

The Fifth Man

By Kathlyn Williams

Continued from the previous page

And now, as I promised you, you shall occupy the cage next to my other specimen—of you live!

The slave forthwith untied my hand and foot. Their intention regarding my fate had already become manifest. For the old man had ordered the slave to desist from flogging the mountain lion in the cage adjoining that of Joan's, saying:

"No, don't feed the lion this morning, Chacha. We'll give him a chance for food more rare."

So I was to be thrust into the cage with the fierce beast. "If I lived" meant, evidently, that if I survived the forthcoming inevitable fight with that lion my life would be spared—spared to endure it henceforth as a prisoner in that same cage. Had it not been for Joan I'm sure I would have entered the cage determined to let the lion destroy me as quickly as possible, putting up no fight at all myself, in order to have the whole business through with, rather than continue to live there a prisoner.

They removed two bars from the lion's cage—thrust me in—then quickly replaced the bars. The moral combat between a mountain lion and Joan Gaunt, mining engineer, was on.

Joan watched from her cage through the separating bars in mortal terror. Never shall I forget the anguish I saw in her eyes when she viewed me in what she had reason to believe would be my last moment on earth—the last moment, too, of the possibility of her only earthly hope of possible release from her prison.

The lion crouched in the corner of the cage, watching me. I kept perfectly still. I had read somewhere that the quieter one keeps when in such a tight fix with a wild animal the better. So I gave no more sign of life than if I were a statue.

The lion watched. So did I. The lion, for many minutes never once took his eyes from mine. And I kept my own eyes fixed on that animal as a hypnotist views his subject.

Outside the cage stood the two madmen, also watching. The madman cackled. He seized a bar of wood and prodded the lion.

That settled the matter. The fight began. The lion sprang upon me. Down my back one of his paws tore a gash that curiously must have looked fatal to the watching Joan. Her blood flowed from the bag wound and she spat the words: "Thank God in the first breath of the beast I had had the presence of mind to seize Joan by the throat. I put on this bandage—giving to my hand the supernatural strength of a desperate man. But the lion, in one mighty wrench, freed itself from my grasp and crouched for a second spring.

CHAPTER XI.

The Friendly Wynn.

"Here! Here!" cried Joan, attracting the lion's attention. "Here, here!" To my astonishment she had thrust her hand through a bar of her cage and had seized the spear of the negro. The spear had been left standing with in her reach, the negro never dreaming that such a trick would or could be played on him by the lively prisoner.

"Here! Here!" now shouted Joan for the third time, distracting the lion's attention from me, his more immediate opponent, till she could swing the spear into proper position to bring it.

And now, as the lion leaped again toward my corner of the cage, the spear entered his side—was withdrawn and thrust again into his body, biting this time a vital spot. The lion collapsed on the floor of the cage—dead.

And Joan, my brave, plucky Joan—had fainted.

"You live," the scientist said, viewing the result of the fight with no more heart than one would view the result of a dog fight, since he didn't care which of the combatants in that cage won. "You may eat the lion," he added, and again he cackled madly, as if at a great joke.

"Joan, my poor Joan!" I said, thrusting my arms through the separating bars and striking her beautiful hair. "Joan! See here!" I shouted to the madmen, "don't leave this girl like that. They were going away toward the hut. Come back here and bring some water." I called. But they heeded me not at all.

Presently Joan regained consciousness—and slipped some water—and then put her face between the bars

And said: "John, perhaps it was cruel to save your life. For they will keep you now in that cage—as they have kept me here in my own cage. And to live so in a cage like this—oh, how!"

"Dear!" I replied, "remember I have you to live for."

"The underworld. And—yes, I kissed her square on the lips."

For two long years we remained thus, victimized, but for those intervening years. Night and day we would hold each other's hands and keep their throats from coming mad. By day we would tell each other stories of our past lives. By night we would be together by the bars, still holding hands. Stronger words, stronger love under the strangest conditions ever known experienced.

And so passed the two years—two long years of torture.

