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CAPTAIN BLOOD

by Rafael Sabatini

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CHAPTER XXI.—(Cont'd.)

"You come to give advice, then, do you?" quoth Captain Blood, relenting nothing of his sternness.

"That's it, Captain; advice. That girl, there." He flung out a bare arm to point to her. "Bishop's girl; the Governor of Jamaica's niece . . We want her as a hostage for our safety."

"Aye!" roared in chorus the buccaneers below.

In a flash Captain Blood saw what was in their minds. And for all that he lost nothing of his outward stern composure, fear invaded his heart.

"It's a providence having her aboard; a providence. Heave to, Captain, and signal them to send a boat, and assure themselves that Miss is here. That'll cool Colonel Bishop's heat, maybe."

"And maybe it won't." Slow and mocking came Wolverstone's voice to answer the other's confident excitement, and as he spoke he advanced to Blood's side, an unexpected ally. 'Some o' them dawcocks may believe that tale." He perked a contemptuous thumb toward the men in the waist, whose ranks were steadily being increased by the advent of others from the forecastle. "Although even some o' they should know better, for there's still a few was on Barbados with us, and are acquainted like me and you with Colonel Bishop. We've got to fight, my lads . . ."

"How can we fight, man?" Ogle stormed at him, furiously battling the conviction which Wolverstone's argument was imposing upon his listeners.

The rest of his words were drowned in the shouts of the hands insisting that the girl be given up to be held as a hostage. And then louder than before roared a gun away to leeward, and away on their starboard beam they saw the spray flung up by the shot, which had gone wide.

"They are within range," cried Ogle. And leaning from the rail, "Put down the helm," he commanded.

Pitt, at his post beside the helmsman, turned intrepidly to face the excited gunner.

"Since when have you commanded on the main deck, Ogle? I take my orders from the Captain."

"Wait!" Blood bade him, interrupting, and he set a restraining hand upon the gunner's arm. "There is, I think, a better way."

Standing now at the rail, with Lord Julian beside him, Captain Blood explained himself.

Briefly and clearly he announced to all the object of Lord Julian's voyage to the Caribbean, and he informed them of the offer which yesterday Lord Julian had made to him.

"That offer I rejected, as his lordship will tell you, deeming myself affronted by it. Those of you who have suffered under the rule of King James will understand me. But now in the desperate case in which we find ourselves—outsailed and likely to be outfought, as Ogle has said—I am ready to accept the King's commission and shelter us all behind it."

It was a thunderbolt that for a moment left them all dazed. Then Babel was re-enacted.

"I'll rot in hell or ever I serves the King," bawled Wolverstone in a great rage.

But Blood quieted him and those who thought as he did.

"No man need follow me into the King's service who is reluctant. That is not in the bargain. What is in the bargain is that I accept this service with such of you as may choose to follow me. Don't think I accept it willingly. For myself, I am entirely of Wolverstone's opinion. I accept it as the only way to save us all from the certain destruction into which my own act may have brought us. And even those of you who do not choose to follow me shall share the immunity of all, and shall afterward be free to depart. Those are the terms upon which I sell myself to the King. Let Lord Julian, the representative of the Secretary of State, say whether he agrees to them."

Prompt, eager, and clear came his lordship's agreement.

With Wolverstone, leaning upon the rail, Captain Blood watched the approach of a boat, manned by a dozen sailors, and commanded by a scarlet figure seated stiffly in the stern sheets. He leveled his telescope upon that figure.

"It'll not be Bishop himself," said Wolverstone, between question and assertion.

"No." Blood closed his telescope. "I don't know who it is."

This deputy proved to be an officer named Calverley, a vigorous, self-sufficient fellow, comparatively fresh

"Good day to you, sir," Blood hailed him pleasantly.

from England, whose manner made it clear that he came fully instructed by Colonel Bishop upon the matter of how to handle the pirates.

"Good day to you, sir," Blood hailed him pleasantly, "I have the honor to give you welcome aboard the Arabella. My name is Blood—Captain Blood at your service. You may have heard of me."

Captain Calverley stared hard. The airy manner of this redoubtable buccaneer was hardly what he had looked for in a desperate fellow, compelled to ignominious surrender.

