

He called to Mir Jan:

"Take off your turban and hold it above your head if you think they can see you from the warship."

"It is all right, sahib," came the cheering answer. "One boat is close inshore. I think, from the uniforms, they are English sahibs, such as I have seen at Garden Reach. The Dyaks have all gone."

Nevertheless Jenks waited. There was nothing to gain by being too precipitate. A false step now might undo the achievements of many weeks.

Mir Jan was dancing about beneath in a state of wild excitement.

"They have seen the Dyaks running to their sampans, sahib," he yelled, "and the second boat is being pulled in that direction! Yet another has just left the ship."

A translation made Iris excited, eager to go down and see these wonders. The boom of a cannon came from the

sea. Instinctively the girl ducked for safety, though her companion smiled at her fears, for the shell would have long preceded the report had it traveled their way.

"One of the remaining sampans has got under way," he explained, "and the warship is firing at her."

"Poor wretches," murmured Iris. "Cannot the survivors be allowed to escape?

"Weil, we are unable to interfere. Those caught on the island will probably be taken to the mainland and hanged for their crimes, so the manner of their end is not of much consequence."

To the girl's manifest relief, there was no more firing, and Mir Jan announced that a number of sailors were actually on shore. Then her thoughts turned to a matter of concern to the feminine mind even in the gravest moments of existence. She laved her face with water and sought her discarded skirt.

Soon the steady tramp of boot clad feet advancing at the double was heard on the shingle, and an officer's voice, speaking the crude Hindoostanee of the engine room and forecastle, shouted to Mir Jan:

"Hi, you black fellow! Are there any white people here?"

Jenks sang out:

"Yes, two of us! Perched on the rock over your heads. We are coming down."

He cast loose the rope ladder. Iris was limp and trembling. "Steady, sweetheart," he whispered. "Don't forget the slip between the cup and the lip. Hold tight, but have no fear. I will be just beneath."

It was well he took this precaution. She was now so unnerved that an unguarded movement might have led to an accident. But the knowledge that her lover was near, the touch of his hand guiding her feet on to the rungs of the ladder, sustained her. They had almost reached the level when a loud exclamation and the crash of a heavy blow caused Jenks to halt and look downward.

A Dyak, lying at the foot of one of the scaling ladders and severely wounded by a shell splinter, witnessed their descent. In his left hand he grasped a parang; his right arm was bandaged. Though unable to rise, the vengeful pirate mustered his remaining strength to crawl toward the swaying ladder. It was Taung S'Ali, inspired with the hate and venom of the dying snake. Even yet he hoped to deal a mortal ad defied him and all his cutthroat band. He might have succeeded, as Jenks was so taken up with Iris, were it not for the watchful eyes of Mir Jan. The Mohammedan sprang at him, with an oath, and gave him such a murderous whack with the butt of a rifle that the Dyak chief collapsed and breathed out his fierce spirit in a groan.

HE drifting smoke was still so side. She stole a loving glance at him dense that not even the floor of as she cried: the valley could be discerned.

"Yes; Captain Anstruther of the In-Jenks dared not leave Iris at you all that he has done, how he has eighty men, ask me!"

> to have left much for us to do, Miss Deane," the officer said. "Indeed." turning to Robert, "is there any way in which my men will be useful?"

"I would recommend that they drag the green stuff off that fire and stop and relieve the extent of the other's the smoke. Then a detachment should go round the north side of the island and drive the remaining Dyaks into the hands of the party you have landed. as I understand, at the farther end of the south beach. Mir Jan, the Mohammedan here, who has been a most faithful ally during part of our siege, will child uninjured, the picture of rude act as guide."

The other man cast a comprehensive glance over the rock, with its scaling cave, the little groups of dead or unconscious pirates-for every wounded man who could move a limb had crawled away after the first shell burst

-and drew a deep breath. "How long were you up there?" he

asked. "Over thirty hours."

"It was a great fight!"

