I joined the afterguard, You see?" the doctor was exclaim ng. "It iss as I haf said. The island iss e. Everything iss as it should be!" He was quite excited.

Percy Darrow, too, was shaken out on the beach. of his ordinary calm. The volcano is active," was ragged cloud.

You say there's a harbor?" guired Captain Selover.

"It should be on the west end," said Dr. Schermerhorn,

Doctor believes it, and makes me lay my course for those bearings. And

was true! I'd like to know what the "Do we anchor or stand off and Captain Selover turned to grip

from it, and could make out noth- opaque gless, and from the indistinct- was flat, and grown with grasses and ing but its general outline. The latter was sharply defined, rising and falling to a highest point one side of the middle. Over the island, and raggedly clasping its sides, hung a cloud, the conly one visible in the sky.

Apaque gless, and from the indistinction was nat, and grown with grasses and ness of its depths waved and beckonsered with independent of the sulphur water. The stream itself meandered almiesses and herbage of an extraordinary vividness, was nat, and grown with grasses and ness of its depths waved and beckonsered with independent of the sulphur water. The stream itself meandered almiesses and herbage of an extraordinary vividness, was nat, and grown with grasses and herbage of an extraordinary vividness, and from the indistinction of the sulphur water. The stream itself meandered almiesses and herbage of an extraordinary vividness, was nat, and grown with grasses and herbage of an extraordinary vividness, and from the indistinction of the sulphur water. permitted us to catch a hasty glimpse of little fish darting, of big fish turning, of yellow sand and some vivid Darrow and Dr. Schermerhorn made color. Then came the grate of gravel and the scraping of the boat's bottom on the beach

only comment, but it explained the a natural trail to a high sloping down over which blew the great Trades. Grass sprung knee high. A low hill rose at the back, From below the fall of the cliff came the pounding of surf. I walked to the edge. Various ledges, sloping toward me. ran down to the Captain Selover drew me to one side. He, too, was a little aroused.

"Now wouldn't that get you?" he squeaked. "Doctor runs up against a Norwegian bum who tells him about a Norwegian bum who tells him about a here against this unknown island. Far the coast I could see—with the surges dashing up like the explosion of shells, and the cliffs, and the ramcactus. A bold promontory terminated the coast view to the north, and behind it I could glimpse a more fertile and wooded country. The sky was

partly overcast by the volcanic murk.

The Island.

I came on deck one morning at lour bells to find the entire against the tiny gravel beach at the end. I noted a practicable way from it to the top of the cliff, and from the lore as there. Everybody was gazing at a proving the early morning.

We were as yet some 30 inlies disable way from it, and could make out nother or the main arrays of the same sort. It would have been impossible to reach the level of the upper country. The bed of the main arrays was fat, and grown with spanses and

Hiustrations by Will Crawford.

up nearly to the level of the sides, and We jumped ashore eagerly. I left we stepped out on the floor of a little the men, very reluctant, and ascended valley almost surrounded by more hills.

, It was an extraordinary place, and since much happened there, I must

give you an idea of it. / It was round and nearly encircled by naked painted hills. From its floor came steam and a roaring sound. The steam blew here and there among the pines on the floor; rose to eddy about he naked painted hills. At one end we saw intermittently a broad ascending canon-deep red and blue-blackup the coast I could see-with the ending in the cone of a smoking volcano. The other seemed quite closed by the sheer hills; in fact the only here's the island! So the bum's story part of hills grown with grass and exit was the route by which we had

> For the hills were utterly precipitous. I suppose a man might have made his way up the various knobs ledges, and inequalities, but it would



"Take This, It'll Make a Man of You."

formed a pack train carrying all sorts from the wreck, and had trundled of things from the shore to the valley. The men grumbled fiercely at this, but awaited our assistance. We hitched a Captain Selover drove them with a cable to it, and let it down gently, slight regard for their opinions or The nigger was immensely pleased. After some experiment he got it to "You'fe getting double pay," was

his only word, "earn it!"
They certainly earned it during those three weeks. The things they brought up were astounding. Besides a lot of scientific apparatus and chests of chemical supplies, everything that could possibly be required, had been provided by that omniscient young man. After we had built a long, low structure, windows were forthcoming, shelves, tables, sinks, faucets, forges, burners, all cut out, fitted and ready

