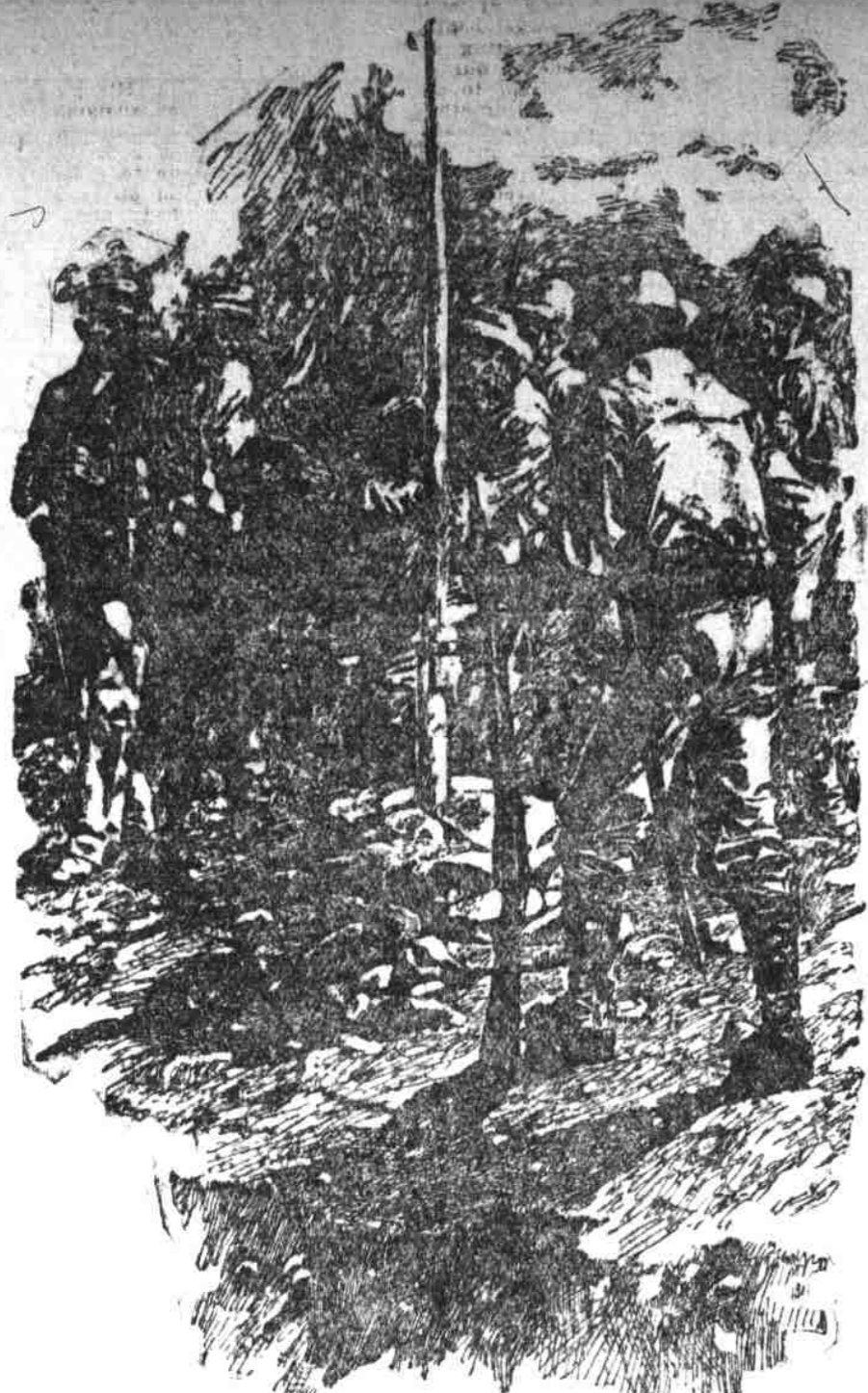


# THE MYSTERY

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE and SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

Illustrations by Will Crawford.



"With a Strangled Cry the Sailor Cast the Shirt From Him."

