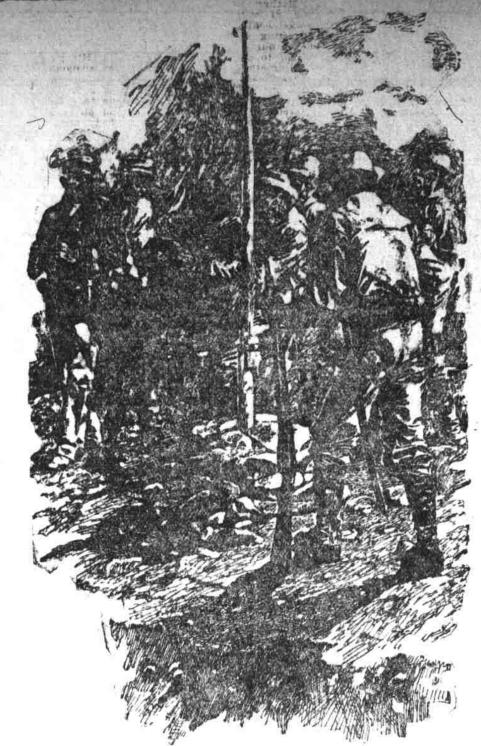
Illustrations by Will Crawford.



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

THE PINWHEEL VOLCANO. The surgeon spoke first. "Another point," said he. "Dar-

row was alive within a few days." Captain Parkinson turned slowly dead must wait."

everything else out of my mind"

"Not that one," rasped the officer.

The man saluted and moved on. 'With your permission, sir," said

"I'd forgotten it. That grave drove volcano. Barring souls, everything part of Pandora. Spent last night in erything else out of my mind" suitable for light housekeeping, such the cave. Air quite fresh.

"Bring the book here," called as mine. Undertook to clean house. "June 6th. Saw the glow again Dragged late lamented out into the last night." Congdon unwrapped it from his jacket and handed it to him. The sailors cast curious glances at the gret to say, floated. Found trickle the night before we picked her up of fresh water in depth of cave, and empty." "Mount guard over Mr. Edward's little sand-ledge to sleep on. So far, "Yes," agreed Captain Parkinson. grave," commanded the captain.

The coxswain saluted and gave an order. One of the sailors sleeped forward to the first mound.

It is a sud-ledge to sleep on. So far, "Yes," agreed Captain Parkinson. "That was the night Billy Edwards only I nad my clearete supply. One heard a botanist say that leaves to say that leaves of the white shore-willow made fair I fon't understand it. Once should

tupon me that an arm was doing the "June 3d. Evening. Thick and signalling, waving to me with a squally weather again. Local atmos- sprightly, even a jocular friendliness. the. "Darew days."

and slowly

Wind very shifty. Got an occasional Every now and again he would bow whiff of volcanic output. One in and wave. He grounded gently on amay from the grave. "You are whilf of volcame output. One in and wave. He grounded gently on right," he said, with an effort. "Our particular would have sent a skunk the said beach. I planted him business is with the living now. The to the complior battle. No living on promptly. First, however, I remust wait."

Ide and seek," growled Trensitide and seek, "If he's here why don't he himself?"

If he's here why don't he seven characters per diem.

If he seemed promption battle. No living an promptive First, however, I removed a bag of tobacco from his horowing.

The came up on deck, wild-eyed and staggering. There was a short of paper in his hand which seemed

"Yes." agreed Captain Parkinson.

substitute for tobacco. Fair substitute for nux vondea! Would like to matter of hoarding tobacco may be a interview set I bolanist.

"The fellow is a tobacco mantae," way she has to-day I shan't need rendon.

growled Trendon, feeling in his much more, it would be a raw jest
On a nod from his superior officer breast pocket. "The devil," he cried, to be burned or swallowed up with a On a nod from his superior officer he opened the ledger and took up Darrow's record.