Thave orders from Darrow to get sun alternately blazed and clouded ful head. I, myself, later worked my to put together, each with its proper screws, nails, clamps, or pipes ready to our hands. When we had finished, we had constructed as complete a laboratory on a small scale as you could find on a college campus, even to the stone pillar down to bed-rock for delicate microscopic experiments and hot and cold water led from the conclusion. springs. And we were utterly unskill-ed. It was all Percy Darrow. I was toward the last engaged in

screwing on a fixture for the generation of acetelyne gas.
"Darrow," said I, "there's one thing you've overlooked; you forgot to bring day.

a cupola and a gilt weather-cock for this concern. After the laboratory was completed we put up sleeping quarters for the

we had quite finished. Dr. Schermerhorn had turned with enthusiasm to the unpacking of his rying, he had appeared, lugging his assistance of Darrow, and had camped most part had little to say, on the spot. We could not induce him to leave, so we put up a tent for him. Darrow remained with him by way of

all the work was finished, the doctor put in a sudden appearance. "Percy," said he, "now we will have nificant enough of Captain Selover's past relations with the with him to the har

safety against the men, whose meas-

ure, I believe, he had taken. Now that

row part of the arroyo, just before it rose to the level of the valley. "Here we will build the stockadedefence," he announced. Darrow and I stared at each other

"What for, sir?" inquired the assist-

"I haf come to be undisturbed," announced the doctor, with owl-like, Teutonic gravity, "and I will not be disturbed. Darrow nodded to me and drew his

principal aside, They conversed earnestly for several minutes. Then the assistant returned to me. "No use," he shrugged in complete

return to his indifferent manner. "Stockdale it is, Better make it of 14-foot logs, slanted out. Dig a trench across, plaint your logs three or four feet, bind them at the top. That's his specification for it. Go at

"But," I expostulated, "what's the use of it? Even if the men were dangerous, that would fust make them you did have something to think guard "I know that. Orders," replied Per-

cy Darrow We built the stockade in a day. When it was finished we marched to the beach, and never, save in three instances of which I shall later tell you, did I see the valley again. The next day we washed our clothes, and moved ashore with all our belong-

"I'm not going to have this crew aboard," stated Captain Selover positively. "I'm going to clean her." himself stayed, however, We rowed in, constructed a hasty

fireplace of stones, spread our blankets, and built an unnecessary fire near the beach. "Clean her!" grumbled Thrackles,

"my eye!" "I'd rather round the Cape," growl ed Pulz hopelessly.

"Come, now, it can't be as bad all that," I tried to cheer them. can't be more than a week or 10 days' job, even if we careen her. "You don't know what you are talk

'cleaned her?' " he inquired on andy Solomon. "You can kiss the Book on it," replied he. "Down by the line in that up?" he inquired, with a tinge of little swab of a sand island. My eye,

"Well, it isn't." He turned to but don't I remember! I sweated They smoked in silence. "That's a main queer contrivance

about three or four inches through: like," ventured Solomon, after a litthey're easier handled, I'll be back tle, "He doesn't want any intrusion," said, "These scientific experiments are very delicate."

"Quite like," he commented committally. We slept on the ground that night and next morning, under Captain Selover's directions, we commenced the task of lightening the ship. He detailed the nigger and Perdosa

special duty. "I'll just see to your shore ters," he squeaked. "You empty All day long we rowed back and forth from the ship to the cove, landing the contents of the hold. These, by good fortune, we did not have to carry over the neck of land, for just above the gravel beach was a wide ledge on which we could pile the stores. We ate aboard, and so had no

draw, and so cooked us our supper on it, After supper, Captain Selover rowed himself back to the ship. "Eagen," he had said, drawing me

aside, "I'm going to leave you with them. It's better that one of us-I think as owner, I ought to be aboard "Of course, sir," said I, "it's the

only proper place for you.' "I'm glad you think so," he rejoin-ed, apparently relieved. "And any-way," he cried, with a burst of feel-ing, "I hate the gritty feeling of it un-

der my feet! Solld oak's the only walking for a man." He left me hastily, as though a triffe ashamed. I thought he seemed depressed, even a little furtive, and yet on analysis I could discover nothing definite on which to base such a

It was rather a feeling of difference from the man I had known. In my fatigue it seemed hardly worth thinking about.

