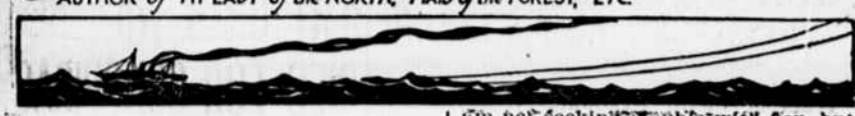


"CONTRABAND"

A Romance of the North Atlantic
By RANDALL PARRISH



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Robert Hollis, one-time captain, who tells the story, is a guest on Gerald Carrington's yacht, Esmeralda. It is supposed to be a "stag" party and Hollis is surprised on discovering a woman, who evidently wishes to remain unknown, aboard.

CHAPTER II—Hollis, the next night, succeeds in having an interview with the woman. She merely tells him her name is Vera.

CHAPTER III—Carrington tells his guests of the coming war, and that he is engineering a copper pool.

CHAPTER IV—The yacht is sunk in a collision and Hollis saves McCann, millionaire, and one of the party.

CHAPTER V—Hollis and McCann rescue Vera and leave the ship in a small boat.

CHAPTER VI—Hollis and Vera become friendly, though he is unaware of her identity.

CHAPTER VII—McCann refuses to submit to Hollis' authority, and the latter enforces it.

I am not seeking trouble with you, but you will obey my orders while we are afloat here, or take the consequences. That half biscuit is your ration; eat it, or leave it, as you please, but you'll cut out the profanity, and I'll not warn you again."

He was too great a coward to force the issue, and fell to munching his biscuit, one hand gripping the gunwale, as though he wished myrothor was between his fingers. As I nibbled at my own small portion, watchful of his



"He Has a Revolver."

movements, and thinking of how best to keep the fellow at a safe distance, the girl leaned toward me, and whispered a word in my ear.

"He has a revolver. I saw the butt in his pocket, while he lay asleep in the bow. You will be careful, Mr. Hollis."

"You need have no fear for me," I answered reassuringly, and ventured to touch her hand where it rested on the thwart between us. "I have been a bucko mate, my lady, and learned how to handle his kind. If he ever draws a gun on me out here, I'll teach him something he never learned yet in Wall Street."

The hours of that day fairly dragged along, as we stared out dull-eyed on the same vista of sea and sky. The girl and I talked, avoiding as much as possible all reference to our situation, and the fate of the yacht, our conversation drifting here and there. We spoke of books, of art, of drama, and she exhibited even a wider range of knowledge on these subjects than I possessed, while her comments were keen and original—not pedantic, nor bookish in any way, but the outspoken frankness of young womanhood. Indeed, she was wholesome all through, her face a mirror of her nature, her eyes reflecting back each mood. Never before had I met one of her sex so deeply interesting, so unconventional and plain-spoken.

However, our conversation lapsed at last, through sheer weariness on my part. I had been at the steering oar so long, staring out into that drear expanse of ocean and sky, that every muscle of my body ached, and my eyes could scarcely be forced to remain open. In the silence she must have noticed this, for she exclaimed suddenly: "Why, I never thought! you must be nearly dead with fatigue. Let me take the oar while you sleep."

"I am afraid I shall have to," I admitted, "for I must keep awake to-night. You feel competent?"

"Why, of course; you saw me steer. If anything goes wrong I can call you easily enough. Please lie down for a few hours."

I looked about, permitting her to grasp the oar, and slip into my seat. "Really I feel as if I must," I said regretfully, "and there can be no danger while things keep as they are. Call me, though, if there is a change in the weather, for that jury mast will never stand any weight of wind."

"I promise; but I am a better boatman than you think."

I must have slept for several hours undisturbed, for, when I finally opened my eyes once more the sky above us was beginning to turn purple with twilight, and the breeze had failed, so that the sail flapped idly against its improvised mast. This, perhaps, was the noise which had aroused me. I sat up wide awake instantly, and stared about me in the boat. There was little change noticeable; Miss Vera still clung to the steering oar, showing no outward signs of weariness, and greeted me with a smile and nod of the head; but McCann had moved forward, and sat playing idly with an open jack-knife.

"I bear testimony that you slept well, Mr. Hollis," the girl said cheerfully.

"I did not realize until I lay down how weary I was," I replied, adopting her manner, "but really you had no right to let me lie so long. Why, I

must have been sleeping three or four hours, and you will be tired out."

