



Man To His Mate by J. Allen Dunn

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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SOME FIGHT!

Synopsis.—Loring on the San Francisco water front, John Rainey, newspaper reporter, is accosted by a giant blind man, who asks Rainey to lead him aboard the sailing schooner Karluk.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

"I guess he was 'Honest Simms,' after all," said Lund at last. "This gal blames me for the morphine, but Carlsen never meant him to live. She'll see that after a bit, maybe."

CHAPTER IX.

Deming breaks an arm. Rainey, dazing in his bunk, going over the sudden happenings of the day, had placed Carlsen's automatic under his pillow after leading it. He found that it lacked four shells of full capacity, the two that Lund had fired at his bottle target, the one fired by Carlsen at Rainey, and the last ineffective shot at Lund, a shot that went astray, Rainey decided, largely through Lund's crump-theatre of tearing off his glasses and flinging them at the doctor.

Rainey. The next second the girl had jumped by him, a glint of metal in her hand as she brought it out of her blouse. This time she saw him. "Come on!" she cried. And darted between the fighters and the storming figure of Deming, who tried to grasp her with his one good arm, but failed.

"What is it?" she cried. "Lund—hunters!" Rainey called back as he sped up the stairs. He thought he heard a "wait" from her, but the stamping and yelling were loud in his ears, and he plunged out on deck.

Lund looked like a bear surrounded by the dog-pack. He stood upright while the six hunters tore and smashed at him. Lund's arms swung like clubs, his great hands plucked at their holds, while he roared volleys of deep-sea, defiant oaths, shaking or striking off a man now and then, who charged back snarling to the attack.

Rainey's man struck, and the strength of his arm, backed by his hurrying weight, broke down Rainey's guard and left the arm numb. The next instant they were at close quarters, swinging madly, rife with the one desire to down the other, to maul, to kill. A blow crashed home on Rainey's cheek, sending him back dazed, striking madly, clinching to stop the piston-like smashes of the hunter clutching him, trying to trip him, hammering at the fierce face above him as they both went down and rolled into the scupper, tearing at each other.

He felt the man's hands at his throat, gradually squeezing out sense and breath and strength, and threw up his knee with all his force. It struck the hunter fairly in the groin, and he heard the man groan, with the sudden agony. But he himself was nearly out. The man seemed to fade away for a second, the choking fingers relaxed, and Rainey gulped for air. His eyes seemed strained from bulging from their sockets in that fierce grip, and there was a fog before them through which he could hear the roar of Lund, sounding like a siren blast that told he was still fighting, still confident.

Rainey saw his face, one red mask of blood and hair, with his spate eyes flaring up with the glory of the fight. He roared no longer, saving his breath. One of the men tackling his legs dropped senseless from the buffet he got on the side of his skull, and Lund's kick sent him scudding across the deck, limp, out of the fight that could not last much longer.

All this came as Rainey, still dazed, helped himself by the skylight toward the companion, going as fast as he could to get his gun. If he did not hurry he was certain they would kill Lund. No man could withstand those odds much longer.

Lund killed, it would be his turn next, and the girl would be left at their mercy. The thought spurred him, clearing his throbbing head, jarred by the smashes of his still senseless opponent who would be coming to before long.

Then he saw the girl, standing by the rail, not crouching, as he had somehow expected her to be, shutting out the sight of the fight with trembling hands, but with her face aglow, her eyes shining, watching, as a Roman maid might have watched a gladiatorial combat, thrilled with the spectacle, hands gripping the rail, leaning a little forward. She had no eyes for Rainey, her soul was up in arms, backing Lund. The shine in her eyes was for the strength of his prime manhood, matched against the rest, not as a person, an individual, but as an embodiment of the conquering male.

"Carlsen had 'em planted somewhere, an' it's likely in his room. Best thing to do is to chuck 'em overboard. Cheaper to dump the cartridges an' shells than the rifles an' shotguns."

"Where is the magazine?" asked Rainey. "In the little room aft of the galley. We'll look there first. Come on."