The men had rolled themselves in their blankets, tired with the long

Next morning Captain Selever was ashore early. He had quite recovered his spirits, and offered me a dram of French brandy, which I refused. We two men, with wide porches well worked hard again; again the master screened, and a square, heavy store- returned at night to his vessel, this room. By the end of the third week time without a word to any of us: again the men, drugged by toil, turned in early and slept like the dead.

We became entagled in a mesh of chemical apparatus. Almost immedi-days like these, during which things ately at the close of the freight-car-were accomplished, but in which was no space for anything but the tasks precious chest, this time suffering the imposed upon us. The men for the 'Por Dios, eet is too mooch work!"

sighed Perdosa once. "Why don't you kick to the Old Man, then?" sneered Thrackles. The silence that followed, and the

sullenness with which Perdosa re-addressed himself to his work, was sigpast relations with the men. And how we did clean her!

stripped her of every stitch and silver until she floated high, an empty hull, even her spars and running rigging ashore, I understood now the crew's grumbling. We literally went at her with a nail brush,

Captain Selover took charge of us when we had reached this period. He and the nigger and Perdosa had long since finished the installation of the permanent camp. They had built us huts from the wreck, collecting stateroom doors for the sides, and hatches for the roofs, huge and solid, with fron rings in them. The bronze and iron ventilation gratings to the doors gave us glimpses of the coast through fretwork; the rich inlaying of woods surrounded us. We set up on a solid rock the galley stove-with its rails to hold the cooking pots from upsetting, in a sea way. In it we burned the debris of the wreck, all sorts of wood, some sweet and aromatic. I have seen the nigger boiling beans over a blaze of sandal wood fragrant as an Eastern

First we scrubbed the Lauging Lass then we painted her, and resized and tarred her standing rigging, resized and rove her running gear, 'slushed her masts, finally careened her and scraped and painted her below.

When we had quite finished, we had the anchor chain dealt out to us in fathoms, and scraped, pounded and polished that. These were indeed days full of labor.

Being busy from morning until night we knew but little of what was about us. We saw the open sea and the Selover weakly. waves tumbling over the reef outside We saw the headlands, and the bow of the bay and the surf with its watching seals and the curve of yellow sands. We saw the sweep of coast and the downs and the strange huts we had

built out of departed magnificence,

And that was all; that constituted our In the evening sometimes we lit big bondre, sailor fashion, just at the the difficulties he now feared. Howedge of the beach. There we sat at ease and smoked our pipes in silence, too tired to talk. Even Handy Solo-mon's song was still. Outside the circle of light were mysterious thingsstrange wavings of white hands, bending figures, callings of voices, rustling of feet. We knew them for the surf and the wind in the grasses: but they were not the less mysterious

Logically Captain Sciover and should have passed most of our evenings together. As a matter of fact we so spent very few. Early in the dusk the captain invariably rowed himself out to his beloved schooner. What he did there I do not know. We could see his light now in one part of her, now in the other. The men claimed he was scrubbing her teeth. "Old Scrubs" they called him to his back: never

Captain Selover. "He has to clean up after his own feet, he's so dirty," sagely proffered Handy Solomon. And this was true, The seaman's prophecy held good. Seven weeks held us at that infernal

job-seven weeks of solid, grinding work. The worst of it was, that we were kept at it so breathlessly, as though our very existence were to depend on the headlong Fush of our la-bor. And then we had fully half the stores to put away again, and the other half to transport painfully over the neck of land from the cove to

beach. So accustomed had I become to the routine in which we were involved, so habituated to anticipating the coming day as exactly like the day that had gone, that the completion of our job caught me quite by surprise. I had Jolts From John L.

about Cardinal Gibbons asking me about Jake Kilrain I promised to have something to say later about Jake, but I guess I'll pass him up. Jake has been unfortunate, has gone back to a town near Boston to be guardian of a park or something like that, but he has his health and that's a lot. So let him enjoy it.