**THE PINWHEEL VOLCANO.**  
The surgeon spoke first. "Another point," said he. "Darrow was alive within a few days." Captain Parkinson turned slowly away from the grave. "You are right," he said, with an effort. "Our business is with the living now. The dead must wait."  
"Hide and seek," growled Trendon. "If he's here why don't he show himself?"  
The other shook his head.  
"Place is all trampled up with his footprints," said Trendon. "He's plodded back and forth like a prisoner in a cell," said the captain. "I'd forgotten it. That grave drove everything else out of my mind."  
"Bring the book here," called Trendon.  
Congdon unwrapped it from his jacket, and handed it to him. The sailors cast curious glances at the two headstones.  
"Mount guard over Mr. Edwards' grave," commanded the captain.  
The coxswain saluted and gave an order. One of the sailors stepped forward to the first mound.  
"Not that one," rasped the officer. "The other."  
The man saluted and moved on.  
"With your permission, sir," said Trendon.  
On a nod from his superior officer he opened the ledger and took up Darrow's record.  
"Here it is. Entry of June 23rd of '04. Everything lovely. Schooner lost to sight. Query—no memory dear. Not exactly. Though I shouldn't mind having her under orders for a few days. Queer glow in the sky last night; if they've been investigating they may have got what's coming to them. Volcano exhibiting fits of temper, spat out considerable fire about nine o'clock. Quite spectacular, but no harm done. Lava in valley still too hot for comfort. No sign of Dr. Schermerhorn. Still sleep on board."  
"Not much there," sniffed Trendon.



"Sorry Not to Have Met You at the Door."

This I buried with him, and staked the grave with a headboard. An officer and a gentleman, a youth of friendly ways and kindly living, if one may judge by the face of the dead; and he comes by the same end to the same goal as Handy Solomon. Why not? And why should one philosophize a book that will never be read? Hold on. Perhaps—just perhaps—it may be read. The officer was not long dead. Ensigns of the U. S. navy do not wander about untraversed waters alone. There must be warship somewhere in the vicinity. But why then, an unburied officer floating on the ocean? I will smoke upon this, luxuriously and plentifully. (Later). No use. I can't solve it. But one thing I do. I put up a small pole on the headland and cache the record under it this afternoon. From day to day, with the kindly permission of the volcano, I will add to it. Bad doings by Old Spitfire. The cloud is coming down on me. Also seems to be moving along the cliff. I will retire hastily to my private estate in the cave.  
"That's all, except the scrawl on the last page," said Trendon. "Some action of the volcano scared him off. He just had time to scrawl that last message and drop the book into the cache. The question is, did he get back alive?"  
"I doubt it," said the captain. "We'll search the headland for his body."  
"But the cave," insisted the surgeon. "We ought to have found some sign of him there."  
"Slade is the solution," said the captain. "We must ask him."  
They put back to the ship. Barnett was anxiously awaiting them.  
"Your patient has been in a bad way, Dr. Trendon," he said.  
