

The Mutiny of the Albatross

By WYNDHAM MARTYN
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CHAPTER IX—Continued

On deck, early in the evening, they heard sounds of scuffling and shouting. The voices were too far off for any of the prisoners to hear what was said. But they knew some dreadful scenes of violence were being enacted, some such scene, perhaps, as that which had ended in Hallett's murder. Mrs. Radway spoke in a level, hard voice. She addressed her remarks to Crosby Todd.

"I suppose you realize by this time, what chance we stand if Doctor Waite has been killed?"

"The thought that he had gone bravely to a doom which could not be averted and had come from a group of people who plainly did not trust him, was horrible to her. She had always esteemed ingratitude among the blacker sins, and how she was forced to accuse herself of it. It was strange, she thought, that the only thing he had ever given her was a loaded automatic pistol. But there was no other of his welcome to her. Images of Metzger's grinning face came unbidden. She took the weapon from a drawer and counted its six cartridges.

Bettington was alone on the upper deck. He had plenty of steam. Drunk or sober, Kenzie was a good engineer and would have no shirkers. His history was curious. He had been an engineer on many ships, plying in many seas; but always he had been obliged to serve on vessels whose engines were worn out, whose machinery would invariably be on the point of giving way. Never in all his service had he shipped on a vessel whose engines were even passably good. Then, almost miraculously, he had been picked up by a man who knew his past misfortunes, held them club-like over his head, and brought to the engine room of the Albatross. It was not that which made Kenzie weep when he saw the vertical, inverted, compound condensing engines, which took their steam from an Army water-tube boiler. It was unbelievable joy. His dreams were realized. He was glad that Metzger, who knew next to nothing about marine engines, left him alone. No priest in the Gothic cathedral was more reverent than Kenzie before his charges.

Sam and Metzger, flinging all care aside, started gambling. Each knew the other had money. Metzger was the better player, but he was handicapped by a certain fear of any tricky play. Sam interspersed his games with anecdotes of men he had punished dreadfully for cheating. Interruptions such as these cramped Metzger's style of play. Sam was not content to drink which made Kenzie weep when he saw the vertical, inverted, compound condensing engines, which took their steam from an Army water-tube boiler. It was unbelievable joy. His dreams were realized. He was glad that Metzger, who knew next to nothing about marine engines, left him alone. No priest in the Gothic cathedral was more reverent than Kenzie before his charges.

"The door's locked," he said. "It's steel and hard to get through." "Why give yourself that trouble? The doctor there has the key in his pocket. He'll do well enough in the chain locker." Metzger saw that his words had fired Sam at last. "Of course, if you're afraid," he added, "well, then wait till we see Limon."

For a moment Metzger feared he was to be victim to Sam's sudden flaming anger. "Afraid of what?" he snarled. "Of the doctor's pretending he hasn't got the key."

When Sam scrambled to his feet Metzger chuckled. His careful plans seemed likely to work out. Metzger knew Sam's strength and brutal rage. Probably the doctor had no key; this Sam would not believe; inevitably there would come a fight and he did not think any man on board had a chance against Sam. And with the doctor removed his path would be easier. For the moment he concerned himself nothing with the ultimate destiny of the vessel. Petty cautions were nothing to him in such a moment as this.

Sam wasted no time in explanations. Like Metzger, he had forgotten caution and future dangers in his rage and jealousy. Bettington knew the intruder was dangerous. "Give me the key," Sam commanded. "What key?" Bettington asked. "You know d—n well. I want the key to where the women are." "I have no key," Bettington said. Sam struck him across the mouth with the back of his monstrous hand. "You lie," he cried. "I'll have it, if I kill you."

Then, suddenly, without any preparation, Bettington struggling on deck with the enraged Sam. In a nearby chair Metzger in the moonlight watched eagerly.

Bettington dared not allow Sam to get those long simian arms about him. It was only the doctor's clever foot-

work and greater speed which enabled him to stem those savage rushes with continual jabs. He knew they would not win the battle for him. He decided to change his tactics suddenly. There was a wrestling throw known as the "flying mare," which he had been shown by a Cornish miner in the Klondike years before. For its execution not only considerable strength was needed, but accurate timing was equally an essential. Sam could not have weighed less than two hundred and fifty pounds, while Bettington was some sixty pounds less.