"Oh, no; it was no trick at all. The wind kept steady until just a few moments ago, and I do not feel in the least fatigued."

"And you have seen nothing? no smoke, no sail?"

She shook her head, her eyes grown grave.

"Not a thing; we seem to be absolutely alone in the immensity of the sea—just one great wave after the other. It—It gets on my nerves."

"It certainly does; such a sight has driven more than one insane. But what does this mean? Why is the biscuit bag out here?"

I pointed to the bottom of the boat, beyond her feet. Her eyes met mine, her answer made in a whisper.

"He—he crept back here while I was adjusting my oar, and took two."

"McCann?"

"Yes, he had the bag before I noticed, and I thought it best not to anger him then, for he held that open knife in his hand."

"You should have called me."

"The mischief was done before I had any time. Besides I knew you needed the sleep. What are you going to do?"

I smiled a bit grimly, glimpsing him beneath the sail.

"I am about to give Mr. Fergus McCann, late of New York, a little specimen of sea discipline which I hope may last him for the remainder of this voyage."

"I replied quietly. "Hold the boat steady, Miss Vera, and leave me to attend to this degenerate son of wealth."

I crept forward, scarcely jarring the frail craft, and was beyond the jury mast before the fellow had aroused sufficiently from his knife play even to note my approach. He stared at me insolently, leaving the keen blade trembling in the plank.

"McCann," I began, wasting no time in preliminaries, lifting myself on one knee, and facing him, "the young lady says you took advantage of my being sound asleep to help yourself to biscuits; is that so?"

"Well, what if I did? I was hungry."

"So am I; so no doubt is the lady, for the matter of that. Hunger is no justification for stealing. You were not starving; you received exactly the same share we did. More than that, I have assumed command of this boat, because I am the only one on board knowing the ways of the sea. I told you plainly what you were to do, and I propose to enforce my orders. Not another bite will be given you today, or tomorrow."

"Is that so?" he drawled, a wicked smile revealing his teeth. "You must think you are dealing with a foremast hand. It takes something besides threats to run me, Mr. Robert Hollis."

He half arose to his feet, but I forced him back onto the thwart none too gently. His face was red with passion, his eyes malevolent.

"D— you! take your hands off me!" he snarled. "No blustering sea bully is going to make me jump at the crook of his finger. You touch me again, and I'll show you who I am, you big brute. Me take orders from you? Why, pooh; I've got more money in New York than you ever saw."

"If you owned the Bank of England it would mean nothing to me. You will do what I say, or I'll make you."

"You will? How?"

"No matter how; I've trained more men than you to obedience in my time, and always found a way."

"Huh! the bucko-mate business, hey?" he sneered. "Well, just try that on me, if you think it safe. I'll show you—"

His hand darted back toward his hip pocket, but I was looking for the movement, and ready. His fingers had barely gripped the butt of his weapon when my clinched fist crashed into his face. I have struck harder blows, for I was not poised to put my whole weight behind it, yet the man went over as though felled by an ax, and lay huddled in the bows quivering like a jelly fish. I jerked the revolver from the grip of his hand, dropped it into my pocket, wrenched the open knife from the wood in which it stuck, and closed the blade.

"Get up now, you fool," I ordered sharply. "Oh, yes, you will," and I gripped him by the collar and lifted him roughly to his knees. "That is likely to be the last time you will ever attempt to pull a gun on me. Make another movement, McCann, and I'll throw you overboard. You take your weapons away from me, and you must jump when I speak, or I shall take pleasure in breaking every bone in your body. Do you understand that?"

I doubt if he could see out of one eye, but the other exhibited a terror almost pitiable.

"Y—yes."

"Say sir, when you speak to me."

"Yes—yes, sir."

"You'll keep to this end of the boat hereafter; whether I am asleep or awake, you stay forward of the jury mast."

(To Be Continued.)

CHICKEN LIVERS.

An old hen has a much larger liver than you in proportion to weight or food eaten. Then it follows that they get bilious just like you do. They are grouchy, cross, unhappy. Start her liver and make her happy. Then she will lay eggs all winter. Come and get a package of B. A. Thomas Poultry Powder. Feed it occasionally. See your hens perk up—hear them sing—look for eggs. Your money back if it fails.

LANCASTER Mercantile Co.

EIGHT MEN LOST LIVES ON TRANSPORT FINLAND

Five Sailors Drown Indicating That Ship's Company Took to Small Boats.