I noticed that frequently now the mad scientist and the black man quarreled. Once with Joan, the two madmen came to her. What if they were to kill each other and leave as in those days—no more? I could see that the same thought was in Joan's mind. But neither of us spoke. The thought of what would happen to us if those two madmen should destroy each other was too horrible.

Came then the great day when, at long last, with desire for liberty, I saw frankly at the bars of my cage. And what happened? To my amazement and joy I felt one of the bars yielding to my tugging grasp.

"The bars are worn-out!" I cried to Joan. "By all the gods, the bars of this cage are worn-out."

"Pull!" cried Joan. "Pull hard. There! There! Oh, God—you are free!"

Yes, I was free. First one bar then another had broken in the middle, where worms had so weakened them that they readily yielded in the hands of the desperate man whom they had imprisoned for two years.

"And now yours!" I cried to Joan, running to her cage. "Now to free you!"

"You can't," she wailed. "They put new bars to my cage only a month ago. While the bars of your cage have never been renewed in my memory."

"Well, then, I'll free you with a club as a lever—same as I did before."

And I went in search of a stout stick.

"Fly, John! Fly!" cried Joan, her voice ringing with fear. "Run away quick! They are coming. Don't stop for me!"

"I'll return with help, dear!" was all I had time to say to my darling Joan—and then I heard the footsteps of the two madmen approaching—and I ran, ran for dear life.

How long I ran nor how far I shall never know. For when I awoke it was to see the sun rising on a new day. I must have run till I fell exhausted and unconscious. For I remembered nothing of this place in which I now found myself. It was a place amid trees yet sandy. Yes, there was white sand under my feet.

"Sand!" I exclaimed. "This means that the sea is near."

Onward I hastened toward the rising sun—for I knew that the sea coast lay directly east. All that day I hastened eastward, stopping only long enough at streams to drink and bask in my fevered heat.

Yes, fevered. For now I felt stealing over me that terrible, all-pone feeling that precedes tropical fever. But still I must reach the coast, and reach it before the fever made too great ravages upon my physical strength.

And so, fever-stricken and exhausted, I at last reached the sea. Fishermen heard me and carried me to their beach. There they nursed me back to health.

I told them my story and begged them to form a party to accompany me on my way into the forest to save my dear Joan from her imprisonment at the hands of the madman.

The madman—Spanish-American fisherman—well, I could see that they believed that it was I who was mad—both the two men of whom I told them the truth was that while they thought they believed to be my madman, they would not raise a hand to help me.

Then came a fishing smack into the harbor. She would proceed thence, with a cargo of fish, I learned, to the next large port. I determined that my best plan to aid Joan would be to work my way on this vessel to where help could be had.

I applied to the captain of the ship for a berth. He gladly accepted me as a member of the crew, being short-handed. When the vessel reached Honduras port, I again told my story to the natives there, and again none would believe my tale. Not a man could I find to volunteer to go into the interior with me to rescue my darling girl.

A ship was sailing for New York. I at last induced the captain to ship me as one of the crew. And so I worked my passage to New York and—here I am.

Thus Joan Gaunt, the Fifth Man, concluded his story.

He now turned with eager countenance to his friends and said: "Will you help me to rescue Joan? Or do you, boys, believe that I am mad?"

John Gaunt looked from one to the other of his friends with deep gratitude and said fervently: "Thank God! Joan Darey is at this moment almost as good as free—free!"

CHAPTER XII.

"Joan, Wake Up!"

Wynn sat at his desk and wrote hurriedly a note which he gave to his butler with orders to deliver it at once at the New York Yacht club station.

"That note," Wynn explained when the butler had departed, "was addressed to the captain of my yacht Scorpion. It asked my captain to prepare at once for a cruise to Central America. We start tomorrow, boys."

"Start?" spring to his feet and grasped Wynn's hand.

"You're a brick, Wynn. And you, boys—aren't you going with us?"

"That's just like you," replied Doctor Sadder. "You're always there in time."

"I'm here before any thing happens to the girl."

"She's absolutely safe. I guarantee it," Gaunt said. "That old mad naturalist won't permit any harm to come to her."



The Fifth Man Concluded His Story.

her. He thinks she is a specimen oughter representing his own lost daughter. I'm sure we will find her alive."

The following afternoon at five o'clock the yacht Scorpion sailed out of New York harbor with four determined men aboard—Gaunt, Doctor Sadder, Wynn and Berry—all resolved to give their lives, if necessary, to rescue Joan Gaunt's strange sweet heart.

A week later the yacht put into the little harbor at the seacoast town where Gaunt first asked the natives for help. The first natives who had then believed Gaunt insane now fell all over themselves in their anxiety to please the great "senor" who came now in a private yacht and looked every inch a commander of men.

For Gaunt was now no longer the pitiable looking wreck of a man he had been when he first arrived at that coast town after his two years of imprisonment in the madman's cage. He was now dressed in his own clothes, and his friends had freely supplied him with money, and Gaunt had taken the money on condition that they accept repayment when he had earned the cash in his professional capacity as a mining engineer.

In the little coast town they outfitted an expedition big enough to capture a ciudad. Wynn spent money like water, promising the natives who were to accompany the white men all sorts of rewards if they would fight like men, help rescue the girl, and escort the white folk safely back to the coast.

The four white men secured good mounts and the expedition started for the interior. Behind the white men came a long line of pack mules and mules, with some forty natives acting as gunbearers, campboys, cooks, and others necessary to the successful piloting of the party through the tropical region toward the mountains.

Every day Gaunt ordered a "forced" march. They pressed onward thus for seven days and at last arrived at a stream which Gaunt recognized.

"Here," he told his aids, "is where those mad rascals first captured me. Here is where they threw my rifle into the water. We are now close upon our objective point. Forward march!"

Forward the expedition wound its way till—

"There!" cried Gaunt, pointing ahead to a clearing. "Behold our destination."

Gaunt ran forward, too eager to wait for the others. He was the first to arrive at the cages. A strange, ominous silence was over the place. Gaunt stood still, his heart beating fast, telling himself thus:

"If Joan were alive she would by now have seen me and would be calling to me in joy. Prepare yourself for the worst, John Gaunt."

He ran to the last cage—Joan's cage—and peered in through the bars. There lay Joan, apparently dead.

"My God, boys!" Gaunt shouted, as the others came running up. "Eh, she's dead. Look!"

Gaunt now seized a heavy bar of wood and with the strength of despair ripped open two of the bars of Joan's cage. Then he and his pals pulled the unconscious Joan out of her improvised prison cell.

Doctor Sadder knelt by the poor girl and examined her. All waited breathlessly for his verdict.

"Starvation!" was his laconic pronouncement. "She is alive—but the spark of life is mighty near to going out."

Doctor Sadder, from his medicine bag, poured a stimulant into Joan's

mouth. They waited, and presently Joan opened her eyes.

"Water!" was her first cry. "Water!"

"Thank God!" John Gaunt cried. "She lives."

He ran to the hut to get the required water. To his surprise he encountered neither the white naturalist nor the black Chacha. Giving but little thought to this strange absence of life at the hut, Gaunt ran back to the cages with the water.

Joan drank feverishly, then called for food.

Doctor Sadder gave sparingly of the food proffered by the black "commissioner," as Wynn had named their black master of food supplies, knowing that negroes dearly love a high-sounding title and will work the better when invested with such "dignity" of title.

They carried Joan to the hut, and the doctor, by his assiduous attentions, soon brought to Joan's cheek a flush that told of returning strength.

Night fell. The four white men bunked in the hut, while the negroes camped outside in the clearing.

With the first ray of sunlight in the morning Joan herself was the first to awake. She looked about in a stupor of amazement—looked upon the forms of four white men lying in the room adjoining hers. And among the white men she saw Gaunt.

She rushed to him, crying in great joy, "John, wake up!"

CHAPTER XII.

Clothes for the Senorita.

Gaunt awoke. "Joan!" he said. "My Joan!"

They fell into each other's embrace. Wynn and Doctor Sadder and Berry woke and found the lovers locked together like two wrestlers.

"Break away there!" shouted Doctor Sadder.

Gaunt sprang up. "Gentlemen," he said, lifting Joan from the ground and carrying her to his arms beside him, permit me to introduce Joan Darey, the heroine of our adventure."

He introduced Joan to his friends one by one. Joan in bewilderment asked what it all meant.

"How," she asked, "did you all get here? I thought there were no white men in this region. How did John save you?"

John quickly outlined the story of his trip to New York and told how Wynn and his friends had volunteered to come at once to Central America to rescue the loveliest woman alive.

"But the mad fellow!" Gaunt now said. "Where are El Toro and Chacha?"

"Have you not found their bodies?" was Joan's startling question.

"Their bodies?" exclaimed Doctor Sadder. "Do you mean to say they are dead?"

"Yes," answered Joan. "Dead. They fought each other—fought a terrible duel near my cage. I witnessed the whole fearful combat. And, oh, John! The worst happened—the worst that you and I often feared might occur. Those two men killed each other, leaving me in that cage to starve by inches. Oh, the horror of it! On the morning of their fight—three days ago—they had not yet fed and watered me. The consequence was that, minute by minute, I found my strength waning till finally—well, I must have sunk into unconsciousness from sheer lack of food—for so you found me last night."

The party now left the hut and went in search of the bodies of the madmen. They found the bodies lying just beyond Joan's cage, locked in each other's embrace—each in the death grip. They buried them decently, then ordered the blacks to prepare at once for the return journey to the coast.

While preparations were going forward simultaneously for the return trip and for breakfast for their immediate sustenance the four white men asked Joan to tell them with some particulars just what had caused the two madmen to kill each other.

"I'm going to tell you something first that really may surprise you, John," Joan said. "The negro, Chacha—he was not mad at all. He was perfectly sane—just as I had often believed he was. His whole game was a waiting game. He pretended insanity merely in order to remain with the mad naturalist. And his desire to remain in the company of the really, truly madman was simply to discover the hiding place of the old man's gold."

"Well, from what I heard the black man say to the naturalist on the morning of their fight, it seems that the black man had that morning at last discovered the scientist in the very act of gloating over his gold. It was that room in the hut which you, John, know of—the room in which I slept last night."

"It appears that the negro stole upon his master unawares, and that the black man at once tried to secure possession of the gold. The white man must have fought off the negro—driving him out of the hut. The negro's spear stood near my cage, where he had left it the night before, and that's how he came to run to the cages, while the white man pursued him. Once in possession of his spear the black man turned on his master to give battle. The white man was armed only with a knife. As they fought I heard the negro, panting for breath, saying to El Toro:

"So, Senor El Toro, this is your last hour. You thought me insane. Well, I'm not insane. I'm as sane as you were when I first found you counting your gold in the coast village. And now you are about to die—and I am going to get the gold, and I'm going to take that girl in the case for my wife."

"Can you imagine, John, my terror when I heard that negro express his

intentions to kill me? I thought now to take my life on myself if the negro ran the risk."

"A terrible anxiety I watched them both the hour of my case. But when they drew each other, they were both the mad scientist and the black Chacha."

"I'll never forget the madman, roughly a moral wound. The black man, to his atrocious adversary to stab him again with the spear. I held my knife, with the resolve to plunge it into my heart the moment he began to stab the madman's death wound—for death was preferable, as you will understand, to living here the side of that beastly negro."

"But—I hope my eyes are not wicked—let us be sure to give the doctor a final stab with the spear, to make sure he is dead and to prevent his coming into the black man's hands. Then, each giving a piercing cry of moral agony, they fell into each other's arms, and so died, lying as you see them—within my sight, now."

I prayed in thanksgiving, so glad to find that after all I would not be obliged to stay that night. That all, John. The rest of the story is already known."