The ferocity of Sam's attacks was astounding. When the first burst of the assault did not bring him victory, the sailor, sobering a little under the

increasing pain of his bruised face, became more methodical. He saw that he must abandon this desire to beat Bettington to the deck with his flying fists and get a body hold.

It was while one of his accustomed habit channels was damped for a moment by alcohol, and he paused for the fraction of a moment to think of a forgotten hold, that Bettington recognized his opportunity. With his right hand he seized Sam's left wrist, swung him around a little and then grabbed the sailor's right wrist while they were back to back, and then, with a mighty strain, leaned forward and flung him clear over his shoulder.

Sam fell with terrific violence, his head striking a rail. He lay there motionless, his head twisted queerly on its thick and sinewy pillar. The fate he had promised others was his own.

Metzger walked quickly over and looked down at the dead man. "He forced it on me," Bettington exclaimed. "You are witness of that. I had no key."

Metzger looked at the doctor with a singular satisfaction. "I saw you kill him," said he, "and I shall tell the others what I witnessed." He wondered how he could turn this to his own advantage. Accustomed to lying and suspecting others of dishonesty, he did not believe Bettington's words. Of course, he had the keys and would go below to be caressed and praised by Evelyn Radway for his victory. The thought was unbearable, enraging.

Metzger's knife flashed out. Nothing should keep the key from him. But as he raised the knife Bettington's fist caught him on the temple and knocked him down. Before he could regain his weapon the doctor had tossed it into the ocean. Metzger sat upon his haunches for a few seconds; he cursed himself for leaving the revolver below.

"Your life is worth nothing," he cried angrily, clambering to his feet. "In two minutes you will be as Sam is and I shall go down and console her for your loss."

Bettington watched him race down the companion calling loudly for help. Obviously two minutes seemed a liberal computation as an estimate of the doctor's life span.

He made what haste he could to the barred door and called for instant admission. To remain outside was to be killed. To join the imprisoned four offered immediate respite, even though it might be a brief one.

Mrs. Radway opened the door; he darted inside and barred it. She looked at him in horror. He had forgotten that his face was bruised and bleeding.

A moment later there was a confused sound of shouting and a fusillade of bullets struck the steel bulkhead.

"You see how perfectly they trust me," he commented. He turned his head to see Crosby Todd hurrying toward him.

"They were after the doctor," Mrs. Radway said.

"I should feel happier if I thought that I was the only one needed," Bettington said soberly. He lowered his voice as he saw Mary and her brother. "They are outside ravaging like wolves."

"Can they get in?" Evelyn Radway asked.

"I doubt it," he said, with an air of cheerfulness. "Not tonight, anyway."

To the four he was confronting the weather seemed suddenly to have become rough. There was a perceptible difference in the motion of the Albatross.

"She isn't steering," Bettington explained. "She's wallowing in the trough of the sea, but there's no danger yet."

"Why did you leave the wheel if you are the only man capable of taking charge?" Todd demanded.

"Because a dead steersman would have been equally useless. Don't you



He Poured Forth Accounts of His Amours.

work and greater speed which enabled him to stem those savage rushes with continual jabs. He knew they would not win the battle for him. He decided to change his tactics suddenly. There was a wrestling throw known as the "flying mare," which he had been shown by a Cornish miner in the Klondike years before. For its execution not only considerable strength was needed, but accurate timing was equally an essential. Sam could not have weighed less than two hundred and fifty pounds, while Bettington was some sixty pounds less.

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understand that they want to kill me? I confess I don't see why, unless it is they have discovered I'm bent on helping you. First Sam came at me and then Metzger tried to knife me. I don't think they knew I had changed the course."

He saw that Mary shivered at the mention of Sam. The thought of him had given her nightmare terrors. "What reason did they give?" Todd asked. He was still convinced that there was an effort to dupe him.

"That they wanted the keys to this part of the yacht."

Bettington turned to Mary and smiled. He had been able, after all, to do something for Tubby Unwin's girl. Not again would Sam menace her.

"Sam is dead," he told her. "Metzger is in command and swore to get help and have me killed. That's why I had to burst in here." There was something a little wistful in his tone. "I wish I could feel I was more welcome."

