TREASURE OF THE SEA

By George E. Walsh

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER XIX: Dick hurries back to the schooner, seizes half a dozen automatics and dashes back to the fray, followed by Captain Bedford and Rose.

CHAPTER XX

The surprise and consternation of the sailors at the voice behind them was not greater than that of of Caribs. Dick saw Captain Tecu and Black Burley jump to their feet and scan the rocks with eager eyes.

"I reckon now ye can go," Captain Bedford whispered. "Ye're spryer'n me, an' can make it quicker."

"Give me all except two of the pistols," replied Dick. "You and Rose keep one apiece. Don't expose yourself. Keep Rose here with you."

"Reckon I ain't promisin' to keep her here," grinned the skipper, "but I'll try it."

* * *

Dick nodded, and then vaulted the low ridge of rocks, and, crouching low, made a break across the open space. His sudden appearance was the signal for a volley of shots from the Caribs, but in anticipation of this he dodged and ducked so erratically that the bullets buried themselves in the sand at a safe distance on either side.

The sailors, forewarned, made no hostile demonstration, but watched him with gaping mouths and wide-open eyes. When he finally landed plump in their midst, they stretched forth arms to receive him. Recovering his breath, Dick said:

"Now give them hell! Shoot to kill!"

The sight of the guns he began passing around brought grins of delight to the haggard faces.

"I haven't enough for all," Dick added. "So be careful. Who among you are the best shots?"

"I've killed a man at a hundred feet," replied aburly seaman, taking a gun, "an' my mate's nearly as good. Give him one."

* * *

The other two were handed to men who declared they were good shots, and were anxious to try their skill on the Caribs. Dick took charge and directed the shooting.

"They are cowards, and will run the moment we shoot," he said. "They don't know we're armed. So make the best of our chance. Single out our men, and shoot together."

He counted two and then raised a hand as a signal. Four vicious bullets sped toward their marks, and before they were well on their way others were following them. The automatics barked so continuously that half the Caribs were down before the others could duck for shelter.

The sailors wanted to break cover and charge, but Dick restrained them. "No, they'll get some of you. Keep covered until we get Tucu and Burley. The rest will surrender."

"Who's Tucu — their leader?" asked one of the seamen.

"Yes, he's the captain of the lugger, and Black Burley's the mate."

"Know 'em?"

"Sure. I've sailed with them."

The sailors eyed him curiously. In the lull that followed, one asked:

"Wasn't ye on the City of Bahia?"

Dick nodded.

"Thought I remembered yer face. Got away, did ye?"

* * *

Further conversation was interrupted by the unexpected barking of a gun far on their right. For a moment they thought a flanking party had crept up behind them; but almost simultaneously with the crash of the report there came a cry from the enemy. They saw a gigantic black man leap in the air and tumble face downward.

"Black Burley!" exclaimed Dick.

"Who shot him?" asked one of the sailors, uneasily glancing in the direction of the shot.

"Captain Bedford," smiled Dick. "He's trying to flank them."

The rest of the Caribs, with Tucu leading, leaped from cover, and were making a run for their last refuge.

"After them!" yelled Dick, springing over the breastwork. "Don't let Tucu escape."

Dick led the assaulting party, but Tucu had a big start. It looked for a time as if he would escape, and Dick hesitated between keeping up the race and stopping to shoot. Perhaps in either case he would have lost if Tucu's vengeful nature hadn't temporarily handicapped him.

Hen Pettigrew lay directly in his path, where he had been left by the Caribs for dead; but Hen had as many lives as a cat, and despite the fact that he carried three bullets in his body he was a long way from being dead. He sat up and began struggling feebly to get on his feet. He was not aware of Tucu's presence until the latter stopped suddenly in his steps.

The sight of one of his enemies escaping when he could kill him was too much of a strain on Tucu's nature. He decided to linger long enough to put Hen out of the game. With a malevolent glint in his eyes, he leered at the half-dazed man, and said:

"I reckon y'don't need to get up."

He could have shot him on the run, but he wanted to make sure this time. He brought his gun close to Hen's head, thrusting it viciously between his eyes so he could stare his fate directly in the face. It was a brutal, bloodthirsty act, and for a moment Hen recoiled.

"Damn ye, take that!" grunted the half-breed.

There was an explosion, so close that the powder blackened Hen's face, but the bullet buried itself in the sand as Tucu's right hand dropped to his side, with the forearm broken close to the wrist.

Dick had taken advantage of his hesitation and shot at the hand holding the gun to Hen's face, pausing to aim carefully and deliberately to make sure he did not miss.

With a snarl and curse, the half breed grasped his wounded wrist in his free hand, and seeing that escape was impossible he turned upon Dick like an enraged animal. All the venom of his nature flared up in his eyes.

* * *

Dick could have shot easily, but he hesitated. The man was wounded and unarmed, his gun having fallen to the ground. He could not shoot Tucu even when he had him at his mercy.

