

## MR. BRYAN'S OPINIONS.

The plan of guaranteed bank deposits has probably found favor, among all classes of people and irrespective of political affiliation, more rapidly than any other public question.

The new state of Oklahoma has already enacted a law taxing state banks, the fund thus accumulated to be used in paying the depositors of any state bank that from any cause becomes unable to meet its obligations. A special session of the Kansas legislature has been called for the purpose of enacting legislation similar to the Oklahoma plan. The governor of Nebraska is considering the advisability of calling a special session of the legislature on account of the growing belief among the people that protection to bank depositors in the form of state or federal guarantees of their deposits will stop the hoarding of money, bring into circulation sufficient currency to conduct the business of the country, and prevent a recurrence of such disastrous panics as the one through which we are now passing.

Mr. Bryan has been an advocate of a law guaranteeing deposits in state and national banks since 1893. The legislature of Ohio has adopted a joint resolution inviting Mr. Bryan to address its members in joint session February 18, 1908, on the subject of Guaranteed Bank Deposits.

Mr. Bryan, in discussing the

tariff question, insists that residents of the United States should be permitted to buy home-made goods at home at as low a price as the foreigner can buy American-made goods abroad. He also insists that our government should be by and for the people as a whole, rather than by and for the trusts, and administered in the interest of a few beneficiaries of the trust system. He believes that national legislation for the purpose of better regulation and control of interstate commerce and common carriers should supplement state legislation, and not be a substitute for state legislation.

Mr. Bryan's paper, The Commoner, reflects his opinions each week on questions of public importance and in its columns may also be found his magazine articles, public speeches, addresses and lectures, which are referred to in the daily press from day to day.

If you are interested in political questions, if you desire to keep in touch with the progress of the campaign and to read Mr. Bryan's campaign speeches send sixty cents to The Commoner, and the paper will be sent to you each week until the close of the next presidential campaign.

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# THE MYSTERY

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE  
And SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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To the worth of this story there are two substantial tributes—first, that it was run as a serial by the London Sphere, a publication noted for its discrimination in the selection of serials and which rarely uses an American story; second, that "The Mystery" was one of the "good sellers" of 1907. This is a story of mystery and adventure on new lines. The style is as graphic and forceful as the "copy" of a skillful reporter of an important news event. The part of the hero unfolds gradually until he stands revealed as the rarest combination of whimsical humor and cool courage ever presented, perhaps, in fiction. The narrative, which conveys the impression of reality, not fiction, is swift and alluring, holding the interest of the reader as with hooks of steel.

### CHAPTER I.

THE late afternoon sky flaunted its splendor of blue and gold like a banner over the Pacific, across whose depths the trade wind droned in measured cadence. On the ocean's wide expanse a hulk wallowed sluggishly, the forgotten relic of a once brave and mighty ship, possibly the sphinx of some untold ocean tragedy, she lay black and forbidding in the ordered procession of waves. Half a mile to the east of the derelict hovered a ship's cutter, the turn of her crew's heads speaking expectancy. As far again beyond, the United States cruiser Wolverine outlined her severe and trim silhouette against the horizon. In all the spread of wave and sky no other thing was visible. For this was one of the desert parts of the Pacific, 300 miles north of the steamship route from Yokohama to Honolulu, 500 miles from the nearest land, Gardner Island, and more than 700 northwest of the Hawaiian group.

On the cruiser's quarter deck the officers lined the starboard rail. Their interest was focused on the derelict. "Looks like a heavy job," said Ives, one of the junior lieutenants. "These floaters that lie with deck almost awash will stand more hammering than a mud fort."

"Wish they'd let us put some six inch shells into her," said Billy Edwards, the ensign, a wistful expression on his big, round, cheerful face. "I'd like to see what they would do."

"Nothing but waste a few hundred dollars of your Uncle Sam's money," observed Carter, the officer of the deck. "It takes placed charges inside and out for that kind of work."

"Barnett is the man for her then," said Ives. "He's no economist when it comes to getting results. There she goes!"