Before departing for the coast the four white men and Joan paid a last visit to the hut.

"The gold!" Wynn said. "We must all leave the gold here."

"No," said Doctor Sadder. "Give it to Joan Gaunt."

"No!" interposed John Gaunt. "That gold belongs to Miss Joan Gaunt, and to none other."

The big, flat stone lay where the old naturalist had placed it the last time he uncovered the hole containing the gold—just before the discovery of the hiding place by the negro.

From the hole they took out the golden pot which Joan Gaunt had seen the old man handling on the first night of his, Gaunt's, captivity.

"But that is not all," Joan cried. "There must be also a small chest of gold—golden money—five and ten dollar gold pieces."

They dug deeper into the hole and, purely enough, found the little chest, and in it the money, just as described by Joan.

"Well you what, boys," Jerry said. "We'll give this gold—all of it—to Joan, just as Gaunt says. And then I'll finance John Gaunt and form a



Took Joan in His Arms.

company and he can come back here and work the gold mine that surely is to be found in this vicinity."

"Not for worlds!" exclaimed Gaunt. "I'll never return to this place—never. The gold can remain right where it is for all I care. I'll earn money by the sweat of my brow, as a mining engineer."

Just then the "quartermaster general" of the party, a black man, appeared, carrying a woman's skirt, shirtwaist, shoes, stockings, a hat, and everything necessary to the proper appareling of a young woman in accordance with civilized custom.

"The clothes for the senorita," the "quartermaster general" said.

The clothes belonged to Mrs. Wynn. She had thoughtfully packed them in Wynn's trunk for the use of the heroine whom they were going to rescue.

The result was that John Gaunt took Joan in his arms, saying:

"Good-by to the prisoner in the leopard's skins. Good-by to the barbarous old lady of Honduras. Dressed as you are now, I first met and loved you. Farewell to Joan Darey, the prisoner. I shall not greet you when you come forth dressed in the conventional style of civilization. Shall you love me less, then, Joan?"

"No, John—more—oh, ever so much more. For I am sick to death of leopard-skin dresses. I want lots of pretty things now—oh, just heaps of beautiful clothes."

She darted, with Mrs. Wynn's clothes, into another room of the hut, and fifteen minutes later a young woman came forth from the hut, but dressed as daintily as any lady who had just come from her bedroom in the city of New York.

"Charming!" said Doctor Sadder. "Exquisite!" Wynn chimed in. "Lovelier than ever!" said Jerry. "And sweeter and dearer and more beautiful than any female of the species," John Gaunt said, as he clasped Joan to his breast and kissed her, right in the sight of the whole assembled expedition, too—for the party was now ready to start on the return

to the coast.

Northward the yacht Scorpion was cutting the water, through an open sea, bound for God's country. By the stern stood a man and a woman. "How soon shall we be married, dear?" the woman asked.

"As soon as we reach Wynn's vine in New York, Joan," the man answered.

And they locked their hands and watched the scudding white foam which the propeller made astern as he junked sped northward over the vast sea.

Such, as recorded above, were my impressions of the story of "The Fifth Man" as I saw it unfolded before the marvellous camera. John Gaunt and Joan Darey are happy now, I'm sure, in the land in which both will share with yours. "From every mountain side, let freedom ring."

THE END

Tobacco Pouch and Dressing Case Bag



A WARM robe of elderdown flannel is among the many delightful gifts that are to be made for the baby or for the little ones who have outgrown babyhood. Elderdown flannel is woven in light colors and figured in white with Teddy bears, rabbits, birds and other figures that delight the youngsters. It is the softest and most comforting of materials for cold weather.

Bath robes like that pictured are bound with narrow ribbon on all the raw edges, provided with collars and pockets (except when made for infants) and have ties of silk cord, finished with tassels at the neck and about the waist, like the elderdown in color. For the little infant the pocket and waist cord are not needed.

