

# TRUE STORIES OF Adventure

## Vengeance of the Dead

BY CAPT. HENRY MANSFIELD.

Author of "Scotty Smith's Republic," etc.

Twenty years ago every sailor who headed for the banks and deep-sea fishing was worthy of the name of seaman knew of Capt. Sandy McKenzie, dean of the fleet. He was a big, bluff, barrel-chested Scotchman, with a heart as tender as a woman's when you got on the right side of him, and a temper, once aroused, as destructive as a typhoon. And as they remember Capt. McKenzie they also recall the Susan, out of Gloucester, as "handy a three-sticker as ever left the grease from her ways in the Atlantic."

In those days the seamen who stuck and made good, particularly if he was a man in command, had to know men and himself, for life aboard ship was not a snazzy affair at best.

And plenty of men had had names for brutality as a result. But none of them was more widely known in this particular than Fighting Red Crosby, who held a record for brutality and downright cruelty that was second to none in those waters.

It was said by some that he would rather crush a man before the mast into submission than take his grog. However, he never but once killed a man.

Most of us had signed up for the year's cruise and had our dunnage aboard ship before we knew that Red Crosby was to fill the date. I was the marking of the first time, but all the seas wouldn't have kept the Susan but for a tail at I had with Capt. McKenzie.

It is enough for this yarn that, when he was done, I gave him my word to stick. My promise in mind, I went back to the crew and guaranteed twenty different kinds of living purgatory to the man who made trouble before or during the voyage. The result was we took the Susan out of Gloucester full manned and Crosby, his wild, red hair and beard flying in the wind, at the wheel.

I kept a close watch on the mate for the first few days, expecting to show his hand as soon as we were clear of land, but he was as docile as the new cabin boy.

Somehow I felt that this didn't mean any good for us. When you believe that there is to be a storm you want to have it break so that you can know the worst instead of feeling it hanging overhead, leaving you in suspense. I kept my thoughts to myself and had the opportunity of wiping up the fo'c'st'le with two sailors who were foolish enough to talk along the lines I was thinking. I was young and the fight put my mind into normal channels again.

There were two other members of our ship's family who were destined to play important parts in the weird experience that followed.

One of them was Chang, the cook, a slant-eyed heathen of a Chinese, who could get up a meal to please the owners, and was unusually decent, considering his color. We allowed him the privilege of flying his pigtail.

The other was a pet of the captain and had been on three voyages as the ship's mascot. He was an overfed, good-natured bear called "Colonel," because of the trick he had of sitting up and saluting with one of his paws when you baited him with some favorite morsel.

He had the run of the vessel, behaved himself like a gentleman and haunted Chang every moment he was out of the galley.

We passed Sable Island with perfect weather and a steady wind that made the Susan show her heels like a fancy dancer.

I was beginning to believe that my fears had been mostly built up by my imagination and that Red Crosby, appreciating the master under whom he was serving, had concluded that the wisest course was to behave.

He did his work and did it well—without any more physical direction than the men under him demanded.

We had cleared Cape Breton Island before I found out that I was wrong. I was on my way forward when I bumped into the "Colonel" sulking in the sun near the water butt. He was sucking one of his shaggy paws and if I ever saw an animal that wanted to cuss and couldn't, he was the one. I gave him a push, expecting him to roll over on his back for a romp as he always did, but, instead, he bared his teeth and growled.

You got to understand an animal just as you do some human beings, and I know, as soon as he showed his temper, that some one had been abusing that bear. I also had a pretty clear idea as to who that particular party might be.

I boxed the "Colonel's" ears, just to show that he wasn't to work off any of his ugliness on me, herded him up into the ship's eyes and ordered him to remain there until he learned to behave.

I turned to go about my work and found Red Crosby standing a few feet

away, a marlin spike in his right hand. He dropped it with an ugly oath and turned black as thunder as I looked at him.