Without any particular haste, as it seemed to the watchers, the hulk was shouldered out of the water as by some hidden leviathan. Its outlines melted into a black, outshowering mist, and from that mist leaped a giant. Up, up, he towered, tossed whirling arms a hundred feet abranched, shivered and dissolved into a wide-spread cataract. The water below was lashed into fury, in the midst of which a mighty death agony beat back the troubled waves of the trade wind. Only then did the muffled double boom of the explosion reach the ears of the spectators, presently to be followed by a whispering, swift skimming wavelet that swept irresistibly across the bigger surges and lapped the ship's side, as for a message that the work was done.

Here and there in the sea a glint of silver, a patch of purple or dull red or a glistening apparition of black showed where the unintended victims of the explosion, the gay hued open sea fish of the warm waters, had succumbed to the force of the shock. Of the intended victim there was no sign save a few fragments of wood bobbing in a swirl of water.

When Barnett, the ordnance officer in charge of the destruction, returned to the ship Carter complimented him. "Good clean job, Barnett. She was a tough customer too."

"What was she?" asked Ives. "The Caroline Lemp, three masted schooner. Any one know about her?" Ives turned to the ship's surgeon, Trendon, a grizzled and brief spoken veteran, who had at his fingers' tips all the lore of all the waters under the reign of the moon.

"What does the information bureau of the seven seas know about it?" "Lost three years ago—spring of 1901—got into ice field off the tip of the Aleutians. Some of the crew froze. Others got ashore. Part of survivors accounted for. Others not. Say they're turned native. Don't know myself."

"The Aleutians!" exclaimed Billy Edwards. "Great cats! What a drift! How many thousand miles would that be?"

"Not as far as many another derelict

has wandered in her time, son," said Barnett.

The talk washed back and forth across the hulks of classic sea mysteries, new and old; of the City of Boston, which went down with all hands, leaving for record only a melancholy scrawl on a bit of board to meet the wondering eyes of a fisherman on the far Cornish coast; of the Great Queensland, which set out with 569 souls aboard, bound by a route unknown to a tragic end; of the Naronic, with her silent and empty lifeboats alone left, drifting about the open sea, to hint at the story of her fate; of the Huronian, which ten years later, on the same day and date and hailing from the same port as the Naronic, went out into the void, leaving no trace; of Newfoundland captains who sailed, roaring with drink, under the arches of cathedral bergs, only to be imprisoned, buried and embalmed in the one icy embrace; of craft assailed by the terrible one stroke lightning clouds of the Indian ocean, found days after, stone blind, with their crews madly hauling at useless sheets, while the officers clawed the compass and shrieked; of burnings and piracies, of pest ships and slave ships and ships mad for want of water, of whelming earthquake waves and mysterious suction, drawing irresistibly against wind and steam power upon unknown currents; of stout hulks deserted in panic, although sound and seaworthy, and of others so swiftly dragged down that there was no time for any to save himself, and of a hundred other strange, stirring and pitiful ventures such as make up the inevitable peril and incorrigible romance of the ocean. In a pause Billy Edwards said musingly:

"Well, there was the Laughing Lass."

"How did you happen to hit on her?" asked Barnett quickly.

"Why not, sir? It naturally came into my head. She was last seen somewhere about this part of the world, wasn't she?" After a moment's hesitation he added, "From something I heard ashore I judge we've a commission to keep a watch out for her as well as to destroy derelicts."

"What about the Laughing Lass?" asked McGulre, the paymaster, a New Englander, who had been in the service but a short time.

"Good Lord, don't you remember the Laughing Lass mystery and the disappearance of Dr. Schermerhorn?"

"Karl Augustus Schermerhorn, the man whose experiments to identify telepathy with the Marconi wireless waves made such a furor in the papers?"

"Oh, that was only a byproduct of his mind! He was an original investigator in every line of physics and chemistry, besides most of the natural sciences," said Barnett. "The government is particularly interested in him because of his contributions to aerial photography."

"And he was lost with the Laughing Lass?"

"Nobody knows," said Edwards. "He left San Francisco two years ago on a hundred foot schooner with an assistant, a big brass bound chest and a ragamuffin crew. A newspaper man named Slade, who dropped out of the world about the same time, is supposed to have gone along too. Their schooner was last sighted about 450 miles northeast of Oahu in good shape and bound westward. That's all the record of her that there is."

"Was that Ralph Slade?" asked Barnett.

"Yes. He was a free lance writer and artist."

"I knew him well," said Barnett. "He was in our mess in the Philippine campaign on the North Dakota. War correspondent then. It's strange that I never identified him before, with the Slade of the Laughing Lass."