"You don't doubt my welcome, I hope," Mrs. Radway said gently.

He looked into her eyes with something of adoration. Surely no man had ever so grievous a prospect ahead of him. Her friendship heartened him.

"Thank God," he said, "I am sure of you."

The slight stirred Crosby Todd to indignation. "You say Sam is dead," he remarked. "How do you know that?" "Because I killed him," said Bettington.

CHAPTER X

Slivers to the Rescue

Of all those who made up the crew of the Albatross, none had been so thrilled with the day's happenings as Slivers. He possessed a boy's appetite for adventure. His earliest ambitions were directed toward a career of piracy, and in this, his fifth voyage, they seemed about to be realized.

Slivers had seen men die. He had crept on deck and looked, fascinated, at Sam, whose red face was white at last, and whose stubborn neck was bent at a horrifying angle. But Slivers had his doubts as to the final outcome of the struggle. Of all these men of blood and violence, he esteemed the prowess of the tall doctor most highly. Anyone who could have killed Sam with his bare hands, "He," said Slivers, thinking it over, "he's the guy for my money!"

If the amazing doctor should sally forth and overwhelm the rest, where exactly would Augustus Condon stand? That was Slivers' problem. Pirates, he had read, invariably met their doom swinging from a yard-arm over yawning black waters.

Slivers stole quietly from the door of Metzger's room and came stealthily to the one which had been so recently assaulted. Just the other side Bettington was trying to snatch some sleep; he could hear his name spoken in a shrill treble. He threw the door open, pistol in hand, and saw Slivers.

"Ain't got nuthin' to eat, have yer?" Slivers demanded.

"No," Bettington whispered.

"I'll get some," said the boy jauntily. "Cook's in with the chief, talkin' about the skirts. Crazy about 'em. The rest is soured. They'll never get me."

He brought a ham already cooked, an Eden cheese and quantities of canned fruit and milk.

"Slivers," said Bettington, when he saw the loot, "what's the idea of helping us like this? What do you expect to get for it?"

The yard-arm, with its dangling victim, recurred. He was inspired with sudden cunning.

"If they knew, they'd kill me," he whispered. He cast about for a word. "I'm a neutral," said Slivers.

"You're the best little neutral I ever knew," Bettington said heartily, as he looked at the provender. "Where are you going now?" He had some idea of adding the boy to his company.

"Back to hear what they're saying." He shook his head wisely. "I'll come around agen tomorrer night."

Mennonite Colony in America in Year 1662

Mennonites first appeared in America about 1662, when a band of 24, led by Pieter Cornelius Plockhoy, organized a settlement, but it was not until a century later that the cult became firmly established.

The settlement, which was one of the early plans for the occupation of the Delaware by any of the European sectarians, did not last. Plockhoy, with his 24 followers, made a contract with the Burgomasters and Regents of Amsterdam, for the founding of a colony "in any part of the district of this Colonie wherever it may please to lie, as they shall be willing to cultivate and pasture."

After adopting various rules and regulations, the colony was broken up by the English under Sir Robert Carr in 1664, and nothing whatever is known of the fate of members of the colony. It is stated that Plockhoy, the leader, and his wife, arrived at Germantown in 1694, after having wandered in the wilderness for 30 years, and were given a home by the Mennonites at that place.

To "Turn State's Evidence" State's evidence is the evidence produced by the government in criminal prosecution. The term also applies to a person who gives such evidence. When a person implicated in a crime voluntarily confesses his share and gives testimony that will incriminate his accomplices he is said to "turn state's evidence," namely, he becomes a witness for the state. In such cases there is generally an express or implied promise on the part of the authorities that they will not prosecute the witness who thus testifies, or that he will at least be dealt with leniently. Prosecutors do not usually promise such immunity unless there is insufficient evidence to convict the defendant without the testimony in question. —Pathfinder Magazine.

Odor After Rainfall Rain has no odor, but in falling purifies the air. Often rain is produced by electrical charges in the air, and these charges produce a gas called ozone which has a delightful fresh odor.

