

# A GRIM DRAMA

## The Log of the Schooner Ten Men

MURDER

That truth is stranger than fiction was illustrated anew when the schooner Kingsway came into New York Harbor a few days ago with tales of ten men and a woman—a story of primitive passion, greed, and peaceful death. What follows is an account of the Kingsway's voyage, pieced together from her log and the story disclosed during the investigation conducted by the Federal authorities.

On the afternoon of Feb. 5, 1932 the schooner Kingsway was slipping quietly through the tepid waters of the Cape Verde Islands and not far from the coast of Senegal. Seen from a little distance, the great outlines of her hull softened by the thin streak of foam, her four great lower sails swelling to the wind, she would have been a sight to gladden an old sailor's eye. She held steadily to her course dipping to the long swell with a springy motion unknown to those who go to sea with steam. She was alone in a vast watery wilderness. Africa rook and port, and the water out of sight on her port bow, and a continuous miles of ocean. But the measurements carried by her more than a few graphical lines. She was one of the last of her kind, one of the final relics of the age of sail.

She sailed ostensibly to carry lumber to the Gold Coast and bring back cocoa beans, but her real errand was the vast and ancient pursuit of joy. Those on board sought it in various ways.

The cook's wife, a slim, radiant woman, pretty after her fashion, was polishing the lamps in the saloon when the captain and the mate left their meals. It was a spacious enough room, with a red-and-white checkered table in one corner, and a cushioned seat in the other, with the cabin door opening forward. Badke ran the dandy engine—a German with its swarming, confident way with him. On the right an entrance to the captain's cabin. Directly ahead, with the port hole opening on the starboard side, was the pantry. To the left another door opened into the storeroom. There are rooms for the crew, and rooms under the captain's eye.

The cook's wife having polished the last lamp, set it back in the brass above the table. She sang a little. Then she slipped into the bathroom, next the room she and her husband occupied, and looked at herself in the captain's rather large square mirror. She smiled, showing white teeth. Life had its moments for her.

Battico, the cook, a dark-visaged Porto Rican, was busy with his pots and pans in the galley. In good weather, with its ports facing aft and its door opening to the deck, the galley was not an unpleasant place. It was warm enough, to be sure, with the temperature beginning to range above 100, but the cook could reach the rail in four steps and get what moving air there was. Battico had his dreams and his troubles.

The Husband's Dreams.

His dreams had to do with a girl in Porto Rico, but his trouble, unfortunately, were near at hand. One of them he could bring to light by opening the door which led from the galley into the engine room, the hand quarters of the German, Badke. Or if he did not care to open that door he could walk round the outside of the galley and look in at Badke through a broad open window.

The engineer on the Kingsway was an essential member of the crew, a schooler did not depend on auxiliary power to kick her through the doldrums. Her steam was to hoist sails, to pump out bilge water, and in port to handle cargo. Badke was, therefore, a man of leisure as well as of rank. He walked with a swing, spoke in loud tones, lorded it over the common seamen and held long confabs in German with his compatriots, Malabar and Kline. One look at him and any captain would have known that he belonged to the tribe of sea lawyers.

Ten Men and a Woman.

There were ten men and a woman on board—ten men and one woman cooped within a space whose greatest dimensions was only 255 feet; ten men and one woman searching one another with their eyes day after day, learning the least intimations of one another's voices, becoming grossly familiar with one another's least small mannerisms, sometimes, far from Christian thoughts, Ten men—and one woman. Badke, looking up to catch the flash of white teeth at his window, claimed the woman, but without recognition. He strode about the deck, a conquering male. For him, too, life had its moments.

In the fore-cabin, on the other side of the bulkhead from where the cook slammed his bottles on the stove, there was moaning gossip. The cook knew all about it, it was said. The cook was willing, it was said. But there were those who thought otherwise. If the cook were willing, why did the woman flaunt the affair in his face? She had heard about it, they said. But Battico went on open-

## Scientist Defends Using White Bread

### Prince of Wales' Physician Says it is More Nourishing Than Whole Wheat

## CITES EASY ASSIMILATION

London.—The question whether brown bread is more beneficial than white has once more become the subject of a heated controversy.

Sir Thomas Horder, physician in ordinary to the Prince of Wales, in a lecture before the London Clinical Society, has attacked the "food evildoers" who advocate whole-wheat bread and their ill-formed enthusiasm.

Sir Thomas says that, bulk for bulk, white bread possesses more actual calories than brown, so that even at the same price the consumer buys more nourishment for his money in white bread than in brown. He admits that white flour contains less vitamin B than whole-wheat flour. But this does not mean that the bread baked of white flour does not contain vitamin B, for yeast is extremely rich in this vitamin, and yeast is used in the baking of all bread.