"What's wrong?" asked Trendon, frowning.  
"Lying on my deck, wild-eyed and staggering. There was a sheet of paper in his hand which seemed to have some bearing on his trouble. When he found you had gone to the island without him he began to rave like a maniac. I had to have him carried down by force. In the rumpus the paper disappeared. I assumed the responsibility of giving him an opiate."  
"Quite right," approved Trendon. "I'll go down. Will you come with me, sir?" he said to the captain.  
They found Slade in profound slumber.  
"Won't do to wake him now," growled Trendon. "Hello, what's here?"  
Lying in the hollow of the sick man's right hand, where it had been crushed to a ball, was a crumpled mass of tracing paper. Trendon smoothed it out, peered at it and passed it to the captain.  
"It's a drawing of an old negro head," he exclaimed in surprise, at the first glance. "What are all these marks?"  
"Map of the island," barked Trendon. "Look here."  
The drawing was a fairly careful one, showing such geographical points as had been of concern to the two-year inhabitants. There was the large cavern, indicated as they found it, and at a point between it and the headland the legend, "Seal Cave."  
"But it's wrong," cried Captain Parkinson, setting finger to the spot. "We passed there twice. There's no opening."  
"No guarantee that there may not have been," returned the other. "This island has been considerably shaken up lately. Entrance may have been closed by a landslide down the cliff. Noticed signs myself, but didn't think of it in connection with the cave."  
"That's work for Barnett, then," said the captain, brightening. "We'll blow up the whole face of the cliff, if necessary, but we'll get at that cave."  
He hurried out. Order followed order, and soon the gig, with the captain, Trendon, and the torpedo expert, was driving for the point marked "Seal Cave" on the map over which they were bent.  
VI.  
MR. DARROW RECEIVES.  
"You say that the last entry is June 7th?" asked Barnett, as the boat entered the light surf.  
Trendon nodded.  
"That was the night we saw the last glow, and the big burst from the volcano, wasn't it?"  
"Right."  
"The island would have been badly shaken up."  
"Not so violently but that the flagpole stood," said the captain.  
"That's true, sir. But there's been a good deal of volcanic gas going. The man's been penned up for four days."  
"Give the fellow a chance," growled Trendon. "Air may be all right in the cave. Good water there, too. Says so himself. By Slade's account he's a pretty capable citizen when it comes to looking after himself. Wouldn't wonder if we'd find him fit as a fiddle."  
"There was no clue to Ives and McGuire," it was the captain who answered.  
The gig grated, and the tide being high, they waded to the base of the cliff, Barnett carrying his precious explosives aloft in his arms.  
"Here's the spot," said the captain. "See where the water goes in through those crevices."  
"Opening at the top, too," said Trendon.  
He let out his bellow, roaring Darrow's name.  
"I doubt if you could project your voice far into a cave thus blocked," said Captain Parkinson. "We'll try this."  
He drew his revolver and fired. The men listened at the crevices of the rock. No sound came from within.

