

SPINDRIFT

An Adventure of the Great Lakes

By HAROLD TITUS

INSTALMENT 18.

Haines story had lost conviction for the brothers, and their meeting with John settled them in their opinion that Haines had not told all he knew, or else had told much more than he actually knew.

So the master of the North Star was without support in his ambition to rid the village of the man who had broken in on his courtship of Janet Needham. More the fruit of transitory emotion. The casualness with which John threw him into the water, the utter absence of fear in the man struck him through his jealous wrath to the cowardice in his heart. Alone he would grind his teeth and curse loudly and try to stimulate that race to the point of action again, but he could not.

Night after night he sat on the white boulder of Little Summer and smoked furiously and tried to plan. But things got in the way of his plans: for of Goodheart, for one thing; memories, too, memories that

fostered doubt and kept crawling up to shake his confidence. . . Ah, Val Haines had memories!

Those memories kept sleep from him at night, made him prow through the village along the country roads when others slept, and they became so poignant that at times they roused him from his chair at meals and set him cursing the cook and the rest of his crew.

When he rowed over to the island he covered the distance as though something more tangible than memories pursued him, sending his skiff beached in the cove. His lifting of the bass net was more perfunctory than ever now. He would jump out to the skiff and run through the bushes, dropping to his knees beside the white boulder and striking matches to have a good view of the lake about it. Always when no other tracks than his own showed there a sign of relief slipped from his lips.

He came nearer to approaching

contentment there than in any other place. Anyone listening would have believed when he talked aloud—for he did talk—that he was conversing with another person. No one was near him, of course, but his words would have yielded that impression for he said things such as these:

"You'll wait, I know you'll wait. You're mine . . . the very best friend I have. . . If it weren't for Goodheart you'd be out, by now. . . You'd come out of your nest. . . He's being here that's changed. . . But you'll go to work for her—for me, I mean—before long. . . I'll promise you that. . . That's my promise!"

And each night that he left the boulder he would kneel at its north side and pat the ground with his hand, almost as in a gesture of affection or reassurance.

But there was little assurance about the man himself. He was afraid, afraid of shadows and memories and afraid of a man who refused to be frightened.

Twice weekly, when the day's life was in, he wheeled his tug to Escanaba with his fish and the fish netted by the other rigs to start them on their way to market. He was always alone in the tug, and he was always alone in the pilot house on that trip and often took with him only Blackman, his silent, busy engineer.

It was less than a three-hour run for the North Star. They docked, transferred the boxes of iced fish to express trucks, and returned at once, being gone scarcely ever more than six hours on the errand.

But one afternoon there was trouble with the pump and the tug drifted, idly off Corona Shoal until darkness came, while Haines and Blackman worked over the broken-down apparatus. They docked late and the trucks were not waiting for them.

Haines cursed over the delay. He cursed at every little thing that went wrong now. He left the tug, telephoned to the express office, and fumed while he waited for the truck to appear. When it did the driver had no help and to make certain that his shipment would go toward Chicago that night, Haines himself mounted the seat beside the other and went with him to the railway station.

When the work was done and the truck gone toward its garage, the fisherman stepped into the waiting-room of the station on a minor errand. It was warm in there and pleasant after the raw October winds outside and he spread his hands to the stove to dry them from the cold slime accumulated by handling the boxes.

His eyes roved, the walls idly, taking in the Safety First slogans, the warnings against forest fires and other things that are posted in the men's waiting-rooms of Northern railroad stations.

A poster on a bulletin board attracted him. Rather, the one word which he could make out from where he stood caught his attention. The word, printed in heavy black letters, was:

office.

Voices came to him from the women's waiting-room and in the men's a lone youth walked aimlessly around. Others were on the platform; one followed Haines into the room.

He tried to appear to be a casual waiter for the train's arrival, but his eyes persisted in straying toward the reward poster. The lad whom he had found in the room gazed at it and read what Haines had read, and Haines heart rapped his ribs as he watched the boy. He felt relief when the youth turned away, unimpressed. Faintly the whistle of a locomotive came to his ears. Feet shuffled on the floor, the doors opened. . . A bell changed, its sound coming nearer and clearer. The locomotive slid past the station, fire streaming from the tires of its drive wheels. . . He was alone in the room.

The agent's voice, talking into a telephone transmitter. . . A quick look. . . The man's back was toward the open ticket window. One step and he was within reach of the bulletin board; one sweep of his arm and the poster was torn from the wall. He thrust it into the world to spread the news that John Goodheart was Carl Garrison and had no right to be moving about among free men. He thrust it into the front of his shirt. Not into a pocket. He treasured it too highly for that. He tucked it in against his body, against his hot skin.

Haines hastened out through the disembarking passengers and the platform crowd. He walked swiftly down to the harbor front and boarded his tug. Blackman was waiting for him and cast off the lines. Without a word Haines entered the pilot house, rang for speed ahead, spun the wheel, and piloted his craft out from beneath the shadow of the ore dock, out into the channel, past the light-house with its flashing red eye, and down Little Bay de Noc toward Green Bay and the way home.

Settled on his course he laughed, here alone with no light save the faint reflection from the binnacle. He filled his pipe and fired the tobacco with great attention to detail, such as a man will give in whose heart is a pronounced sense of well-being.

After a time he looked out on the deck, first on the port side, then on the starboard, but Blackman was not to be seen; he was down in the little fire, between boiler and engine. Val Haines was alone with his secret and his tug, which no longer pursued him; memories at which he could laugh now.

He drew the poster from his breast and smoothed it carefully, holding it close to the compass that he might see.