But even if by chemical analysis whole-wheat bread proved to be more nutritious than white (which according to Sir Thomas it does not) there would be no guarantee that the person eating it actually got the additional nourishment. The net effective nourishment depends not only on the chemical composition of the food, but also on the "form of its presentation" to the digestive organs.

CITES DRAWBACK TO WHOLE WHEAT.

"Whole-wheat flour contains more cellulose than white flour, and more than a certain amount of this substance is actually a deterrent to digestion and assimilation," says Sir Thomas. "It is not what you eat that nourishes you, but what you assimilate."

"It is clear, therefore, that the whole question of the relative values of white and whole-wheat bread is much more complicated than the public is led to suppose by reading recent propaganda."

In the press discussion which followed this lecture, Sir Thomas was supported by some other eminent authorities, notably Dr. A. Bostock Hill, emeritus professor of hygiene and public health at the University of Birmingham, and Prof. Barton Scammell.

## ADDMITS SOME PERSONS BENEFIT

Prof. Hill, while admitting that some individuals are benefited by whole-wheat bread, calls it "absurd" to demand the substitution of whole-wheat bread for all other products like white bread in order to attain what is called a modern standard of health.

Other prominent physicians, however, have rallied to the support of the whole-wheat enthusiasts. One of them, Dr. M. J. Rowland, ridicules the idea of the vitamins in a tablespoonful of yeast being a sufficient substitute for the vitamins in a whole batch of loaves. Dr. Rowland has recently carried out a comparative experiment with wheat germ and yeast. "The yeast-fed animals," he says, "suffered from an advanced condition of dilated stomach, as well as having other pathological conditions which are depending on a vitamin deficiency."

## Super-Socialists Kill Rich Members of the Community

London—Super-socialists who kill over-wealthy members of their community instead of making speeches to them, and cultured cannibals who have an alphabet and write books, were found by Mrs. Violet Clifton, well-known explorer, in a tour of the Dutch East Indies.

"In the little islands of North Pagah, off Sumatra," Mrs. Clifton said, in an interview, "the Mentawai tribe exacts death as the price of too much material success."

"A prosperous man may be sitting watching his pigs when he will be seized from behind, bound, carried off, and hanged. He stays there until his executioners think his soul has had time to become a hostile spirit. Then they begin offering sacrifices to pacify the new ghost—one of a large number."

"I found literary cannibals in North Sumatra. They not only possess a wealth of tribal history but have a civilized alphabet of 19 letters. And they write books in a new language resembling Sanskrit."

"They eat other people because they believe that the qualities of dead people enter into those who devour them; but also, they confess, they like that sort of diet, particularly relishing the hands of their victims."

"Customers are much the same as they were fifty years ago—liverish, capricious and critical."—E. Parry James.

"The man who knows Shakespeare will handle men a great deal better than the man who only knows his mathematics."—Bishop of Riefford.



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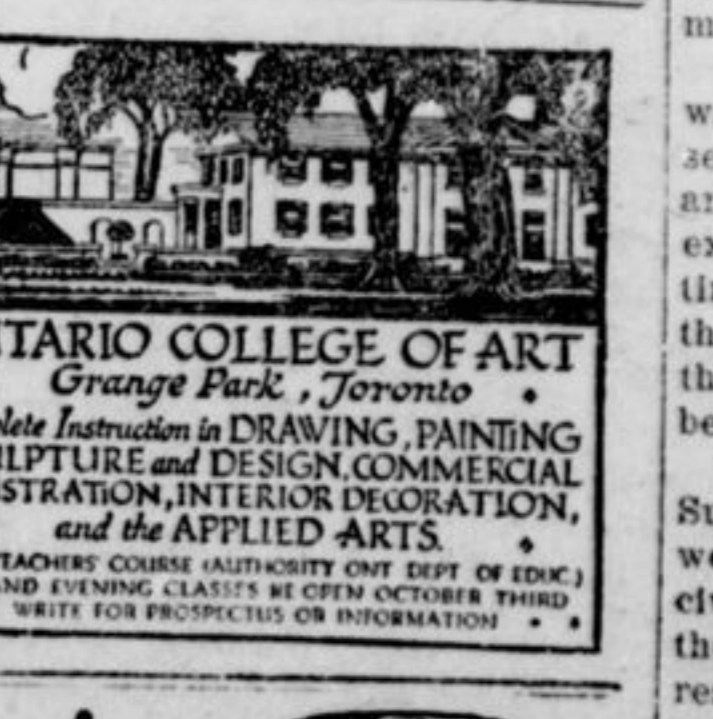
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"Jack Pickford and I could have been divorced in America. We chose Paris because it gives us both a vacation while we are waiting."—Marylyn Miller.