"I can't see why in hell any one wants to have a bear on shipboard," he snarled. "He tried to bite me a while ago."

He was my senior officer and I had my own ideas about discipline, so I said nothing. I should like to have told him that he lied, for that was what I thought.

"If I had my way about the thing I'd have him overboard," he muttered, after waiting a moment for me to reply.

In some way or another the "Colonel" must have understood, for he displayed his teeth in a nasty fashion and growled. Crosby reached for his side pocket, which was the first intimation I had that he carried a gun, caught my glance of surprise, flushed a dull red and swinging on his heel, went off down the deck.

Making certain that he was out of hearing I went over to the bear and patted his head.

"I can't honestly say that I blame you, old fellow," I said. "But for the sake of peace on this ship you've got to keep your feelings and snarl's under cover as I do. You probably don't take to him any more kindly than I do, but we've got to remember he's the mate. It'll be better for both our skins in the long run."

When I finished I'm blessed if the old rascal didn't lick my fist as if he understood every word I said and meant to abide by my orders.

We ran into a cold, nasty fog that held all the next day and I was too busy to give over-much thought to the incident of Crosby and the bear, but every time that I did it made me shiver for dread of what might happen if Red broke loose on one of his tantrums.

If I had been a pest the mate couldn't have taken greater pains to keep clear of me, which wasn't a healthy way to start a year's association on shipboard. Several times I came across him talking in low, confidential tones with some member of the crew, and I think he had hard work keeping his hands off me.

I could have sworn from the expression of hatred on his face that he had something still more diabolically cruel in store for me.

After I had happened upon three or four of these mysterious confabs, each time, curiously enough, with a different man, I began to wonder if there could be anything back of them.

I was to find out that there was indeed. However, there wasn't anything to warrant a report to Capt. McKenzie beyond the fact that too much familiarity between officers and crew is a bad thing even on a fishing schooner. And it was none of my business after all when it came to such reports.

We got our berth, anchored and were busy for a day or so getting the boats and tackle ready for the fishing, which the others told us was running high and to a fine average weight. Being responsible for one of the boats, I was apart from Crosby most of the time. The second week of fishing I got an ugly cut from the line and the captain ordered me to stay aboard ship until the wound had a chance to heal.

Having nothing better to do, it being part of my duties to keep an eye to the stores, I wandered into the galley. Chang sidled up to me.

"Mate, him plenty bad man," he chanted in his sing-song tone. "You plenty watch."

Chinks are bad enough anyway, but worse than that when they begin to think too much, so I exercised my authority by knocking Chang into a corner of the galley. He picked himself up and came back not in the least bit ruffled.

"Chang no lie," he announced, his face as expressionless as a clay image. "Mate him try hurt Colonel, him talk crew. Mean, bad, Chang see."

I reminded him that his place was in the galley, eyes and all, that he was paid to get the grub and that his duties on the Susan began and ended with that schedule.

He shuffled back to his pots and kettles, a yellow spine, and I went on deck to ponder over what he had said. I couldn't ignore the warning for I felt certain that it was a warning—and I couldn't bring myself to jump a superior, no matter how I disliked him, and run to the captain with a tale that I could back up with nothing more than my own suspicions and the chatter of a yellow boy.

I concluded that my only possible move was to keep as close a watch on Fighting Red Crosby as possible.

A month passed and it began to look as if we could make Halifax, where the shipper landed his catch to be

shipped south, long before we had figured. The daily hauls were running big and our hold was filling up with money in the shape of cod and halibut.

Then came that black morning when the mate asked to be carried in the captain's boat instead of his own. I begged to be allowed to go with them, for I was afraid that something was in the air, but Capt. McKenzie took one look at my hand and ordered me to remain behind.

It was just before 8 bells when I made out a boat pulling toward us, the men straining at their oars. Then I made out that it was one of ours and somehow or other I knew at once that something had gone wrong. When I got nearer I saw Capt. McKenzie seated in the stern.

