

THE STRUMPET OF SEA

By Ben Ames Williams

C Ben Ames Williams
W. N. U. Service

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I—George McAusland was 36 years old when he sailed from America to undertake his post as a missionary in the Fiji Islands. A crime he had committed in a fit of excitement had shattered all his confidence in himself. He felt forced to avoid his past. Doncaster, who boarded the ship at Honolulu, she was en route to visit her parents, who were missionaries on the island. Mary was attracted by George's attempts to avoid her. One day George accidentally fell overboard.

CHAPTER II—Mary unhesitatingly dove into the sea to rescue George. Now George had to talk to her. His fears were realized when he began to fall in love with her. When the boat approached her home on Clead Island, they learned that Mary's parents had both died.

CHAPTER III—George volunteered to take charge of the mission which had been vacated by the deaths of Mary's parents. Faced with the necessity of forcing himself to ask her to be his wife, Mary accepted his clumsy proposal, and they left the ship to live in her former home on the island.

CHAPTER IV—The scanty dress of the natives shocked George at first, but he soon became reconciled to their customs. Mary discovered that Corkran, a sailor friend of George's, had deserted his ship to live on the island. He had come there to help George and Mary if they needed him. Their peaceful life was interrupted one day when a ship stopped in the harbor in search of pearls.

CHAPTER V—George had natives watch the ship when it sailed for the other side of the island. They saw the pearl divers attacked and their schooner sunk by a pirate ship.

CHAPTER VI—They watched with fear as the pirates headed their boat toward the bay near the village. George sent Mary inland for safety and walked down to the beach, alone and defenseless, to meet the unwelcome visitors. Natives carried him back to Mary hours later, snout through the shoulder.

CHAPTER VII—Natives killed the pirates that night on their boat. The boat was still burning when the long-awaited whaler, the Ventura, arrived. Mary was told by its captain that she and her sons, Richard and Peter Corr, were now in charge as captain and first mate. She liked Richard, but was told by Peter that he publicly laughed at her affection.

CHAPTER VIII—George was a sick man when the Ventura arrived. The consumption which had developed from a cold was complicated by the bullet wound in his shoulder.

CHAPTER IX—George agreed to leave the island when he saw that the epidemic among the natives was caused by his consumptive condition. A native gave Mary a small bag of pearls as a farewell present. The attitude of the crew toward Peter bothered Mary, so she decided to find out if he was really responsible for the death of a seaman who had been killed while whaling.

CHAPTER X—Evidence which pointed toward Peter's responsibility was damning but was not conclusive proof. George and Mary saw their first whale several days later.

CHAPTER XI—The whale was killed only after a long struggle during which Richard thrust shaft after shaft into its enormous side. Mary was surprised the next evening when Peter approached her and forcibly tried to press his intentions upon her.

CHAPTER XII—Loss of the pearls disturbed Mary greatly. To explain the theft of the pearls to George, she was forced to tell him about the sinking of the pirate ship for the first time. It startled him to learn that others thought him so weak that he couldn't be held.

CHAPTER XIII—The ill cases aboard ship were almost filled before the ship headed south to round Cape Horn for America. Mary discovered one morning that her pearls were missing.

CHAPTER XIV—Sailing near a quiet bay, Richard ordered a stop for fresh meat and water. He and Peter led a small hunting party ashore while the water casks were being filled. Peter returned breathless to announce that Richard had been killed by sea lions and dragged into the water.

CHAPTER XV—Several days later George was suddenly seized by a fit of jealousy. He threatened to kill Richard for making love to his wife, but Mary persuaded him that his suspicions were groundless.

CHAPTER XVI—Peter had the ship set sail from there immediately. When Mary discovered that Peter had lied about Richard's content for her affection, she began to doubt Peter's story of Richard's death. Together with George, she discussed her suspicions with several members of the crew.

CHAPTER XVII—Led by George, the men mutinied against Peter and chained him to the mast. All but three of the men went ashore to hunt for Richard. George discovered that the three men who remained aboard supposedly to watch the ship were friends of Peter. Seizing some guns, he locked Mary and himself in the captain's cabin.