"What was the object of the voyage?" asked Ives.

"They were supposed to be after buried treasure," said Barnett.

"I've always thought it more likely that Dr. Schermerhorn was on a scientific expedition," said Edwards. "I knew the old boy, and he wasn't the sort to care for treasure, buried or unburied."

"Every time a ship sets out from San Francisco without publishing to all the world just what her business is all the world thinks it's one of those wild goose hunts," observed Ives. "Yes," agreed Barnett. "Flora and fauna of some unknown island would be much more in the Schermerhorn line of traffic. Not unlikely that some of the festive natives collected the unfortunate professor."

Various theories were advanced, withdrawn, refuted, defended, and the discussion carried them through the swift twilight into the darkness which had been hastened by a high spreading canopy of storm clouds. Abruptly from the crew's nest came startling news for those desolate seas: "Light, ho! Two points on the port bow!"

The lookout had given extra voice to it. It was plainly heard throughout the ship.

The group of officers stared in the direction indicated, but could see nothing. Presently Ives and Edwards, who were the keenest sighted, made

out a faint, suffused radiance. At the same time came a second hail from the crew's nest.

"On deck, sir."

"Hello," responded Carter, the officer of the deck.

"There's a light here I can't see anything out of, sir."

"What's it like?"

"Sort of a queer general glow."

"General glow, indeed!" muttered Forsythe, among the group aft. "The fellow's got an imagination."

"Can't you describe it better than that?" called Carter.

"Don't make it out at all, sir. Tain't any regular and proper light. Looks like a lamp in a fog."

Among themselves the officers discussed it interestedly as it began to grow plainer.

"Not unlike the electric glow above a city seen from a distance," said Barnett as it grew plainer.

"Yes, but the nearest electric lighted city is some 800 miles away," objected Ives.

"Mirage, maybe," suggested Edwards.

"Pretty hard working mirage to cover that distance," said Ives. "Though I've seen 'em"—

"Great heavens! Look at that!" shouted Edwards.

A great shaft of pale brilliance shot up toward the zenith. Under it what



A great shaft of pale brilliance shot up.

ed a maelstrom of varied radiance, pale with distance, but marvelously beautiful. Forsythe passed them with a troubled face on his way below to report, as his relief went up.

"The quartermaster reports the compass behaving queerly," he said.

Three minutes later the captain was on the bridge. The great ship had swung, and they were speeding direct for the phenomenon. But within a few minutes the light had died out.

"Another sea mystery to add to our list," said Billy Edwards. "Did any one ever see a show like that before? What do you think, Doc?"

"Humph!" grunted the veteran "New to me. Volcanic, maybe."

Continued on Page 6

### Many Sleepless Nights

Owing to a persistent cough. Relief found at last. "For several winters past my wife has been troubled with a most persistent and disagreeable cough, which invariably extended over a period of several weeks and caused her many sleepless nights," writes Will J. Hayner, editor of the Burley, Colo., Bulletin. "Various remedies were tried each year, with no beneficial results. In November last the cough again put in an appearance and my wife, acting on the suggestion of a friend, purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The result was indeed marvelous. After three doses the cough entirely disappeared and has not manifested itself since." This remedy is for sale by O. L. Erwin, Rosman, N. C.

### Servants in Spain.

Servant worries in Spain are reduced to a minimum, not because the domestic class is an ideal one, but for the reason that nothing very exalted is expected of it. Servants are taken less seriously than in England and allowed fuller play of those impulses natural to their youth and class. Spanish servants sing over their work as a matter of course. As they wash in the courtyard they talk and laugh freely over the wall with neighboring maids at the tub, their mistress' proximity on the balcony being no hindrance to outbursts of merriment.—Woman's Life.

### The Jumping Off Place.

"Consumption had me in its grasp; and I had almost reached the jumping off place when I was advised to try Dr. King's New Discovery; and I want to say right now, it saved my life. Improvement began with the first bottle, and after taking one dozen bottles I was a well and happy man again," says George Moore, of Grimesland, N. C. As a remedy for coughs and colds and healer of weak, sore lungs and for preventing pneumonia New Discovery is supreme. 50c and \$1.00 at T. B. Allison's, druggist. Trial bottle free.

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