"Here it is. Entry of June 2d"

"Everything lovely. Schooner lost to sight. Query—to 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 whits coming to them. Volcano exhibiting its of temper, spouted out continued to he metal. I guessed at in a body rolling in the surf. It was ing its of temper, spouted out continued to he captain numbed him a month's supply of unsmoked cigar—through the captain numbed him a cities on one. Cave getting shaky.

Silently the captain numbed him a cities on one. Cave getting shaky.

Silently the captain numbed him a cities on one. Cave getting shaky.

Silently the captain numbed him a cities on one. Cave getting shaky.

Silently the captain numbed him a cities on one. Cave getting shaky.

Still, I think I'll stick there. As be
"June 5th. Had a citier to-day.

Climbed the headland this morning.

Found volcano taking a day off.

Looking for sign of Laughing Lass, nutleed something holiographing to may shift.

Some from the waves beyond the rest.

Some to be unsmoked cigar—to the city of unsmoked cigar—through the surf. I think I'll stick there. As be
"June 5th. Had a citier to-day.

Climbed the headland this morning.

Found volcano taking a day off.

Foundation to the captain numbed him a month's supply of unsmoked cigar—through the city of unsmoked cigar—through the college.

Still, I think I'll stick there. As be
"June 5th. Had a citier to-day.

Climbed the headland this morning.

Foundation through the captain numbed him a citier to-day.

Still, I think I'll stick there. As be
Thank gray in the said, "I then think I'll stick there. As be
Still, I think I'll stick there.

Still, I think I'll stick there.

Still, I think I'll stick there.

Still, I

coming to them. Volcano exhibiting its of temper. Sponted out considerable fare about nine o'clock.

Quite spectacular, but no harm done.

Can foresee short rations of tobactory.

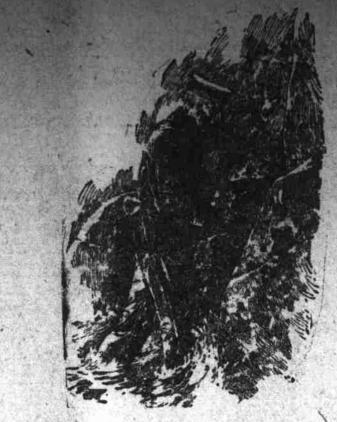
Co. Lava in valley still too act for comfort. No sign of Dr. Schermerhorn. Still sleep on beact.

"Not much there," snifted "Fental Months and the body, it glinted in the monogram in Tiffany's most illegible don.

Seemed to be metal. I guessed a tin a body rolling in the surf. It was been doned and body rolling in the surf. It was been doned and body rolling in the surf. It was been doned and body of a young man, large and the cape, and I came down to the strongly built, dressed in the unistrongly built dressed in the unistrency form of an ensign of our navy. Surcceed.

There was no mark of identification upon him except a cigarette case horn. Still sleep on beact.

"Not much there," snifted "Fental Months and as the metal in the body, it glinted in monogram in Tiffany's most illegible don.



"He Drew His Revolver and Fired."

This I buried with him, and staked | 'Your enterprise, Mr. Barnett,' ficer and a gentleman, a youth of which turned over the conduct of friendly ways and kindly living, if the affair to the torpedo expert.

One may judge by the face of the Barnett examined the rocks with dead; and he comes by the same end enthusiasm.
to the same goal as Handy Solomon. "Looks like moderately easy stuff," Why not? And why should one he observed. "See how the veins cer was not long dead. Ensigns of the whole cave?"
the U. S. navy do not wander about untraversed waters alone. There element of uncertainty when you're officer floating on the ocean? I will smoke upon this, luxuriously and neat as with an axe." plentifully. (Later). No use. I can't solve it. But one thing I do. to be moving along the cliff. I will he called. retire hastily to my private estate in

the cave. "That's all, except the scrawl on the last page," said Trendan. "Some "Oh, you can have the flowers. All action of the volcano scared him I want is what they grow in" off. He just had time to scrawl that off. He just had time to scrawl that Loosening a handful of the dry the waste message and drop the book into soil, he brought it down and laid it ment.