CHAPTER XVIII—Unknown to the crew, Richard had been alive when the boat sailed off. He had fallen into a deep hole dug vertically into the peat by a fire. Peter found him there and promised to return with help. Instead, he left him stranded, helpless, in the hole.

CHAPTER XIX—On ship, it was found that two of the men who had leaped at George with sharp knives used in whaling. He fired rapidly, killing both men, but not before one had deeply slashed his left arm. Blood streaming from his wound, George went out to kill Peter and his aide before consciousness left him. Two shots brought down the screaming Peter, but George was unaware that the fourth man was approaching from behind.

CHAPTER XX—George's attacker was killed by a returning member of the hunting party which had found Richard. But help came too late. George died from loss of the blood which had spouted freely during the fight. Homebound again, Mary and Richard revealed to each other the love they had kept in check all this time, and looked eagerly forward to the day when they would become man and wife.

Behind Hurd—George could see him under Hurd's upraised arms—Willie Leeper was holding upraised a heavy cleaver. Before Hurd's spade stopped going up for the downward blow at George, the cleaver, already lifted, began to descend. It came slowly against Hurd's neck, on the side under the ear, at an angle inward. The broad keen blade went far in and to

The spade in Hurd's hands dropped to the deck. The blade of it brushed against George's side, and stuck in the planking; and the spade stood erect for a moment, and then fell over sideways as the blade, for lack of any deep hold, broke out of the planking. The handle fell across George's body.

Hurd fell the other way, making choking sounds. Willie Leeper looked down at him. Willie said in a piping, thin voice to Hurd dying on the deck: "There, drat ye!"

George laughed. That was funny. He had never heard Willie speak before. Willie had a thin, squeaking voice that was completely absurd. George was much amused.

Then he forgot Willie, for here was Mary. George rolled his head sideways to look at Peter lying on the deck; but Peter had not moved, so everything was all right.

He told her so. He said carefully: "Everything's all right, Mary." He tried to nod, to reassure her. "It's all right, Mary," he repeated.

She said fiercely: "Hush! Oh, my brave dear!"

"It's all right," he insisted, and smiled. Something was running out of him. His life. It was running out through his arm, fast; but he must be sure Mary understood, so that she would be happy, afterward.

He tried to tell her that he knew she loved Richard, that he knew she and Richard were fine, that it was all right, that she was not to feel badly about him, or about anything.

But so much of him had already run out that there was not enough of him left to say what he wished to say; and while he lay happy in Mary's arms, the rest ran out in a dwindling little stream.

On a day almost four months later, under all sail, the Ventura moved serenely upon a white-capped sea. Richard had for the moment gone below. Mat Forbes was aft, Tommy Hanline proudly taking a turn at the wheel. Corkran and Mary stood together by the starboard rail amidships; and the parrot nibbled at Corkran's ear, and whispered wheedlingly. Two or three miles away, a whaler, bark-rigged, was outward bound; and Corkran nodded toward it and said quietly:

"That one left New Bedford no longer ago than yesterday, ma'am."

"What do you mean? Tell me."

"Well, for one thing, I'm meaning it was a fair fine word he said, to bid me go back and find Cap'n Corr that night; and a brave strong one he was to say it. If he had not bid me go, I'd not have gone; and well he knew it, for well he knew I was his man. And if I'd not gone, Mat Forbes would not. So it was himself sent us back to fetch the Cap'n, and him knowing what he knew about the true thing between the two of you. Aye, it was a grand fine thing for him to do."

She said quietly: "In my arms, at the last, he kept telling me that everything was all right."

"Aye, he would. A man, that. There was a movement aft, and he looked that way. Richard had come on deck. Her eyes followed Corkran's, and rested on Richard, and Corkran added quietly beside her: "That was what himself meant, when he told you everything was right. I tell you, he knew."

"Did he, surely?" she asked.

"Aye, he knew. When he told me we must go back, he paid the Cap'n a great compliment, ma'am; and yourself too. But you've deserved it, both of you."

She looked at him for a long moment. "How have we deserved it," she asked slowly.

He smiled at her. "Has the Cap'n said yet one word to you of the thing you're both thinking every minute that you live?"