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If you can laugh at your own troubles, your neighbor's troubles won't seem nearly so serious to him.



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In length and others smaller. They darted up from under the bows and skimmed away in fashions of silver over the waves, finally dropping with a sudden plop into the water. Seagulls followed us from some distance and then left us and shoals of porpoises played alongside.

In the channel between Tenerife and Gomera Island we met a north-westerly wind and swell, but soon ran under the lee of Gomera into smooth water.

Beyond Gomera is Hierro, or Iron Island, the westernmost of the Canaries and the last point of land to be seen in the Old World.

No one leaving Europe can look on the cliffs of Hierro with absolute indifference. On its inhospitable hills are patches of light green verdure, and here and there a few white houses. Ahead of the ship is the open Atlantic, and when Hierro disappears astern what shall we see? No speck of green and no human habitation until, all being well, we arrive at Trinidad—Anthony Dell, in "Llama Land."

## All Royal Guests Are Well Guarded

### Systematic Watch Kept on Possibly Dangerous Organizations

When King Fuad left London recently one group of men breathed more freely. They are the secret service agents, whose business it is to secure his safety, writes F. A. MacKenzie in the London Daily News.

Everyone sees the open protection of the police car that drives in front of the royal guest, the attendant high police officials and the like. But behind this is an organization that goes much deeper.

The real guard is the systematic watch that is kept on every possibly dangerous organization in this country. This is not a new thing. Thirty years ago, when the Internationale had its club and secret groups centre behind Tottenham Court-road, some of the most violent members of these groups received police pay, not always from Britain.

To-day the system is more far-reaching. Our secret service has its agents or informers in practically every violently revolutionary group in this country. People likely to make trouble are known, just as each class of their kind is known to the C.I.D. Their records are docketed, and their faces are familiar to the men behind the scenes.

Before any state visit to this country our secret service gets in touch with the secret service of the other country and learns what dangerous elements, if any, might get here, who are and who are not their appearance is. Suspicious nationalists and the ports closed to them.

On the day of procession through London, any suspected man who comes anywhere near the Royal visitor is kept under close watch. If he starts to make trouble he is quietly, swiftly and effectively put on one side, and the men who do it are not particularly careful about the method employed.

Quite recently on the occasion of a big royal ceremony a violent Communist who had been waiting quietly among the spectators started to shout as the royal carriage drew near. "This is what we want," he cried, putting his hand into his inner breast pocket to pull out a red flag.

Before he had the flag half out, three men standing near turned on him. "You'll get what you want," said one, and three fists simultaneously struck his jaw. The man took no more interest in the proceedings. Now, of course, these three men may have been loyal citizens, suddenly moved by the same impulse, but it was a curious coincidence that they happened to be just where they were.

Minard's Liniment for scaly scalp.

## British Research Causes Discovery

### New Industry May Result From Treating By-Products from Tar

London.—New methods of extracting the by-products from tar are reported to have been discovered by research chemists at the Mond Gas Company's plant in Dudley, in the heart of England's Black Country, and it is likely that an entirely new industry will be created as a result.

It is also likely that the discoveries will have an important effect on the world's chemical supplies, and it is understood that a new company will shortly issue a new range of products, the derivatives of tar.

For some time the Germans and Americans have held a monopoly in this industry.

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## Sailing for Peru

When I told my friends I was going to Peru they became flippant. The most staid and serious immediately quoted Imericks to young men of Peru who had nothing to do and sent snakes to the Zoo. Others made puns about Peruvian bark and several declined altogether to believe that Peru existed anywhere but in a poet's fancy. I am still unable to understand why Peru, of all the countries in the world, should be treated as a geographical joke, but I know to my cost that it is.

Two or three people treated me seriously. One Fleet Street man said all he knew about Peru was that it was where ink came from. I asked him if he were not thinking of "Incas" rather than "ink." He said it might be so. He knew he had heard of Peru in connection with something allied to ink.

Another journalist said I did well to go to Peru. I should be a missionary of Empire.

"How so in Peru?" I asked.

"Why, isn't Peru part of the British Empire?" he demanded.

He was nonplussed to learn that Peru had somehow or other escaped absorption. "If it doesn't belong to us then," he said, "I suppose it belongs to the United States."

My literary agent had heard of Peruvian condors, cannibals and crocodiles. She desired me to leave in London a full power of attorney. "Your return being so doubtful," as she explained.

