

Already the dark fluid emitted by his assallant in its final discomfiture was passing away owing to the slight movement of the tide.

"Now that you have brought me here with so much difficulty, what are you going to do?" she said. "It will be madness for you to attempt to ford that passage again. Where there is one of those horrible things there are others, I suppose."

"That is one reason why I brought the crowbars," he explained. "If you will sit down for a little while I will have everything properly fixed."

He delved with one of the bars until it lodged in a crevice of the coral. Then a few powerful blows with the back of the ax wedged it firmly enough to bear any ordinary strain. The rope ends reeved through the pulley on the tree were lying where they fell from the girl's hand at the close of the struggle. He deftly knotted them to the rigid bar, and a few rapid turns of a piece of wreckage passed between the two lines strung them into a tautness that could not be attained by any amount of pulling.

Iris watched the operation in silence. The sailor always looked at his best when hard at work. The half sullen, wholly self contained expression left his face, which lit up with enthusiasm and concentrated intelligence. That which he essayed he did with all his might.

He, toiling with steady persistence, felt not the inward spur which sought relief in speech, but Iris was compelled to say something.

"I suppose," she commented with an air of much wisdom, "you are contriving an overhead railway for the safe transit of yourself and the goods?"

"Yes, yes." "Why are you so doubtful about it?" "Because I personally intended to walk across. The ropes will serve to convey the packages."

She rose imperiously. "I absolutely forbid you to enter the water again. Such a suggestion on your part is quite shameful. You are taking a grave risk for no very great gain that I can see, and if anything happens to you I shall be left all alone in this awful place."

She could think of no better argument. Her only resource was a woman's expedient—a plea for protection against threatening ills.

The sailor seemed to be puzzled how best to act.

"Miss Deane," he said, "there is no such serious danger as you imagine. Last time the cuttle caught me napping. He will not do so again. Those rifles I must have. If it will serve to reassure you, I will go along the line myself."

Without another word he commenced operations. There was plenty of rope, and the plan he adopted was simplicity itself. When each package was securely fastened he attached it to a loop that passed over the line stretched from the tree to the crowbar. To this loop he tied the lightest rope he could find and threw the other end to Iris. By pulling slightly she was able to land at her feet even the cumbersome rifle chest, for the traveling angle was so acute that the heavier the article the more readily it sought the lower level.

They toiled in silence until Jenks could lay hands on nothing more of value. Then, observing due care, he quickly passed the channel. For an instant the girl gazed affrightedly at the sea until the sailor stood at her side again.

The tide had turned. In a few minutes the reef would be partly submerged. To carry the case of rifles to the mainland was a manifestly impossible feat, so Jenks now did that which done earlier would have saved him some labor. He broke open the chest and found that the weapons were apparently in excellent order.

He snapped the locks and squinted down the barrels of half a dozen to test them. These he laid on one side. Then he rapidly constructed a small raft from loose timbers, binding them roughly with rope, and to this argosy he fastened the box of tea, the barrels of flour, the broken saloon chair and other small articles which might be of use. He avoided any difficulty in launching the raft by building it close to the water's edge. When all was ready the rising tide floated it for him. He secured it to his longest rope and gave it a vigorous push off into the lagoon. Then he slung four rifles across his shoulders, asked Iris to carry the remaining two in like manner and began to maneuver the raft landward.

"While you land the goods I will prepare dinner," announced the girl. "Please be careful not to slip on the rocks," he said. "I am concerned about the rifles. If you fell you might damage them, and the incoming tide will do hopelessly rust those I leave behind that they will be useless."

"I will preserve them at any cost, though with six in our possession there is a margin for accidents. However, to reassure you, I will go back quickly." Before he cold protest she started off at a run, jumping lightly from rock to rock. Disregarding his shouts, she persevered until she stood safely on the sands. Then, saucily waving a farewell, she set off toward the cave.

Had she seen the look of fierce despair that settled down upon Jenks' face as he turned to his task of guiding the raft ashore she might have wondered what it meant. In any case she would certainly have behaved differently.

By the time the sailor had safely landed his cargo Iris had cooked their midday meal. She achieved a fresh culinary triumph. The eggs were fried!

"I am seriously thinking of trying to boil a ham," she stated gravely. "Have you any idea how long it takes to cook one properly?"

"A quarter of an hour for each pound."

"Admirable! But we can measure neither hours nor pounds."

"I think we can do both. I will construct a balance of some kind. Then, with a ham slung to one end and a rifle and some cartridges to the other, I will tell you the weight of the ham to an ounce. To ascertain the time I have already determined to fashion a sundial. I remember the requisite divisions with reasonable accuracy, and a little observation will enable us to correct any mistakes."

"You are really very clever, Mr. Jenks," said Iris, with childlike candor. "Have you spent several years of your life in preparing for residence on a desert island?"

"Something of the sort. I have led a queer kind of existence, full of useless purposes. Fate has driven me into a corner where my odds and ends of knowledge are actually valuable. Such accidents make men millionaires."

"Useless purposes!" she repeated. "I can hardly credit that. One uses such a phrase to describe fussy people, alive with foolish activity. Your worst enemy would not place you in such a category."

"My worst enemy made the phrase effective at any rate, Miss Deane."

"You mean that he ruined your career?"

"Well—er—yes. I suppose that describes the position with fair accuracy."

"Was he a very great scoundrel?"

"He was and is."

Jenks spoke with quiet bitterness. The girl's words had evoked a sudden flood of recollection. For the moment he did not notice how he had been trapped into speaking of himself, nor did he see the quiet content on Iris' face when she elicited the information that his chief foe was a man. A certain tremulous hesitancy in her manner when she next spoke might have warned him, but his hungry soul caught only the warm sympathy of her words, which fell like rain on parched soil.

"You are tired," she said. "Won't you smoke for a little while and talk to me?"

He produced his pipe and tobacco. "That is a first rate pipe," she declared. "My father always said that a straight stem, with the bowl at a right angle, was the correct shape. You evidently agree with him."

"Absolutely."

"You will like my father when you meet him. He is the very best man alive, I am sure."

"You two are great friends, then?"

"Great friends! He is the only friend I possess in the world."

"What! Is that quite accurate?"

"Oh, quite. Of course, Mr. