put there for some purpose. Would you mind going forward and asking Mr. Boyle to summon all hands on deck? He knows exactly what to do. Remember that I regard you and Miss Maxwell as noncombatants and expect you both to remain in the salon. If these painted devils really mean to attack, some of us will get hurt, and then your services will be of greater value than in the fighting line. And if I do not see Miss Maxwell before the trouble begins please tell her she need fear no alarm. We shall be able to beat off our assailants with comparative ease."

When the captain of the Kansas spoke like that, there was no gainsaying him. Even Christobal, whose jealous suspicions were ever ready to burst into flame, was roused to enthusiasm by his cool gallantry.

But ere the Spaniard turned to go a disturbing thought forced its way to his lips.

"We have every confidence in you," he said, "and I admit that it should be a simple matter to prevent the savages from gaining the upper hand. Yet accidents happen. Suppose they manage to rush your defense?"

"They will not do that while I and every other man on deck is alive. If the worst comes to the worst, you have a revolver"—

"Yes," said Christobal.

"It will suffice for two, but not for a hundred."

The two men, united by the very bond which threatened to bring them into antagonism, looked into each other's eyes.

"Is that your last word?" asked Christobal.

"It is."

"I feel sure that you are right. Good-by!"

They shook hands. They were nearer a real friendship then than either of them thought possible, and the bond which held them was love for the same woman.

Courtenay, using his glasses again, saw that a number of Indians were launching the canoes simultaneously. He counted nine small craft, each holding five or six men or men and women. At the distance, nearly three miles, he could not be certain whether or not they all wore the distinguishing headdress of feathers. Against wind and current they could not possibly reach the ship under half an hour, and the smallness of the fleet surprised him.

The news that the Indians were advancing ran through the ship like wildfire. Including Mr. Boyle, Frascuelo and those among the Chileans whose wounds were not serious, there were fourteen men available for the defense. Unfortunately the supply of firearms was inadequate. A shotgun and five revolvers constituted the armory, and one of the pistols was in Christobal's pocket. The supply of ammunition was so small that the revolvers could not be reloaded more than three times, but Courtenay had 200 shot cartridges, and against naked men an ounce of shot is far more effective than a bullet.

The captain hoped to terrify the Indians before they attempted to scale the ship's sides. If various ruses failed and the attack was pressed, he had decided not to split up his small force in the effort to repel boarders. A scattered resistance would surely break down at one point or another; there would be a rush of savages along the decks, a panic among the Chileans, and all would be ended. On the other hand, when fighting collectively under European leadership and well aware that the Indians would kill and spare not, the half breeds might be trusted to acquit themselves like men.

The canvas awning constituted a flimsy citadel in the center of the vessel. Six men were stationed on the starboard side of the promenade deck and six on the port side. Tollemache and a Chilean who said he could shoot well were told to frustrate any attempt to climb the after part of the ship, while Courtenay, with his fowling piece, would have the lion's share of this work from the spar deck, as he undertook to keep the rails clear forward and help the revolver practice if necessary. With him was Suarez, who knew what was expected of him, so the language difficulty offered no apparent hindrance once the fight began. Finally, if the Indians made good their footing, the defenders were to rally toward the salon companion, where steam jets were ready to spurt withering blasts along the corridors.

It was a good plan and might have kept at bay an enemy of higher valor than the Alaculofs, provided they were not armed with rifles. Against modern weapons of long range nothing could be done. If Suarez did not exaggerate, therein lay the real danger. Courtenay wished to make sure at the outset of the number of guns carried by the savages. It was also important to know whether their marksmen were distributed or crowded together in one or two canoes. If the latter, he would give those warriors his special attention.

His binocular glasses were not strong enough, so he walked back toward the chart house to procure a telescope. Catching Joey under his left arm, he climbed the short ladder leading to the spar deck and pulled it up after him, the bolts having been already removed to permit of that being done. Walker was screwing tight the door of the engine room in order to safeguard the fireman in attendance on the donkey boiler. Now that the screw-driving was actually in operation it very unpleasantly reminded Courtenay of the fastening of a coffin lid. Neither Walker nor the man inside could guess the grewsome notion which held the captain in its chilly grip for an instant. Indeed, the engineer looked up with a grin.

"I suppose it's twue, sir, the-aw's goin to be a fight?" he asked.

"There's a fair chance of one, Walker."

Walker winked suggestively.