Washington, Nov. 5.—The torpedoing of the homeward bound army transport Finland in the war zone four days ago resulted in the death of two members of the naval armed guard, two army enlisted men and four of the ship's civilian crew. A third naval seaman is missing.

Vice Admiral Sims' report of the casualties to the navy department added no details to the announcement yesterday that the Finland had been torpedoed, but had been able to reach a European port under her own steam. The casualty list as made public late today follows:

Members of the naval gun crew: James W. Henry, seaman, second class, dead. Next of kin Rose Henry, 43 Reynolds Street, Harrison, N. J.

Newton R. Head, seaman, dead. Next of kin not given. Home address Cleveland, Ga.

Porter Hilton, seaman, second class, missing. Mother, Mrs. Lizzie Hilton, Toccoa, Ga.

Members of Finland's crew:

MAKES RAPID HEADWAY.

Add This Fact to Your Store of Knowledge.

Kidney disease often advances so rapidly that many a person is firmly in its grasp before aware of its progress. Prompt attention should be given the slightest symptom of kidney disorder. If there is a dull pain in the back, headaches, dizzy spells or a tired, worn-out feeling, or if the kidney secretions are offensive, irritable and attended with pain, procure a good kidney remedy at once. Thousands recommend Doan's Kidney Pills. Read the statement below.

Tobe McCollum, retired farmer, Hemphill Ave., Chester, S. C., says: "I had bladder trouble and the kidney secretions were scanty in passage. I had a constant desire to void the secretions, often having to get up during the night. I had seen Doan's Kidney Pills recommended and got a box. This one box cured me of the trouble and the cure has lasted."

Price 60c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that cured Mr. McCollum. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv.

Iron Is Greatest of All Strength Builders, Says Doctor

A Secret of the Great Endurance and Powers of Athletes

Ordinary Nourished Iron Will Make Dull-ops, Nervous, Run-down People 100 Per Cent Stronger in Two Weeks' Time in Many Cases.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Most people foolishly seem to think they are going to get renewed health and strength from some stimulating medicine, secret nostrum or narcotic drug, said Dr. E. Bauer, Boston Physician who has studied widely both in this country and in Great European Medical Institutions when, as a matter of fact, real and true strength can only come from the food you eat. But people often fail to get the strength out of their food because they haven't enough iron in their blood to enable it to change food into living matter. From their weakened, nervous condition they know something is wrong but they can't tell what, so they generally commence doctoring for stomach, liver or kidney trouble or symptoms of some other ailment caused by lack of iron in the blood. This thing may go on for years, while the patient suffers untold agony. If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nourished iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while,

double their strength and endurance and entirely get rid of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated like nourished iron if you want it to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete or prize-fighter has won the day simply because they knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray, while many another has gone down to inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron.

NOTE—Nourished Iron, recommended above by Dr. E. Bauer, is one of the newer organic iron compounds. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not irritate the bowels, makes black nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion, as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nourished Iron that they offer to forfeit \$100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron and increase their strength 100 per cent, or over, in four weeks time provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed in this city by all good druggists.

LANCASTER Drug Co., Lancaster
Pharmacy, J. F. Mackey Co., Midway Drug Store, Standard Drug Co.

WATERS OF THE CATAWBA CLAIM FOUR NEGRO MEN

Chester, Nov. 1.—Jim Perry, Will Garther, Will Lumpkin and a fourth negro were drowned in Catawaba River at Great Falls this evening, when they, along with four other negroes, endeavored to escape from a gasoline boat which suddenly burst into flames. They had come up the river from near the Rock Creek station of the Southern Power Company, where they were working, and were filling the tank of the boat with gasoline for the return trip when it is thought one of the negroes struck a match to ignite a cigarette. The negroes were drowned while fighting wildly to reach the bank only ten feet away. Efforts were made to rescue the men. The river is only 12 feet deep where the drowning occurred.

Regulate the bowels when they fail to move properly. HERBINE is an admirable bowel regulator. It helps the liver and stomach and restores a fine feeling of strength and buoyancy. Price 50c. Sold by all dealers in medicine.—Adv.

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Removal Sale

NOW GOING ON

BIG BARGAINS IN SHOES THIS WEEK

LOOK FOR THE POINTING FINGER OVER OUR DOOR

HIRSCH'S

LANCASTER'S FASTEST GROWING STORE