The Mutiny of the Albatross

CHAPTER X-Continued

—12—
Then I'm afraid I've got a bit of bad news for you." He told her by what means the letter had fallen into hat hands. "You may think it was not strictly honorable, and I suppose it wasn't, but I had Mary to think about and something told me I ought to. In the end you'll be glad, too."

The read it through and handed it back; she wondered that her hand could be so steady and her face so inscrutable. Yet in her heart she was saying, "I can never be truly happy again, no matter how long the years

The note was addressed simply, "Andy Orme."

"Dear Andy:" it began. "What's the use of quarreling about the Radway woman now? I was wrong to be so savage about it, but I'm not the cold calculating type like you. We need you to take the yacht to Limon. If you don't it means back to San Quentin for you, for we shall surely be reported and a search made. If you'll fight for her when we get to test. He would recognize me as How-C. R. I'm willing. Until then let us ard Bettington." make peace. Answer immediately. "HERMAN METZGER."

"I told the boy to come back in half an hour. He will know enough to convince you, if this isn't sufficient. I'll bring him in here and we can

"What do you want to do?" Mrs. Radway asked in a strained and lifeless voice. Mary looked at her with a sympathy she dared not show. "She really loved him," thought the wise

"Get the doctor in here and make him answer." Todd thought the thing was obvious. "When we're through with him, we'll hear the boy. Bob,

The moments of waiting were the bitterest that any hour of a life, in which sorrow had seldom been absent of late years, had brought Evelyn Radway. The foundations of her faith were shaken. She could not un derstand by what miracle of self-possession she was able to control herself and compose her features so that the others did not see her secret writ-

Bettington was looking pale and tired. There was a dull pain in his right side which had grown worse since his struggle with Sam; it was some wrenched sinew, he supposed. He tried not to let it be seen. Of them all Mrs. Radway saw he suf-

"What's this?" he asked essaying cheerfulness. "A council of defense?" Although he addressed his words to Evelyn Radway, she did not answer. But her face alone showed no emotion. Crosby Todd had triumph written on his, with a tinge of malice in it. Bob felt and expressed contempt; he was angry with himself for having admired the man. And Mary looked at him as one might gaze at some creature of whom deadly qualities are pointed out.

Bettington dropped into a chair wearily. This was to be one more exhibition of Todd's absurdity. "It seems I'm on trial again," he

said, "the pertinacious Todd my acr"-Bettington looked around-"and the jury ready to convict." "Why do you call yourself Doctor

Waite, when it isn't your name?" Bettington felt himself flushing like a boy detected openly in falsehood.

He knew his accuser felt he had scored a point. "What is my name?" he demanded.

"I'll admit it isn't Waite." "Your name is Andy Orme," Todd

Usually ready in any of the emergencies normal men are called on to meet, Bettington found himself utterly unprepared for this. His face showed it. There was confusion written on it and for a moment helplessness and despair. All that he intended to tell them, prefacing it with the story of his abduction, was now They would believe it all part of the monstrous chain of excuses he had woven to lull suspicion.

"It isn't Orme, either," he answered. "You'd better hear the whole thing from the beginning." He was amazed at Mrs. Radway's

suddenly changed attitude. "Spare us that," she said. Never had he seen her look so cold and unapproachable. She had learned in the space of a few seconds that the man she had idealized was, indeed, a member of this crew of crime. She had no longer any feelings of her own to consider. She must look after Mary Unwin. She reached for the folded letter that lay on the table

before Todd. "May I see that letter?" Bettington asked.

He read it and then angered them by smiling. Now, at least, he knew why he was prejudged. "This is good news on the whole,"

he remarked, "there's a chance of

aving you." "For what?" Evelyn Radway asked. "For any use you may choose to out your life. I mean, I think I can

get you to Savannah. If Mr. Todd can be as quick in an emergency as he is with his tongue, and the other iad will risk it, we may be able to seize the ship."

"And leave Mary and Mrs. Radway without protection?" Todd glared at him angrily; such a ruse was too him first. Hamner got the gun the transparent. "Not good enough," he Cap had in his hip pocket, but he concerned. He remembered that the the end."—London Mail.

BY WYNDHAM MARTYN

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you-call-yourself."
"I'd like to tell you my real name,"

Bettington said, rising stiffly from the chair, wholly unconscious of Todd's threatening gesture. "You won't be-"Why tell it then?" Todd retorted.

Bettington kept his temper with an effort.

"Because some day, when we get out of this h-l ship, I shall be able to remind you I gave you the opportunity to believe and you would not." "Does it matter?" Evelyn Radway asked frigidly.

