dish of cooked cicadas, but found them unpalatable.

HAS FIRST WELL DAY IN 6 YEARS

Huntington Citizen Could Neither Sleep Nor Eat With Any Satisfaction Before He Got Tanlac.

"Before taking Tanlac I had not seen a well day in six years," said W. R. Peoples, 328 22nd St., Huntington, W. Va.

"It seemed like I had lost my health for good. I could neither sleep nor eat with satisfaction. I was badly run down, nervous, had no appetite and had to force down every mouthful I ate. Even then my food soured. I would fill up with gas until I had intense pains in my stomach and chest. Headache almost drove me mad, rheumatism in my arms, shoulder and hips kept me in pain all the time, and I had to force myself to work.

"Tanlac went right after my troubles. On four bottles I gained ten pounds and the rheumatism and stomach trouble soon left me. My wife has given a statement about the good Tanlac did her, and I am glad to add my endorsement of this wonderful medicine."

Tanlac is sold by all good druggists.

Would Be Unfortunate.

Vicar—All sinners, Mary, will be washed whiter than snow.

Old Beggar Woman—Not them as truly repents, I 'ope, sir.—Boston Transcript.

A REWARD OF $5,000.00

Would be a small amount to pay for saving a man's life. If you could save your life for a dollar bill would you hesitate to spend it? You risk your life everytime you drive your car in the rain because you can't see through your windshield. A dollar bill sent to the **Baltimore See-Thru Corporation, Baltimore, Maryland,** will ensure you having a clear windshield for the next three years, as their preparation is guaranteed to keep your glass as clear as a summer's day. Nothing like it on the market. One application will last as long as a rain storm even if it lasts a month. It is absolutely guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Send for it today and be prepared for the next rain storm.—Advertisement.

As in Football.

Life is full of ups and downs and it takes a wise fellow to make his downs help him toward his goal.—Boston Transcript.

Shave With Cuticura Soap

And double your razor efficiency as well as promote skin purity, skin comfort and skin health. No mug, no slimy soap, no germs, no waste, no irritation even when shaved twice daily. One soap for all uses—shaving bathing and shampooing.—Advertisement.

ALL THESE PROVOKE SMILES

Various Kinds of Ladies Who Excite the Risibilities of the Writer in Humorous Publication.

Ladies make me laugh—ladies who dress like Kewpie dolls; ladies who are always arranging slumming parties; ladies who arrive at the theater during the middle of the first act and practically stop the performance; ladies who tell fortunes; ladies who spend 12 hours a day in restaurants; ladies who organize welfare leagues and are forever talking about them; ladies who know all about relativity; ladies who embroider their bridge playing with telephone calls, gossip and risque stories; ladies who are habitually one hour and twenty minutes late for all appointments; ladies who are shocked at anything they don't understand; ladies from Columbus, O., who, having spent nine months in Paris, completely forget their native tongue; ladies who have never been understood; ladies who don't know when a romance ends; ladies who are continually dwelling on the fact that they are ladies.—From Life.

Hard to Satisfy.

"A few years ago educators complained that pupils knew too much about sports and too little about politics, and now they point to the ignorance of sports among pupils as an indication that they don't keep up with the times.—James J. Montague.

If you organize, each must give up something.

Your New Home should be made artistic, sanitary and livable.

These walls should be Alabastined in the latest, up-to-the-minute nature color tints. Each room should reflect your own individuality and the treatment throughout be a complete perfect harmony in colors.

The walls of the old home, whether mansion or cottage, can be made just as attractive, just as sanitary, through the intelligent use of

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Instead of kalsomine or wallpaper

It is absolutely necessary if you expect Alabastine results that you ask for and secure *Alabastine.*

Avoid kalsomines under various names and insist on the package with the cross and circle printed in red. That is the only way to be sure you are getting the genuine Alabastine.

Alabastine is easy to mix and apply, lasting in its results, and absolutely sanitary.

Alabastine is a dry powder, put up in five-pound packages, white and beautiful tints, ready to mix and use by the addition of cold water, and with full directions on each package. *Every package of genuine Alabastine* has cross and circle printed in red.

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Better write us for hand-made color designs and special suggestions. Give us your decorative problems and let us help you work them out.

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NO TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS

Young Woman Simply Felt Herself the Victim of Circumstances, And Went Her Way.

"I was walking along Fourteenth street," said a young woman artist, "and I saw a woman ahead of me pushing a baby carriage. There was a baby in the carriage, and the baby was holding the string of a rubber balloon. I noticed that the balloon was unusually large, probably due to its being inflated beyond its rated capacity.

"Just as I passed the baby carriage the balloon exploded. Went 'Pop!' and disappeared. Apparently the mother was looking some other direction at the time and when she turned her head, saw the balloon was gone and I was going and she connected me with the catastrophe.

"She eyed me malevolently. 'Of all the mean tricks!' she exclaimed, and then attempted to console the balloonless infant. Did I deny causing the balloon to burst? I did not. I was merely another victim of circumstantial evidence."—Baltimore American.

Her Wants.

"Money isn't everything."

"I know. But it seems to be about all my wife wants."

HAD SPEECH WITH GOVERNOR

Certainly Short, but the Incident Gladdened the Heart of This Indiana Small Boy.

When Governor McGray and others boarded an interurban to visit the new reformatory site at Pendleton they found the car already well filled. The governor sat down by a small boy from Fortville and a moment later asked him to exchange seats with another member of the party so that they could continue a conversation. Shortly afterward the lad's seatmate disclosed to the boy that it was the governor he had accommodated.

The incident made an impression and when the boy reached home he boasted to his father that he had seen the governor and had spoken to him.

"Is that so?" said his dad, skeptically, "and what did the governor say to you?"

"Oh," he said, "would you just as soon sit in that seat over there, son?"—Indianapolis News.

Are you interested in people? Don't overdo it.

The best example of cause and effect is that a careful spender makes a good saver.

The Thrifty Citizen Who Caught the Plugged Nickel

MR. BROWN had swallowed his lunch and had paid his bill. Cautiously he counted his change. "Here!" he said, sharply, "Take back this plugged nickel and give me a good one!"

Mr. Brown walked proudly out. They couldn't fool old Brown.

But old Brown had fooled himself.

Brown's day was heavy and dull. He lacked "pep." There was a mid-afternoon drowsy spell when he needed to be awake—the direct and natural result of heavy, starchy breakfasts and lunches, taken on faith and without question as to value—just because the food looked and tasted like food.

Thousands of shrewd business men who count their change, take their food for granted.

That's what builds up the sanitarium business, and puts the tired "all-done" feeling into the mid-afternoon of a business day.

Grape-Nuts is a scientific food whose delicious, appetizing flavor and crispness are an introduction to well-balanced nourishment—a nourishment easily and quickly assimilated, so that body, brain and nerves are well fed and kept free of the stored up poisons left by so many ill-selected foods.

Served with cream or good milk, Grape-Nuts is a complete food, always ready, always a delight to the taste—and always a safe selection for the man who thinks his stomach is entitled to some of the same protection he gives to his pocket.

Grape-Nuts—The Body Builder

"There's a Reason"

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