

TREASURE OF THE SEA

BY Garage E. Walsh

W.N.L. Rolease



pick Jordan, survivor of a steamer and from South America to the Unitbound from South America to the United States, comes upon a drifting schooner. Only others aboard are the demented captain, and his daughter, Rose. A crow of pirates under Tucu attack the vessel, but after a fruitless search for treasure they leave because a storm is brewing, Captain Bedford recovers and they sall the sechooner to an island. There Dick discovers that Tucu and his crow are on the other side bat-ling a group of white men. Dick secure some automatics at the ship and returns. The white men rout the black pirates. Dick seaves Pettigrew from Tucu, but endangers himself.

CHAPTER XI

Dick tripped on a stone. With an exultant animal cry, the half-breed took advantage of the accident. Dick made a fruitless effort to wriggle away from him; but the uplift-ed knife followed until it was poised directly over his throat.

The near report of a gun did not seem to be connected with his dan-ger, and its echo in his ears made no appreciable impression on mind. Even when the giant half-breed shivered, and began toppling over, he could not associate the act with the pistol crash. But the knife did not descend. It dropped from the nerveless hand of the Carib and fell with a thud to the beach.

Tucu, like a giant forest tree whose base had been shattered by lightning, swayed a moment uncer-tainly and then without a moan or sigh fell with a crash, sprawling on top of his adversary and pinning him to the ground.
"Dick! Dick, are you hurt?"

Out of the strange apathy that had numbed his mind, Dick heard the voice, and came to his senses as Rose rushed to his side. She grasped his shoulders and pulled him from under the inert body of

the dead half-breed.
"Are you hurt?" she repeated

He smiled and shook his head, his eyes on her as if unable to com-

"I was afraid I'd be too late," she murmured, tears close to the surface, "or miss him." "You shot him?" he asked in a

"Yes"—shuddering and turning away from Tucu—"I—I had to, or he'd killed you." In the excitement of the conflict

and the relief that followed their deliverance from Tucu, neither Dick nor Rose noticed Hen Pettigrew, who had watched the proceedings at close range, and who nowsat staring at them in evident surprise and bewilderment. Although weak and dazed by his own wounds, the man was fully conscious of all that had been going on, and when Dick finally glanced up and caught his eye he started with a grunt. "Jordan!" he said thickly.

Dick's face flushed an instant and then paled. Rose glanced from one to the other, and asked: "Who is he? Is he a friend?"

Dick gulped and nodded, but made no articulate sound with his Despite the pain of his wounds,

Hen Pettigrew grinned.
"Sure! We were both on the City of Bahia before she went to the bot-tom. So your boat wasn't swamped, Jordan? You were lucky. Ours top-pled over, and all went to the bottom except those who swam to this

How Dick's Ruse Made Complications

Dick sat up and faced the situa-tion bravely. In saving Hen's life, he had unwittingly made his own exposure a certainty. There was no need for further subterfuge; Rose would have to know all.

"I was lucky," he replied, "but of another storm wrecking her. a raft for days and n until Tucu here picked me up on the lugger, and then-"

He glanced at Rose, and added: "Ask her. She'll tell you the rest." But Rose's sympathy for Petti-

grew was unexpectedly aroused to action. Hen's strength, that had been restored for a time by the excitement, showed signs of waning; he grew deadly pale, and began sinking rapidly. His eyes closed and the head sagged forward until it touched the ground.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, jumping to her feet. "He's dying! We must get help, Dick."

The rest of the party arrived in time to give Hen all the human aid that was possible. He was seriously but not dangerously wounded, and after staunching the flow of blood and binding up the ugly holes the bullets had made in his side and shoulders, he recovered from his faint, and smiled grimly.
"I'll pull through—need restthat's all."

The story of how the handful of sailors had battled through the surf and reached the island on the night of the shipwreck, and how for days and nights they had existed on sh fish and a few birds they managed to kill, while they watched and waited hopefully for a sail, was told dra-

matically by the different survivors. When the lugger sppeared they had hailed it joyfully, but later they had reasons to dread Captain Tucu and his crew more than their lonely isolation on the Island. The old pirate, when he found the ship-wrecked seamen unarmed, attempt-

ed to rob them of what few possessions they had carried away from the steamer, and when they objected the inevitable conflict had been pre-

cipitated.