"Not very much, I'm afraid, to you; but it's important to me. I'm a paint-er by profession, as I think you'll be-I was at Harvard with the father of these Unwin children, as they can find out if they put me to the "He did before they buried you,"

Bob broke in, triumphantly. He remembered how broken up his father had been at the sad death of his old friend. Was this man never to make a likely statement? "There's nothing will make us believe you even if we wanted to."

Mary looked at him with deeper horror in her eyes than Bob had shown. She remembered how he had led her to talk of her father: he had seemed so interested in him that she had chattered all sorts of intimate details which he had treasured up to holster this attempted imposition. Bettington looked at them wearily.

They were willing to believe him guilty of almost any crime, but to all that was true they turned deaf, unfriendly ears.

He shrugged his shoulders and

moved toward the door.
"All right. I'll see you get enough food. I suppose no advice of mine is welcome, but remember your ultimate safety depends almost entirely on my efforts and I don't propose to be hampered by any childish actions of young eroes like you. You two are to remain here until I tell you otherwise." "You're taking a whole lot on yourself," Todd said angrily. "Where do you get your authority?"

"By the right of being the strongest man on this ship and the most desperate." Bettington glared at Crosby Todd in such a way that the younger man felt the element of personal fear possess him. "I am engaged, singlehanded, in an effort to bring you to Savannah and I won't have any more scenes like these. I've stood enough from you all. When I give my signal -three double raps-let me be admitted instantly. See that some one is on guard night and day."

His heart was full of bitterness. They would not even give him a chance to explain. Evelyn Radway had changed utterly. He had imagined that from her a spirit of fairness might be expected always.

"We ought not to have let him go," Todd said, when they heard the bulkhead close. "We ought to have held

to the popular way of thinking, was | The lad saw he was upon delicate not reconciled to her new leader.

"You would be a child in his hands." she said contemptuously. "Can't you understand that vet?"

"If you still believe in him." Todd said, "there is a new chance to prove you are wrong. This boy Slivers ought to be back if he didn't meet Orme. I'll put him through the third degree and you can ask what questions you like.

It so happened that the furtive Slivers missed the surgeon and came rapping at the steel door. There was no necessity to put him through a severe cross-examination. He had that dramatic sense which finds its metier in publicity. What he had not heard, and what he did not understand about the motives of the crew, he amplified and hardly guessed he was lying.

"Sure he's one of 'em," said the boy eagerly. "Him an' the steward was the bosses. His name's Orme, He was a murderer and forger who broke San Quentin and killed a prison guard. They say he was a big doctor in New York once. The ponies was his ruin—them an' the wheel."

Evelyn Radway was the only one them who remembered the trial of a celebrated surgeon of brilliant parts and good family; he had killed the man who was threatening to prosecute him for forging a check. And this was the man who had just gone from

them promising safety! "We ought to know how many men there are on board," she declared, "and how their sympathies are. Sure-

ly they can't all be bad." Slivers shook his head knowingly. "They're a pretty hard bunch. The steward he picked 'em 'cause they were tough and he'd got the goods on em. They're afraid to go back."

"Who killed Captain Hallett?" Todd demanded. He saw Evelyn Radway's face grow whiter as he asked it.

"Sam," said Slivers instantly. "Sam is some shot. Say," he added, "do you know why the steward stood there and laughed at the Cap like he did. He'd made Hamner frisk

said sarcastically, "Doctor Whatever- | never thought he'd pack another. Car ried one up on his chest. That fooled

> "I want the names of the rest of the crew," Mrs. Radway said. Slivers was ready and willing to

"Metzger's the first. Then there's Pereira, the cook. Kenzie makes three. Graumann, Hamner and Krause; that's six, ain't it. Mike, the deck hand, is seven, and Doc eight. There are two men down there with Kenzie or somethin' like that. foreigners who don't know no United States. They're scared to come up. Countin' me, there's eleven against you two fellers. Swell chance you've

"Why should we reckon you as one of them?" Mrs. Radway asked. "Can't you see the danger of being associated with men like that? When we get back to New York-

"But we ain't," said Slivers sagely. "That's the difference. We're goin'



"Suits Me," Kenzie Said Carelessly. "All Right, Cap."

to some place in Central America. I told the Doc I was a neutral."

"Tell me about Kenzie," Mrs. Radway said. She remembered that the second engineer had not struck her as being the same depraved sort as his superior. Slivers was ready as usual. It seemed that no crimes of blood were laid to Kenzie's door. His conflict with the law was of a bigamous nature. Wives in many ports clamored for him. For the rest he was a quiet man now engrossed in the adoration of perfect machinery.