"That chap inside thinks he's out of it," he said, "so that's all wight." An energetic turn of the screwdriver signified that the man from Newcastle held the opposite view. Much as he loved his engines, he preferred to be on deck when the trouble came.

It happened that during this slight delay Courtenay glanced at the northern headland, which Elsie had christened Cape Templar owing to the somewhat remarkable profile of a knight in armor offered by its seaward crags. Possibly had he gone straight to the chart house he might not have noticed a signal fire which was in full blast on the summit of the cliff. It had not been many minutes in existence, and it struck him at once that it was a vehicle of communication between the savages in the approaching canoes and others, yet invisible, who were expected to share in the attack.

He was quick to perceive how seriously this new peril affected his calculations. By the time the nine canoes he had counted were alongside the ship there might be dozens of others ready to help them. He leaned over the rail.

"Did you test those flexible pipes this morning?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir, they aw in fine condition," said Walker.

"Try them again, will you? I want to make sure. Our lives may depend on them very soon."

He saw Suarez watching the oncoming canoes. By a touch on the shoulder he called the man's attention to the smoke signal on Cape Templar. A voluble and perfervid explanation in Spanish was useless. Here arose the unforeseen need of an interpreter. Without troubling to analyze his feelings Courtenay was glad of the excuse which presented itself of obtaining a momentary glimpse of Elsie.

"Bring the senorita," he said, and Elsie, wondering why she had been summoned from the salon, ran up the bridge companion. Her face was aglow with excitement, her heart going pitapat. She hoped that Courtenay meant to keep her near him during the fight. She almost doubted Christobal's statement that the captain had given specific orders that she was to remain in the salon. It was one thing that she should wish to avoid him, but why should he wish to avoid her?

The joy in her eyes died away when she found that the captain merely required a translator. The restraint she

He caught her hand and looked into her eyes.

imposed on herself made her tongue trip. She had to ask Suarez to repeat his statement twice before she was able to put it into English.

"He says that the Indians only kindle a fire on that point when they want the signal to be seen from the sea," she explained at last. "They used it once to his knowledge when some of them had gone to the island out there to kill seals. He cannot guess what it portends today, but he is quite sure that they have many more canoes at command than those which you now see up the bay."

Courtenay could not fail to notice her agitation. His quick intent was to soothe her.

"I am afraid my sending for you in such a hurry rather alarmed you. Suarez strikes me as a person of nerves. He overrates the enemy, Miss Maxwell. I think you know me well enough to believe that I would not mislead you, and I am quite in earnest when I tell you that we shall drive off these unfortunate wretches with comparative ease. Why, I had it in my heart to pity them a moment ago."

She was glad he misunderstood the cause of her agitation.

"Suarez is certainly rather dramatic," she said, smiling wistfully. "I ought to have discounted his Spanish mode of address. But is it really necessary that I should remain below?"

"It is. If shots are fired or stones slung at us, the chart house will probably be hit. Ah, yes, I am sure you would risk that and more, but we may sustain casualties, and Christobal ought to have help. You see, I am asking you to act the braver part."

He caught her hand and looked into her eyes. There are so many messages that can be given in that silent language. For a blissful moment Elsie forgot the other woman. Not until she had left the bridge did she realize that Courtenay, too, must have been equally forgetful. And that was very distressing both for her and the unknown. But here she was face to face with him and in such close proximity that she was unaccountably timid. While her heart leaped in tumult, she forced her lips to answer:

"You are right. You are always right. I was selfish in thinking that—that I—might"—

There was a pitiful quivering in the corners of her mouth. Courtenay felt her hand tremble.

"Be a brave girl, Elsie," he murmured. "You must go now. Have no fear. We are in God's care. May his angels watch over you!"

"But you—you will not risk your life? What shall we do if anything happens to you?"

She was strung to that tense pitch when unguarded speech bubbles forth the soul's secrets. All she knew was that Courtenay was looking at her as a man looks at the woman he loves. Neither of them paid heed to the presence of Suarez. For an instant they had a glimpse of heaven, but the curiously harsh voice of the Spanish miner fell on their ears, and they came back to earth with a sudden drop.

"The Feathered People are singing their war chant," he said, and his gesture seemed to ask them to listen. They started apart, and it was not Elsie alone who blushed. Courtenay crimsoned beneath the tan on his face and pretended a mighty interest in the doings of the savages. The girl recovered her self control more rapidly She half whispered the meaning of the miner's cry, whereon Courtenay tried to laugh.