"Somewhat worse than it looks," said Anstruther. "This is only the end of ft. Altogether we have accounted for nearly twoscore of the poor devils."

Robert looked toward the approaching boat. She would not land yet for a couple of minutes.

"By the way," he said, "will you tell me your name?"

Playdon-Lieutenant Phillp H. Playdon."

"Do you know to what nation this island belongs?"

"It is no man's land, I think. It is marked 'uninhabited' on the chart."

"Then," said Anstruther, "I call upon you, Lieutenant Playdon, and all others here present to witness that I, Robert Anstruther, late of the Indian army, acting on behalf of myself and Miss Iris Deane, declare that we have taken possession of this island in the name of his Britannic majesty the king of England, that we are the joint occupiers and owners thereof and claim all property rights vested therein."

These formal phrases, coming at such is Captain Robert Anstruther, to whom motive.

"I don't suppose any one will dispute ly. He unquestionably imagined that out his hand. suffering and exposure had slightly dis-

turbed the other man's senses. equal composure, though he felt inclined to laugh at Playdon's mystification. "I only wished to secure a sufficient number of witnesses for a verbal declaration. When I have a few minutes to spare I will affix a legal notice on the wall in front of our cave."

puzzied him. He detailed a small guard to accompany Robert and Iris, who now walked toward the beach, and asked Mir Jan to pilot him as suggested by Anstruther.

The boat was yet many yards from shore when Iris ran forward and and recover from the exciting events stretched out her arms to the man who of the morning. Afterward you must was staring at her with wistful despair.

"Father! Father!" she cried. "Don't you know me?"

Sir Arthur Deane was looking at the The baronet could not fail to note two strange figures on the sands, and the manner in which these two adeach moment his heart sank lower. This island held his final hope. During which leaped from eye to eye, the calm many weary weeks, since the day when kindly admiral placed the cruiser Orient at his disposal, he had scoured the China sea, the coasts of Borneo and Java for some tidings of the ill fated Sirdar. To examine every sand patch and tree covered shoal in the China sea was an impossible task. All the Orient could do was to visit the principal islands and institute inquiries among the fishermen and small traders. At last, the previous night, a Malay, tempted by hope of reward, boarded the vessel when lying at anchor off the large island away to the south and told the captain a wondrous tale of a devil haunted place inhabited by two white spirits, a male and a female, whither a local pirate named Taung S'Ali had gone by chance with his men and suffered great loss. But Taung S'Ali was bewitched by the female spirit and had returned there with a great force, swearing to capture her or perish. The spirits, the Malay said, had dwelt upon the island for many years. His father and grandfather knew the place and feared it. Taung S'Ali would never be

THE SMITHFIELD HERALD.

So he had abandoned all pretense. in the boat, and the man pulling stroke He was ready to face the world at her smashed a stout oar with the next wrench.

And so they met at last, and the sailors left them alone to crowd round dian staff corps. If he will not tell Anstruther and ply him with a hundred questions. Although he fell in with saved my life twenty times, how he their humor and gradually pieced tohas fought single handed against gether the stirring story which was upplemented each instant by the ar-'Captain Anstruther does not appear rival of disconsolate Dyaks and the comments of the men who returned from cave and beach, his soul was filled with the sight of Iris and her father and the happy, inconsequent demands with which each sought to ascertain anxiety.

Then Irls called to him:

"Robert, 1 want you."

The use of his Christian name created something akin to a sensation. Sir Arthur Deane was startled, even in his immeasure)le delight at finding his health and happiness.

Anstruther advanced.

"This is my father," she cried, shrill ladders and dangling rope ladder, the with joy. "And, father darling, this



And so they met at last.

a moment, amazed his hearers. Iris alone, under God's will, I owe my life alone had an inkling of the underlying many, many times since the moment the Sirdar was lost."