"He had a crazy idea we knew something about smuggled jewels that he said were aboard the steam-'Hen Pettigrew explained lat-"Don't know where he got the a. Must have dreamt it." replied Dick, smiling. "I "No," told him.

Hen and the others looked at him inquiringly.

Dick chuckled ruefully at the thought of how his ruse had complicated the situation so that others, perfectly innocent of any attempt at deception, had been drawn into the net. His invention had nearly cost the lives of a dozen men in-cluding that of his old enemy, and for a moment he grew grave and serious; then, recalling the various sequences of events that had ended satisfactorily, he laughed again. "I guess, after all, that was the best story I ever invented," he add-ed. "Anyway, it seems to have worked."

Briefly as he could he outlined this part of his adventure. The oth-ers listened and nodded their heads with grinning approval. When he was through Hen glanced keenly at

him.
"I could almost believe you were a smuggler, Jordan, If I didn't know you weren't."
Dick flushed. "Perhaps I am," he retorted challengingly. "How do

he retorted challengingly. "How do you know I'm not? You know my record."
"Yes," slowly, "I know your rec-

ord."

The sudden gravity of their faces, and the challenging light in their eyes, disturbed Rose, who glanced from one to the other. She began suddenly to distrust the man they had saved.

"Dick's record," she said slowly, thrusting an arm into one of his, "is clean. Whatever it might have been in the past, it's been wiped out

There was a silent pause, an awkward period in which the two men exchanged glances that none of the others could interpret; but there was evident hostility between them

based upon something in the past.
Rose pulled Dick gently away.
"Come. There's so much to do.
We must help the wounded, even if they are Caribs and our enemies.

Captain Bedford had already as numed charge of the situation, and the seamen willingly took orders from him. The dead Caribs were buried on the beach, and the wound-ed cared for. Then with the small boats they made a visit to the lug-ger, which had been rolling lazily at anchor in the cove.

Captain Bedford overhauled the craft, and finally sniffed his scorn. "She ain't worth sailin' into port. She's a stinkin' hulk that ought to

have gone to the bottom long ago.
We'll leave her."

"But, Cap'n," protested one of
the seamen, "she's good enough to
carry us home. We ain't figgerin' on staying here longer'n we have to. We're a bit homesick."

"Sure!" was the grinning retort. 'But the Betty's worth a dozen sich luggers. I figger we can patch her up in less'n a week an' sail home. We'll have a full crew now. Wait'll ye see her."

A visit to the Betty on the opposite side of the island put new heart in the castaways, and under Captain Bedford's direction they began to work cleaning up the decks and restoring the schooner to her old-time condition. The lugger was used to tow her around the island where, anchored in the quiet cove, repairs could be made without fear

Pettigrew Tells Rose All About Dick

As the busy days passed, Hen Pettigrew recovered from his wounds, and once more became the masterful man that had distinguished him as an officer of the law.

Two days before they were ready to depart, the Betty having reto depart, the Betty having received a new set of sails that were
sufficient to carry her home, Hen
Pettigrew emerged from his cabin,
and seeing Dick forward beckoned
to him. "Jordan," he said, "I want
to talk with you."

Dick nodded and followed him to

the cabin. Something told him that the hour had come when he had to face the crisis. This intuition was strengthened when he found Rose below waiting for them. She smiled gently when he entered the cabin, ut made no remark.

Hen Pettigrew closed and locked the door. Then turning to Dick he said: "Jordan, I've told your story to Rose. I thought she was entitled to know it."

Dick started violently, frowned, and then caught his breath to calm his nerves. "I expected you'd do it before this," he replied. "I was waiting for it." He kept his eyes on Hen, refusing to notice Rose's pleading look. "When we parted on the steamer," he added, said you'd pinch me if we met on t later they land again. "Well," smiling and uptain Tucu their lonely got me. I won't attempt to break away."