He was propped up against the man who was steering, and I could see that they had made a place for one of his legs between the two men on the thwart before him. We got him aboard and I could see from his face that he was suffering terribly.

This was what I got out of one of the boat crew: They had gone a bit farther than usual and run into rough water. The fishing was unusually good, however, and Capt. McKenzie insisted on taking a hand. In some way or other he got tangled up in the lines.

At the very moment Crosby swung the boat too sharply without a word of warning, and Capt. McKenzie, who hadn't been expecting such a move, lost his balance and fell, striking his forehead on one of the earlocks and twisting his right leg under him, snapping it like a pipestem.

In the meantime they had carried the captain to his berth and Chang, who was a bit of a bone setter in addition to being a cook, had fixed him up as well as could be expected. The mate hung about outside the cabin door, and when Chang came out he seized him by the shoulder and swung him about, looking down at him, his face black and ugly.

"You stay in the galley, where you belong, you damned Chinaman," he snarled. "What's to be done in there, I shall do from now on. Understand?"

Chang was fond of Capt. McKenzie and, besides, it hadn't been an easy job to get that broken bone into shape and he was a bit done up.

He made the mistake of answering back. In the twinkling of an eye Crosby had lunged at him, crashing his big fist between the Chinaman's eyes, and sending him senseless in the scupper.

Chang lay there for awhile so still that I feared that he was dead, then he groaned and lurched to his feet. "Chang no forget," he muttered, shaking a fist at the back of the mate. "You pay Chang some day."

Still muttering to himself, he staggered off toward his own quarters, passing the "Colonel," who sat up and snarled. And when Chang paused for a moment and held out his hand the bear licked it as a dog licks his master's.

That row between Chang and the mate was the real beginning of our troubles, for Red Crosby, as senior officer on deck, took command of the ship. Within an hour I had seen how Fighting Red Crosby had come by his reputation. Also I observed with considerable interest that the men he abused were none of them with whom I had seen him talking at various times.

I turned in early, wondering if, after all, that manner in which Capt. McKenzie had come by his injury was entirely accidental or part of some plan that was due to unfold itself. I was dosing off, my mind filled with all manner of suspicions, when I heard shouting and then the sound of men running on the deck. Jumping out of my berth, I dashed on deck.

Chang, curled up like a ball, lay at the feet of the mate, and glistening in the moonlight, I saw a knife driven almost to the hilt into the Chinaman's heart. A red pool that grew and grew stained the deck boards.

I had the story in no time. Chang, knife in hand, had cropt from the galley intent on revenge for his beating. He had almost reached the unsuspecting mate when a sailor saw and yelled a warning.

Crosby turned just as he sprang into the air, grappled with him, and his fingers, closing like a vice about the Chinaman's wrist, slowly drove the knife that had been intended for him into the heart of his would-be murderer.

Following Crosby's orders two men carried Chang's body forward. I went with them to prepare it for burial and, this work completed, returned to see if the mate had any further orders. I found him leaning against the butt of the mainmast, staring down at the pool of red on the deck.

"God! How he cursed me!" he muttered with a shudder.

As we stood there the "Colonel" lumbered up, caught the scent of warm blood, sniffed and then sprang at us. He stood there for a moment, licking his chops, his shaggy head swaying from side to side.

Then the taste of human blood must have maddened him for, muttering a horrible growl, he reared to his hind feet and hurled his great body toward the mate.

Crosby's hand flew to his side pocket, just as I had seen it move once before. There was a spit of fire, a muffled report, a second and a third in quick succession. The "Colonel" seemed to stop in midair. He dropped to the deck, shook his head and without a sound tumbled over on his side.

Crosby wiped the cold sweat from his forehead.

"I got you then, d—n you," he muttered. Then to a sailor, "Take him away; we're done with pets aboard this ship."