"But the cave," insisted the surgeon. "We ought to have found some sign of him there."

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,

"The ledger," said the captain. In the cave and vapours from the some of them have been playing the rumpus the paper disappeared. I asresponsibility 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

"Won't do to wake 'nim, now," here?"

Lying in the hollow of the man's right hand, where it had been crushed to a ball, was a crumpled

tracing paper. Trendon smoothed it out, peered at it and passed it to the captain. "It's a sketch of an Idian arrowhead," he exclaimed in surprise, at the first glance. "What are all these

marks?" "Map of the island," barked Tren-"Look here." The drawing was a fairly careful

one, showing such geographical ger. Have I got to come down for ruptly.

Take the booze business as a sampoints as had been of concern to the it?"

"Navy men!" he said, in 'an altwo-year inhabitants. There was the large cavern, indicated as they found it, and at a point between it and the headland the legend, "Scall 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 have been closed by a landslide down the cliff. Noticed signs myself, but didn't think of it in connection with

"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

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.

MR. DARROW RECEIVES. "You say that the last entry June 7th?" asked Barnett, as boat entered the light surf. Trendon nodded.

"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 good deal of volcanic gas going.

The man's been penned up for four "Give the fellow a chance," growl-ed Trendon. "Air may be all right quickest tempered little article in 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. From now on I'm a spectator."
Wouldn't wonder if we'd find him Barnett swung the fulminat

fit as a fiddle" There was no clue to Ives McGuire?" asked Barnett presently.
"None." It was the captain who

"Here's the spot," said the captain.
"See where the water goes in through

"I doubt if you could project your voice far into a cave thus blocked," said Captain Parkinon. "We'll try

the grave with a headboard. An of- said the commander, with a gesture

philosophise in a book that will never run. You could almost blow a debe read? Hold on! Perhaps—just sign to order in that."

perhaps—it may be read. The offi"Yes; but how about bringing down

untraversed waters alone. There must be a warship somewhere in the vicinity. But why, then, an unburied with high explosives," admitted the expert. "But unless I'm mitted the expert.

plentifully. (Later). No use. I Dropping his load of cartridges and beneath it the great rock, with carelessly upon a flat rock which projected from the water, he busied himself in a search along the face of the strength of the kindly permission of the cliff. Presently, with an "Ah," with the kindly permission of the of satisfaction, he climbed toward a volcano, I will add to it. . . Bad hand's breadth of platform where doings by Old Spitfire. The cloud is coming down on me. Also seems "Throw me up a knife, somebody," proble "Throw me up a knife, somebody," problem.

> "Take notice," said Trendon, good officially. naturedly, "that I'm the botanist of "Magic this expedition."

soil, he brought it down and laid it ment.
with the explosives. Next he called one of the sailors to "boost" him, come after him," remarked Trenbarons. "The man with the dinnerthe cache. The question is, did he with the explosives. Next he called get back alive?" one of the sailors to "boost" him, "I doubt it," said the captain. and was soon perched on the flat We will search the headland for his slant of a huge rock which formed, as it were, the keystone to the blockade.

"Let's see," he ruminated. "Slade is the solution," said the that will exert a widespread captain. "We must ask him." The No. 3, I think." "How is that, Mr. Barnett?" asked

