



TREASURE OF THE SEA

BY George E. Webb

WNU Release



THE STORY THUS FAR:

The crew of a small sailing vessel in the Caribbean pick up Dick Jordan, adrift on a raft. He realizes that he is among men little better than pirates. They come upon a drifting schooner with only two people aboard, the demented captain and his daughter, Rose. Tucu and his pirates capture the schooner and search fruitlessly for the "treasure." Then Tucu goes away, because a storm is brewing. Dick swims to the schooner, arriving just in time to rescue Rose from two of the pirates. Captain Bedford recovers and they sail to an island. Dick discovers that Tucu and his crew are on the other side. They are battling a group of white men.

CHAPTER X

The Caribs were checked again by a volley of stones, and withdrew after that to a safe distance, while Burley and Tucu held a consultation.

Dick struggled with his feet, a little bewildered and uncertain what course to pursue. There were six white men, now that Pettigrew had been killed, and a dozen Caribs attacking them, an even disposition of forces, perhaps if they had been equally equipped for battle—for one white man could ordinarily handle two Caribs—but armed with pistols that their enemies lacked, the black men had the advantage. They could pick off their enemies leisurely without running any risk from flying stones, and in the end conquer through their superior weapons.

"Captain Bedford may have pistols or rifles that Tucu overlooked," Dick reasoned. "With two or three we could rout the Caribs."

Animated by this thought, he turned and began scrambling down the rocks, scarring his hands and knees and nearly losing his balance once or twice through careless haste. Rose saw him coming, and waved to him; Dick gave no heed to her until he stood on the deck, hot, flushed, and panting:

"Captain Tucu's gang's on the other side of the island!" he announced abruptly.

Rose recoiled and turned deathly white, but Captain Bedford's face set in hard lines without a trace of fear in it. "Then we must get ready for them," he said grimly. "Did they see ye?"

"No, but I saw them." The old skipper nodded. "Can ye shoot?"

"Yes, if I had anything to shoot with. Tucu disarmed me, and took every weapon off the schooner." "Did he?" The skipper's face was wreathed in a crafty smile. "I reckon now," he added a moment later, "he overlooked some of 'em."

Reinforcements Come From the Schooner

Leading the way into the cabin, with Dick and Rose eagerly following, he began prying up a section of the floor. After loosening a few boards he lifted out a small chest hidden underneath, which, when opened, disclosed a treasure more precious to Dick than the gold taken from the submarine. It consisted of half a dozen brand-new pistols of modern pattern, automatics of a deadly type, with ammunition enough to feed them for a considerable time.

"We could clean 'em up alone, but maybe it would be better to get down to the sailors, an' let 'em have some sort of fun. Reckon they'd enjoy it," grinned the captain.

"Yes," nodded Dick, "we must have nearly enough guns for all. We must hurry."

They started up the companion, but when they climbed over the side of the schooner to get ashore Rose suddenly protested.

"Aren't you going to help me ashore, Dick?"

"No," he replied gravely, "you must stay on the Betty. We'll come back to you."

She sniffed and tossed her head in the air. "If Father's going I'm going too," she answered.

Dick started to protest further, but Captain Bedford nudged him. "No use arguin'," he whispered. "I've spoiled her. She always has her way."

With a smile she acknowledged this doubtful compliment, and climbed down to the mass of wreckage.

When they reached the summit of the cliff, the situation below was not changed. The Caribs were still at a safe distance, shooting occasionally at the breastwork behind which the white men were crouched. Their bullets went wide of the mark, which induced Captain Bedford to remark, "Ye can't never teach a Carib to shoot straight. Tain't born in 'em. Reckon we'll show 'em how to do it."

Dick had been scanning the rocks below with a careful estimate of the danger ahead. The shipwrecked men had reached the upper part of the beach, and it was possible to get within a hundred feet of them without exposing their bodies by following closely a ridge of outcropping boulders. When he indicated this to Captain Bedford, the old skipper nodded, and waited for him to lead.

Once more Dick urged Rose to remain behind, but she stubbornly shook her head and prepared to follow.

The Caribs had their attention di-

rected upon the breastwork of their enemies, and, not expecting danger from above, they never once raised their eyes to the summit of the cliff. This more than any skill on their part enabled the three to creep stealthily down the ridge until close to the hiding place of the sailors. Crouching there for a moment they considered the next move. Between them and the breastwork was an open stretch of flat sand. To cross this they had to expose their bodies to the cross fire of the Caribs.

"I'll go first," Dick whispered. "No, wait a minute," replied the skipper. "Likely's not them sailors will take ye for a flankin' party an' land a ton of stones on yer head. We got to let 'em know we're friends."

"How can we do it without alarming the Caribs?"

"Reckon we can't. But it's got to be done."