## SOME JOITS FROM "JOHN L."

A Quick Flight 21 Years Ago, and What Came of It—Tips to the Author of the "Double Cross"—Poor Fitz Tried For a Third Term—Said Roosevelt—The Big Fellow's Idea of What's in the Matter With the Country—On the "Double Cross" Hands—Some Praise Worth Pasting on the Wall.  
(Copyright, 1937, by John L. Sullivan.)

This time of year always reminds me of the fight I had with Frank Herald, of Philadelphia, which was finally pulled off 21 years ago the 18th of this month, after I had chased him from New York to Pittsburg. I belted Herald off in two rounds, making short work of him after I got him inside the ropes, but he sure lead me a dizzy race before I cornered him and made him put up his hands and take what was coming to him. The fuse.  
James Gordon Bennett was so struck on Herald (probably because Herald's name was the same as Bennett's paper) that he wanted to bet \$5,000 that Herald could wallop any man in the world. Herald was boosted as the man who was to put me to the bad, and a lot of people were beginning to believe it. I finally got a match with Herald, but the cops stopped it, and Herald's crowd took a train for Pittsburg intending to copy out some glory by taking the stage and claiming I was afraid to meet him. I got wind of them taking the train and I was on another train, an hour later, for Pittsburg. By jamming

come down and we'll pull out fifty yards. Leave the rest of the Jovette where it is. All ready? Here goes. I touched the water with the fuse. It caught. For a moment he watched it.  
"Going all right," he reported, as he struck the water. "Plenty of time."  
Some seventy yards out they rested on their cars. They waited. And waited.  
"It's out," granted Trendon.  
From the face of the cliff puffed a cloud of dust. A thudding report boomed over the water. Just a wisp of whitish-grey smoke arose, and beneath it the great rock, with a gapping seam across its top, rolled majestically outward, sending a shower of spray on all sides, and opening to their eager view a black chasm into the heart of the headland. The experiment had worked out with the accuracy of a geometric problem.  
"That's all, sir," Barnett reported officially.  
"Magical! Modern magic!" said the captain. He stared at the open door. For the moment the object of the undertaking was forgotten in the wonder of its exact accomplishment.  
"Darrow'll think an earthquake's come after him," remarked Trendon.  
"Give way," ordered the captain. The boat grated on the sand. Captain Parkinson would have entered, but Barnett restrained him.  
"It's a waste of a minute or two," he advised. "Occasionally slides follow an explosion tardily, and the gases don't always dissipate quickly."  
Where they stood they could see but a short way into the cave. Trendon squatted and funnelled his hands to his eye.  
"There's fire inside," he said.  
In a moment they all saw it, a single, pin-point glow, far back in the blackness, a Cyclopean eye, that swayed as they approached. Alternately it waned and brightened. Suddenly it illuminated the dim lineaments of a face. The face neared them. It joined itself to reality by a very solid pair of shoulders, and a man saturated into the twilight mouth of the cavern removed a cigarette from his lips, and gave them greeting.  
"Sorry not to have met you at the door," he said, courteously. "It was you that knocked, was it not? Yes! It roused me from my rest."  
They stared at him in silence. He blinked in the light, with unaccustomed eyes.  
"You will pardon me for not asking you in at once. Past circumsstances had rendered me—well, perhaps suspicious is not too strong a word."  
They noticed that he held a revolver in his hand.  
Captain Parkinson came forward a step. Then he half raised his weapon. Then he dropped it abruptly.  
"Navy men," he said, in an altered voice. "I beg your pardon. I could not see at first. My name is Percy Darrow."  
"Mr. Captain Parkinson of the United States cruiser Wolverine," said the commander. "This is Mr. Barnett, Mr. Darrow. Dr. Trendon, Mr. Darrow."  
They shook hands all around.  
"I'll show you the diary this afternoon," said Darrow, after, in retelling it to the mess. A pause followed.  
"Won't you step in, gentlemen?" said Darrow. "May I offer you the makings of a cigarette?"  
"Wouldn't you be robbing yourself?" inquired the captain, with a twinkle.  
"Oh, you found the diary, then," said Darrow easily. "Rather silly of me to complain so. But really, in conditions like these, tobacco becomes a serious problem."  
"So one might imagine," said Trendon drily. He looked closely at Darrow. The man's eyes were light and dancing. From the nostrils two livid lines ran diagonally. Such lines one might make with a hard blue pencil pressed strongly into the flesh. The surgeon moved a little nearer.  
"Can you give me any news of my friend 'Thrackerles'?" asked Darrow lightly. "Or the esteemed Puz? Or the scholarly and urbane Robinson of Ethiopian extraction?"  
"Dead," said the captain.  
"Ah, a pity," said the other. He put his hand to his forehead. "I had thought it probable." His face twitched. "Dead? Very good. In fact—really—er—amusing."  
He began to laugh, quite to himself. It was not a pleasant laugh to hear. Trendon caught and shook him by the shoulder.  
"Dron it," he said.  
Darrow seemed not to hear him. "Dead, all dead!" he repeated. "And I've outlasted 'em! God damn 'em! I've outlasted 'em! And his mirth broke forth in a strangely shocking spasm.  
Trendon lifted a hand and struck him so powerfully between the shoulder blades that he all but plunged forward on his face.  
"Quit it!" he ordered again. "Get hold of yourself!"  
Darrow turned and gripped him. The surgeon winced with the pain of his grasp. "I can't," gasped the man, between sobs. "I've been living in hell. A black, shivering hell, for God knows how long. What do you know? Have you ever been buried alive? And again the agony of laughter shook him.  
"This, then," muttered the doctor, and the hypodermic needle shot home.  
During the return Darrow lay like a log in the bottom of the gig. The opiate had done its work. Consciousness was mercifully dead within him.  
"An soon as I light the fuse I will