Lord Julian advanced a step and bowed perfunctorily and rather disdainfully to that very disdainful officer.

"I have the monor to inform you, sir," he said stiffly, "that Captain Blood holds a commission in the King's service under the seal of my Lord Sunderland, His Majesty's Secretary of State."

"And who the devil may you be?" Calverley exploded.

Colder still and more distant than ever grew his lordship's voice.

"You're not very civil, sir, as I have already noticed. My name is Wade—Lord Julian Wade. I am His Majesty's envoy to these barbarous parts, and my Lord Sunderland's near kinsman. Colonel Bishop has been notified of my coming."

The sudden change in Calverley's manner at Lord Julian's mention of his name showed that the notification had been received, and that he had knowledge of it.

"I . . . I believe that he has," said Calverley, between doubt and suspicion. "That is: that he has been notified of the coming of Lord Julian Wade. But . . . but . . . aboard this ship . . ." The officer made a gesture of helplessness, and, surrendering to his bewilderment, fell abruptly silent.

"I was coming out on the Royal Mary . . ."

"That is what we were advised.

"But the Royal Mary fell a victim to a Spanish privateer, and I might never have arrived at all but for the gallantry of Captain Blood, who rescued me."

Captain Blood thrust a parchment under Calverley's bulging eyes. The officer scanned it, particularly the seals and signature. He stepped back, a baffled, impotent man.

"I must return to Colonel Bishop for my orders," he informed them.

At that moment a lane was opened in the ranks of the men, and through this came Miss Bishop followed by her octoroon woman. Over his shoulder Captain Blood observed her approach.

"Perhaps, since Colonel Bishop is with you, you will convey his niece to him. Miss Bishop was aboard the Royal Mary also, and I rescued her together with his lordship."

Swept thus from surprise to surprise, Captain Calverley could do no more than bow again.

"As for me," said Lord Julian, with intent to make Miss Bishop's departure free from all interference on the part of the buccaneers, "I shall remain aboard the Arabella until we reach Port Royal. My compliments to Colonel Bishop. Say that I look forward to making his acquaintance there."

CHAPTER XXII.

HOSTILITIES.

In the great harbor of Port Royal the Arabella rode at anchor..

Abeam with the Arabella, across the harbor, were the flat-fronted, white buildings of that imposing city that came down to the very water's edge.

On a cane day-bed that had been set for him on the quarter-leck, sheltered from the dazzling, blistering sunshine by an improvised awning of brown sailcloth, lounged Peter Blood, a calf-bound, well-thumbed copy of Horace's Odes neglected in his hands.

Things had not sped at all well with him in the past fortnight, since his acceptance of the King's commission. As Blood and Lord Julian had stepped ashore together, they had been met by Bishop, who took no pains to dissemble his chagrin at the turn of events and his determination to change it.

"You are Lord Julian Wade, I understand," was his truculent greeting. For Blood at the moment he had nothing beyond a malignant glance.

'You have granted, I am told, the King's commission to this man." His very tone betrayed the bitterness of his rancor. "Your motives were no doubt worthy . . . your gratitude to him for delivering you from the Spaniards. But the thing itself is unthinkable, my lord. The commission must be cancelled."

"I see, sir," said Lord Julian, "that you do not quite apprehend the circumstances. If it is a mistake to grant Captain Blood a commission, the mistake is not mine. I am acting upon the instructions of my Lord Sunderland; and with a full knowledge of all the facts, his lordship expressly designated Captain Blood for this commission if Captain Blood could be persuaded to accept it."

Colonel Bishop's mouth fell open in surprise and dismay.

"Lord Sunderland designated him?" he asked, amazed.

"Expressly. Let me present Captain Blood."

Blood's thoughts were upon this and other things as he lounged there on the day-bed. He had been a fortnight in Port Royal, his ship virtually a unit now in the Jamaica squadron. And when the news of it reached Tortuga and the buccaneers who awaited his return, the name of Captain Blood would become a thing of execration, and before all was done his life might pay forfeit for what would be accounted a treacherous defection.

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment for Toothache.