The first shipping agent I consulted confessed himself quite in the dark as to how one travelled to Peru. "We have never booked a passage there," he said. He declared that I should in Panama; but after some searching discovered an Italian line which sailed from Genoa direct to Callao. Callao, he had explained to the agent, was the port of Lima, the capital of Peru. . . . The Genoese ship I selected was to call at Barcelona and take her last sight of Europe at Gibraltar. Thence she would skirt the coast of Africa to Tenerife and from there run down the coast to Trinidad. Who could resist the idea of a setting foot in America at Trinidad, so named by Columbus himself when he sighted his three hills on his third voyage?

"So it came about that I left England for Peru by way of Newhaven. A thick mist shrouded the Seven Sisters as we left the harbor and spared us a pang, for no one would willingly leave the cliff cliffs of Sussex astern when they are shivering, under an April sun. Farther out the sun was indeed shining, but the coast of England was already below the horizon.

Dieppe was showing up ahead when we began to overhaul a sailing boat whose bellies topsail instantly made me think of the Overland Passage into London River.

"Why, she is like a Thames barge," I said to a sailor.

"That is what she is," he replied, "an old Thames sloop bound for Dieppe."

A westerly breeze was carrying her forward at a good speed. Her red sails shone like copper and her great sprit, newly scraped and varnished, sparkled in the sun. I watched her, for we overhauled and passed her, for of all the rigs in the world there is none which makes the same appeal to the Londoner as the Thames sprit-sail barge. With regret I saw her top-sail dim and fade away in our wake for I knew that with her had vanished the last sight of home.

The next morning I was crossing the French Alps into Italy and some time after dark reached Genoa. Outside the railway station stands the statue of Columbus and from a little way down the street can be seen the funnels of the ships in harbor.

We sailed for Peru at three o'clock the next afternoon. No mist veiled the exquisite city of Genoa from the eyes of the Italian exiles on board. Some were so much affected that they went down to their cabins.

"I am going out for five years," said one young engineer afterwards. "If I had as much as looked at Genoa as we went out of the harbor I should have jumped overboard."

The ladies heartily agreed with him, and a day among the splendid shops of Barcelona failed to revive their spirits. The lordly peaks of the Sierra Nevada, which we passed at sunrise, were not worth a glance, and even Gibraltar failed to interest. . . .

Two days later the Peak of Tenerife rose on the starboard bow. The sun was setting as we approached the island and Sugar Loaf Rock off the north coast was silhouetted against a color fast sky. In a few minutes the color fast sky and we drew under tall blue-grey cliffs already shrouded in the dusk. The lights of Santa Cruz gleamed ahead, but while still a good way from the town we dropped anchor. . . .

We sailed from Santa Cruz, at seven o'clock, on a bright spring morning. In the town we could see the tops of palms and other trees but the south coast of the island was composed of bare, red, volcanic rocks. We saw the opening into the crater on the Peak, and about the middle of the morning passed Red Point. Here were many flying fish, some about a foot

M. d'Ogeron, the governor of the island, who levied as his harbor dues a percentage of one-tenth of all spoils brought into the bay.

Moreover, to a man, those who had escaped with Peter Blood from the Barbados plantations, and who knew not whither to turn, were all resolved upon joining the great Brotherhood of the Coast, as those rovers called themselves. And they united their voices, demanding that he should continue now in the leadership which he had enjoyed since they had left Barbados, and swearing to follow him loyally whithersoever he should lead them.

The resolve being taken, he went actively to work. Ogeron advanced him money for the proper equipment of his ship the Cinco Liagas, which he renamed the Arabella.

To the score of followers he already possessed, he added three or four more. With them he entered into the articles usual among the Brethren of the Coast under which each man was to be paid by a share in the prizes captured.

Toward the end of December, when the hurricane season had blown itself out, he put to sea and before he returned in the following May from a protracted and adventurous cruise, the fame of Captain Peter Blood had run like ripples before the breeze across the face of the Caribbean Sea.

One day as Captain Blood sat with Hagthorpe and Wolverstone over a pipe and a bottle of rum in the stifling reek of tar and stale tobacco of a waterside tavern, he was accosted by a splendid ruffian in a gold-laced coat of dark-blue satin with a crimson sash, a foot wide, about the waist.

"C'est vous qu'on appelle Le Sang?" the fellow hailed him.

Captain Blood looked up to consider the questioner before replying. The man was tall and built on lines of agile strength, with a swarthy, aquiline face that was brutally handsome.

Captain Blood took the pipette from between his lips.

"My name," he said, "is Peter Blood. The Spaniards know me for Don Pedro Sangre, and a Frenchman may call me Le Sang if he pleases."