Bed slippers of elderdown finished and tied with ribbons are very comfortable for little ones who are apt to kick off bedclothes in cold weather. They are among the most easily made of gifts. Shoes and booties, for little infants' daily wear, are also made of this material which is so well suited for a baby's garments. Other articles are short socks, hoods and blankets for the baby's carriage. The last are decorated with big bows of wide, handsome satin ribbon.

A TOBACCO pouch is made of four long, narrow triangles of leather or a silky plush, sewed together with silk lining, made in the same way and placed in the outermost. The two long the top are black-tanned together. The bag is 7 1/2 inches wide, each triangle 3 1/2 inches wide, the casing is stitched in the bag 1/2 inches from the top to accommodate narrow elastic bands for drawing strings. If the bag is to be hung a ribbon or cord suspender are sewed at each side.

New Styles in Ribbon Bags for the Holidays



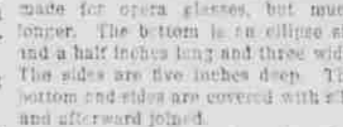
EVERY return of Christmas brings with it bags made of beautiful ribbons designed for many different purposes.

A new design in a slipper bag is shown in the picture. It is made of Dresden ribbon over a part-board foundation. An oblong box is cut from cardboard, shaped like the cases made for opera glasses, but much longer. The bottom is an ellipse six and a half inches long and three wide. The sides are five inches deep. The bottom and sides are covered with silk and afterward joined.

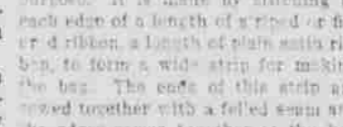
The upper portion is made of a straight length of ribbon gathered about the box as shown in the picture.

The second bag shown is easy to construct and suited to almost any purpose. It is made by stitching to each side of a length of wide satin ribbon a length of wide satin ribbon to form a wide strip for making the bag. The ends of this strip are sewed together with a folded seam and the edges sewed together at the bottom. A casing sewed within two inches of the top carries the ties of narrow satin ribbon by which the bag is closed and suspended.

A fine too close may be a full stop in the hour of leave.



The child who doubts about being better than the child who believes in a good night's rest.



There are some toys that can be made at home for the smaller children and they are among those that are most durable and most cherished. Among them are Teddy bears, dogs, elephants, rabbits and kittens made of cotton flannel or plush. Rag dolls, printed a strong muslin, can be bought ready to be cut out and made at home. The animals are cut by patterns to be had at pattern companies and are stuffed with sawdust. Small buttons or beads make their eyes and heavy yarns are employed in outlining the mouth or nose or other details.

A small white dog shown in the picture illustrates how well these toys look. He is furnished with wire made of little black buttons sewed out from black cloth. A string carrying a five cent tin is sewed to the back and he is bedecked with a collar and red ribbon about his neck. He is a boy at the side.

A clown doll is shown with the head made of ribbon gathered in a circle and the shoes of red. The body is of red cloth, and the coat is finished with a ruffle collar of white. The doll has eyes made of small black beads with eyebrows and eyelashes finished with black yarn. His nose is formed by making a short ridge in the face drawn together by a few stitches. A patch, in red yarn, forms his mouth and a mustache and whiskers are made of black yarn. By separating the yarn into strands, and sewing it about the head below the cap, an abundance of curly, black hair is simulated. The cap is topped with a tiny bell and red yellow and blue yarns represent buttons and embroidery in his apparel.

Among the new things brought out for this year are pictures to be made by cutting out figures from colored tissue paper and pasting them on a light paper background. The tissue is placed over an outline picture and the figure wanted drawn in outline with a pencil. It is then cut out. Different objects are drawn on different colored paper, as trees on green paper, houses on white or brown paper, and other objects on appropriate colors. All the required figures are cut out, they are pasted on the background.

Useful Presents for the Little People



A WARM robe of elderdown flannel is among the many delightful gifts that are to be made for the baby or for the little ones who have outgrown babyhood.

Bath robes like that pictured are bound with narrow ribbon on all the raw edges, provided with collars and pockets (except when made for infants) and have ties of silk cord, finished with tassels