Slivers considered Metzger, Pereira, Graumann, Krause and Hamner to be bad men capable of anything. Mike was easily led. "And the doctor?" asked Todd

"He's playing a deep game," said Mrs. Radway, thought she had come | the lad. "Metzger's afraid of him." ground. New conventions hedged him around. Here, in the presence of the desired woman he dared not recount the precise reasons for Metzger's jealousy. But when he left he could have rendered Bettington no greater disservice. He had painted him as the sinister and dominating figure who brooded over the strange cruise of the Albatross, betraying now qualities of honesty and courage, and then moods of baffling violence and rage. It was this sense of contrast which most an-

pealed to the boy Augustus Condon. "Well," Crosby Todd said, when he had gone, "I suppose there's no question that my suspicions were correct?" His words were aimed solely at Mrs Radway.

"I am afraid not," she said, "bu there's no evidence yet that we shall suffer any harm from him. He knows I am ready enough to pay any ransom he demands."

. In the luxurious quarters aft Bet tington came upon Metzger and Pereira sprawling on the great wicker

"Well?" said Bettington, "what's your proposition?"

"You read the letter?"

"In which you ask me to take you to a convenient place where you can signal to a pilot and then get rid of me. I knew very well that was what Sam meant and I know you two precious birds have the same idea. Here are my terms. I'll take you to land in my own way. I will have nobody on the upper deck. If you have men to spare, use them for stoking. I shall not leave the post."

"But who will take a spell when you

"I'll get that boy Bob up. If you want me, send a message by Slivers when he brings food. You've seen that I'm able to take care of myself. Well, I'll treat either of you just as I did Sam, if you as much put your foot on the main companion." The twain protested, but in the end

they gave in Bettington had heard no fearsome

man was in the habit of marrying in his moments of sea leave and regretting it in haste. No such charges were over him as troubled the others. But he feared waiting wives more than jail terrors. "I'm in control," Bettington said

to him. "I want all the steam you can give me. Have you enough help?" "I've got these hunkies," Kenzie answered "If you want anything send word by

the boy Slivers, I'm not allowing anyone on the upper deck." "Suits me," Kenzie said carelessly. "All right, Cap."

He was already urging his men to activity. He cared little what went on outside his province. Bettington immediately went to the barred door and rapped as he had ar-

ranged. Todd let him in. "I've made terms with them," Bet-tington announced. "I'm to take charge. Nobody is allowed on the upper deck. I need help; I've selected

"What am I to do?" Bob asked. "Take your turn at the wheel and wake me if you see or hear anything suspicious. You'll sleep up there, so bring all the kit necessary. As for you, Todd, you stays here and never desert your post for a moment. I said I had made terms with them. That's only partly true. I've forced them for the moment to agree with me. They'll start plotting in a few hours, so continue to be on the watch. Under no condition should you go outside this part of the ship, Mrs. Radway. When

cial messenger. You can use him if necessary." When the doctor left them, Crosby Todd was especially vehement in his denunciation of the scheme that robbed them of Bob.

the time comes that it's safe, you will be told. Slivers is a kind of offi-

"You don't think Bob's in danger?" Mary demanded. "Not exactly that, but don't you see he wants to curry favor? He'll try and make Bob think he's a misunder-

"Not after reading that letter," Bob answered. "No chance!"

CHAPTER XI

Bettington Captures the Cook In a sense the breach between Bettington and Mrs. Radway left him better able to carry out his plans. He was, at least, relieved of the necessity of trying to convince her of his integrity. They had condemned him already and no more would he have to

seek for excuses. In keeping the upper deck free of ways a danger that men who had been so much at sea would notice he was not steering a southern course, and his arbitrary ruling about keeping the deck clear must have engendered misgiving among men whose natures were given to suspicion and fear of the motives too obvious to them.

They would make a concerted rush some night. Perhaps not all would come by the easily watched compan-They would swarm over the stanchions in the darkness and that would be the end of Howard Bettington, painter of seascapes

Bob, on his way to the bridge, paused a horrified second when he saw Sam's twisted body. Under Crosby Todd's advice he had determined to be very brusque and unbending with the doctor. He was to seek to give the impression of one working for the common good, but not to be influenced by threats or a show of consideration.