"You knew Td arrest you, Jor-dan," Pettigrew said after a pause.

"Then why'd you save my life?

Tucu had me "Yes, but I had to get Tucu," Dick replied. "I wanted to settle an old score with him. I guess that was it."

"And leave the score with me pen?" smiled Hen. Then frowning, he added: "Jordan, you got me guessing at times. You're a constrong, simple or foolish and shrewd, brave in some things and cowardly—"

Dick's hand clenched. "If you think I'm surrendering because I'm afraid of you, Hen," he began truculently, "get it out of your mind.

"There you go again—off on a tangent," was the quiet interruption. "Now, listen!" he added, raising a hand. "I'll prove to you that you'll contradict any reasonable man's guess what you'd do under the circumstances. I'll put you to the test." I'll make an even bet

He paused an instant, his eyes twinkling with amusement. "Jordan, you can have your choice of returning with me to answer that old charge, or going scot free. No, you won't be hounded by the law. I'll report you went down with the City of Bahia. That will close the case. Your name will be eliminated from our books. You'll be a free man to choose your own life."

"You mean—" stammered Dick, his eyes lighting with hope. He stopped and glanced from his old enemy to Rose. Her face and eyes were strangely noncommittal. He were strangely noncommittal. He would have his freedom, able to look every man fearlessly in the eye, and not dream of nights that the shadow of the law was pursuing and ready to close about him. A great burden slipped from his mind. "I—" he muttered, beginning

"I-" he muttered, beginning again, and stopping abruptly. Rose would not have a part with him in that new life of freedom; he would lose her either way. He turned suddenly to Hen, his mind made up.

"I hate to disappoint you on that bet with yourself, Hen" he said easily, grinning, "but I'll go with you. I said I would, and I haven't changed my mind."

"Consider carefully, Jordan," warned the other. "If you can't prove your innocence of that theft it means five years for you."
"Sure! Don't I know that?"

"You believe you can prove your nnocence?"
"No! If I had I'd never have

run away." "You were guilty?"
"Hell! No! I've told you that

a thousand times.
"Then why'd you leave? Didn't you know that would brand you as a criminal?"

Dick Throws Away Chance for Freedom

"Sure! But the cards were stacked against me. Didn't I know that? They'd convicted me on cir-cumstantial evidence, and sent me to prison. I hadn't a leg to stand on, without money or influence. You can't get justice without them-not when some piker's doctored the books and laid his plans so any jury would convict without leaving the room. There was only one other chance left me, and I took it. But I'll go back with you and face the music. That's all."

nusic. That's all."
"That's final?"
Dick nodded and turned his face
He was not aware Dick nodded and turned his lace to the window. He was not aware that either of the others had moved until a hand touched his arm. He swing around, and found himself

alohe in the cabin with Rose.
"Dick," she said softly, "I know
all about it. Mr. Pettigrew told me -told me more than he's told you. There is a chance if you go back. New evidences have been discovered, he says, and he doesn't believe you're guilty. With a good lawyer now, you can establish your innocence, and—"
"Rose," he replied, smiling gent-

ly into her upturned face, "there's no money to pay for a good lawyer—or any other kind of lawyer. I have nothing. I didn't decide to go back with Hen because I thought there was a chance of clearing my name. There isn't a chance! going-going-

she asked when he

"Because—because—of you!"

Her face flushed with happiness and shy emotion. "Then we'll go together," she

breathed softly. 'No!" he answered sharply. didn't mean that. I won't drag you into it. If I did I'd despise myself. I love you too much for that, Rose, and you know it."

"Yes, I do know it," she replied, pursing her lips in an assumed pout. That's why I arranged with Pettigrew to-to-hire the best lawyer money could buy. You see that reasure we found on the submarine belongs to all three of us, but rine belongs to all three of us, but you and Father won't touch any of it. Then I'm going to use it any way I please. I might spend it for new dresses and jewelry, and—and—lots of things—but I won't! I don't want them! But I do want you, Dick, and"—flashing him a look that made him tingle—"I'm going to have your to hur you. to have you if I have to buy you with that treasure."