Crosby Todd was the first to rise. He looked with astonishment at the provisions. In his first flush of gratitude he forgot that Bettington must have opened the door and been in communication with the enemy; this was soon to seem a very suspicious action.

At the same time, in the after part of the ship Metzger and Pereira faced one another. They had fallen asleep after hours of splendid planning. They had decided with enthusiasm to slay the doctor, the wireless operator and Bob Unwin as soon as morning came.

The morning came too soon: they had been scarcely two hours asleep when Kenzie awoke them. Already they were paying the penalty of the reckless mixing of drinks. Kenzie brought an enormous pot of coffee; he wanted to talk business. "What's going to be done?" he asked.

Pereira waved an arm impatiently. He did not realize that the Albatross was rolling gently in the trough of the

death as suicide. He was actually shot in the left temple with a revolver, a method of death the professor would not have used, the district attorney avers, in case he actually would have wished to risk his own life that his experiments might be attempted on a human being.

Widow Religious. Furthermore, the state's attorney declares, Madame Michaelovsky is devoutly religious and as such was entirely out of sympathy with her husband's labors toward restoring the dead.

On July 30, 1920, Michaelovsky was performing one of the greatest experiments of his life. He had killed a dog by poisoning, drained out its blood, put it through a purification process, and just before reinjecting the blood into the animal to see whether life could be restored, he left the laboratory.

He returned five minutes later to find that his wife had poured the blood into a sink. Though enraged and depressed, he resolved to begin the experiment anew. Four days later he was dead.

Portugal Bans Foreign Names on Its Stores Lisbon.—Business houses, bakeries, dressmaking establishments and what-nots, which formerly adopted some high sounding foreign name, are not permitted to do so from now on unless they are bona fide branch houses of some foreign concern.

All Portuguese establishments must have only Portuguese names in their signs and advertising, the minister of public instruction, Senhor Cordeiro Ramos, has ruled. The municipal council of Lisbon had tried to reduce the practice by charging a tax of 50 escudos per foreign word on a billboard, but the new measure seeks to eliminate the "evil" at its root.

Such names as those of important concerns, "Pains de Cristal," "Park Royal," "Au Petit Peintre," "Bijou de l'Avenue," "Bijou des Gourmets," "English Bakery," etc., must disappear and be substituted by names in the Portuguese language.

Flying Woer in Jail; Stole Tuition Money Rio de Janeiro.—Wooling by airplane may come to be the fashion, with Rio as its precursor, if Humberto de Carvalho has any followers.

Humberto knew that Laura, the aim of his affections, preferred audacious admirers to the sidewalk and window-gazing variety. So he took lessons in flying and shortly began swooping over his sweetheart's house in an airplane, dropping flowers and verses. This was the daily neighborhood attraction until some one investigated and found that the money to pay for the flying lessons and the hire of the airplane had been taken from the coffers of the firm which Carvalho worked. This unfortunate incident led to the amateur pilot's arrest and now he is behind bars.

Live and Die by Law Jackson, Miss.—Mississippians live and die by law. It's a violation of state law to be born or die without the event being duly recorded.

QUEER TALE OF LOVE AND HATE COMES TO LIGHT

Wife Kills Mate Rather Than Continue Attempts to Restore Life.

Tashkent, Turkestan.—Seven months after the death of the famous Prof. V. M. Michaelovsky, who a year ago astounded the world with his successful experiments in injecting new life into dead creatures, his youthful wife, a protegee and helpmate in all his recent work, will be tried for "responsibility for his death."

Madame Michaelovsky will go on trial shortly. If convicted, she faces the penalty of death.

Tangle of Hatred. The case presents a tangle of emotions of love, hate and devotion to science and religion. It is known that the professor, who was sixty-five, had pledged his wife, forty years his junior, to attempt the restoration of life process on him in case of natural death that entailed no destruction of any vital organ.

The district attorney now charges that he has come into the possession of information that this pledge was misused to explain the professor's

death as suicide. He was actually shot in the left temple with a revolver, a method of death the professor would not have used, the district attorney avers, in case he actually would have wished to risk his own life that his experiments might be attempted on a human being.

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Live and Die by Law Jackson, Miss.—Mississippians live and die by law. It's a violation of state law to be born or die without the event being duly recorded.

Get poisons out of system . . .