"Good," said the gaudy adventurer in English. "My name," he informed the three men, two of whom at least were eyeing him askance, "it is Levasseur. You may have heard of me."

They had, indeed. He commanded a privateer of twenty guns that had dropped anchor in the bay a week ago. A roaring, quarrelsome, hard-drinking, hard-gaming scoundrel, his reputation as a buccaner stood high among the wild Brethren of the Coast. There was about his gaudy, swaggering raffishness something that the women found singularly alluring.

It was current gossip that even Mademoiselle d'Ogeron, the Governor's daughter, had been caught in the snare of his wild attractiveness.

This was the man who now urged himself upon Captain Blood with proposal of association, offering him not only his sword, but his ship and the men who sailed in her.

Because he disliked the man, Captain Blood would not commit himself at once. But because he liked the proposal he consented to consider it. The end of the matter was that within a week articles were drawn up between Levasseur and Blood, and signed by them and—as was usual—by the chosen representatives of their followers.

All being now settled they made ready for sea, and on the very eve of sailing, Levasseur narrowly escaped being shot in a romantic attempt to scale the wall of the Governor's garden, with the object of taking passionate leave of the infatuated Mademoiselle d'Ogeron.

That night he slept aboard his ship, which with characteristic flamboyance he had named Le Foudroy, and there on the following day he received a visit from Captain Blood, whom he greeted half-mockingly as his admiral. The Irishman came to settle certain final details of which all that need concern us is an understanding that, in the event of the two vessels becoming separated by accident or design, they should rejoin each other as soon as might be at Tortuga.

Thereafter Levasseur entertained his admiral to dinner, and jointly they drank success to the expedition.

(To be continued.)

ed to receive them. Blood observed the set, almost scared expression on his face.

"I see that you've found it," he said quietly.

Hagthorpe's eyes looked a question. But his mind dismissed whatever thought it held.

"Don Diego . . ." he was beginning, and then stopped, and looked curiously at Blood.

Noting the pause and the look, Estaban bounded forward, his face livid.

"Have you broken faith, you curs? Has he come to harm?" he cried—and the six Spaniards behind him made chorus to his furious questionings.

"We do not break faith," said Hagthorpe firmly, so firmly that he quieted them. "And in this case there was not the need. Don Diego died in his own room."

Peter Blood said nothing.

"Died?" screamed Estaban. "You killed him, you mean. Of what did he die?"

Hagthorpe looked at the boy. "If I am a judge," he said. "Don Diego died of fear."

Don Diego struck Hagthorpe across the face at that, and Hagthorpe would have struck back, but that Blood got between, whilst his followers seized the lad.

"I was not concerned to insult," said Hagthorpe, nursing his cheek. "It is what happened. Come and look."

"I have seen," said Blood. "He died before I left the Cinco Liagas. He was hanging dead in his bonds when I spoke to him before leaving."

Blood's council decided that, going east of Hispaniola, and then sailing along its northern coast, they should

make for Tortuga, that haven of the buccaniers, in which lawless port they had at least no fear of recapture or apprehend.

It was now a question whether they should convey the Spaniards thither with them, or turn them off in a boat to make the best of their way to the coast of Hispaniola, which was within ten miles off. This was the course urged by Blood himself.

"There's nothing else to be done," he insisted. "In Tortuga they would be flayed alive."

"Which is less than the swine deserve," growled Wolverstone.

"Oh, laugh! I've no stomach for cold-blooded killing," said Blood. "At daybreak pack the Spaniards into a boat with a keg of water and a sack of dumplings and let them go to the devil."

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### TORTUGA.

It was no part of the design of Blood to join hands with the buccaniers who, under a semi-official French protection, made of Tortuga a lair whence they could sailly out to drive their merciless piratical trade chiefly at the expense of Spain.

It was Blood's original intention to make his way to France or Holland. But in the long weeks of waiting for a ship to convey him to one or other of these countries, his resources dwindled and finally vanished. Temptations proceeded not only from adventurous buccaniering acquaintances in the taverns of that evil haven of Tortuga, but even from

Man of the Hour.

"Since he became so popular he says he has to live by the clock."