"It's all up, Tucu," he said, smiling as he advanced. "I won't kill you if you'll surrender. You can't get away."

"Y'won't shoot me if I surrender?" whined the half-breed. "Y'won't let 'em kill me?"

"No, we'll give you a fair trial, but you don't deserve it."

Tucu's shifty eyes seemed to lose their fire, and Dick noticed that the limp arm was bleeding freely. "I'll help you," he added, kicking the man's gun away to a safe distance. "That arm must be broken."

Although in the act of kicking Tucu's gun away, he showed that he didn't trust the outlaw, Dick was careless in another respect. He thrust his own gun in his pocket. The halfbreed noticed the action and almost immediately his whole attitude changed. A murderous gleam flashed in his eyes.

* * *

With his left hand he jerked an ugly knife from his belt and made a lunge at Dick. The attack was so sudden and unexpected that there was no time for counter action. Dick had barely time to catch the uplifted arm and save himself from almost instant death.

With a growl of rage that his ruse had failed, the half-breed struggled to release his arm for another blow; but Dick flung himself upon the outlaw, grasping the arm with one hand and the knife with the other.

Although wounded, and one arm helpless, Tucu, who was a giant in strength, fought ferociously, succeeding finally in hurling his enemy from him through sheer muscular superiority.

(To Be Continued)

Trans-Atlantic Laundry Service

Ste. Anne de Bellevue, as many readers know, is not far from the Dorval airport. It is from Dorval that the big planes take off for the trans-Atlantic trip to England, says The Fergus News-Record. In Ste. Anne there is a laundry and dry cleaning establishment that takes pride in the rapid service it gives to patrons. In England, the laundry comes back in three or four weeks and clothing is scarce. A British pilot tried out the St. Anne cleaners one day and was pleased with the results. He and his friends brought more things to be cleaned. Their wives started sending over pieces of the family washing. It was ready by the time they started their return trip. Talk about the world beating a path to the door of the man who makes a better mousetrap; That's nothing compared with laundry delivery by air across the broad Atlantic.

"WHEN THEY WOKE UP, SEVEN PUPPIES WERE THERE"

This is what the children of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Jackson, of Bloomington, Ill., saw when they burst into the living room on Christmas morning. Santa couldn't have left anything more wonderful for the kiddies than seven Dalmatian pups, because they are a surprise package that they can all play with.

ALL SET TO GO!

A good friend in the garden is this garden tractor made by Walter Card, of McGee, Sask., and used by M. C. Card, also of McGee. The tractor, which has rubber on all four wheels, is powered by a six-horse air-cooled motor having three speeds from low to high. It will do 15 miles an hour for road travelling.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

1. What is the difference between a formal greeting and an informal greeting, when meeting a person?

2. When an engagement has been broken, should the young man return all letters.

3. When a dinner guest is not sure which piece of silver to use, what should he do?

4. Should a girl who has been going regularly with a young man for several months before Christmas give him a gift?

5. To whom does a prospective bridegroom usually give a dinner, and how long before the wedding?

6. Should a luncheon guest stay all afternoon, if the hostess hasn't mentioned anything but lunch?

ANSWERS

1. The formal greeting is "How do you do?" or "Good morning." The informal greeting is "Hello." 2. Yes, even without being requested to do so, as soon as he receives his letters from the girl. 3. Watch the hostess and see which piece she uses. 4. This is a matter of personal preference. However, she should wait until he gives her his gift, so that if he hasn't one for her he will not be embarrassed. 5. He usually gives a stag dinner to his ushers and very close men friends an evening or two before the wedding day. 6. No.

Cottage Cheese

Use of Cottage Cheese as a substitute for meat as a food is suggested by the nutrition authorities of the Department of National Health and Welfare. The nutritionists point out that, as well as adding variety to a meal, cottage cheese is an ideal source of animal protein, is rich in Vitamin B, and, if made from whole milk, contains Vitamin A. Weight for weight it contains even more protein than meat.

Sails of Nylons

Due to the shortage of cotton sail cloth, sailmakers are now manufacturing nylon sails. Although nylon is more difficult to work with and slightly more expensive, it has between two and three times the tensile strength, greater tear strength, and due to its low water and moisture absorption, it drys out far quicker than the former sail cloth. Nylon is highly resistant to mildew — a great relief to sailors. Iin the manufacture of nylon, stainless steel equipment containing 8 per cent or more of nickel, plays an important part.

Looking for smart new details in a classic? Note these in Pattern 4713: squared-off lower armhole, deep cuffs, soft skirt pleats. Use all one fabric, or contrast!

Pattern 4713 comes in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 40. Size 16 takes 2⅝ yards 54-inch fabric.

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Radar Helps Avert Collisions

Two steamships were saved from head-on collision during a blinding snowstorm on Lake Superior recently when an alert officer aboard a third ship perceived their danger on his radar indicator and warned them by radio to change their course.