It was no time for questioning. Sir your title," said the naval officer grave- Arthur Deane took off his hat and held

"Captain Anstruther." he said, "as I Thank you," replied Robert with that which I can never repay. And I ed in front of Mir Jan, who identified survived the knowledge that she

w.... dead." Robert took the proffered hand.

"I think, Sir Arthur, that of the two I am the more deeply indebted. There are some privileges whose value can- ly formed a connected idea of the great Playdon bowed silently. There was not be measured, and among them the something in the speaker's manner that privilege of restoring your daughter to your arms takes the highest place." Then he turned to Iris.

"I think," he said, "that your father should take you on board the Orient, Iris. There you may perhaps find some suitable clothing, eat something bring Sir Arthur ashore again, and we will guide him over the island. I am sure you will find much to tell him meanwhile."

acceptance of a relationship not to be questioned or gainsaid. Robert and Iris, without spoken word on the subject, had tacitly agreed to avoid the slightest semblance of subterfuge as unworthy alike of their achievements

"Be advised by me, Sir Arthur, and you were an esca;"d convict, Mr. Anyou, too, Iris," he said. "This is no struther-no one could withhold from hour for explanations. Leave me to you the praise deserved for your magdeal with Lord Ventnor. I am content nificent stand against overwhelming to trust the ultimate verdict to you, Sir odds. Our duty is plain. We will bring Arthur. You will learn in due course you to Singapore, where the others will all that has happened. Go or board, no doubt wish to go immediately. I Iris. Meet Lord Ventnor as you would will tell the captain what you have been meet any other friend. You will not good enough to acquaint us with. Meanmarry Lim. I know. I can trust you." while we will give you every assistance "I am very much obliged to you." and-er-attention in our power." murnated the baronet, who, notwith-A murmur of approbation ran standing his worry, was fur too experithrough the little circle. Robert's face aced a man of the world not to acpaled somewhat. What first rate chaps they were, to be sure! knowledge the good sense of this ad-"I can only thank you," he said un-steadily. "Your kindness is more tryvice, no matter how ruffianly might be

the guise of the strange person who gave it. "That is settled, then," said Robert,

laughing good naturedly, for he well knew what a weird spectacle he must present to the bewildered old gentleman.

Even Sir Arthur Deane was fascinated by the ragged and hairy giant who carlied himself so masterfully and helped everybody over the stile at the right moment. He tried to develop the change in the conversation. "By the way," he said, "how came

you to be on the Sirdar? I have a list of all the passengers and crew, and your name does not appear therein."

"Oh, that is easily accounted for. I shipped as a steward in the name of Robert Jenks." "Robert Jenks! A steward!"

"Yes. That forms some part of the

promised explanation." Iris rapidly gathered the drift of her

lover's wishes "Come, father," she cried merrily, 'I am aching to see what the ship's stores, which you and Robert pin your faith to, can do for me in the shape of carments. I have the utmost belief in the British navy, and even a skeptic should be convinced of its infallibility if H. M. S. Orient is able to provide a

lady's outfit." Sir Arthur Deane gladly availed him self of the proffered compromise. assisted Iris into the boat, though that ctive young person was far better able to support him, and a word to the officer in command sent the gig flying back to the ship. Anstruther during a momentary delay made a small request on his own account. Lieutenant Playdon, nearly as big a man as Robert, dispatched a note to his servant, and the gig speedily returned with a complete assortment of clothing and linen. The man also brought a dressing case, with the result that a dip in the bath and ten minutes in the hands of an expert valet made Anstruther a new man. Acting under his advice, the bodies of the dead were thrown into the lagoon, the wounded were collected in the hut, to be attended to by the ship's

heads that none was missing. This proceeding further mystified the officers of the Orient, who had gradualfight made by the shipwreckel pair, though Anstruther squirmed inwardly which Iris would picture the scene. As it was, he had the first innings, and he did not fail to use the opportunity. In the few terse words which the militant Briton best understands he de-

THREE NEW BISHOPS.