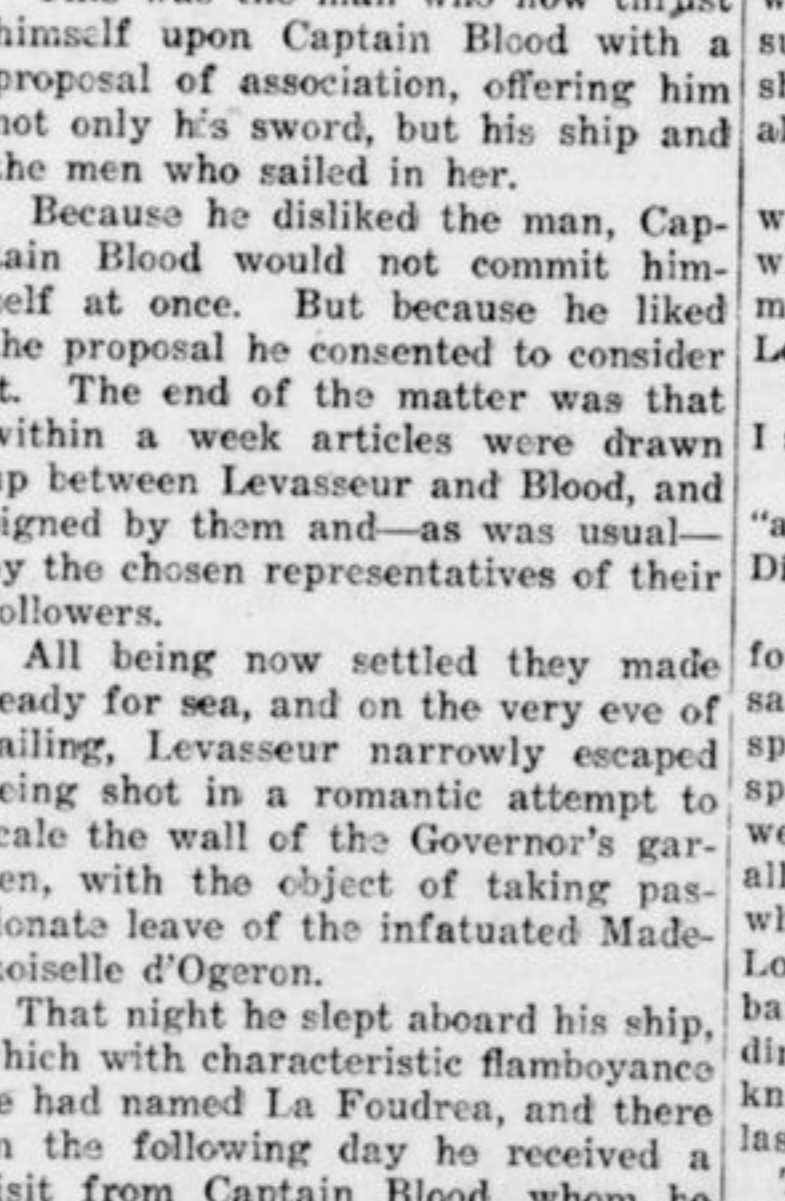
"Naturally—he's the man of the hour."

Files are among the latest things used for trimming women's hats. And we thought there were no files on Eve!

Several other American aviators are planning to fly to France. These hercule men are undeterred by the fact that Captain Lindbergh was kissed by several bottles on his arrival.

The Battle of Jutland was fought in 1916. It is not known when it will be finished.

Minard's Liniment for sore feet.



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## You Should Try

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### CAPTAIN BLOOD

by Rafael Sabatini

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

A Spanish warship successfully attacked the island of Barbados, upon which Peter Blood and a number of other Englishmen have become slaves. General Bishop, owner of Blood, is the most tyrannical of slave owners. Blood and his fellow slaves, through strategy, capture the Spanish ship, and Bishop, who boards the vessel to learn the identity of the island's rascals, is compelled to leap overboard and swim to shore.

Don Diego, the Spanish commander, is captured. He is given the freedom of the ship upon his promise that he will navigate the vessel during the time of Henry Pitt, a young ship-master. Don Diego proves false and sails the ship close to another vessel controlled by his brother.

Good resorts to strategy to save the ship and crew.

## GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"Nay, nephew, nay," Don Miguel protested with ironic repudiation. "I can have no knowledge of these things. Already you have told me more than it is good for me to know." But he winked into the twinkling eyes of Captain Blood; then added naught that once extinguished that twinkling. "But since Diego cannot come to me, why, I will go across to him."

For a moment Don Estaban's face was a mask of pallid fear. Then Blood was speaking in a lowered, confidential voice that admirably blended suavity, impressiveness, and sly mystery.

"If you please, Don Miguel, but that is the very thing you must not do. I wish you to know. It was his consideration of himself and the false position in which you would be placed if you had direct word from him of what has happened. He paused a moment. Your excellency understands."

His excellency frowned thoughtfully. "I understand . . . in part," said he.

