

Have You Tried "SATYRA" TEA

It is in a class by itself. Ask for it.

CAPTAIN BLOOD

by Rafael Sabatini
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ADAPT. NEA SERVICES

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's what I'm here for. 'Bishop's girl; the Governor of Jamaica's niece. We want her as a hostage for our safety."

"Aye!" roared in chorus the buccanniers below.

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

"It's a providence having her aboard a privateer. Heave to, Captain, and signal them to send a boat, and assure themselves that Miss Babel is here."

"And sayle it won't!" Slow and pondering came Wolferstone's voice to answer the other's confident exclamation, and he spoke he advanced to Babel's side, an unexpected ally.

"Some of them dawdles 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 forecabin. "Although even some of 'em don't know better, for there's still a few was on Barbados with us, and are acquainted like me and you with Captain Blood. We've got to fight 'em like 'em."

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

"The rest of 'em words were drowned in the shouts of the hands insisting that the old be given up to be held as a hostage. And then louder than before roared a man away to leeward, and away on their starboard beam they saw the spray flung up by the ship which had come wide.

"How can we within range," cried Ogle, and leaning from the rail, "Put down the mainmast," he commanded.

Fit, at his post beside the helmsman, turned restlessly to face the approaching vessel.

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

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

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

Babel and Ogle were announced to all the crew of Lord Julian's voyage by the Caribbees, and he informed them of the offer which yesterday Lord Julian had made to him.

"That offer I refused, 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-acted.

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

But Babel 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 agreement with such of you as may choose to follow me. Don't think 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. These are the terms upon which I will 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 Wolferstone, leaning upon the rail, Captain Blood watched the approach of a boat, manned by a dozen sailors, and commanded by a scabbard figure seated stiffly in the stern sheets. He leveled his telescope upon that figure.

"It'll not be Bishop himself," said Wolferstone, 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 from England, whose manner made it clear that he came fully instructed by Colonel Bishop upon the matter of how to handle the pirates.

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"Good day to you, sir," Blood hailed him pleasantly, "I have the honor to give you welcome aboard the Arabelle. 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 buccannier 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 honor 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... 'board 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, impatient 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."

Sweetly, 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 buccanniers, "I shall remain aboard the Arabelle until we reach Port Royal. My compliments to Colonel Bishop. Say that I look forward to making his acquaintance there."

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

Aboard with the Arabelle, across the harbor, were the flat-roofed, white buildings of the 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-deck, sheltered from the dazzling, blistering sunshine by an improvised awning of brown sailcloth, lounged Peter Blood, a calf-bond, 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 buccanniers 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 Toothaches.

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 methods of handling the iron, the average man who thinks that he can pitch shoes fairly well, but has never considered himself in the champion class, gives a fast twist 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 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 shoe open 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."

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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, 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 throw."

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