(THE END)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL CUNDAY JCHOOL Lesson

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D. Of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for January 19

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JESUS INTERVIEWED BY NICODEMUS

LESSON TEXT-John 3:1-11. 16, 17. MEMORY SELECTION—Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.—John 3:3.

How does one become a Christian? This was the question of Nicodemus, and it is the question in the hearts and minds of thousands in every generation. The answer is clear and definite.

The only entrance into the Christian life is by the door of the new birth. Regeneration is the act of God whereby the divine nature is imparted to the believing sinner and he becomes the child of God. He who has not entered by this way has not entered at all. He is still dead in trespasses and sins, with-out God and without hope (Eph. 2:1, 12).

The Pharisees who looked for the coming of the Messiah as a sec-ular conqueror wondered at this new spiritual leader. It was prob-ably as much on their behalf as his own that Nicodemus came to in-quire of Jesus. In answering his questions Jesus reveals the neces-sity, the nature, and the method of regeneration.

I. The New Birth-a Necessity (vv. 1-7).

Our Lord's visitor was a man of distinction and standing in the com-munity, but Jesus was not unduly impressed by the dignity and high station of his visitor, nor by the visitor's courteous aknowledgment of his own position as a great teacher. With decisive boldness Jesus de-clares that this man, a cultured and distinguished ruler of the Jews, must be born again, if he is to see the kingdom of God.

God is no respecter of persons. The doctor of divinity must be born again just as much as the illiterate fisherman. D. L. Moody once said that he was thankful it was to such a man as Nicodemus that Jesus presented the necessity of the new birth, or men would have said that only the down-and-outer needed to be saved.

Two reasons are given by our Lord for the "must" of verse 7: (1) The Kingdom of God is a spirit-Kingdom and cannot be tered by way of our human nature; Fand (2) "that which is born of the flesh is flesh" and is radically and essentially bad. To learn why that is true read Jeremiah 13:23 and Galatians 5:19-21.

Scripture on this point is almost diametrically opposed to much of the teachings in our schools and colleges. But God's Word is right; let us follow it.

II. The New Birth-a Mystery (vv. 8-11). God has graciously revealed to

us "all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the knowl-edge" of Christ (II Pet. 1:3). But it is true—and we say quite appro-priately true—that he has some things hidden in his own blessed counsels. We know the experience of the new birth. We see the blessed results of regeneration. But what actually takes place is a divine-mystery, not fathomable by human reason. Those who insist that all spiritual truth be put through the little norm of their intelligence will never understand it or receive its blessing (1 Cor. 2:14).

The striking illustration of the life-giving and energizing wind used by our Lord is most illuminating. Wind is unseen, but the results of its movement are evident. Even so the spiriual rebirth of men is an enigma to the worldly man, but even he can see its results in godly living.

We know that regeneration is not only a possibility, but an actuality, a fact; in truth, the greatest of all

III. The New Birth-a Reality (vv. 16, 17).

Just as there was healing and life in a look at the uplifted serpent in the wilderness (Num. 21:8), so there is life for a look at the Crucifled One. Faith receives God's perfect provision for sin.

Verse 16 may well be regarded as the greatest sentence in the greatest Book in the world. It presents the whole plan of salvation-its source, its ground, its recipients, its condition, and its re-

This glorious salvation is for all men-"whosoever"-but some re-ject it. Notice that God does not condemn them. Their own evil works and desires condemn them 17-20). God in his grace is ready and willing to save, but men love "darkness rather than light," for their works are evil.

Our tender, loving heavenly Father has no desire to condemn any-British Broadcasting company one. The man or woman who falls under his condemnation of sin does so by choice. God's desire is that all should be saved.

Will you, unbeliever who reads these lines, respond now to his gra-cious invitation? It's the trend of the times, so it probably had to happen: The labor unrest has struck college footbell!



Looking back over 1946, it was a year you wouldn't believe if you had seen it in the movies. President Truman went down in a submarine, the general public went up in a free balloon and John L. Lewis at last got into a battle in which he didn't get at least a tie. It was a great year for Ingrid Bergman, the St. Louis Cards, the Republican party and Assault. Assault.