Contrary to Todd's declaration that the doctor would try and ingratiate himself, there was no welcoming

"What do you know about the compass?" he was asked. It was humiliating to admit that he knew nothing.

you see a face anywhere near. I've forbidden this deck to every one except Slivers and I'm far from trusting "What would anyone want?" Bob asked. He was still staunch in his belief that Crosby Todd's suspicions were correct ones. "To kill me and you first. After that, break in down below. Look here, Bob. I'm not in any mood for con-

to him. "You will take a few hours at the wheel during the day. At night

you can sleep. Wake me up directly

versation, but let me tell you this. I'm to be obeyed absolutely. If Todd comes looking up the companion and I see him, I shall shoot. If he comes when I'm sleeping send him back; for I shall most certainly discipline him." When he saw Bob quail at this he smiled. "What would you expect from to kill him as well as his wife.

a desperado like me?" When Slivers came up with a tray of food he was minded to be loquacious. The cook and Metzger were gambling. Krause, Hamner, Mike and Graumann, too, were playing. Only Kenzie and his hunkies were working.

"Tell Metzger to send some of them up here—two only—to heave Sam over the side." Metzger had forgotten all about Sam. Now he recalled with sudden

pleasure that in Sam's pockets was gold enough to continue that game and win back what Pereira had taken. Hamner was sent on deck with Mike. Hamner was instructed to remove the gold. He reported that a more enterprising person had been there first. Turner had paid him. The remainder Infuriated, the engineer accused the of the amount was to be paid later. cook. It was well known that the Strutton said.

cook had very little and yet, before luck turned his way, he had lost a and salt factory here and is prosper-lot. Murder might have been done but ous. When his wife's murder was disfor Pereira admitting that what he had he took from Augustus Condon, for the apprehension of the slayer. whom he had caught robbing Sam. Thus it was that Slivers, making

sandwiches, was seized upon and put to the torture. He admitted quickly that he had robbed Sam, but put the amount at a larger sum than it was. Pereira thus had to pay back not only all of Sam's money, but nearly all his winnings. Metzger, now serene in triumph, would not allow the boy to be hurt. But Slivers saw murder written in Pereira's look. He abandoned his sandwiches and slipped off. On deck he went straight to Bet-

"The cook's going to murder me," he said, trying to smile. "I'd like to stay up here. He's scared of you." "That might be managed if I could trust you," Bettington stifled the oy's protestations. "Talk makes no impression on me. I want action You say the cook is going to murder Why not beat him to it? I'm not wanting you to kill him. Make him chase you up here and I'll attend to him. You've got to make him so mad that he forgets it's against orders to come on deck."

The idea met with the approval of the boy instantly. There was sport the crew he was seeking to lessen the risk of sudden attack. There was alcook as long as he wanted to! To cook as long as he wanted to! To bait him and make him rush enraged to his fate! Slivers had no definite idea why it was the surgeon espoused his cause. He supposed it was the result of some quarrel to which he had not been witness.

Bob saw the doctor take a coil of ope and cross the main companion. It was as though a cat watched for a mouse to come out of its hole.

Slivers found the cook in the storeoom where the stock of wine was kept. He clenched his fists and darted out the huge form of the cook as he had seen a favorite lightweight do; his footwork was marvelous. He only stopped when the cook, after the pause rage and astonishment induced, gave chase. Like a skillful decoy, Slivers led Pereira to the companion and then actually struck him a quick

blow in that great and proud middle. At the top of the steps Antonio da Silva Pereira was seized with incredible suddenness. He was tripped up. The fall deprived him of breath. When he recovered it, he was neatly bound hand and foot, a gag was thrust between his teeth and he could only roll the black eyes, with their yellowish whites, in impotent fury, (TO BE CONTINUED)

Clover Held as Sacred by the Ancient Greeks

According to legend St. Patrick | had great trouble in teaching the people of Ireland the doctrine of the Trinity. Then one day he saw a tiny three-leafed plant growing at his feet and plucking it he used it to illustrate his point. Shamrock is from the Irish "seamrog," and is applied to the various plants having three leaves. In Arabic, the word for three-leaf plants is "shamrakh." While the name shamrock has been applied to various three-leaf plants, it is generally used in connection with one of the clovers. The four-leaf clover has long been associated with various superstitions Because it is in the form of a cross is likely the reason for attributing to

Good Grounds The young wife was seeking a separation from her husband on the

grounds of cruelty. "But isn't your husband the captain of Brownton Harlequins?" asked the judge, with awe, being himself a keen follower of rugby football,

"Yes, your honor," was the reply; "and that was where the trouble started. I could do with him showing me how well he had tackled by tackling the dog; but when he used baby to show me how he threw the ball into the scrum-well, that was

such plants uncanny powers. It was, however, regarded as sacred by the Greeks long before the time of Christ. At various times it has been believed that the person carrying it would have the power of detecting the presence of evil spirits or would be successful in his undertakings. If he put it under his pillow, he would dream of his beloved and a maiden might, by slipping it, unseen, into the shee of her lover, assure him a safe

