

Copyright by Paget Newspaper Service—By Special Arrangement with Thos. Allen, Publishers.

THE little lake port of Manitowoc, which he reached in the afternoon, was turbulent with the lake season's approaching close. Long lines of bulk freighters, loaded and tied up to wait for spring, filled the river; their released crews rioted through the town. Alan inquired for the seamen's drinking place, where his informant had met Jim Burr; following the directions he received he made his way along the river bank until he found it. The place was neat, immaculate; a score of lakemen sat talking at little tables or leaned against the bar. Alan inquired of the proprietor for Jim Burr.

The proprietor knew old Jim Burr—yes. Burr was a wheelsman on Car-ferry Number 25. He was a lakeman, experienced and capable; that fact, some months before, had served as introduction for him to the frequenters of this place. When the ferry was in harbor and his duties left him idle, Burr came up and waited there, occupying always the same chair. He never drank; he never spoke to others unless they spoke first to him, but then he talked freely about old days on the lakes, about ships which had been lost and about men long dead.

Alan decided that there could be no better place to interview old Burr than here; he waited therefore, and in the early evening the old man came in.

Alan watched him curiously as, without speaking to any one, he went to the chair recognized as his and sat down. He was a slender but muscularly built man seeming about sixty-five, but he might be considerably younger or older than that. His hair was completely white; his nose was thin and sensitive; his face was smoothly placid, emotionless, contented; his eyes were queerly clouded, deepset and intent.

Those whose names Alan had found on Corvet's list had been of all ages, young and old; but Burr might well have been a contemporary of Corvet on the lakes. Alan moved over and took a seat beside the old man.

"You're from No. 25?" he asked, to draw him into conversation.

"Yes."

"I've been working on the carrier Pontiac as lookout. She's on her way to tie up at Cleveland, so I left her and came on here. You don't know whether there's a chance for me to get a place through the winter on No. 25?"

Old Burr reflected. "One of our boys has been talking of leaving. I don't know when he expects to go. You might ask."

"Thank you; I will. My name's Conrad—Alan Conrad."

He saw no recognition of the name in Burr's reception of it; but he had not expected that. None of those on Benjamin Corvet's list had had any knowledge of Alan Conrad or had heard the name before.

Alan was silent, watching the old man; Burr, silent too, seemed listening to the conversation which came to them from the tables near by, where men were talking of cargoes, and of ships and of men who worked and sailed upon them.

"How long have you been on the lakes?" Alan inquired.

"All my life." The question awakened reminiscence in the old man. "My father had a farm. I didn't like farming. The schooners—they were almost all schooners in those days—came in to load with lumber. When I was nine years old, I ran away and got on board a schooner. I've been at it, sail or steam, ever since."

"Do you remember the Miwaka?"

"The Miwaka?"

Old Burr turned abruptly and studied Alan with a slow scrutiny which seemed to look him through and through; yet while his eyes remained fixed on Alan suddenly they grew blank. He was not thinking now of Alan, but had turned his thoughts within himself.

"I remember her—yes. She was lost in '95," he said. "In '95," he repeated.

"You lost a nephew with her, didn't you?"

"A nephew—no. That is a mistake. I lost a brother."

"Where were you living then?"

"In Emmet County, Michigan."

"When did you move to Point Corbay, Ontario?"

"I never lived at Point Corbay."

"Did any of your family live there?"

"No." Old Burr looked away from Alan, and the queer cloudiness of his eyes became more evident.

"Why do you ask all this?" he said irritably. "What have they been telling you about me? I told you about myself; our farm was in Emmet County, but we had a liking for the lake. One of my brothers was lost in '95 with the Miwaka and another in '99 with the Susan Hart."

"Did you know Benjamin Corvet?" Alan asked.

OLD Burr stared at him uncertainly. "I know who he is, of course."

"You never met him?"

"No."

"Did you receive a communication from him some time this year?"

"From him? From Benjamin Corvet? No." Old Burr's uneasiness seemed to increase. "What sort of communication?"

"A request to send some things to Miss Constance Sherrill at Harbor Point."