Half an hour later Chang and the "Colonel" were in many fathoms of water and I was back in my berth feeling like a sick man.

The following night Crosby shifted all the watches and I noticed that the double watch that went on duty and made up entirely of men with whom I had seen him talking from time to time.

I didn't have long to wonder what this meant, for just before the graveyard watch he and two men came into my cabin and, after a brief struggle, overpowered me. They went out, leaving me gagged and bound hand and foot on the floor.

After that I heard fighting, all over the ship. Finally things quieted down. Crosby's men came back again, seized me and juggled me aft, where I was tied to the mainmast. Then they removed the gag.

"I'm going to keep you where I can have an eye on you, my hearty," laughed Crosby, who seemed in high spirits at the outcome of his mischievous work.

During the next few hours I had an opportunity to see how matters stood, and so far as I could tell, fully half of the crew of the Susan were on the mate's side. Just before dawn he came up to me.

"You see, our plans have been changed a bit," he began, with a sneer. "Just for your information we're going to sail this tub in and get rid of the catch. But before that there's going to be a little two or three days' cruise to give you and a few others a chance to think matters over and make up your minds on a few points. If you don't decide to take up with us you walk the plank."

I gasped with horror, for I knew what it meant—piracy! After having disposed of such members of the crew as did not care to throw lots with them, they intended to turn the catch into money and set out. I wondered what fate they had in store for Capt. McKenzie.

I remained tied to the mast all the next day, my stomach crying for food, my throat dry and parched, every bone in my body aching.

Toward the last I think I prayed that I might die! One by one I saw the others brought up and stowed in the stern where the helmsman could keep an eye on them.

Poor devils! I think they suffered even worse than I did.

Just before sundown Crosby became sufficiently human to loosen my numb arms and feed me a bit of rancid salt pork and a few mouthfuls of water that must have stood on the sun all day. When I had finished he went away, leaving one of his men armed with a gun and instructions to shoot if I tried to make any trouble.

Half dead from being tied in a standing position since the night before, and weak from hunger, I dozed off into half consciousness, from which I was aroused by the ship getting under way.

Crosby, who had taken one side of the wheel—being short-handed—was leaning on the spokes, staring towards me, his eyes wild with terror.

I cursed him over and over again for the death of Chang and the "Colonel," but his eyes never moved. It was uncanny, maddening that terrible fixed stare of his, and I screamed at him to take his eyes off me. Once he raised his right hand and swept it across his eyes as if he would blot out some terrible sight.

Suddenly his jaw sagged and he left the wheel and came slowly toward me as if drawn by some power he could not resist. He hesitated as if in protest, then, with a sob, whopped out his knife, and with quick slashes that sent fear chills racing up and down my spine, cut the rope that held me.

"I've done it," he shrieked, swaying from side to side. "I've done it! Now go away, for God's sake, go away."

He seemed to be speaking to some person near him, although I saw no one.

Unable to do anything more than lean against the mast, I watched him. His face turned a pasty white, even more ghastly in the moonlight than it really was, and I realized that he was not looking at but past me. I turned and looked in the same direction.

Then I, too, saw it. Huddled on the deck where I had discovered Chang was a gray flimsy figure, rolled up in a ball. Slowly it unrolled itself and spectral hands reaching the rail, dragged it up to a standing position.

I forgot my weakness, forgot all that I had suffered, forgot even the awful fear painted on the ghastly face of the mate, for through the figure I could make out the rail, a dark line drawn through gray transparency.



Ahmed Zogu, the new and very youthful president of the republic of Albania.

There was a clatter as the man guarding me dropped his gun. I bent over and picked it up. By this time the figure at the rail had become more distinct. I made out white linen sandals, the reflection of the moonlight on a knife that protruded from his breast.

It was Chang come back for the revenge he had been unable to find in this world!