Doctors know that this modern scientific laxative works efficiently in smaller doses because you chew it. Safe and mild for old and young.

Feen-a-mint FOR CONSTIPATION



Between Girls "I think she's a fine wholesome girl." "Now, don't be nasty. She's a friend of mine."—Life.

For Galled Horses Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not used.

Unmarried Irishmen

Leading the world in unmarried residents, 80 per cent of the men in the Free State between twenty-five and thirty are unmarried. In northern Ireland the corresponding figure is 62 per cent.

A Nonparticipator

"You say that you made \$1,000 out of the stock market?" "Yes—by staying out!"

When Food Sours

Lots of folks who think they have "indigestion" have only an acid condition which could be corrected in five or ten minutes. An effective anti-acid which Phillips Milk of Magnesia soon restores digestion to normal. Phillips does away with all that sourness and gas right after meals. It prevents the distress so apt to occur two hours after eating. What a pleasant preparation to take! And how good it is for the system! Unlike a burning dose of soda—which is but temporary relief at best—Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid. Next time a hearty meal, or too rich a diet has brought on the least discomfort, try—

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Daughter Is Healthy Now "My thirteen-year-old daughter Maxine was troubled with backache and pain when she came into womanhood. I knew Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound would help her because I used to take it myself at her age. Now she does not have to stay home from school and her color is good, she eats well and does not complain of being tired. We are recommending the Vegetable Compound to other school girls who need it. You may publish this letter."—Mrs. Floyd Baucher, R. #2, Gridley, Kansas.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.



"A Letter for the Doc!" Said Slivers.

summer sea. He was anxious for those delights which had been assured in Limon.

"We waste time," he declared with dignity; "go as fast as you can."

Metzger sobbed, saw things in a less happy light. In his mad anger toward Bettington he had forgotten that unless the Albatross would drift until another boat had seen her and reported her condition or proffered the help that would not be accepted, Mike could steer a course if it were set, but who was to set it?

Kenzie delivered an ultimatum. "I want to know if I'm to let my fires out or keep up steam."

"Go below," Metzger commanded. "I will let you know what is to be done."

Metzger convicted himself of gross stupidity. Why had he not applauded the surgeon for the death of Sam and so galloped his whole confidence? Instead of this, his insane jealousy had cropped out. It had driven the doctor to the side of the woman he longed for. He had left the yacht without the one man who could find where shoals were and watch the charts for hidden dangers. When Slivers appeared with the omelette Metzger had decided on his course. The boy would do as a messenger to Bettington and the rest. They would hardly shoot him; if they did, little harm would be done.

He took a piece of the ship's monogrammed paper and scribbled a note. Pereira approved it and Slivers was used as the messenger.

When the cook's helper rapped at the door and, since was on a legitimate errand, dared to shout, it was Crosby Todd who cautiously peered through. Bettington was rigging up an electric stove in what had been Radway's room.

"A letter for the Doc," said Slivers. Todd drew him in and shut the door.

"Where is it?" Todd demanded. "It's for the Doc."

"I'll give it to him," Todd snatched it from him roughly. Instinctively he felt there must be something here which would give color to his suspicions. "It's all right," he said to Slivers.

Todd did not read it until he was out of sight. His eyes grew bright. Here was the evidence he needed to convince Mrs. Radway. Now she must abandon this stubbornly held faith. Allowing a few minutes to elapse he went back to the waiting boy.

"Doctor Waite will write an answer in half-an-hour. He says he must consider the proposition. Now run away for thirty minutes, son."

Slivers' message was received in the silence of deep gloom.

"What's he mean by that?" Metzger demanded when the boy had gone. "She will not let him leave her," Pereira said. "What else should it be?"

So bustling was Bettington in wiring the little unaccounted stove, that he did not notice the others were gathered in Mrs. Radway's room. Evelyn Radway knew from the triumph on Todd's face that he had some new winged barb for the doctor. She felt she had never detested anyone so much as this self-assured young man, upon whose words Mary and her brother hung.

"Mrs. Radway," Todd began, "you know our interests all lie in the same direction. In justice to us as well as yourself you wouldn't want to put confidence in anyone you knew positively was unworthy, would you?"

"Certainly not."

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