After the Kilram fight they counted out to me 150 \$100 bills. When I put the money in a pocket where it would be handy to get at, somebody rips in with:

rips in with:
"And here's the belt, that goes to

you, too."

"Take the dog celiar away, take it away, I wouln't be found dead with it," says I. Then I shoved it over to Charley Johnson, my backer. "Hang on to that Charley, you might want it for your bull dog. It would look fine around his neck."

There were some people there who thought the fight was all on account

sharp exclamation. 'Lay aloft, lay aloft,' the jolly bos'

"By God, we're through!" cried Pulz, "I'd clean forgot it!" Pulz. "I'd clean forgot it!"

The nigger piled on more wood.

We drew closer about the fire. All the interests in life, so long held in the background, leaped forward, eager for recognition. We spoke of trivialities almost for the first time since our landing, fused into a temporary but complete good fellowship by the re-

"Wonder how the old doctor is get-ting on?" ventured Thrackles, after awhile,

"The devil's a preacher! I wonder?" cried Handy Solomon. "Let's make 'em, a call," suggested Pulz.

"Don't believe they'd appreciate the compliment," I laughed, "Better let them make first call; they're the longer established." This was lost on them, of course. But we all felt kindly to one another that evening.

I carried the glow of it with me

over until next morning, and was therefore somewhat dashed to meet Captain Selover, with clouded brows and an uncertain manner. He quite ignored my greeting.
"By God, Eagen," he squeaked,

"can you think of anything more to

"Haven't you worked us hard enough?" I inquired. "Unless you gild the cabins. I don't see what else there

can be to do. Captain Selover stared me over. "And you a naval man!" he marveled. "Don't you see that the only thing that keeps this crew from gettin' restless is keeping them busy? I've sweat a damn sight more with my brain than you have with your back thinking things up to do. I can't see anything ahead, and then we'll have hell to pay. Oh, they're a sweet lot! I whistled and my crest fell. Here was a new point of view; and also a new Captain Ezra. Where was the

confidence in the might of his two-He seemed to read my thoughts,

and went on. "I don't feel sure here on this cuss ed land. It ain't like a deck where man has some show. They can scatter. They can hide, It ain't right to put s man ashore alone with such a crew. I'm doing my best, but it ain't goin' to be good enough. I wisht we were

safe in 'Frisco harbor---He would have maundered on, but I seized his arm and led him out of possible hearing of the men.

"Here, buck up!" I said sternly. "There's nothing to be scared of. If it comes to a row, there's three of us and we've got guns. We could even sail the schooner at a pinch, and leave them here. You've

stood them off before." "Not ashere," protested Captain "Well, they don't know that. For

God's sake don't let them see you've lost your nerve this way." He did not even wince at the accusation. "Put up a front. He shook his head. The sand had

completely run out of him. Yet I am convinced that if he could have felt the heave and roll of the deck beneath him, he would have faced three times ever, I could see readily enough the wisdom of keeping the men at work. "You can wreck the Golden Horn," I suggested. "I don't know whether there's anything left worth salvage; but it'll be something to do."

He clapped me on the shoulder. "Good!" he cried, "I never though "Another thing," said I, "you better

give them a day off a week. That can't hurt them and it'll waste just that much more time."

"All right," agreed Captain Selover "Another thing yet. You know I'm not lazy, so it ain't that I'm trying to dodge work. But you'd better lay me off. It'll be so much more for the others.

"That's true," said he. I could not recognize the man for what I knew him to be. He groped as one in the dark, or as a sea animal taken out of its element and placed on the sands. Courage had given place to fear; decision to wavering; singleness of purpose to a divided counsel. He who had so thoroughly dominated the entire ship, eagerly accented advice of me-a man without

experience. That evening I sat apart considerably disturbed. I felt that the ground had dropped away beneath my feet To be sure, everything was tranqu at present; but now I understood the source of that tranquility and how soon it must fall. With opportunity would come more scheming, more speculation, more cupidity. How was I to meet it, with none to back me but a scared man, an absorbed man, and an indifferent man?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

the belt more valuable than it really was, were going to get it by some gorch climbing when Charley was salesp. Johnson told me about the reported plot.