Commission Rejects British Columbia Plea

Victoria, B.C. — New light was thrown on the freight rate situation in western Canada by detailed judgments of the Canadian Railway Commission, just received by the British Columbia Government here. The most important point made clear for the first time is that the contention of western provinces in regard to domestic grain rates is without merit. The commission's written judgment flatly rejects the plea of British Columbia for a domestic grain rate as low as the export rate.

This judgment establishes an important issue which the West had attempted to break down on the ground that western consumers in Canada are paying too much for prairie grain and that the people of the Orient can buy Canadian grain more cheaply than can the people of the Pacific coast. The British Columbia Government is expected to take an immediate appeal to the Governor-General-in-Council because it regards the domestic grain rate as vital to this province.

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"Shoe Tossing" to "Stay Put"

Expert Tell Tricks to Learn in Pitching Horseshoes

"Ringers" Mean Practice

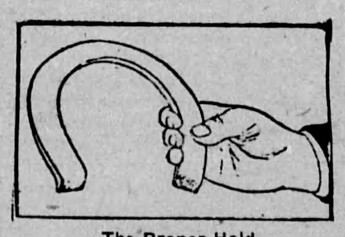
Some people who cherish the idea that pitching horseshoes is mere child's play and requires no special skill other than grabbing a shoe and throwing it, have never seen real shoe tossers in action. Just as in every other sport different experts have their own pet methods of handling the irons. The average man who thinks that he can pitch shoes fairly well, but has never considered himself in the champion class, gives a fast twirl to the shoe as he flings it, hooking his index finger around the end of the shoe and giving it a pull back as it leaves his hand. This sends the shoe spinning through the air and as a rule it will land flat and "stay put." But very

A Close Decision

often if it hits the peg it will ricochet to one side. Most of the real champions, it seems ,toss the shoe so that it does not twirl in the air, but makes a slow turn that brings it nicely in position to settle around the peg. Any ambitious horseshoe fans who are starting to train for the Canadian Championship Contest, which the Ontario Athletic Commission is staging at the Royal Winter Fair next month, will be interested to learn how one champion had achieved success. This method which is described in the following paragraphs, is now generally accepted by the "best people" in the horseshoe world.

"In playing always look at the opposite stake you are aiming for," he says "not at your opponent's shoes, or the people on the sidelines.

"Learn first to throw the open shoe so that it will land right into the stake, not slide into it. Take the shoe in the right hand, unless you are a southpaw,



The Proper Hold

take hold of the right fork with the thumb on the top side and all four fingers gripping the fork, with the little finger against the heel calk. Keep the calks face down. The thumb controls the shoe in turning. If the shoe turns more than a one-an-three-quarter turn, move the thumb slightly forward toward the toe calk, gripping the shoe tighter. To slow up the turn, hold closer toward the heel calk. The shoe when leaving the hand should be level, not edgewise.

"When in position to deliver the shoe make a full swing and don't jerk the arm when pitching. Don't pitch cross-fire unless it becomes more natural; it's harder. Then pitch the shoe so that your arm in the swing will pass directly over the stake. Never make a downward or swooping movement in delivering the shoe.

"The open shoe is one that lands with the opening toward the stake and is all controlled by the grip or hold on the shoe. An open shoe cannot be a

"Here's for a Ringer"

success that has more than three and one-half turns, as all control is lost. The one and one-quarter turn is used by the best horseshoe pitchers, although a three-quarter turn has been used by some, but never to an advantage on account of having to be thrown so hard. Then, if the stake is missed, the shoe travels beyond all possible scoring distance.

"In throwing an open shoe it should be thrown with all possible ease and land right into the stake. Many pitch with a twist. This has a tendency to cause the shoe to land otherwise than flat, which makes it impossible to keep a ringer on top of another ringer.

"Nearly anyone can learn to throw the open shoe by learning the proper hold and making the natural swing. If the shoe is not opening at stake, then throw a little higher, that is, if you are landing in front of the stake. If you are pitching over the stake, then lower your height. This will at the same time bring your turn of the shoe slower. The position of the hold on the shoe governs this and all depends on whether your shoe is turning too much or not enough.