Fighting Forest Fires

The majority of people believe forest fire fighting to be just a laborer's job, but nothing could be further from the truth. It is on a strictly scientific basis and nothing is done at random. There is a definite system of organization which designates to each man a certain tool to use and a certain position in the crew. The crews usually consist of from 6 to 12 men, under supervision of a warden or a less in area, one crew is usually enough, but on large fires, anywhere from 50 to 300 men, are employed. The implements used are axes, brushhooks, shovels, rakes, water tanks and torches for setting backfires. The proper use of the latter is the best means of controlling forest fires.

For almost an hour Bettington talked HYPNOTIZED TO COMMIT MURDER, YOUTH CHARGES

Husband Held as Employee Says He Was "Nagged" Into Slaying.

Anthony, Kan .- A man accused of being a combination Svengali and Bluebeard, who used both hypnotism and money to bring about the murder of his wife, is puzzling authorities

The man, Ben Turner, well-to-do Anthony citizen, protests his innocence, maintaining he is the victim of a libel plot on the part of his enemies, who had first planned Turner's wife, Minnie, who was fifty-two, was found beaten and

choked to death in the Turner bunga-

\$100 but also used hypnotism to in

low. Young Man Confesses. Later, Jim Strutton, twenty-fouryear-old employee of Turner, confessed he slew Mrs. Turner and charged that Turner not only agreed to pay him

duce him to commit the crime. Strutton said Turner began talking to him several months before about killing Mrs. Turner, and that he persistently "nagged" and hypnotized him until he was no longer able to resist. In Strutton's shoes at the time of his arrest was \$65. Which he said

Turner is superintendent of an ice covered, he offered a reward of \$1,000 He is now wondering if he will be called upon to pay that amount to the



Found Beaten and Choked to Death officers who arrested him and Strutton.

An offer of Strutton to plead guilty

to the murder and accept a life sentence, was refused by authorities who believe he has not told all he knows about the slaying. He will be held for prolonged questioning. Result of Probe. The investigation of Mrs. Turner's death turned toward Turner when

Mrs. Della Barkley of Wichita told authorities that Turner had asked her to employ one of a gang of booze runners to kill Mrs. Turner, and that she refused to do so. Turner is reported to have been infatuated with Mrs. Barkley.

In the Turner home following the dressed to Mrs. Turner in a woman's handwriting advising her to "go out and trail" her husband. The day of the slaving Mrs. Turner had been downtown shopping. Strutton saw and followed her home. He has since expressed regret for the crime, but declared that he was so under the influence of Turner that he could not

Two Robbers Hold Up

Long Busted Ohio Bank West Alexandria, Ohio.-Two banking men sat in the First National bank here recently chatting about money that used to be there. Two other men, with criminal intentions, walked in and roughly ordered, "Hands Up!" The bankers, Charles Draper, receiver for the bank, and a neighbor cashier, just sat and stared incredulously. They looked at each other and shook their heads.

"Can't you see you're being held up?" explained one of the robbers.
"That's too bad," said Draper. "This bank has been broken since a year ago. The cashier who was here then killed himself. There's not a penny in the vault." The robbers wanted to see for

themselves. They searched—and found what the receiver had promised-precisely nothing but dust and a musty The robbers backed out the door, staring somewhat incredulously them-

Circus Man Kills Wife,

them and drove away.

Dog and Then Himself Petrovoselo, Jugoslavia.-After discovering that she had proved unfaith ful Wilhelm Harmes, manager of a circus, beat his wife to death, killed his own dog, and then hanged him ranger. On a small fire, ten acres or self in one of his own show wagons.

Steal "Black Annie"

Saugus, Mass .- While local authori ties were conducting a liquor raid, somebody stole the police patrol wag on which had been parked outside the house.



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Devil Aids Doctors For several years the British authorities in New Guinea tried every way possible to induce the natives to be vaccinated for smallpox. Finally Sir Herbert Murray, the lieutenant governor, was successful by calling the leading chiefs together and informing them that a great black devil was coming out of the their only escape would be to have the government charm branded on their arms. Thousands of the natives immediately flocked to the government clinic and were vaccinated.

Feet of Clay We consecrate a great deal of nonsense, because it was allowed by

foible.—Emerson. There are a thousand hacking at the branches of evil to one who is striking at the root.-Thoreau.

great men. There is none without his



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