Captain Blood swept on to afford further confirmation before the Admiral could say another word.

"And we have in the boat below two chests containing fifty thousand pieces of eight, which we are to deliver to your excellency."

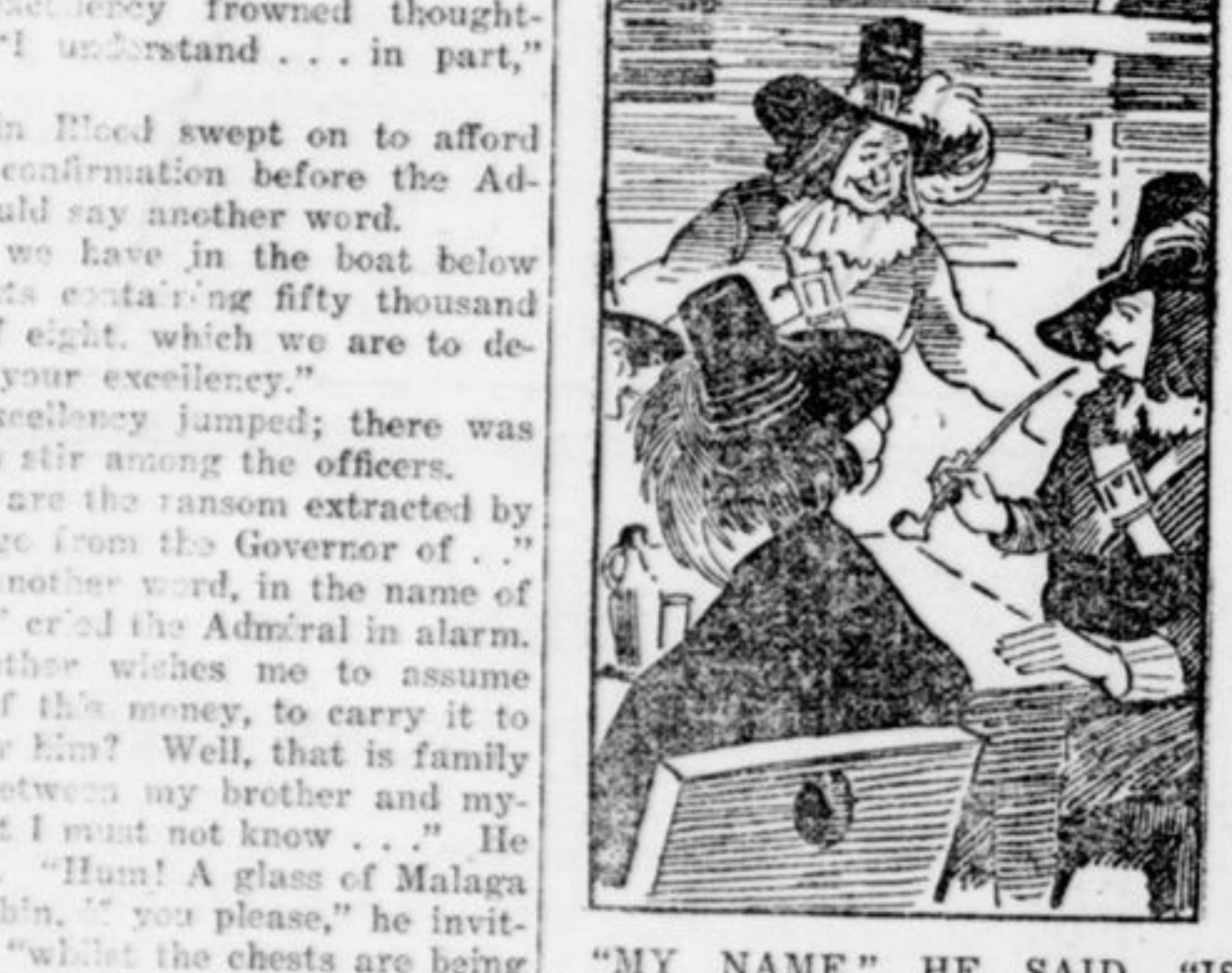
His excellency jumped; there was a sudden stir among the officers.

"They are the ransom extracted by Don Diego from the Governor of . . ."

"Not another word, in the name of Heaven!" cried the Admiral in alarm. "My brother wishes me to assume charge of this money, to carry it to Spain for King? Well, that is family matter between my brother and myself. But I want no part of it. He broke off. "Hunt! A glass of Malaga in my cabin, if you please," he invited them, " whilst the chests are being hauled aboard."

They laughed, and drank the damnation of King James—quite unofficially, but the more fervently on that account. Then Don Estaban, uneasy on the score of his father, rose and announced that they must be returning.