Suddenly, without warning of his intentions, the skipper raised his voice without exposing his head: "Aho, there, shipmates! Look



There was a puff of smoke and a sharp report.

aloft! Keep them stuns for the enemy, an' don't shy any of 'em aft! We're comin' to help ye."

The surprise and consternation of the sailors at the voice behind them was not greater than that of the Caribs. Dick saw Captain Tucu and Black Burley jump to their feet and scan the rocks with eager eyes.

"I reckon now ye can go," Captain Bedford whispered. "Ye're spyin' n me, an' can make it quicker."

"Give me all except two of the pistols," replied Dick. "You and Rose keep one apiece. Don't expose yourself. Keep Rose here with you."

"Reckon I ain't promisin' to keep her here," grinned the skipper, "but I'll try it."

The Automatics Turn the Tide

Dick nodded, and then vaulted the low ridge of rocks, and, crouching low, made a break across the open space. His sudden appearance was the signal for a volley of shots from the Caribs, but in anticipation of this he dodged and ducked so erratically that the bullets buried themselves in the sand at a safe distance on either side.

The sailors, forewarned, made no hostile demonstration, but watched him with gaping mouths and wide-open eyes. When he finally landed plump in their midst, they stretched forth arms to receive him. Recovering his breath, Dick said: "Now give them hell! Shoot to kill!"

The sight of the guns he began passing around brought grins of delight to the haggard faces.

"I haven't the knack for all," Dick added. "So be careful. Who among you are the best shots?"

"I've killed a man at a hundred feet," replied a burly seaman, taking a gun, "an' my mate's nearly as good. Give him one."

The other two were handed to men who declared they were good shots, and were anxious to try their skill on the Caribs. Dick took charge and directed the shooting.

"They're cowards, and will run the moment we shoot," he said. "They don't know we're armed. So make the best of our chance. Single out our men, and shoot together."

He counted two and then raised a hand as a signal. Four vicious bullets sped toward their marks, and before they were well on their way others were following them. The automatics barked so continuously that half the Caribs were down before the others could duck for shelter.

The sailors wanted to break cover and charge, but Dick restrained them. "No, they'll get some of you."

Keep covered until we get Tucu and Burley. The rest will surrender."

"Who's Tucu—their leader?" asked one of the seamen.

"Yes, he's the captain of the lugger, and Black Burley's the mate."

"Know 'em?"

"Sure. I've sailed with them."

The sailors eyed him curiously. In the lull that followed, one asked: "Wasn't ye on the City of Bahia?"

Dick nodded.

"Thought I remembered yer face. Got away, did ye?"

Further conversation was interrupted by the unexpected barking of a gun far on their right. For a moment they thought a flanking party had crept up behind them; but almost simultaneously with the crash of the report there came a cry from the enemy. They saw a gigantic black man leap in the air and tumble face downward.

"Black Burley!" exclaimed Dick. "Who shot him?" asked one of the sailors, uneasily glancing in the direction of the shot.

"Captain Bedford," smiled Dick. "He's trying to flank them."

The rest of the Caribs, with Tucu leading, had leaped from cover, and were making a run for their last refuge.

"After them!" yelled Dick, springing over the breastwork. "Don't let Tucu escape."

Dick led the assaulting party, but Tucu had a big start. It looked for a time as if he would escape, and Dick hesitated between keeping up the race and stopping to shoot. Perhaps in either case he would have lost if Tucu's vengeful nature hadn't temporarily handicapped him.

Hen Pettigrew lay directly in his path, where he had been left by the Caribs for dead; but Hen had as many lives as a cat, and despite the fact that he carried three bullets in his body he was a long way from being dead. He sat up and began struggling feebly to get on his feet. He was not aware of Tucu's presence until the latter stopped suddenly in his steps.

The sight of one of his enemies escaping when he could kill him was too much of a strain on Tucu's nature. He decided to linger long enough to put Hen out of the game. With a malevolent glint in his eyes, he leered at the half-dazed man, and said:

"I reckon y'don't need to get up."

He could have shot him on the run, but he wanted to make sure this time. He brought his gun close to Hen's head, thrusting it viciously between his eyes so he could stare his fate directly in the face. It was a brutal, bloodthirsty act, and for a moment Hen recoiled.

"Damn ye, take that!" grunted the half-breed.

Dick Saves the Life Of His Nemesis

There was an explosion, so close that the powder blackened Hen's face, but the bullet buried itself in the sand as Tucu's right hand dropped to his side, with the forearm broken close to the wrist.

Dick had taken advantage of his hesitation and shot at the hand holding the gun to Hen's face, pausing to aim carefully and deliberately to make sure he did not miss.

With a snarl and curse, the half-breed grasped his wounded wrist in his free hand, and seeing that escape was impossible he turned upon Dick like an enraged animal. All the venom of his nature flared up in his eyes.