"You see, sir," returned the demout a short was and funnelled his them out of parlor car windows, to sculptor at work on some heroic hands to one eye. "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 host have now in a slew new don't he came up on deck, wild-eyed and staggering. There was a shert of paper in his hand which seemed to have some tearing on his trouble. The other shook his head. "There's all twender will be came up on deck, wild-eyed and staggering. There was a shert of paper in his hand which seemed to have some tearing on his trouble. The dear departed. Pity it were that his footprints," said Trendon. "He's have been lively doings in Seal-ly 10 doings in Seal-ly 10 doings in Seal-ly 10 doings in Seal-ly 10 down by force. In the came up on deck, wild-eyed and staggering. There was a shert of paper in his hand which seemed to have some tearing on his trouble. In a moment they all saw it, a sin-live was a shert of paper in his hand which seemed to have some tearing on his trouble. In a moment they all saw it, a sin-live was in the found you had gone to the blackness, a Cycloparal with the came up on deck, wild-eyed and staggering. There was a shert of paper in his hand which seemed to have some tearing on his trouble. In a moment they all saw it, a sin-live was in the found you had gone to the blackness, a Cycloparal with the found of the hard with the fall was one even charteful and staggering. There was a shert of paper in his hand which seemed to have some tearing on his trouble. In a moment they all saw it, a sin-live was in the found you had gone to the blackness, a Cycloparal was a shert of the work on some heroic masterpiece, "what we want is to split of this rock." He patied the fall was one even learned on the same of the hard was one even learned on the same of the hard was one even learned on the same of the hard was one even lear sculptor at work on some heroic hands to one eye.

"Wait and see," retorted Barnett them greeting.
ithely, for he was in his element "Sorry not to have met you at the blithely, for he was in his element now. growled Trendor. "Hello, what's Just toss me up that cartridge; the third one on the left.'

The surgeon recoiled 'Supposing you don't catch it?" "Well, supposing I don't." "It's dynamite, isn't it?"
"Something of the same nature.

Joveite, it's called." Still the surgeon stared at him. Barnett laughed.

"Oh, you've got the high sives superstition," he said lightly. 'Dynamite don't go off as easy as people think. You could drop that a step. The host half raised his stuff from the cliffhead without dan- weapon. Then he dropped it ab-

With a wry face Trendon tossed caught.

one of the men up with it. I'm go-said the commander. ing to make a mud pie." Barnett, Mr. Darrow.

Breaking the package open, spread the yellow powder in a slightly curving line along the rock. With the mud he capped this over, forming a little arched roof.

"To keep it from blowing away," surmised Trendon. "No; to make it blow down instead of blowing up." "Oh, rot!" returned the downright

"That pound of dirt won't twinkle, make the shadow of a feather's difference."

sives. A mud-cap will hold down comes a serious problem." the force as well as a ton of rock.

box. This he carried gingerly to a the flesh. The surgeon moved a little er' who was tion Barnett picked out an object the scholarly and urbane Robinson of Trendon nodded.
"That was the night we saw the that looked like a .22-calibre short Ethiopian extraction?"
"That was the night we saw the cartridge, wadded some cotton bat- "Dead," said the captain. last glow, and the big burst from the cartridge, wadded some cotton bat-volcano, wasn't it?" wadding, laid it on the rock, carefully returned the small box to the boat, took up the cartridge again and waded back to the cliff. They watched him in silence.

> "Fulminate of mercury, stuff that'll remove your hand with contrass and despatch. It's the quickest tempered little article in the business. Just give it one hard look and it's off."
>
> "Here," said Trendon, "I resign.
>
> "And I've outlasted 'em!" And his lar cavalry, and he's seen some Infinity of the control of the control

Barnett swung the fulminate in his handkerchief and gave it to a

With painful slowness the man carried out the first part of the order; the latter half he obeyed with sprightly alacrity. Very slowly, very delicately, the expert draw in his dangerous burden. Once a current of air puffed it against the face of the rock, and the operators's head again the agony of laughter the monials as the above, I advise them once in awhile.

Trendon.

He let out his bellow, roaring Darrow's name.

"I'doubt if you could project your voice far into a cave thus blookad," was fixed in it and it was shoved under the mud-cap. Barnett stood up. the man his grasp. "I can't," gasped the man carried out the first part of the order, once, between paroxyisms. "I've been living in hell. A black, shaking, shivering hell, for God knows how long.

With painful slowness the man carried out the first part of the order. The object with saring in hell. A black, shaking, shivering hell, for God knows how long.

What do you know?

And again the agony of laughter shook him.

"This, then," muttered the doctor, said the hypodermic needle shot had the tiny shell in hand. A fuse had the tiny shell in hand. A fuse had the tiny shell in hand. A fuse was fixed in it and it was shoved under the mud-cap. Barnett stood up. like a log in the bottom of the gig.