"Let them steal it, and good luck to them," I told Johnson But I think he slept with it around his waist or neck, until he got the thing into cold storage. I had a good mind to give the belt to Kilrain to show my centempt for it, but it might look like thitting him after he was licked, so I let Johnson worry along under the load.

CORBETT WARNED NOT TOPROVE AN ALIBI BY JOHN L.

AN ALIBI BY JOHN L.

Jim Corbett is turning funny. He is giving himself a certificate as one of the few boxers who never did a fake." I won from an honest fighter," (meaning me) "an honest champion-ship," says Gentleman Jim, and he goes on to call Jack O'Brien bad names because O'Brien jogs us back to the fact that it was a good guess that Corbett and Jeffries faked for 22 rounds, and not until the limit was off did Jeff hand over the wallop.

thrown myself down by the fire prepared for the some old half hour of drowsy nicotine, to be followed by the accustomed heavy sleep, and the usual early rising to toil. The evening was warm; I half closed my eyes.

Handy Solomon was coming in last. Instead of dropping to his place, he straddled the fire, stretching his arms over his head. He let them fall with a sharp exclamation. skates who are responsible for it can split the glory up among themsel-

This man Corbett has a gall to try cried.
Blow nigh, blow lew, what care we!
Look ahead, look astern, look a-windward, look a-lee.'
Down on the coast of the high Barbar-e-e.'

The effect was electrical. We all sprang to our feet and fell to talking at once.

This man Corbett has a gall to try to prove his record by mine. But he can't drag it off without a yelp from me. I'm not going to be shook down into the Corbett class at this late day. Not while my eyes are open and my hands and feet untied. I stand for a heap of things said of me, but I draw a chalk mark on bush-head. If we had referees with sand the fakers would be put out of business.

fakers would be put out of business, or what they think worse, made to fight. When Kid McCoy claimed a foul against Sharkey, and flopped down on the floor. Tim Harst who was referee, started to count him out, and between counts called McCoy a lobster, advised him to get up and take a licking, and finally offered to lick the Kid himself. Tim finally got McCoy on his feet so that Shar-key could hand him what was com-

NOT SO OLD HE CAN'T ROUGH HOUSE A BIT.

I fought about 400 battles and los one, the last. When I was licked I rang the bell on myself, climbed up on the back shelf and refused all con. propositions to go out and do the pub-lic out of good money with men I could have licked, when I was good, with one hand tied behind my back. I've fought on the turf in the open, when the sun blistered my back. I've fought in the snow, in mud and rain, in places where we expected the mili-tia or the sheriff to come up any old minute, for purses that didn't foot up enough to pay training expenses and fines, but I can say that the slap on the back I got from the referee when he named me winner squared me for all the trouble.

No friend of mine will blame me for which he tried to answer O'Brien by jumping under my lee. Not on your life. Burns has already given his answer to the fake with O'Brien by saying, "I'll have money when some of these fellows who are knocking me are starving to death." answer of the whole damn family of fakers when they are caught with the goods. But I want them one and all to leave John L. out of it. I'm not so old that I can't hold up my end in a rough-house argument if some of

them want to start one with me. SOME PUSHES, SOME FLAG WAV-ING, AND TOMMY CHAMP.

They waved the American flag over Tommy Burns when he pushed Squires to the floor July 4th, and that makes Tommy champion. See how easy the thing is done. It was a good deal like a game of tag, only shorter and with the rough part left out, and now all the advertising that goes with a championship can be collected by Tommy, and there's no law to stop him. He's a wonder at getting things fixed right for him.

The kind of boxing they are buying out on the coast with big money makes me laugh, and reminds me that, Al. Herford recently got after me with a hammer because I said, that the boxers of to-day were a bunch of dugs and that the "business principles" sneaked into the sport were killing the game. "I know something about the

who are making ring history to-day," said Al., "and I deny what Sullivan says, that they are all mutts