"No, Corkran."

"No, you to him, I'll be bound."

"No."

He touched her arm. "That's how you've deserved the way himself rated you. But—let us not wait too long, nor the Cap'n either. Himself would not want you to wait longer than a fair decent time; and that you've done. And when she did not speak, he said quietly: "Be not uneasy, ma'am. If the Cap'n has not yet said his mind—and his heart—he will."

She met his eyes honestly, smiling a little. "Yes," she said. "I know he will. When we're home." Her eyes were warm and deep. "I know what he will say, Corkran."

"Aye," he assented. "And what you'll say, I'll be bound." He chuckled. "Not that words will be mattering to either one of you."

Richard came toward them, his eyes quickening on Mary as he drew near; but before he reached them, Big Pip called from the crossstrees: "Land ho, Cap'n!" Richard looked up, and Big Pip swung his arm to point. "Dead ahead!" he cried.

A great shout rose, and men went swarming into the rigging to see for themselves the dim blue line on the horizon. Corkran moved forward; but Richard stayed with Mary, and he looked down at her, not speaking. The parrot on Corkran's shoulder watched them standing together, their eyes embracing, forgetting all the world. Head on one side, the bird drawled:

"Mighty pretty."

"Corkran lifted the parrot down, held it in front of him and so that it would not see them. "And why not," he said in mild chiding; "and what right has a bird like you to peep and peer at them? Himself would have it as it is. Whose business is it anyway, but his, and theirs? Hush you, and let be."

(THE END)

VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL POSTPONED COLUMBIA

The Daily Vacation Bible school, scheduled to be conducted here shortly under the sponsorship of the Columbia Missionary Baptist church, has been postponed a few weeks, the Rev. Walter B. Guthrie, pastor, said this week.

The lack of available field workers at this time caused the postponement of the school. However it will be conducted later on this summer.

TO CHECK MALARIA IN 7 DAYS take 666

with the Cap'n dead, all else would be in Peter's hands. He would have figured so.

"Do you think he meant Cap'n Corr to fall into the pit that day?"

"Like as not! He'd been up there his own self the day before, after pig; and he must have seen many traps of the like sort in the tussocks. While we were hunting the Cap'n, we found a dozen pits like that one, or less, or maybe bigger; and there was a pig that had fresh fallen in, squealing and grunting in one of them. Aye, the mate might have meant it; but more like he just hoped it. If he'd seen the Cap'n standing on the very lip of the pit, I doubt he'd have had the heart to push him in. It was a trouble to that one that he had not the insides in him to do all the black things he could think of that he'd like to do. He's dead, rest him; but he was a bad one while he lived." He said in sober judgment: "Let that one be forgotten by every decent man forever. Amen. Himself is the fine one to remember, and us be the better for remembering."

"I always will," she whispered.

"Aye," Corkran looked at her wisely; but then he said in a new tone: "Himself knew more than most, ma'am. A wise one, that. He knew always more than you might think."

She met his eyes. "You mean more than you say."

"That I do, ma'am." His smile was reassuring.

"What do you mean? Tell me."

"Well, for one thing, I'm meaning it was a fair fine word he said, to bid me go back and find Cap'n Corr that night; and a brave strong one he was to say it. If he had not bid me go, I'd not have gone; and well he knew it, for well he knew I was his man. And if I'd not gone, Mat Forbes would not. So it was himself sent us back to fetch the Cap'n, and him knowing what he knew about the true thing between the two of you. Aye, it was a grand fine thing for him to do."

She said quietly: "In my arms, at the last, he kept telling me that everything was all right."

"Aye, he would. A man, that. There was a movement aft, and he looked that way. Richard had come on deck. Her eyes followed Corkran's, and rested on Richard, and Corkran added quietly beside her: "That was what himself meant, when he told you everything was right. I tell you, he knew."

"Did he, surely?" she asked.

"Aye, he knew. When he told me we must go back, he paid the Cap'n a great compliment, ma'am; and yourself too. But you've deserved it, both of you."

She looked at him for a long moment. "How have we deserved it," she asked slowly.

He smiled at her. "Has the Cap'n said yet one word to you of the thing you're both thinking every minute that you live?"