things along after my arrival in the morning. Tom Hughes arranged things for us so we met that night in Allegheny City, in the ring.  
The smashing that I gave Herald in the two rounds made him easy for Joe Lannon. Later on, and Joe's defeat of Herald was the reason why Lannon was matched to fight Jake Kilrean in a hotel in Watertown, Mass., the following March. Jake put Lannon out in 11 rounds and this victory made a lot of raincoat chasers think Jake was to be my master. But all the guessing went wrong.  
TIPS TO THE AUTHOR OF THE "DOUBLE CROSS."  
Phila. Jack O'Brien is going to write a play called the "Double Cross," and he's going to show all the things that make the preliminaries in a factitious fight. That's what Jack says, and therefore, it may not be true. But he ought to be able to get all the actors in the right places in a play of that kind, for he knows, if anybody does. He might engage that celebrated actor Jim Carvel, for the star part, with Kid McCoy as the partner, and Joe Gans as the sousbrette, and some of the promoters for heavy villains. Jack himself will shine best taking the money at the door, for he don't play unless he hitches up with the mazzon.  
For a wind-up to the play all the fakers and get-rich-quick fighters would be dumped into a tank and it would sure be popular if the drink is made plenty wet and deep. But I'd advise the victim of the double cross to keep quiet for awhile and give the sporting public a chance to forget some things. He's made a long meal ticket out of a easy mark that have been falling for loaded dice and he ought to let it go at that for the present. O'Brien must be suffering from the heat of he thinks he can get any more big wads without earning them. His best play is to nail what he has, and not go wasting it trying to stage a fake.  
The sports are hep to the shady side of the boxing game and he can't get them to stand and deliver any more unless he chloroform them, and that isn't so easy as he is dopping it out to himself.  
"POOR FITZ TRIED FOR A THIRD TERM," SAID ROOSEVELT.  
I made a jump from Louisiana to Utah a few weeks ago and part of the trip was made brisk by three millionaires who damned Roosevelt by the hour. They threw the iron into Teddy gay and hearty, all right, because he'd been putting the heavy foot on some of their graft. I got jugged into the conversation because the President is a friend of mine and I didn't think these millionaire guys had him sized right.  
"You sports ought to get out and live with the real people awhile and find out what they're doing and what about," says I to the hot coal and iron barons. "The man with the dime-pail knows you people have been throwing it into him from every point of the compass, and he don't care a hurrin' if every resident of Wall Street has to sell his devil wagon and bathe in water instead of champagne for awhile. In fact he likes to see you people squirm, and when you say Teddy is guilty, he says Teddy is the man for 'im."  
"You've got to get nearer the common people than you do going at them out of your graft, and you have to know what's happening in this country," says I, "and you got to get next to them you're sure going to be in the wrong, and bad. There's got to be a new deal, and Roosevelt is wise to what's got to be, and he's got a few laps ahead of you folks."  
"You don't think Roosevelt will run again do you?" one of the barons asked me.  
"The answer to that is what Teddy said to the editor of a paper in Indianapolis when he got the returns from the Fitz-Jeff fight. Poor Fitz, he tried for a third term."  
JOHN L'S IDEA OF WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH US.  
The trouble with the whole country is that about everybody that has a look-in to corner some money want's to pinch all there is outside the mill. All kinds of business have gone crooked where the crowd of fighting, crooked booze and all kinds of crooked stuff put up for the public to eat; and get the stomach-achs. The fellows that run the stock market have put their own game so far on the blink that since Lawson pinched the first million dollars he's been pinning poor climbing to pull off a living.  
Take the booze business as a sample of how the little man gets shook down. Twenty-five years ago you never heard of anybody getting sent to the crazy house from drinking. Nowadays it's a common thing to be hospitalized off his nut for fair because he can't stand the stuff. It's because they take a few cents worth of carbolic acid and red pepper, shake it up in 50 gallons of rain water and call it a barrel of whiskey. Can you beat that game?  
The society have got into the swing with the rest of the business men, and the jails are not getting all that ought to be coming to them. I'm not doing any preaching, but I will give this tip, that unless we take the swift flop to the old way of doing things, you might as well try to preserve snow-balls in the warm place, as to expect the small man to smile and look pretty while he's taking the packages that are being handed to him.  
SOME STRONG PRAISE FOR AMERICAN FIREMEN.  
I was walking down Broadway, New York, one day, and I met Colonel Blake, of the West Point, who was at the head of a part of the Irish Brigade in the Boer war, when a lot of fire trucks came along on the jump. Blake grabbed me over to the edge of the sidewalk to see the procession dash by. "These firemen are real heroes," says Blake, "catch my eye every time. I've seen artillery go into action over in South Africa, where there are some of the best horse handlers in the world, but the American firemen do go to a fire in a way that just stirs my blood."  
I consider that one of the best compliments that has ever been paid to our American firemen, and they ought to know it. Colonel Blake was a Texan; he was at West Point and in a regular cavalry, and he's seen some Indians and Boers ride for their everlasting lives. Yet he put our firemen up with the best of them.  
I was glad to hear this compliment from such a noted fighter as Blake, and the reason I'm writing it is for the firemen to read it and throw out their chests a little. Colonel Blake was no hot air merchant, and what he said struck me as a very remarkable conclusion for him to arrive at, knowing all the rough riding he had done in the Indian and Boer wars. While the American firemen get such testimonials as the above, I advise them to paste them up where they can see them once in awhile.  
Yours truly,  
JOHN L. SULLIVAN.  
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