He raised a ghostly arm and pointed at the man beside me. Crosby was sobbing, fear having driven everything else out of him. Slowly the gray arm moved, my eyes followed it, fascinated. I heard the click of Crosby's breath and a rattle in his throat.

Then I looked in the direction of the ghostly arm of Chang, the avenger, pointed.

Coming toward us down the deck, his teeth dripping crimson, was the "Colonel." His body, too, was gray, like a light fog, and his eyes like the dead Chang, were fixed on Crosby.

Much as I hated the mate for what he had done, I would have helped him had I been able, but there was nothing to do; that is, not yet. I saw the men gathering aft, following the strange tableau, their eyes wide with wonder. Suddenly Crosby found his voice.

"Cut them loose!" he screamed to his men. Then, seeing the revolver in my hand: "Shoot them if they don't obey; they have no weapons."

Master of the situation, I forced myself into action. One by one the men who had been true to Capt. McKenzie were cut loose, and one by one the mutineers were trussed up. All the time I heard Crosby sobbing and cursing at my side.

As I turned I saw Chang melt away into nothing at all and I heard a sigh from up in the tops above us. I think it was his spirit passing off, satisfied with what it had done.

But not so with the "Colonel." He paused for a moment, sniffed about the deck as if searching for something, raised his head, then, out of the awful stillness of the moment came a low, guttural growl, the battle-cry of the bear spirit, and it came from away somewhere. I saw the "Colonel" rear up on his hind legs and stand there, his eyes never leaving the terrified mate for a fraction of a second.

Then he moved forward until he was between me and Crosby.

By this time this gray, transparent "Colonel" was not more than two paces from the mate. I saw it shake itself, once more I heard the growl from away off somewhere beyond us, and the flimsy body of the bear hurtled through the air straight for its prey.

I raised the revolver and fired just as the thing flung itself upon him. The mate's hand flew to his side and he pitched forward onto the deck. The terrible meaning of what I had done flashing over me, I stared, hardly knowing what to do next, and the "Colonel" melted into the air and was gone.

Crosby died an hour later in spite of all we could do to save him, and we buried him—forgetting what he had been, with full honors. His men were thoroughly unnerved now that the master spirit was gone, and were only too ready to obey my commands.

We found Capt. McKenzie strapped in his berth, his hands tied to the ceiling boards. Then we turned about and headed back for the bank and assistance.

The remainder of the tale is short. We made St. John's, where we got rid of the half of our crew that mutinied, filled in with new men and had Capt. McKenzie properly attended to. Once in a while the horror of the night and the thing that I unintentionally did will come back to me.

And always I come to the same conclusion—the fate that destined Chang and the "Colonel" to come back for their revenge upon Fighting Red Crosby also arranged that I, too, should be an instrument in its hands. It was fate that I should be one of its tools.

Out With the Reindeer.

Reindeer drives are to be added to the pleasures of the London Zoo very shortly. Two of these animals are now being trained to draw a small wheeled vehicle.

Workmen Confined.

It was not until 1786 that a workman in England could legally travel out of his parish to find employment.

Young Girls at Switchboards.

Fourteen years is the average age of telephone girls in Japan.

Helps Man Lift 100 Tons.

With a new sack invented it is said one man can move 100 tons.

## S.S. LESSON

January 21. Jesus Feeds Five Thousand and John 6: 1-17. Golden Text—Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.—John 6: 35.

### ANALYSIS.

I. THE TWO MIRACLES, 1-12.

II. THE INTERPRETATION, 25-49.

III. THE RESULTS, 60-71.

INTRODUCTION.—This chapter describes the great crisis in the Galilean ministry, corresponding to the Jerusalem crisis of ch. 5, and it contains the only incident from the early ministry found in all the gospels. See Matt. 14:13-21; Mark 6:30-44; Luke 9:10-17.