"No, Corkran."

"No, you to him, I'll be bound."

"No."

He touched her arm. "That's how you've deserved the way himself rated you. But—let us not wait too long, nor the Cap'n either. Himself would not want you to wait longer than a fair decent time; and that you've done. And when she did not speak, he said quietly: "Be not uneasy, ma'am. If the Cap'n has not yet said his mind—and his heart—he will."

She met his eyes honestly, smiling a little. "Yes," she said. "I know he will. When we're home." Her eyes were warm and deep. "I know what he will say, Corkran."

"Aye," he assented. "And what you'll say, I'll be bound." He chuckled. "Not that words will be mattering to either one of you."

Richard came toward them, his eyes quickening on Mary as he drew near; but before he reached them, Big Pip called from the crossstrees: "Land ho, Cap'n!" Richard looked up, and Big Pip swung his arm to point. "Dead ahead!" he cried.

A great shout rose, and men went swarming into the rigging to see for themselves the dim blue line on the horizon. Corkran moved forward; but Richard stayed with Mary, and he looked down at her, not speaking. The parrot on Corkran's shoulder watched them standing together, their eyes embracing, forgetting all the world. Head on one side, the bird drawled:

"Mighty pretty."

"Corkran lifted the parrot down, held it in front of him and so that it would not see them. "And why not," he said in mild chiding; "and what right has a bird like you to peep and peer at them? Himself would have it as it is. Whose business is it anyway, but his, and theirs? Hush you, and let be."

(THE END)

VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL POSTPONED COLUMBIA

The Daily Vacation Bible school, scheduled to be conducted here shortly under the sponsorship of the Columbia Missionary Baptist church, has been postponed a few weeks, the Rev. Walter B. Guthrie, pastor, said this week.

The lack of available field workers at this time caused the postponement of the school. However it will be conducted later on this summer.

TO CHECK MALARIA IN 7 DAYS take 666

EXAMINATION OPEN FOR RURAL CARRIER

The United States Civil Service Commission has announced an examination to fill the position of rural carrier at Fairfield, N. C. The examination will be held at Plymouth, N. C.

Receipt of applications will close on May 23, 1941.

The date of examination will be stated on admission cards mailed to applicants after the close of receipt of applications, and will be about 15 days after that date. The salary of a rural carrier on a standard route of 30 miles served daily except Sunday is \$1,800 per annum, with an additional \$20 per mile per annum for each mile or major fraction thereof in excess of 30 miles. Certain allowances are also made for the maintenance of equipment. The examination will be open only to citizens who are actually residing in the territory of the post office where the vacancy exists, who have been actually residing there for six months next preceding the closing date for receipt of applications, and who meet the other requirements set forth in Form 1977. Both men and women, if qualified, may enter this examination, but appointing officers have the legal right to specify the sex desired in requesting certification of eligibles. Form 1977 and application blanks can be obtained from the vacancy office mentioned above or from the United States Civil Service Commission at Washington, D. C. Applications must be on file with the Commission at Washington, D. C., prior to the close of business on the date specified above.

RECIPES OF THE WEEK

Virginia Electric & Power Co. from The Home Service Department

Whoever it was who first named the dish that we now term "hash" probably did not realize what a contribution she made to homemakers the world over in their efforts to solve the ever present problem of what to do with leftovers.

Although every cook has her own idea of what "hash" is, based, of course, on the manner in which she prepares it in her own home, it might be interesting to note now the eminent Webster, defines the original way to use up leftovers.

"Hash—a form of minced food prepared from material previously cooked, as meat, potatoes, bread crumbs, etc., and re-cooked by stewing or frying." You can see from this definition that hash may cover a multitude of sins. So let's raid the refrigerator and clean up all the odds and ends using your own ideas or some of the ones listed below.

Bread Dressing Ring
Break or cut up like over bread in small pieces, making sufficient quantity to fill your ring mold. Brown in butter a little diced onion, celery and green pepper, add to bread and pack in ring mold. Bake in moderate oven 350 deg. until dressing is firm. Unmold and fill center with mixed left over vegetables which have been added to cream sauce. Garnish with pimiento.