United Nations started the year in the Broax with a cafeteria lunch and finished on Manhattan island with \$8,500,000 in choice real estate, thus nosing out Leo Durocher, "The Egg and I," and the Elliott Rooseshoot beat Army, Henry Wallace picked one of the easiest of those sixty million jobs, Abie's Irish Rose at last got into pictures.

Joe Louis, Stymie and Yale had good years in the world of sports and the international high jump was won by Bernard Baruch, who went from a park bench to the rarefied atmosphere of the atomic bomb from a sitting start. . . Frankie Sinatra gave his bobby soxers back

Ted Williams, Billy Conn, Chester Bowles, Harold Ickes, Bilbo and the Boston Red Sux Bad a bad 12thmonth: The Normandie, OPA, the New Deal and Joe Stalin's recollection of what he promised at Yalta were junked. The radio quiz industry gave away all but \$11.35 worth of all the \$2.30,167,879,456.25 merchandise produced in America since V Day. The horse meat from the country made good in the hamburgers of the city. General Electric announced a not too satisfactory year, but found a way to produce snow artificially and promised a liberal allowance on old snowflakes.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt so far left of center that she fell asleep and collided with another automobile on the Sawmill river highway. A stone to mark the spot where she once slept was duly erected. This seemed quite a reflection on the Roose-velts up to the time two passen-ger airplanes bound in the same direction collided over Mary-

There were strikes all over America, with the newsreel cameramen getting some of their best all-time battle shots. An unknown bettor tore up a \$2,100 daily double ticket at Garden State. The oldest living Elk died in 37 states. Russel Crouse of the theatrical firm of Lindsey and Crouse was injured badly when a day's receipts fell on him. Ex-Mayor LaGuardia of New York was extricated from UNRRA before starting another global war. The Democrats lost an election in large numbers. Thirty-five million and six hundred and seventy-eight thousand Americans bought an egg, presented a dollar bill, got two cents in change and asked "I wonder if there is any danger of inflation?"

The year closed on a touching note. Fiorello LaGuardia opened a Sunday program with a tender testi-monial to the Christmas spirit of goodwill to all men and exclaimed, "Oh, how wonderful it would be if we could adhere to the love-thyneighbor precept all the year around." He then attacked newspapers, real estate owners, congress, the state legislature, a firm of architects and divers others as "thieves," "crooks," "big burns," "corrupt cowards," "hooligans," "mutts," "tin horns," "punks" and around polecats.

A BUNCH OF GRIPES ON A NEW YORK BUS o windows open, The heat on full tilt, No wonder the driver And passengers wilt. They snari and sneeze And jostle and cuss And wish for a trolley Instead of a bus. -Margaret Fishback.

Russia now is bringing cars off its pro-duction line pretty fast. There is no question over there as to which gets slowed down first, the production line or the fellow who tries to stick a monkey wrench into the mechanism.

UNFINISHED BUSINESS "Here, I insist, this drink's on The guy will fairly shout, ut 'though he reaches for his eash He never gets it out.

"United States Faces Deficit of \$1,900,000,000."—Headline .

"Is that as good as the Demo-crats hoped?" asks Ima Dodo.

has prohibited hypnotism by radio. But in this country it will be perfectly okay to keep putting people to sleep over the air as always.



To cook macaroni or spaghetti rithout constant watching or stirring, place it in a colander and then lower the colander into a kettle of salted, boiling water.

Flavor for the soup. Put onion and spices into tea ball holder that may easily be lifted out when the broth is full-flavored.

When ironing clothes, place several drops of cologne on your iron-ing board cover. Then as you iron, the cologne aroma will be sorbed by hankies and blouses.

Oatmeal cooked with molasses in the water makes a tasty cereal rich in iron and saves sugar.

To perk up frayed blankets, why not rip off the old binding? Buy several yards of sprigged sateen ribbon that costs but a few cents at the dime store. Choose it in a contrasting color and stitch it to give your blankets new life.

Spices lose strength rapidly in a paper container, so empty promptly into a small glass jar. Use a screw top jar.

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