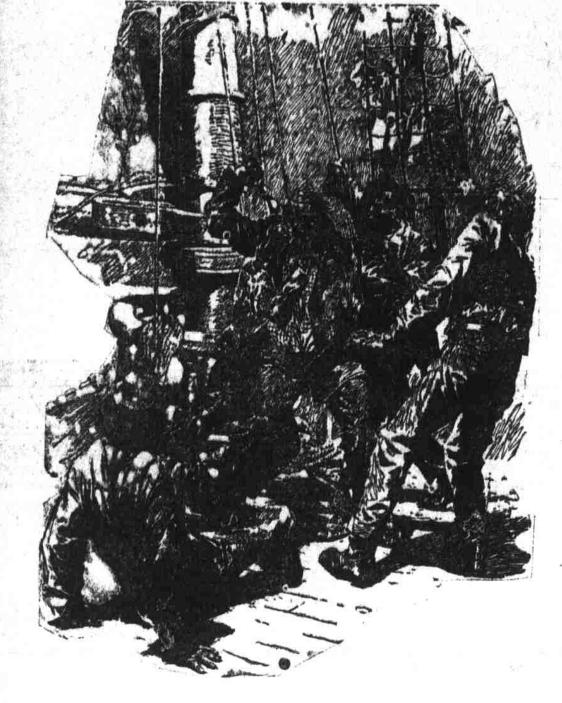
He can keep right on denying, but I think even charkey or Fitzs can come back, and clean nearly all the candidates for the big title, leaving out the dark man who is trying to get out of the woodpile. Herford can make a bag of lemons go as far as any of them when it comes to fra-ming up joke boxing for revenue only, and he needn't think that I'm throwing bricks because I am out of the ring. There isn't a man living as anxious as I am to see the real thing in the ring, the kind of men who will do battle without double entry book-keeping and second-story arith-

HE CALLED THE TURN ON THE JAPS LONG AGO. There's a lot of bank in this Jap. business, and two years ago I called the turn on it in a newspaper article. At that time I said folks who were thumping the Japs in the back for chasing the Russians would take a second think when the chesty yellow fellows began to get busy in our direction. The Jap is out for the stuff and he don't care was gives up, so long as he gets his.

We've been good friends to the Japs, putting them next to the best we had, and now they're paying uback by making us pay a big bill of expenses. Out on the coast, where they are having first-hand experience with the Jap., same as they've had with the Chinks, they know, and they ain't going to ge up any old home week celebration for him so asto make him glad he came.

When I predicted that the Jap would outstay his welcome as the star boarder, the rest of the country was dippy over him as the greatest little man ever, and I was told I was in the wrong. But I've been around enough so that all my original Yankee notions as to the smoked races, black, yellow or rad, have got change. man is going to stay on top the only thing for him to do is to keep on top The Jap is first rate in Japan, and it's your one best bet that a good way keep him there is to build a fence battle ships in the Pacific so long and big that he can't climb over nor sneak around the ends of it.

Yours trly. JOHN L. SULLIVAN.



"Forgot Who Was Your Captain, Did Ye?"

to a good berth, to land, to build shore | through it. quarters, and to snug down for a stay

We stared at each other "Joyous prospect," I muttered. "Hope there's something to do there." The morning wore, and we rapidbe utterly precipitous. The high roundfeet or so of the water, and then fell sway abruptly. Where the earth ended was a fantastic border, like the cliff, however, was a clear, fancy paper with which our mothers spring from the rock, and of this I had used to line the pantry shelves. Below a satisfying drink, When I arose from the white surges flung themselves my knees, I made out an animal on igainst the cliffs with a wild abandon. Thousands of sea birds wheeled in the eddies of the wind, thousands of ravens perched on the slopes. Without glasses we could make out the heads

of a year at least!"

a ragged belt of kelp. When within a mile we put helm up, and ran for the west end. A bold point we avoided far out, lest there should be outlying ledges. Then we came in sight of a broad beach

and pounding surf. was ordered to take the surf boat nd investigate for a landing and an anchorage, We rowed back and forth, puzzled as to how to get ashore with all the freight it would be necessary to land. The ship would lie well snough, for the only open exposure was broken by a long reef over which age, and snugged down. Dr. Schermerwe could make out the seas tumbling. But inshore the great waves rolled moothly, swiftly-then suddenly fell with a roar across the yellow sands,

The fresh winds blew the spume back to us. We conversed in shouts. "We can surf the boat," Thrackles, "but we can't land a scientific effects. By the time this was