Cream Sauce
1 c. milk, scalded
2 tbsps. butter or butter substitute
2 tbsps. flour
1/2 tspn salt
Combine butter or butter substitute and flour. Add milk slowly, stirring constantly. Cook over hot water until thick and smooth. Add salt and a few grains pepper. Use for preparing creamed and scalloped foods.

Mashed Potato Mounds
Shape the cold left over mashed potatoes into mounds and dip in beaten egg, then into corn flakes that have been rolled fine. Place on buttered baking dish and bake at 300 deg. until thoroughly heated—about 30 to 40 minutes. These have all the advantages of croquettes but the preparation of them is much more simplified. An ideal accompaniment is creamed or buttered canned peas.

Meat Casserole With Mashed Potatoes and Peas
Arrange in a buttered casserole alternate layers of left over sliced meat, such as chicken or turkey, and slices of dressing. Pour over this the left over gravy and then top the dish with a generous layer of re-heated and thoroughly whipped, creamy mashed potatoes. Make a depression in the center of the potato topping and fill this with tender canned peas. Brush top with melted butter and bake in a moderate oven (300 deg.) until all contents are thoroughly heated and potato topping is a delicate brown.

Do the "ohs" and "ahs" from your family thrill you when a new recipe clicks with success? If this is the case, you'll find there will be many expressions of delight for these new Rice Muffin Fritters.

Rice Muffin Fritters with Jelly
1 egg
4 t. baking powder
1 c. milk
12 strips thinly sliced bacon
1 c. cooked rice
1 1/2 c. flour
Current jelly
1/2 t. salt
Beat egg, add milk and rice; mix thoroughly. Add flour sifter with salt and baking powder. Line 12 muffin tins with the strips of bacon. Fill with batter. Bake in hot oven at 425 deg. about 30 minutes. Turn upside down to serve, and top each with a spoonful of currant jelly.

SLADESVILLE NEWS

Bridge Party

The Monday Night Bridge Club met with Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Credle. Visitors from Belhaven were Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Credle, Carl Credle and Miss Frances Credle and Charles Latham.

High score prize for the men was won by H. C. Triplett and Mrs. Triplett high score for the ladies, Miss Texas Sears won low score. Cake, whipped cream and lemonade were served as refreshments.

H. F. Noble of Belhaven was a visitor here Friday.

Joe Levenson was in Belhaven on business Friday.

N. F. Sears was in Swan Quarter on business Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Gibbs were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Sears and family in Fairfield Sunday.

John Blake spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Blake here.

Johnnie Sadler who is working in Norfolk spent the week end with his family.

Chas. W. Ayres, Jr., left Sunday to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Ayres, Sr., in Norfolk.

John Blake returned to Norfolk accompanied by Ellis Sawyer and Talmadge Carawan who expect to find employment there.

Lee Sawyer spent the week end with his family. He is employed at Swan Quarter in the high school WPA project.

J. P. Woodard was here recruiting girls for the NYA center recently.

Gratz Credle was a business visitor in Swan Quarter Thursday.

Edward Credle spent the week end at home with his parents and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lupton of Washington, N. C., spent the week end with their respective parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Lupton and Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Fisher.

Leroy Sawyer of Williamston, N. C., spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Sawyer.

Elliott Lupton of Norfolk spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Lupton.

Miss Louella McCullen left for her home Monday morning.

Joe Levenson left Monday for his home in Benson, N. C.

Mrs. George Clarke spent Sunday with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Sam Clarke.

Rhodes Lupton visited friends here Sunday.

FAIRFIELD NEWS

Mrs. Stella Simmons, who has been visiting relatives here, left Wednesday for California, where she will spend some time with her son.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Cave spent the week end at Olar, S. C., with their respective parents.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Watson and Mrs. Willie O'Neal spent Friday in Elizabeth City.

Mrs. R. G. Roebuck left Friday for Washington where she will receive treatment under Dr. Englehardt.

R. C. Poiner and A. C. Longhorn of Burlington, N. C., were visitors here Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie and son, Eugene, of S. C., attended the graduation exercises here Wednesday night.