As they stepped into the waist of the Cinco Liagas, Hagthorpe advanced



"MY NAME," HE SAID, "IS PETER BLOOD."

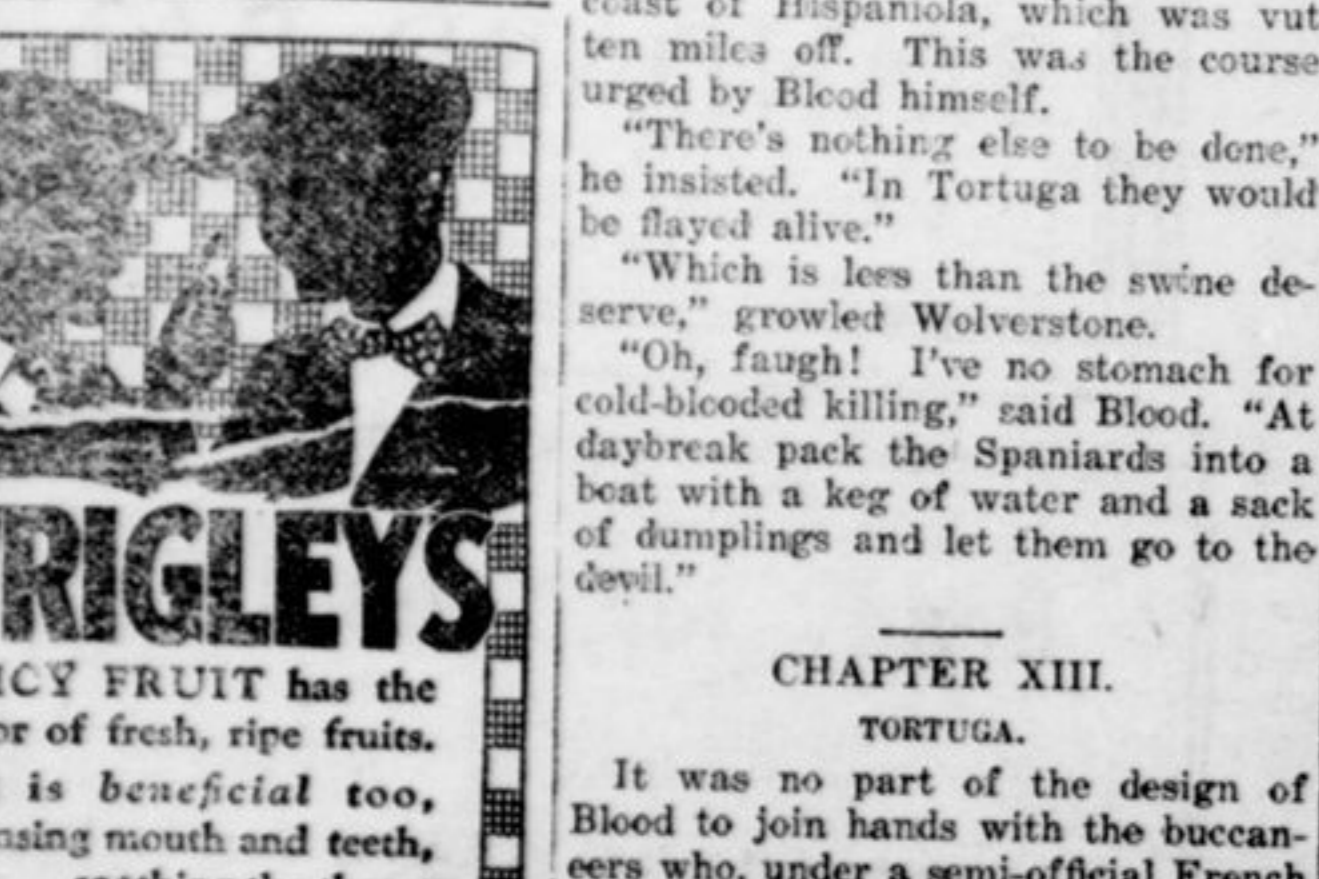
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"There's nothing else to be done," he insisted. "In Tortuga they would be flayed alive."

"Which is less than the swine deserve," growled Wolverstone.

"Oh, laugh! I've no stomach for cold-blooded killing," said Blood. "At daybreak pack the Spaniards into a boat with a keg of water and a sack of dumplings and let them go to the devil."



### WRIGLEYS

JUICY FRUIT has the flavor of fresh, ripe fruits. It is beneficial too, cleansing mouth and teeth, soothing the throat and helping digestion.

After Every Meal

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