The Old Standard GROVE'S

The order was given.
"As soon as I light the fuse I will ITO BE CONTINUED). the rock. No sound came from

SOME JULES FROM "JOHN L," things along, after my arrival in the

nett'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 begin-ning 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 cop 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 Joveite where it is. All ready? Here goes." He touched a match to the fuse. It caught. For a moment he watch-

ed it. "Going all right," he reported, as he struck the water. "Plenty of time.'

Some seventy yards out they rested on their oars. They waited. waited. "It's out;" grunted Trendon.

dealing with high explosives," admitted the expert. "But unless I'm mistaken, we can chop this out as neat as with an axe."

Dropping his load of cartridges and beneath it the great rock, with grantlessly upon a first sort grantless out grantled frendom.

From the face of the cliff puffed a unless he isn't so to bound over the water. Just a wisp of whitish-grey smoke arose, "POOR I grantlessly upon a first sort grantless and beneath it the great rock, with TER chasm into the heart of the head-The experiment had worked out with the accuracy of a geometric

> "Magic! Modern magic!" said the captain. He stared at the open door, For the moment the object of the undertaking was forgotten in "You sports ought to get out and the wonder of its exact accomplish- live with the real people awhile and

"Give way," ordered the captain.

"Let's see," he ruminated. "We tered, but Barnett restrained him. want a slow charge for this. One that will exert a widespread pressure without much shattering force. follow an explosion tardily, and the people squirm, and when you say Tedgases don't always dissipate quick- dy is guilty, he says Teddy is the man

the captain, with lively interest.

Where they stood they could see but a short way into the cave.

"You see, sir," returned the dem-

of its own weight, away from the entrance. It's held only by the upper projection that runs under the arch here."

Inately it wanted and brightened.

Suddenly it illuminated the dim incarnents of a face. The face neared them. It joined itself to reality by a very solid pair of shoul
"The ans "Neat programme," commented ders, and a man sauntered into the twilit mouth of the cavern, removed a cigarette from his lips, and gave the Fitz-Jeff fight, 'Poor Fitz, he tried

"I'll appoint you my assistant, door," he said, courteously. "It was toss me up that cartridge; the one on the left."

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 slesta."

The trouble with the whole counsurgeon recoiled blinked in the light, with unaccus- a

tomed eyes.

a word. They noticed that he held a revolver in his hand.

up the package. It was deftly could not see at first. My name is never heard of anybody getting sent Percy Darrow."

Barnett, Mr. Darrow. Dr. Trendon, because they take a few cents worth he Mr. Darrow. They shook hands all around. "Like some damned silly afternoon

tea," Trendon said later, in retailing it to the mess. A pause followed.
"Won't you step in, gentlemen?"
said Darrow, "May I offer you the said Darrow, "May I offer you the jails are not getting all that the jails are not getting to them. I'm Trendon said later, in retail-"Wouldn't you be robbing your-

"Oh, you found the diary, then," swift flop to the old way

Wait and see what happens to the Trendon drily. He looked closely him. at Darrow. The man's eyes were SOME STRONG PRAISE FOR AMock beneath."

He slid off his perch into the an-light and dancing. From the noskle-deep water and waded out to the trils two livid lines ran diagonally.

First nearer.

"Ah, a pity," said the other. He put his hand to his forehead. "I

"This is the little devil," he said, self. It was not a pleasant laugh to go to a fire in a way that just stirs indicating his delicate burden. Hear. Trendon caught and shook my blood."

"Fulminate of mercury. This is the him by the shoulder.

I consider that one of the best com-"Drop it," he said.

shocking spasm.

Trendon lifted a hand and struck

him so powerfully between the shouland sailor to hold. The man dandled it der blades that he all but plunged like a new-born infant. Back to his forward on his face.
rock went Barnett. Producing some "Quit it!" he ordered again. "Get

this."

der the mud-cap. Barnett stood up. like a log in the bottom of the gig.