Sketches of Three Men Elected all Methodist General Conference

Last Week

The Methodist General Conference at Birmingham last week elected three new Bishops. Below we give a short sketch of the lifeof each of these men:

Rev. Dr. James Atkins was born in Knoxville, Tenn., Aprill 18, 1850, and is the son of Rev. James and Mary F. Atkins. His boyhood days were spentin East Tennessee and Southwest Virginia. He received his education at Riceville Academy and Emory and Henry. He was licensed to. preach in 1870, and became a member of the Holston Confer-Thus Iris, bewitchingly dired, was ence. In 1876 he was married to Mi-s Ella Branner, and they have three children living. He is the originator of the Bible Teachers' Study Circle, which is taken up by all other churches. He stands toremost in Sundayschool work, and is the author-"What a left handed compliment! of several books and pamphlets. But come, dearest. Captain Fitzroy on Sunday-school subjects. Hehas been a member of the General Conference since 1890. He received the honorary degree of D. D. from his alma mater_ Emory and Henry. For a num-"Jimmy!" gasped a fat midshipman ber of years he has been Sunday-School secretary.

Rev. Dr. John James Tigert was born in Louisville, Ky., November 25, 1856, the son of John James and Mary Van Veghten Tigert. His early years werespent in Louisville, where he was in the High School for ten years. He graduated at Vanderbilt University, in which institution he spent four years. For two years truding Piles. Druggists are he was a student in Southern. authorized to refund money if Baptist Theological Seminary in PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure Louisville. He was licensed to preach September, 1875, by the Broadway Church quarterly con-ference. From 1881 to 1890 he was a professor in Vanderbilt. John Burnham is dead. This University. After serving years simple announcement of the in the pastorate he was elected death of a man who has lived book editor and editor of the the life that this man has, would Methodist Review in 1894. As seem to suffice. And yet, he was editor, educator and author he a human being. He was once a ranks among the highest in the

hopes for the future, but the secretary of the General Confersame fell monster-strong drink ence, where he is recognized as this demon that has wrecked one of the foremost partiamen-

ter by trade, and when sober a cation in private study he has self, was his worst enemy. He Latin scholar. He received the degree from Southhis death be a warning to every western University, Georgetown,

owe you my daughter's life I owe you surgeon, and the prisoners were paradyou my own life, too, for I could not every man and found by counting

> Robert did not forget to write out a formal notice and fasten it to the rock. when he thought of the manner in scribed the girl's fortitude, her unflagging cheerfulness, her uncomplaining readiness to do and dare.

> When he ended, the first lieutenant, who commanded the boats sent in pursuit of the flying Dyaks-the Orient sank both sampans as soon as they were launched-summed up the generverdict: "You do not need our admiration, Captain Anstruther. Each man of us envies you from the bottom of his

soul."

in 6 to 14 days. 25c. A Sad Death.

quiet, inoffensive man. He, him- become somewhat of a Greek and died today at 1 o'clook, and may honorary

ing than adversity.'

actually didn't know you."

her look with interest.

a woman?"

togs!"

pany

gasp.

A rustle of silk, the intrusion into the

intent knot of men of a young lady in

a Paris gown, a Paris hat, carrying a

Trouville parasol and most exquisitely

gloved and booted, made every one

"Oh. Robert, dear, how could you? I

gazing now with provoking admiration

at Robert, who certainly offered almost

as great a contrast to his former state

as did the girl herself. He returned

"Would any man believe," he laugh-

Lord Ventuor have come ashore

ed, "that clothes would do so much for

with father and me. They want us to

show them everything! You will ex-

cuse him, won't you?" she added, with

to a lanky youth. "She's got on your

Meaning that Iris had ransacked the

Orient's theatrical wardrobe and pounc-

ed on the swell outfit of the principal

female impersonator in the ship's com-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES

Itching, Blind, Bleeding, Pro-

a securific surfle to the others.