I. THE TWO MIRACLES, 1-12.

V. 1. After these things. The connection is vague and general, but in Matthew the incident is connected with the death of John the Baptist 14:13 and in Mark 6:36 it follows on the return of the Twelve from their mission and Jesus wishes them to rest awhile. See of Tiberias. This name taken from the Emperor Tiberius is used only by John. See ch. 21:1. The usual name is "Sea of Galilee." It is also called Lake of Gennesaret.

V. 2. Saw his miracles. John describes the growth of faith and unbelief and shows how different were the causes leading up to this faith. Here curiosity is the motive that draws the multitude.

V. 3. The passover. The national feast of the Jews held in Spring mentioned here to mark the progress of events. Jesus is unable to go up to Jerusalem because of the hostility, but he met many of the pilgrims who are on their way. The passover counted very much in the thought of Jesus and later he associated it with the memorial feast which he founded. In Paul we read "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us, 1 Cor. 5:7."

V. 5, 6. Saith unto Philip. In the other narratives Jesus is reminded by the disciples that the crowds have nothing to eat. John tells us that Jesus had thought of this from the beginning, another of the personal touches in this book.

V. 7. Two hundred pennyworth. Philip, the practical man, sees a great economic difficulty. Where can they get forty dollars?

V. 9. What are they among so many? Andrew his companion is willing to do his share, but he is overcome by the numerical difficulty.

V. 10. Jesus said. Difficulties vanish when Jesus speaks. When they say "impossible," He says, "make the men sit down." What difference can five thousand make to Him even though there are many women and children besides? Mark 14:21.

V. 11. When He had given thanks. This was the act of the father of the home, and Jesus takes their place. It was no formal grace. His whole life was a thanksgiving to God. In Matthew the disciples distribute, but here, Jesus joins "in human compassion and holy service."

V. 12. Fragments. Why should one who made the world be so careful about fragments?

V. 14. This is the prophet. The people are reminded of the great miracle wrought by Moses and see in this the fulfillment of the words of Moses, Deut. 18:15-19.

V. 15. King. Some go further and wish to make Jesus a king; but their views are so material that Jesus escapes out of their midst, while according to the other narratives He has us to get His disciples away from this unhealthy excitement. The crowd may have thought this an opportune time to start a popular agitation against their oppressors, and they would use Jesus as a tool.

Vs. 16-31. The second miracle, where Jesus walks on the water, represents the important truth that He is able to support and help His own even where the forces of nature are against them. He is the unseen companion who can control the waves.

II. THE INTERPRETATION, 25-49.

The following discourse was given to correct wrong ideas of the work of Christ and to help them out of their difficulties. The crowd were blind to the spiritual meaning of His presence and were looking for outward possessions, unable to see that Jesus was longing to satisfy the deep spiritual needs of the soul. He was not content to be a bread-giver. The sermon divides thus:

(a) Vs. 25-40. Jesus meets their thought that this may be another instance of the manna, Exod. 16:15. He, however, is the true manna. The Jews want bread. Jesus offers Himself. The Golden Text, v. 35, may be compared with 4:14. Bread and water are found in Christ. God is known to us through the Saviour.

(b) Vs. 41-51. Jesus replies to the objection made by the people that He was of humble origin. How can He whose parents they know be the Bread of Life?

III. THE RESULTS, 60-71.

Vs. 60-71. The people are compelled to take sides. Those who do not accept Him are driven into hostility, while the faithful are drawn more closely to Him.

V. 68. To whom else shall we go? This confession may be compared with Peter's words in Matt. 16:16, which probably date from the same period, though the circumstances differ. Even though the multitudes were leaving Him and worldly hopes were vanishing, Peter clings to his belief in Jesus. This was the proof of the greatness of his faith.

"Whit" Originally a Drink.

The political name of "Whit" in use for nearly three hundred years, came from a common intoxicating drink of the Scots, a liquor drunk by the Highlanders. It was such a poor liquor that it became a word used to designate "the poor and hounded" people who were oppressed and persecuted by the government.