Dick could have shot easily, but he hesitated. The man was wounded and unarmed, his gun having fallen to the ground. He could not shoot Tucu even when he had him at his mercy.

"It's all up, Tucu," he said, smiling as he advanced. "I won't kill you if you'll surrender. You can't get away."

"Y'won't shoot me if I surrender?" whined the half-breed. "Y'won't let 'em kill me?"

"No, we'll give you a fair trial, but you don't deserve it."

Tucu's shifty eyes seemed to lose their fire, and Dick noticed that the limp arm was bleeding freely. "I'll help you," he added, kicking the man's gun away to a safe distance. "That arm must be broken."

Although in the act of kicking Tucu's gun away, he showed that he didn't trust the outlaw, Dick was careless in another respect. He thrust his own gun in his pocket. The half-breed noticed the action and almost immediately his whole attitude changed. A murderous gleam flashed in his eyes.

With his left hand he jerked an ugly knife from his belt and made a lunge at Dick. The attack was so sudden and unexpected that there was no time for counter action. Dick had barely time to catch the uplifted arm and save himself from almost instant death.

With a growl of rage that his ruse had failed, the half-breed struggled to release his arm for another blow; but Dick flung himself upon the outlaw, grasping the arm with one hand and the knife with the other.

Although wounded, and one arm helpless, Tucu, who was a giant in strength, fought ferociously, succeeding finally in hurling his enemy from him through sheer muscular superiority.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY Lesson

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D.
Of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago
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Lesson for January 12

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THE AUTHORITY OF JESUS

LESSON TEXT—John 1:1-16.
MEMORY SELECTION—Whosoever he saith unto you, do it.—John 2:5.

The witness of John concerning Jesus as the Son of God had been attested by the divine knowledge of Jesus and his personal call to his disciples. Now the time had come for him to declare his authority as God by an overt act which all men could see and understand.

It is interesting to note that for this, the first of his miracles, he chose a festive occasion in the home. He had been invited to be a guest at a wedding (v. 2). Those who ask him to be present at their marriage may confidently expect him to be present and to add greatly to the real joy of the occasion.

The authority of our Lord shows here in three different ways:

I. He Commands (vv. 1-8).

He was neither host nor was he the one charged with responsibility for the serving, but when the time came for him to do his mighty act the servants were ready to obey the admonition of his mother and do what he said.

Mary may have had some responsibility for serving the guests. Why then had she not looked to the supply of wine? Apparently she who knew of what had taken place at the baptism of Jesus and immediately after, and having in her heart the memory of what occurred at his birth (Luke 2:14), thought it time for him to do some great miracle.

He was indeed ready to do so, but in his own way. "What is that to thee?" in verse 4 really carries the meaning: "This is a matter which I must care for in my own way," and he did.

We do well to seek grace to be like the servants who did what the Lord commanded, even though it did not seem to be a sensible solution to fill the jars with water. Obedience without hesitation and without question is the price of blessing!

II. He Creates (vv. 9-11).

The act of creation was already done, but now the fact came to light. He had changed the water into wine, the juice of the grape. This was not a case of adding something or diluting the remaining wine. Here the water, as he decreed it even without the use of a spoken word, was no longer there, but the best of wine.

Jesus was and is the Creator. He was present at the beginning of all things (note the "let us" in Gen. 1:26), and it is declared that "by him were all things created" (Col. 1:16, 17). In fact, "without him was not anything made" (John 1:3).

What he created was good, so good in fact, that the one in charge of the feast remarked about it. The Lord never does anything by halves, nor in a careless or defective way. He made a great quantity of wine (probably more than 100 gallons) and it was of the greatest excellency.

Some would read verse 10 as though our Lord were here helping along a drunken wedding party, but of course that is not true. The steward was simply recognizing the ordinary rule of serving whereby one uses the best one has until there is no more like it, then takes the inferior provision. To use this verse to excuse drunkenness is only possible for those "eager to mar, if by means they could, the image of perfect holiness which offends and rebukes them" (Trench, quoted by Lenski).

III. He Controls (vv. 12-16).

After a few days with his family and his disciples, he went down to Jerusalem for the great feast of the Passover. There he found his Father's house being misused and defiled. His holy indignation kindled, he spoke and acted with authority as he drove these "racketeers" out of the temple.

People like to hear about a God of love, one who knows their weakness, and is kind toward their infirmities. But we must not forget that God shows his love by a great and holy hatred of sin, and a desire to deliver us from that sin. This means that he must and will deal in drastic fashion with those who persist in their sin.

This is a majestic picture. The Son of God and Son of Man steps into the center of this unholy traffic and with mighty, holy indignation (not anger) drives it out.