"Will you kindly order the boat The opiate had done its work. ConThe men listened at the crevices of ready, Captain Parkinson?" he called. sciousness was mercifully dead with-

Reserveit—The Big Pellow's Idea of What's the Matter With the Country — Our Firemen Handed Some Praise Worth Pasting on the Wall.

(Copyright, 1907, 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

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 polished 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.

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 and Joe Gans as the soubrette, and and Joe Gans as the soubrette, 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 mazooma

For a wind-up to the play all the fakers and get-rich-quick fighters might be dumped into a tank and it would sure be pepular if the drink is made plants. 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 tie easy marks 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 chloroforms them, and that isn't so easy as he is doping it out to

"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 "That's all, sir," Barnett reported of their graft. I got lugged into the conversation because the Presi-

pail knows you people have been throwing it into him from every point The boat grated on the sand of the compass, and he don't care a Captain Parkinson would have en-hurrah if every resident of Wall Street

"You don't think Roosevelt will run The face again do you?" one of the barons

fir a third term."

They stared at him in silence. He try is that about everybody that has look-in to corner some money want's to pinch all there is outside the "You will pardon me for not ask- mill. All kinds of business have ing you in at once. Past circum- gone crooked. There's crooked fightstances have rendered me-well- ing, crooked booze and all kinds of perhaps suspicious is not too strong crooked stuff put up for the public to eat and get the stomacna he. The fellows that run the stock market have put their own game so far on Captain Parkinson came forward the blink that since Lawson peached his they may have to get down to plain porch-climbing to pull off a living

tered voice. "I beg your pardon. I down. Twenty-five years ago you to the crazy house from drinking. "Now wet that dirt well. Put it "I am Captain Parkinson of the canvass bag yonder, and send United States cruiser Wolverine," of somebody going off his nut for fair the canvass bag yonder, and send United States cruiser Wolverine," of somebody going off his nut for fair because he can't stand the stuff. It's of carbolic acid and red pepper, shake it up in 50 gallons of rain water and call it a barrel of whiskey. Can you

ought to be coming to them. self?" inquired the captain, with a give this tip, that unless we take the of doing "Won't it!" retorted the other. of me to complain so. But really, in serve snow-balls in the warm place, Curious thing about high explo- conditions like these, tobacco be- as to expect the small man to smile and look pretty while he's taking the "So one might imagine," said packages that are being handed to

ERICAN FIREMEN.

I was walking down Broadway, boat. Here he burrowed for a mo- Such lines one might make with a New York, one night with ment, presently emerging with a hard blue pencil pressed strongly into Colonel Blake, the West Pointhe lifted out some soft padding. A "Can you give me any news of my small tin box honey-combed inside friend Thrackles?" asked Darrow came to light. With infinite precaution Barnett picked out an object. bed me over to the edge of the sidewalk to see the procession dash by.

"These firemen in New York, Boston and some other large cities," says "I Blake, "catch my eye every time, I've had thought it probable." His face seen artillery go into action over in twitched. "Dead? Very good. In South Africa, where there are some fact—really—er—amusing." of the best horse handlers in the He began to laugh, quite to him- world, but the American firemen do

pliments that has ever been paid to Darrow seemed not to hear him. our American firemen, and they ought lasting 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, 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 who are the cord, he let down an end.

"Out it!" he ordered again. "Get hold of yourself!"

Darrow turned and gripped him. Darrow turned and gripped him their chests a little. Colonel Blake was no hot air merchant, and what he said struck me as a very remarkable continuous for him to arrive a little colonel blake was no hot air merchant, and what he said struck me as a very remarkable continuous for him to arrive a little colonel blake was no hot air merchant, and what he said struck me as a very remarkable continuous for him to arrive a little colonel blake was no hot air merchant, and what he said struck me as a very remarkable continuous for him to arrive a little.

The Old Standard GROVE'S out malaria and builds up the system. For grown people and chil-dren 50c.