That was my opinion. We rowed slowly along, paral'ri to the shore, and outside the line of breakers, don't know exactly how to tell on the manner in which we became

are of the cove, It was as nearly instantaneous as can be imagined minute I looked shead on a cliff unbroken as the side of a cabin; very next I peered down the length cove 50 fathems long by about 10 at the end of which was a gravel I orled out sharply to the men. were quite as much astonished We backed water, watching closegiven point the cove and all of its entrance disappeared. We once took the lead,

seen here I turned above the hollow color of our cove, skirted the base of the hill, and so down to the beach. It occupied a wide semi-circle where the hills drew back. The flat was dry ly approached the island, it proved to and grown with thick, coarse grass. found it sulphurous, and a trifle worse

the hill crest looking at me, but before I could distinguish its characteristics it had disappeared. I returned along the tide sands. The surf dashed and roared, lifting seaof seals fishing outside the surf, and weeds of a blood red, so that in places the water looked pink. Seals innumerable watched me from just outside the breakers. As the waves lifted to a semi-transparence, I could make out others playing, darting back and forth, up and down like disturbed tadpoles, clinging to the wave until the

very instant of its fall, then disappearing as though blotted out. The salt smell of seaweed was in my nostrils. I found the place pleasant-With these few and scattered impressions we returned to the ship. It had been warped to a secure anchor-

horn and Darrow were on deck waiting to go ashore. I made my report. The two passenforward as over a ledge, and spread gers disappeared. They carried lunch would not be back until nightfall. We had orders to pitch a large tent at a suitable spot and to lighten

> accomplished, the two had returned. "It's all right," Darrow volunteered to Captain Selover, as he came over the side. "We've found what we Their clothes were picked by brush

and thei rhoots muddy. Next morning Captain Selover detailed me to especial work "You'll take two of the men and go ashore under Darrow's orders," said

Darrow told us to take clothes for a

week, an axe apiece, and a block and

tackle. We made up our ditty bags, stepped into one of the surf boats, and were rowed ashore. There Darrow at

way a short distance, merely to ex-As there was nothing more to be amine the texture of their marvelous

This was at once varied and great hody-not at all like the smooth, glossed color of most rock, but soft and rich. You've seen painters' palettes-it was just like that, pasty and A stream emerged from a sort of fat. There were reds of all shades, od hills sloped easily to within 100 canon on its landward side. I tasted it, from a veritable scarlet to a red umber; greens, from sea-green to emerthan lukewarm. A little nearer the ald; several kinds of blue, and an in determinate purple-mauve. The whole

We stooped and gasped as it hit our eyes. Darrow alone was unmoved. He led the way forward and in an instant had disappeared behind the veil of team. Thrackles and Perdosa hung back murmuring, but at a sharp word from me gathered their courage in

their two hands and proceeded.

was waiting.

He eyed us with his lazy, half quizical glance as we approached. frony. ouse, Better pick out the little ones, of the professor's-that stockade-

by noon. eady for his next direction.

Captain Sciover Loses His Nerve opportunity of seeing what Captain Selover and his men were about, until I lived in the place for three weeks. We were afoot shortly after daybreak, headlands dissolved into the flat, through the opening of the nartod of the cliffs, and that row cannon and so en back into the

effect was splendid and barbaric.

We found that the first veil of steam and a fearful stench of gases, proceeded from a miniature crater whose edge was heavily encrusted with a white salt. Beyond, close under the rise ing about, sald Thrackles. of the hill, was another. Between the worse than the yellow jack. It's six two Percy Darrow had stopped and weeks at least. Mind when we last

"Think the place is going to blow me. "Here's where we shall stay for liver white.

3 while. You and the men are to cut They smo number of these pine trees for a

We set to work then in the roaring, steaming valley with the vapor swirlyelled ship of the doctor's personal and ing about us, sometimes concealing us, sometimes half revealing us gigantic, again in the utterness of exposure showing us dwindled pigmies against the magnitudes about us. The labor was not difficult. By the time Darrow returned we had a pile of the saplings He was accompanied by the nigger

very much terrified, very much bur-dened with food and cooking utensils

The assistant was lazily relating tales

of hoodoos, a glimmer of mischief in

CHAPTER VII.