"They will be singing a dirge next," said he, with a jaunty confidence. "Now, Elsie, off with you! Be sure I shall come and tell you when you may appear on deck."

She hurried away. She reckoned naught of the Alaculof challenge. Though the raucous notes of the tuneless lay could be heard plainly enough, they did not reach her ears. When she raced down the salon companion she found Christobal bending over the small case of instruments he always carried. He straightened himself in his peculiarly stiff way.

"What did the captain want?" he asked, with a suspicious peevishness which for once detracted from his habitual courtesy. The note of distrust jarred Elsie back into her senses.

"He wished me to translate Senor Suarez's explanation of another smoke signal," she answered.

"He told you himself, I suppose, that he wished you to stay here."

"He did more. He drove me away."

"Against your will?"

"No. Am I not one of the ship's company? Is he not the centurion? He says to this woman, 'Go,' and she goeth, nor does she stand upon the order of her going. Oh, please don't look at me as if I were cracked! Surely one may mingle the Bible and Shakespeare in an emergency."

"One may also tear linen sheets into strips," said Christobal gravely. Elsie's quip had saved the situation. He attributed her flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes to the fever of the threatened fight. She applied herself eagerly to the task. Already the fume and agony of vain regret were striving to conquer the ecstasy which had flooded her whole being.

(To Be Continued.)

RED HAIR A DISTINCTION.

Possessors of Such Hirsute Adornment Always to Be Trusted.

Red hair is no disgrace—no, indeed; it's a distinction. Anybody can have black hair, and some people manage to get along with a little sprinkling of flaxen mane. But it takes a boy or girl out of the ordinary to wear a deep red shade and live up to it. There is not a great variety of shades in red hair. It does not run from pink to crimson, and contains no greens nor mauves. Red is red, unless the girl has a lot of money, and then, of course, it is auburn.

But red hair has come into its own. Henner has made it famous in his pictures. Titian appreciated it hundreds of years ago, and today the world takes notice of the red-headed people, from Mrs. Leslie Carter to the new Sultan of Turkey. Judge Kyle, of Kansas City, dismissed a red-headed prisoner, telling him "Your red hair is your salvation." In three years he has had only six redheaded men before him, and not one was found guilty.

Red hair usually goes with a bright mind and a vivacious temperament. They used to tell us that it also indicated a fiery temper, but we will leave that for the men with red-headed wives to determine. Wasn't Helen of Troy red-headed? Well, she held the palm for beauty until the Baltimore girl was invented and the first crop of beach beauties was raised on the Atlantic City Boardwalk. If Theodore Roosevelt did not have red hair, it will be admitted that he made hundreds of the malefactors of great wealth red-headed while he was engaged in swatting the undesirable citizen.

You can trust a red-headed person—you can trust them to do as they please. They are rather warm to have around in summer, and there are those who do not appreciate their peculiar style of beauty. But the red-headed girl is a winner—and the man who gets one will not be lonesome. He will soon find out whether he has drawn a Titian-haired angel or a combination of a cyclone and a sunset.—Baltimore Sun.

Deacon Dies in Church.

"And it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we do know that we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

Uttering these words, Cornelius R. Means, one of the best known colored men in the city, ended a talk which he had been making in the Sunday school of Seventh Street Presbyterian church, colored, yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock, and sat down. A moment later he fell over and was dead. Heart failure was the cause. Considerable excitement was caused by his speedy demise.

Cornelius was a deacon in the church and was about 60 years old. —Charlotte Observer, July 5th.

Five of Family Drowned.

Fort Collins, July 3.—Five of the seven members of the family of Geo. Fuller, a farmer, were drowned in reservoir No. 5, three miles northwest of Wellington, Colo., while fishing late this afternoon.

Hypocrite in the Hereafter.

Dr. Madison C. Peters was discussing the question, "Will the coming man marry?" He instanced a certain type of bachelor.

"This man," he said, "is a hypocrite. He uses his religion as a cloak."

"And what will he do in the next world, eh?" said the reporter.

"Oh," said Dr. Peters to a New York Tribune man, "he won't need any cloak there."

HERE IS RELIEF FOR WOMEN.