He read every word that was printed on it, but he did not look at the face of Carl Garrison until he was finished. When he did he swallowed sharply and folded the poster quickly. He tucked it back in that place over his heart which beat a trifle rapidly.

"Hell, and I was afraid!" he said to himself. "Afraid! . . . After all these weeks! . . . And when I've got him—got him—in my hand. . . That!" He gripped his fingers into a tight fist. "To squeeze—to squeeze! To squeeze the breath out of his body and the—the high-and-mighty—"

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

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JANISSE FREED ON ALL COUNTS

Jury Finds Husband of Woman Facing Shooting Charge Is Innocent.

Canadian Press Despatch, Windsor, Oct. 22.—Arthur Janisse, accused of murder on three counts, was acquitted late this afternoon in the supreme court, Sandwich, after the jury had deliberated just eighteen minutes. His wife, Ruth A. Janisse, was tried on a similar charge last week, the charge being reduced to manslaughter. She will come up for sentence, it is expected, the first of next week. The two were arrested following the shooting of Clayton McMullin, young battery service station proprietor, on Aug. 12.

The counts against Janisse were: (1) murdering Clayton McMullin, of poisoning Ruth Janisse to murder, and of harboring and maintaining her after the murder, knowing it to have been committed.

When it seemed the prisoner for "foolishness," Mr. Justice Grant's charge was equivalent to an order to the jury, to acquit the accused. The court pointed out that Janisse's action in taking his wife to the hospital immediately after the shooting, when he found she had shot herself in the leg, was a natural one, and that account, the charge of harboring her after the murder could hardly stand.

Coming to discussion of the second count, of inciting his wife to commit the murder, the court reviewed the evidence from the time Janisse and McMullin and his wife at the first of this year.

"From that time on," the court said, "in the words of defence counsel, that man must have suffered the torment of hell. His actions from that point on are incomprehensible to me. I cannot believe I could have done what he did, or stood for what he stood. That he did so, however, is uncontroverted evidence, and we must believe it. Perhaps he has more Christianity than I have; at any rate these are the things he did."

"If there was any evidence before us that Janisse ever said 'I'll get McMullin, or I'll get even with McMullin, or anything of that nature, my

Act Incomprehensible.

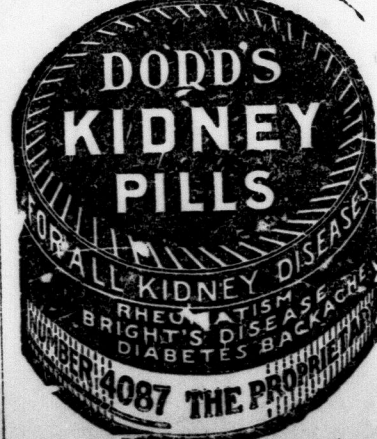
"I must say to you," the court continued, "frankly and fairly, that we have no evidence Arthur Janisse had any knowledge or idea his wife was following McMullin for the purpose of shooting him."

"We may have our suspicions of what Janisse knew and thought, but we cannot hang a man on suspicion, and we cannot convict a man on suspicion. Whatever your suspicions and my suspicions may be, there is no evidence here on which you can convict him of being an accessory before the fact, or as who counsels, aids or abets."

"Janisse was a fool, but you cannot convict a man for being a fool before the fact, or as who counsels, aids or abets."

"If you have a reasonable doubt," the court concluded, "and I think you have occasion for reasonable doubt that Janisse knew what his wife intended to do, it is your duty to bring in a verdict of not guilty."

Following the charge, Mr. Frapp requested that the jury be instructed that they might draw whatever inference they chose of the accused's



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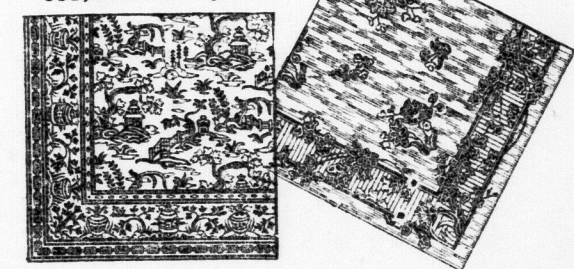
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charge would be vastly different, but there is no evidence that he ever expressed such feelings to anyone. The evidence is before us, and we must accept it, no matter what we suspect. That McMullin and Janisse were on friendly terms."

Pointing out that no evidence was introduced to show that Janisse knew his wife had the revolver, the court continued to review the events of the night of Aug. 12.

"In my judgment he did wrong not to take his wife home on that night," the court said. "But he did nothing for which we can convict him. I think the man was foolish. I think he was a fool to allow his wife to risk burning her fingers again. But we cannot convict him for being foolish. He was weak, and occasionally he was weak results in effects as bad as if one were criminal, but we cannot convict a man for being weak."

"Have No Evidence."

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conduct apart from the evidence before the court.

gives rise to alarming rumors, but the French nation as a whole, with undisturbed equanimity, watches the franc tumble with increasing rapidity, and listens to the threatening reports of a capital levy, inflation, and a possible cut of from 30 to 50 per cent in the interest on government bonds without a trace of financial stampede. This is the saving feature of the situation, and the bourse today, despite the weakness of the franc, was firm.

The fatalities occurred when mounted police were clearing the masses of seething humanity.

SUGGESTION NOT APPROVED.

Associated Press Despatch, Berlin, Oct. 22.—A suggestion from London that President Von Hindenburg be invited there to sign the Locarno agreement for Germany is regarded in official circles as impossible unless the British and Italian kings and the French president also agreed to attend the ceremonies.

54 ARE KILLED BY POLICE AT GREAT FAIR IN EGYPT

Associated Press Despatch, London, Oct. 22.—A Cairo despatch

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