Tom Hermansen, First Mate of a modern ore carrier, the Ferbert, was watching the radar just before dawn on Novemeber 28 when he observed two luminous "pips," representing two other ships on the radarscope, rapidly converging from opposite directions. Knowing the lookouts on either vessel could not see the other ship in the storm, Mr. Hermansen contacted the two ships by radio and directed each on a change of course.

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How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I prevent woolen garments from scratching the skin?

A. This can be prevented by adding a few tablespoonfuls of glycerine to the last rinse when washing them. Also be sure that each water is the same temperature when washing woolens, as it is the change from warm to cold water that shrinks them.

Q. How can I stop eyes from watering in windy weather?

A. Relief may be had by bathing them in a solution of 10 grains of boracic acid to one ounce of hot distilled water.

Q. How can I remove grease spots from wall paper?

A. Mix pipe clay and water to the consistency of cream, apply it to the grease spots and allow it to remain for 24 hours.

Q. How can I prevent linen from turning yellow between washings?

A. After the linen has been laundered, place it at the bottom of the dresser, using the other first, This gives all the towels, sheets, shirts, etc., equal wear, and prevents any pieces from becoming yellow.

Q. How can I prevent accidents from scissors, when small children are around?

A. Keep a cork or an empty spool over the point of the scissors to avoid accidents.

Q. How can I make better pumpkin pies?

A. Prepare the pumpkin the day before making pies. This gives it a chance to drain and makes much better pies.

English Mastiff Nearly Extinct

The mastiff dog was known to the Egyptians since at least 650 B.C., and in England since the Roman invasion. Two thousand years ago Julius Caesar stood up in his chariot on an English battlefield and looked with horror as giant dogs ran into battle with their masters and leaped at the throats of his warriors, says the Stratford Beacon-Herald.

More than 500 years ago French soldiers at the Battle of Agincourt stood back in fear at a mastiff that growled defiance at them over the wounded body of Sir Piers Leigh until the English soldiers carried him to safety.

The English mastiff is a big, powerful dog, weighing up to 200 pounds, measuring 10 inches around the foreleg, which is two inches more than the average man's wrist. In modern days he is used as a watchdog, being hostile to strangers, but docile and friendly toward his master.

A few days ago a group of dog-lovers met in a London hotel to see what they could do to save the English mastiff from extinction. There are only eight purebreds left in Britain—two males and six females, and all are old. It was reported that there are only 70 in the United States, but Britain dog fanciers hope to be able to buy some of them, and revive the breed in England.

Sunday School Lesson

The Word Made Flesh

John 1: 1-18.

Golden Text. — No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him.—John 1: 18.

The Word

This title, "the Word"; is significant. The word of a man is the medium by which he makes himself known; we know the inner being of a man by his speech. We know what is in his heart by his word or speech. So Christ came to show us the Father.

At creation the "two great lights" were created to light the physical universe and its darkness was dispelled, but when the Light shined to dispel the spiritual darkness, it is said, "and the darkness comprehended it not." That is the tragedy of unbelief.

John the Baptist

John, known to us as "John the Baptist," was sent from God; sent as a witness to that Light; "that all men through Him might believe". That was the purpose of John's coming. From the first John made it plain that he was only the forerunner of the Light, the witness of that "true Light" which came into the world to offer Himself as the Light to all men who would accept Him.

The New Relationship

He was in the physical world, the world which He had made but He was not recognized nor honored. "He came unto His own (things) and His own (people) received Him not." This is not to say that none received Him for through the centuries countless thousands have received Him and entered into a new relationship with God. This relationship was not by heredity or natural instinct but by the exercise of Divine power. This sonship is something imparted by the Spirit of God.

The Son of God

The Son of God took on human nature, differing from our human nature only in this particular, that it was not a sinful nature. His glory was the manifestation of the spiritual splendor, of the Divine love and holiness of God, distinct from all others, even those called "children of God".

It is difficult for us to comprehend a person whom we have never seen, and in the Old Testament God was regarded with awe. When Jesus came He revealed the Father, for in all that He said and did, He was the Expression of God, The Revelation of His love. Only He who was so close, described as being "in the bosom of the Father", could have thus "declared" or disclosed Him to men.

Alarming Waste Of Canadian Lives

In the four years 1938 to 1941, 57,436 babies under one year of age died in Canada and 3,806 Canadian mothers died giving birth. This is a greater death toll than was suffered by Canada in her fighting forces in all four years of the First World War.

The record has improved over the past 25 years, of course, but are we content with it? Those who point with pride to the reduction in infant death from 102 per thousand live births in 1921 to 55 in 1944 should go on to compare this with the record in other countries. Here are the figures: Sweden, 29; New Zealand, 29; Switzerland, 38; Australia, 40; Netherlands, 40; the United States, 40; England and Wales, 49 . . . and Canada 55.

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