Why did these men who were so deeply entrenched and so eager to make money flee before the wrath of a lone man? It was only because they recognized divine authority. He has a right to control men, for he is God.

It is not a mere matter of reform, for here he was cleansing the temple, the very heart of the life of the Jewish people. He dealt with a present situation to establish an eternal principle.

We cannot help but admire this magnificent Jesus, but the question comes to us today. Has he been given his proper authority over and in our lives?



DISPLAY HISTORIC DOCUMENTS

WASHINGTON.—Attorney General Tom Clark is hatching a unique plan for selling civil liberties to the American people. He will send a special train through the 48 states carrying some of the priceless treasures of American freedom.

It was Clark, working quietly behind the scenes, who had more than anyone else to do with organizing the president's special committee on civil liberties, which will study southern lynchings and race problems.

Accordingly he has evolved the idea of sending a special train across the United States containing the most sacred documents of American history which guarantee our freedom.

At first Clark proposed equipping two special cars with showcases which would display the Bill of Rights, the Declaration of Independence, the Emancipation Proclamation, the Constitution and so on.

However, he found that the Proclamation of Emancipation by which Lincoln freed the slaves was in the hands of Abraham Rosenbach of Philadelphia, famous collector of old manuscripts. Clark, therefore, called Rosenbach to tell him about his plan and ask for the loan of the proclamation.

Rosenbach agreed to cooperate, and suggested an entire train instead of two cars. He offered to help raise the extra money and, as a result, it now is planned to equip an entire special train with showcases in which will be displayed the most cherished documents of American history. Soldiers will guard the train, just as guards stand watch continually over these documents in the Library of Congress. In addition, as the train arrives at each state border, an extra car will be added displaying the historic documents and civil rights mementoes of the state.

Finally, Clark plans to have large-size duplicates of the freedom documents "blown-up" as permanent exhibits to be left behind in the high schools of each city through which the train passes.

IRON CURTAIN STAYS DOWN

Assistant Secretary of State Bill Benton, who has tried desperately to lift the iron curtain, recently was prevented by the Russians from visiting Moscow.

Benton was scheduled to fly to Moscow with Chester Bowles, his old advertising partner. But the Russians found Benton had only 48 hours in which to make the trip, let him get as far as Berlin, then stalled him for 48 hours, claiming Moscow weather made it impossible for his plane to land.

Finally, Benton went back to Paris, where he checked by coded cable with the American embassy in Moscow, found that the weather in Russia had been perfect during the time he was being barred from the Soviet capital.

Benton, who is in charge of state department information, has tried to beam radio broadcasts into Russia in order to give the Russian people the real truth about the USA. Many Russians don't even know that the American army and navy participated in the war against Japan.

NEW WAGE POLICY

A new policy line in preventing strikes was agreed on at a secret meeting of Secretary of Labor Schwelmbach and his top advisers. Hereafter, government mediation machinery will swing into action four to five months before union contracts expire in major industries, instead of waiting until union demands and strike threats are in the air.

It is felt that many serious work stoppages can be avoided if union demands are anticipated and negotiations begun well in advance of contract expirations.

First major industry on which the new policy will be tried will be the maritime, which faces another possible work stoppage in June. At that time, union contracts of seamen of the AFL and CIO on the west and east coasts expire.

PROBE MONOPOLY

The department of justice is trying to decide whether to bring anti-trust proceedings against American Telephone and Telegraph company for freezing out small competitors. Independent would-be manufacturers of telephone equipment have little chance to break into the market because of the A. T. & T. policy not only of owning all its own equipment but buying it from its own Western Electric company, a 99 per cent A. T. & T. subsidiary.

CAPITAL CHAFF

The coal strike may seriously affect next year's potato and apple crops, according to the department of agriculture. The trouble is that the shortage of coal tar curtailed supplies of insecticides, which are needed to fight such crop pests as the chinch bug, the European corn borer, the codling moth and the potato bug. . . . James Mead, retiring New York senator, now has the inside track for chairmanship of the Democratic national committee.

Ask Me Another Question

The Questions

1. Who was the first Roman emperor to protect Christians and become one of them?
2. What is the method of enameling metal or porcelain called?
3. A farmer signed the Declaration of Independence. Who was he?
4. When the Rubicon is mentioned, you think of what?

The Answers

1. Constantine (the Great).
2. Cloisonné.
3. John Hart (New Jersey).
4. A river.
5. In brilliant scarlet.

Ain't It So?

COUNTLESS people will not live to encounter the troubles they fear.

Weighty opinions are never derived from featherheads.

Figures will not lie nearly as much as some fellows who use them.

It is usually when your hand are doing nothing that time hangs heavy on them.

A lot of people are willing to try anything once — provided that it isn't anything sensible.

When saving for old age, be sure to lay up a few pleasant thoughts.

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