They walked off together.

young, stalwart man, full of church. nergy and vigor and with bright For eight years he has been

the lives of many young and tarians and ecclesiastical lawyers promising men, blasted the hopes of the Methodist Episcopal aud aspirations of countles num- Church, South. His residence is bers, and destroyed many happy in Nashville, Tenn. homes, filled with helpiess httle | Rev. Dr. Seth Ward was born children, who have been left to in Leon county, Tex., Novemberfight life's battles alone-over 1, 1858, the son of Samuel Goode took this man in his early youth. and Sarah Ann Wyche Ward. and fastened its poisonous fangs His boyhood days were spent in about him, until at last he was a work on a Texas farm. He atphysical wreck and died a piteous tended the public schools of the death after long and intense suf- county. From his youth he was fering. Thus is this fact again a student, and though his early exemplified that "the wages of advantages in an educational sin is death." He was a carpen- way were limited, by close appli-

At the first glance Jenks did not recognize Taung S'Ali owing to his change of costume. Through the thinner smoke be could see several sailors running up.

But, with the passing of the chief, their last peril had gone. The next instant they were standing on the firm ground, and a British naval lieutenant was saying eagerly:

"We seem to have turned up in the nick of time Do you, by any chance, belong to the Sirdar?"

"We are the sole survivors," answered the sailor.

"You two only?"

"Yes. She struck on the northwest reef of this island during a typhoon. This lady, Miss Iris Deane, and I were flung ashore"-

"Miss Deane! Can it be possible? Let me congratulate you most heartily. Sir Arthur Deane is on board the Orient at this moment."

"The Orient!"

Iris was dazed. It was all too wonderful to be quite understood yet. She turned to Robert:

"Do you hear? They say my father is not far away. Take me to him."

"No need for that, miss," interrupted a warrant officer. "Here he is coming ashore. He wanted to come with us, but the captain would not permit it, as there seemed to be some trouble. ahead."

Sure enough, even the girl's swimming eyes could distinguish the gray bearded civilian seated beside an officer in the stern sheets of a small gig now threading a path through the broken reef beyond Turtle beach. In five minutes father and daughter would meet.

Meanwhile the officer, intent on duty, addressed Jenks again.

"May I ask who you are?"

"My name is Anstruther-Robert Anstruther."

Iris, clinging to his arm, heard the reply.

seen again. This queer yarn was the first indication they received of the whereabouts of any persons who might possibly be shipwrecked Europeans, though not survivors from the Sirdar. Anyhow, the tiny dot lay in the vessel's northward track, so a course was set to arrive off the island soon after dawn. Events on shore, as seen by the officer on watch, told their own tale. Wherever Dyaks are fighting there is mischief on foot, so the Orient took a hand in the proceedings.

But Sir Arthur Deane, after an agonized scrutiny of the weird looking persons escorted by the sailors to the water's edge, sadly acknowledged that neither of these could be the daughter whom he sought. He bowed his head in humble resignation, and he thought he was the victim of a cruel hallucination when Iris' tremulous accents reached his ears:

"Father, father! Don't you know me?"

He stood up, amazed and trembling. "Yes, father, dear, it is I, your own little girl given back to you."

They had some difficulty to keep him

and their love. "Your suggestion is admirable," cried Sir Arthur. "The ship's stores may provide Iris with some sort of rig-out, and an old friend of hers is on board at this moment, little expecting her presence. Lord Ventnor has accompanied me in my search. He will, of course, be delighted'

Anstruther flushed a deep bronze, but Iris broke in:

"Father, why did he come with you?" Sir Arthur, driven into this sudden squall of explanation, became dignified.

"Well, you see, my dear, under the circumstances he felt an anxiety almost commensurate with my own.' "But why, why?"

Iris was quite calm. With Robert near, she was courageous. Even the perturbed baronet experienced a new sensation as his troubled glance fell before her searching eyes. His daughter had left him a joyous, heedless girl. He found her a woman, strong, self reliant, purposeful. Yet he kept on, choosing the most straightforward means as the only honorable way of clearing a course so beset with unsuspected obstacles.