"I never heard of Miss Constance Sherrill. To send what things?"

"Several things—among them a watch which had belonged to Captain Stafford of the Miwaka."

Old Burr got up suddenly and stood gazing down at Alan. "A watch of

Captain Stafford's?—no," he said agitatedly. "No!"

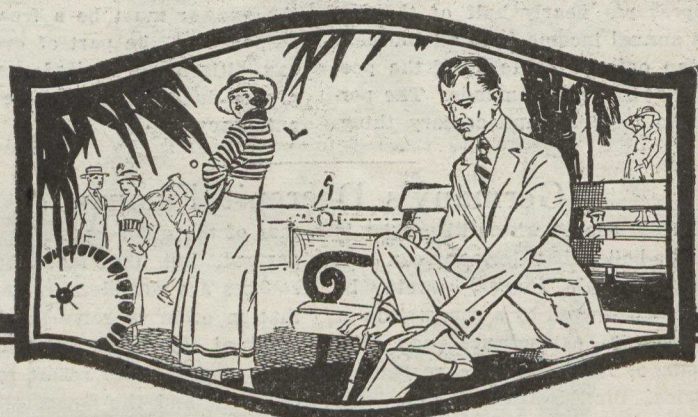
He moved away and left the place; and Alan sprang up and followed him.

He was not, it seemed probable to Alan now, the James Burr of Corvet's list; at least Alan could not see how he could be that one. Among the names of the crew of the Miwaka Alan had found that of a Frank Burr, and his inquiries had informed him that this man was a nephew of the James Burr who had lived near Port Corbay and had "disappeared" with all his family. Old Burr had not lived at Port Corbay—at least, he claimed not to have lived there; he gave another address and assigned to himself quite different connections. For every member of the crew of the Miwaka there had been a corresponding, but different name upon Corvet's list—the name of a close relative. If old Burr was not related to the Burr on Corvet's list, what connection could he have with the Miwaka, and why

should Alan's questions have agitated him so? Alan would not lose sight of old Burr until he had learned the reason for that.

HE followed, as the old man crossed the bridge and turned to his left among the buildings on the river front. Burr's figure, vague in the dusk, crossed the railroad yards and made its way to where a huge black bulk, which Alan recognized as the ferry, loomed at the waterside. He disappeared aboard it. Alan, following him, gazed about.

A long, broad, black boat the ferry was, almost four hundred feet to the tall, bluff bow. Seen from the stem, the ship seemed only an unusually rugged and powerful steam freighter; viewed from the beam, the vessel appeared slightly short for its freeboard; only when observed from the stern did its distinguishing peculiarity become plain; for a few feet only above the water line, the stern was all cut away, and the long, low cavern of the deck gleamed with rails upon which the electric lights glinted. Save for the supports of the superstructure and where the funnels and ventilator pipes passed up from below, that whole strata of the ship was a vast car shed; its tracks, running to the edge of the stern, touched tracks on the dock. A freight engine was backing loaded cars from a train of sixteen cars upon the rails on the starboard side; another train of sixteen big box cars waited to go aboard on the tracks



Miserable Corns. How to end them

Touchy corns make thousands suffer—on pleasure trips—in business—at home—everywhere.

Until they once try Blue-jay. Then they are corn-free forever.

Painful corns are utterly needless. Science has brought relief. The medicated spot of wax on a Blue-jay Plaster stops pain instantly.

Then in 48 hours the corn painlessly comes out.

Harsh liquids are dangerous and messy. Paring may bring infection.

B&B
Blue-jay
For Corns

*Stops Pain Instantly
Ends Corns Completely*
Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

BAUER & BLACK, Limited
Makers of Surgical Dressings

No corn can resist Blue-jay. Yet this way is most gentle.

The chemist of a concern known the world over for its surgical dressings discovered Blue-jay. He studied corns for 25 years.

So with Science's way at your command, no touchy corn need ever bother you again.

Blue-jay Plasters are sold everywhere at drug stores for 25 cents per package. Buy a package now.

End your corn at once and never let one pain again.

Chicago, Toronto, New York