"I've got a bunch you'll find two on Carlsen's bunk. An' the shells between 'em. He kept his door locked when he was out of the main cabin an' sleep on 'em nights. That's what I'd be apt to do."

"The fool!" said Lund. "I've got a good mind to let him stay there till he swallows some of the drugs to fill his belly." He rapped on the panel with the butt of the gun.

"She's a woman," said Lund. "An' you're a d-d prig."

THERE IS NOTHING QUANTER

Marblehead Lanes Keep Visitors to Gray Sea-Town Puzzled as to Where Streets Will Lead.

A rough village of huts clamped down to the rocks and hugging its fine harbor, such was Marblehead for many years. The huts grew bigger and finer, the narrow footways broadened a trifle, but kept the devious turns and abrupt ups and downs with which they began—so abrupt that even today many a Marblehead lane has to resort to steps to get itself and its traveler where it would go.

Race of Toothless Men in India. In the Hindu Amil community of Hyderabad Sind, in India, there has been found a type of men who have no teeth. These men are further characterized by a bald head and an extreme sensitiveness to heat.

Windows Easily Broken by Blasts. Explosions of powder or other similar materials often are very destructive to windows, even if they are at a great distance from the point of explosion. When an explosion occurs air waves are thrown off with great violence.

Crabs Walk Off With Clocks. Christmas Island, in Oceania, is infested with land crabs two feet across which swarm over the camps of travelers in such large numbers as to be dangerous. A party of astronomers, led by Admiral Wharton, were unable to protect their supplies, and the crabs even carried away two large chronometers.—Popular Science Monthly.

Mary Todd Lincoln Home May Become a Museum



The old Todd home at 574 West Main street, Lexington, Ky., where Mary Todd lived from her early childhood until her marriage to Abraham Lincoln, is on the market for the first time in years, and the site is sought for business purposes.

Europe Home of White Race

Habitat 5,000 Years Ago Was in Lithuania, Declares Professor Bender of Princeton.

HONEY BEE SEEN AS FACTOR

Indo-European Language Indicates Ancient Home in Common Word for Insect—Traced Through Comparative Philology.

Princeton.—Where would your home be if you had lived 5,000 years ago? The search by ethnologists and other scientists to find just where the first white peoples lived, before splitting up into what are modern nations, is described by Prof. Harold H. Bender of Princeton university, who declares that our ancestors of the cave man period lived in what is modern Lithuania.

Comparison of Languages. Living before recorded history, in what is often referred to as cave man times, this ancient people from whom are descended all of the modern European races left us little with which we might learn of their culture and daily life.

Love of Mother State. Woman Assumes Blame for Son's Shortcomings to Save Him From Sixty-Day Sentence.

Town Elected Six Mayors, Each Serving Two Months. Political leaders of Pressburg, a city of 80,000, in Czechoslovakia, found that party feuds would make it impossible to elect a mayor or burgomaster.

ENEMIES OF ENGLISH SPARROW. Pacific Coast Seagulls Drive Them Away From Wharves and Docks. Seattle.—The Pacific coast seagull conducts an eternal warfare against the English sparrow, and because of it keeps wharves and docks free of the noise and litter so predominant around sparrow households.

Given 24 Hours to Meditate and Pray

Syracuse, N. Y.—Two girls, arrested for shop-lifting, were sentenced to "24 hours of meditation and prayer" by Police Court Justice Shove.

POLICE DOG IS SHIP'S HERO

Saves Little Girl From Death in Sea During Violent Storm on the Atlantic.

New York.—Thyras, a shaggy police dog from Poland, is a hero, acclaimed by the sixteen passengers of the steamship Gdansk, which docked in Brooklyn recently after buffeting its way across the Atlantic through storms that were than once threatened to carry youthful members of the ship's company over the rail and into the sea.

Mad Bull Has Hit

Poplar Bluffs, Mo.—William Daniels admits that he is as much opposed to Hereford bulls as Ireland is to John Bull's bull.

LOVE OF MOTHER STATE

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