"Always be sure to train yourself to throw the same height, which is about ten feet. When throwing a ringer always try to top it, throwing the shoe so that the speed is spent when arriving at the stake. In doing this, if you fail to get on, you will be within shooting distance. When a shoe is leaning against a stake, this being one of the hardest conditions to pitch against, you should learn to throw a low shoe, or rather hook the shoe straight in. This all depends on the position of the leaning shoe. Sometimes you can drop a ringer down on the leaning shoe, which will cause it to fall, your shoe remaining a ringer. The real object is to keep the first pitch. The slow one-and-a-quarter shoe is the most scientific and easiest thrown."

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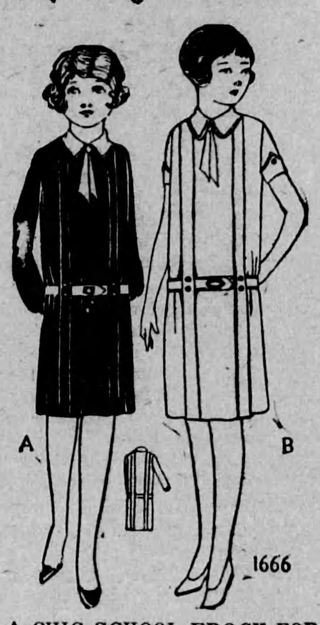
Fashion



A CHIC SCHOOL FROCK FOR THE SCHOOL GIRL

The smart one-piece frock pictured here is a much favored style for school wear. There is a box-plait at each side of the front and back through which a belt passes and fastens in the front with a buckle. The sleeves are long and gathered into narrow wrist-bands, or short and finished with pointed cuffs, and there is a becoming round collar. No. 1666 is in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch, or 2⅛ yards 54-inch material; ⅛ yard less 36-inch for short sleeves; ¼ yard additional contrasting for View A. Price 20 cents the pattern.

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Balloonists and aviators are regretting that with present equipment and devices it is probably impossible to ascend more than 45,000 feet. Thus do the elements conspire to thwart vaulting ambition.

Learn to Detect Fake Stock Selling

As tragedies in investment are common occurrences nowadays and great sweeps of financial ruin are left in the wake of fraudulent stock salesmen and promoters, who use eight common methods of fake stock selling so it is well to keep away:—

1 From low-priced mining stocks recommended as a speculation or "flyer," for "big profits."

2 From stocks of the suave, expert salesman who offers sweet dreams and pictures instead of past earning records and balance sheets.

3 From low-priced stocks, either unlisted, or listed on the stock exchange.

4 From the gaudy "tipping service" which offers low-priced or free advice on stocks and always recommends its "pet" among the higher-grade issues.

5 From the "financial newspaper" which uses "scare headlines" and mixes optimistic news about its "pet" with legitimate news about higher-priced securities.

6 From any stocks which you are urged to buy immediately, by telegraph or telephone call, except from reliable sources.

7 From houses "leading an attack on fraudulent stock selling" but also trying to sell low-priced speculative stocks of their own.

8 From any stock on which you have not received definite facts and figures or expert investment analysis.

—Forbes Magazine.

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What goes up also comes down, but the cost of living seems to have remarkable resistance to the pull of gravitation.

When the man who inquired about the plural of moose gets his answer, he might turn his attention to this one If a mouse and his spouse are mice, what shall we call a grouse and his spouse?

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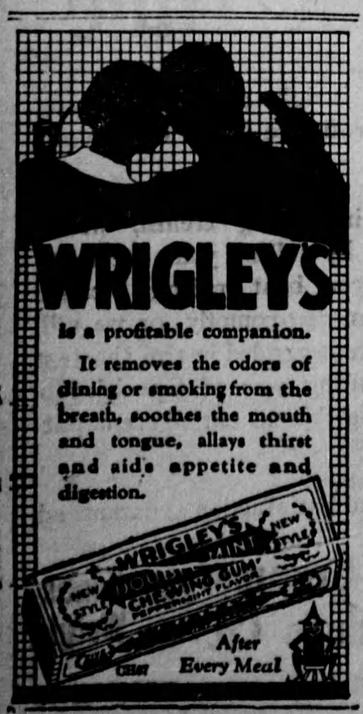

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