"It is only reasonable. Iris, that your affianced husband should suffer an agony of apprehension on your account and do all that was possible to effect your rescue."

"My-affianced-husband?"

"Well, my dear girl, perhaps that is hardly the correct phrase from your point of view. Yet you cannot fail to remember that Lord Ventnor"-

"Father, dear," said Iris solemnly, but in a voice free from all uncertainty, "my afflanced husband stands here! We plighted our troth at the very gate of death. It was ratified in the presence of God and has been blessed by him. I have made no compact with Lord Ventnor. He is a base and unworthy man. Did you but know the truth concerning him you would not mention his name in the same breath with mine. Would he, Robert?"

"There is an error about my rank,' he said. "I did once hold a commission in the Indian army, but I was court martialed and cashiered in Hongkong six months ago. I was unjustly convicted on a grave charge, and I hope some day to clear myself. Meanwhile am a mere civilian. It was only Miss Deane's generous sympathy which led her to mention my former rank, Mr. Playdon."

Had another of the Orient's twelve pounder shells suddenly burst in the midst of the group of officers it would have created less dismay than this unexpected avowal. Court martialed! Cashiered! None but a service man can grasp the awful significance of those words to the commissioned ranks of the army and navy.

Anstruther well knew what the was doing. Somehow he found nothing hard in the performance of these penances now. Of course the ugly truth must be revealed the moment Lord Ventnor heard his name. It was not fair to the good fellows crowding around him and offering every attention that the frank hospitality of the British sailor could suggest to permit them to adopt the tone of friendly equality which rigid discipline if nothing else would not allow them to maintain.

The first lieutenant by reason of his rank was compelled to say something. "That is a devilish bad job, Mr. Anstruther." he blurted out.

"Well, you know I had to tell you." He smiled unaffectedly at the wondering circle. He, too, was an officer and appreciated their sentiments. They were unfeignedly sorry for him, a man so brave and modest, such a splendid type of the soldier and gentleman, yet by their common law an outcast. Nor could they wholly understand his demeanor. There was a noble dignity in his candor, a conscious innocence that disdained to shield itself under a partial truth.

The first lleutenant again phrased the thoughts of his juniors.

"I and every other man in the ship cannot help but sympathize with you. But whatever may be your record-if

young man who reads this, never Tex. to take the first drink .- Goldsboro Argus.

He that voluntarily continues ignorant is guilty of all the to the Texas Conference. He was crimes which ignorance produces. married January 5, 1886, to Dr. S. Johnson.

Whose Say-so is Best?

<section-header><section-header><text><text><text><text><text>

He was licensed to preach November 6, 1881, and joined the Northwest Texas Conference, and was afterwards transferred Miss Margaret E. South, and they have three children. He has been a member of the General Conference since 1894. In May, 1902, he was appointed assistant missionary secretary, with headquarters at Nashville.

Rev. T. J. Gattis Dead:

Charlotte, N. C., May 25.-The Rev. Thomas Jefferson Gattis, a minister of the gospel and member of the North Carolina M. E. conference for 45 years, died at his home here today, aged 68. Mr. Gattis came into prominence years ago through a suit insti-. tuted against Dr. J. C. Kilgo, president of Trinity College, in which he alleged that Dr. Kilgo. had defamed his character by slanderous statements to the conference.

The case was fought out in the courts for ten years, went to the supreme court twice, that bench each time granting a rehearing, and finally just a short time ago. was thrown out of Wake superior court on the defendant's motion to non-suit.

Overlooked a Bet.

"Tom's a fool!"

"Why, Margery! I thought you liked him."

"Well, we were sitting on the sofa last night, and he bet me that I couldn't whistle. And I turned to him and puckered up my lips to start, and-" "Well?"

"Well, he let us whistle !"-Chveland I. ader.