If you have pains in the back, Urinary, Bladder or Kidney trouble, and want a certain, pleasant herb relief from Woman's ills, try Mother Gray's "AUSTRALIAN-LEAF." It is a safe, reliable regulator, and relieves all Female Weaknesses, including inflammation and ulcerations. Mother Gray's Australian-Leaf is sold by Druggists or sent by mail for 50 cents. Sample sent FREE. Address The Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

East Carolina Teachers' Training School. Official Announcement Opens Oct. 5, 1909.

The Board of Trustees of the East Carolina Teachers' Training School takes great pleasure in announcing to the public that Prof. Robt. H. Wright has been chosen president of the school, and that a complete corps of first-class teachers has been associated with him.

The school will be opened on Tuesday, Oct. 5, 1909, for the reception of students, and the president will be inaugurated on Thursday, the 7th day of October, 1909, with appropriate ceremonies.

The buildings, six in number, are new and beautiful. They are fully equipped with steam heat, water, electric lights, and all modern conveniences, including complete laundry and refrigerator plants. The sleeping rooms are furnished with single iron bedsteads, first-class mattresses, and other needful furniture.

By order of the Board of Trustees East Carolina Teachers' Training School, J. Y. JOYNER, Chairman, ex-officio.

For prospectus containing itemized statements of expenses and full information about the school, apply to President R. H. Wright, or Prof. C. W. Wilson, Greenville, N. C.

RECEIVER'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of authority contained in an order of the Superior Court of Johnston Cuonty, signed by his honor, Judge C. C. Lyon at May term, 1909, I, A. M. Noble, receiver of The Holt Cotton Company will sell at public auction for cash at the court house door in Smithfield on Saturday, July 10, at 12 o'clock, the following real estate of The Holt Cotton Company.

One lot of land lying in the town of Smithfield, N. C., described as follows: Beginning at the North East corner of Broadway and Church streets, and runs westwardly with the line of Church street 300 feet to Robinson street; thence Southwardly with the line of Robinson street 300 feet to Spring branch street; thence eastwardly with Spring Branch St. to the right of way of the A. C. L. R. R. Co.; thence with the said right of way of the A. C. L. R. R. Co. and Broadway street to the beginning, containing 2 acres less that part of the said block included in the right of way being about ¼ acre.

Also the following town lots to wit: Lots numbers 1, 2, and 3 in block "M" in the town of Smithfield in the subdivision of the land of the East Carolina Land and Improvement Co. and lots numbers 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 in block "O" in the subdivision of the land of the East Carolina Land and Improvement Co.

June 7th, 1909.

A. M. NOBLE, Receiver of The Holt Cotton Company.

Legal Cap Typewriter Paper Marginal ruled—light and heavy—at The Herald Office.

"A Southerner in Europe"

A Book of Travel, by CLARENCE H. POE,

Editor of The Progressive Farmer, RALEIGH, — North Carolina

A Book Containing 140 Pages of Travel, told in an interesting and entertaining style.

"A book not only of readable and interesting travel sketches, but even more notable as a vigorous and thought-provoking review of the needs and opportunities of our Southern people as seen in the light of Old World Conditions."

The best travel letters I have ever seen from any Europeal tourist.—Chief Justice Walter Clark. . . . .

Price in neat cloth binding - - - - 75c
" " paper covers - - - - - 40c

For Sale at

THE HERALD OFFICE,
Smithfield, N. C.

7.15
TO
RICHMOND, VA., & RETURN
VIA
ATLANTIC - COAST - LINE
Account Summer Schools

Tickets on sale June 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 28th, July 5th and 12th, 1909, limited to leave destination fifteen days from, but not including date of sale. Extension of limit returning to Sept. 30th, may be obtained by depositing ticket with the Depot Ticket Agent at destination within two days after arrival and payment of fee of $1.00. For information, call on Ticket Agent, or write—

W. J. CRAIG, Passenger Traffic Mgr. T. C. WHITE, General Passenger Agt.
WILMINGTON, N. C.

GO TO
Booker's Shop
For
Tobacco Flues and Trucks
Prices to Please
O. V. BOOKER, Prop.,
Smithfield, N. C.

Smithfield Roller MILL

Highest market prices paid for Wheat.

Will Mill your Wheat on Toll. Will exchange any Product desired for WHEAT. . . . . . .

Fine Flour, Feed, Corn Meal or any other product exchanged on a cash basis for Wheat. The mill is open for business every week day. All orders promptly filled. . . . . . .