R. G. Roebuck and Harry O'Neal attended the Greenville-Williamston ball game at Greenville Saturday.

Harvey Campbell of Washington was a visitor here last week.

Mrs. A. G. Harris left Sunday for Manteo, where she will spend the summer with Dr. Harris who is stationed at the CCC camp.

Mrs. E. N. Murray was hostess to the Fairfield Book Club, Tuesday evening, May 6.

Mrs. H. C. Jones, Sr., presided in the absence of the president.

Mrs. Arthur Bell Harris led the devotional service.

Mrs. Franklin Midyette was welcomed as a member.

Guests, besides the members, were Mrs. Stella Simmons and Mrs. Homer Cave.

Mrs. Murray served cherry ice cream pie.

ENGELHARD NEWS NOTES

Miss Dorothy Long and Miss Novoline Long spent last Tuesday in Swan Quarter with friends.

Mrs. Frances Cokes of Norfolk is spending some time here with her mother, Mrs. Lydia Harris.

Miss Evy Midgette of Belhaven spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Addie Midgette.

Miss Ruth Frazzelle of the high school faculty has returned to her home in Rich Square.

Misses Exedell and Edna Cahoon of Newport News, Va., spent Sunday here with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Pinkham and little son, Jimmy, spent Saturday in Washington.

Mrs. Mary Hopkins of Norfolk, who has been spending sometime here with her daughter, Mrs. J. M. Long, has returned home this week. She was accompanied by Mrs. Long.

Horace Gibbs of Newport News, Va., spent the week end here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Gibbs.

Mrs. S. S. Neal and son, Royden Neal, spent Sunday in Swan Quarter as the guest of Mrs. Neal's sister, Mrs. R. L. Ropeer and family.

Miss Robena Gibbs left recently for Newport News, Va., where she will spend some time.

Mrs. Belle Credle, who has spent the last several months in MacDonald, N. C., with her daughter, Mrs. R. L. Shirren, has returned home. She was accompanied by her little granddaughter, Margaret Shirren.

Miss Robena Gibbs left recently for Newport News, Va., where she will spend some time.

Mrs. Belle Credle, who has spent the last several months in MacDonald, N. C., with her daughter, Mrs. R. L. Shirren, has returned home. She was accompanied by her little granddaughter, Margaret Shirren.

Miss Robena Gibbs left recently for Newport News, Va., where she will spend some time.

Mrs. Belle Credle, who has spent the last several months in MacDonald, N. C., with her daughter, Mrs. R. L. Shirren, has returned home. She was accompanied by her little granddaughter, Margaret Shirren.

Miss Robena Gibbs left recently for Newport News, Va., where she will spend some time.

Mrs. Belle Credle, who has spent the last several months in MacDonald, N. C., with her daughter, Mrs. R. L. Shirren, has returned home. She was accompanied by her little granddaughter, Margaret Shirren.

Miss Robena Gibbs left recently for Newport News, Va., where she will spend some time.

Mrs. Belle Credle, who has spent the last several months in MacDonald, N. C., with her daughter, Mrs. R. L. Shirren, has returned home. She was accompanied by her little granddaughter, Margaret Shirren.

Miss Robena Gibbs left recently for Newport News, Va., where she will spend some time.

Mrs. Belle Credle, who has spent the last several months in MacDonald, N. C., with her daughter, Mrs. R. L. Shirren, has returned home. She was accompanied by her little granddaughter, Margaret Shirren.

Miss Robena Gibbs left recently for Newport News, Va., where she will spend some time.

Mrs. Belle Credle, who has spent the last several months in MacDonald, N. C., with her daughter, Mrs. R. L. Shirren, has returned home. She was accompanied by her little granddaughter, Margaret Shirren.

Miss Robena Gibbs left recently for Newport News, Va., where she will spend some time.

Mrs. Belle Credle, who has spent the last several months in MacDonald, N. C., with her daughter, Mrs. R. L. Shirren, has returned home. She was accompanied by her little granddaughter, Margaret Shirren.

Miss Robena Gibbs left recently for Newport News, Va., where she will spend some time.

Mrs. Belle Credle, who has spent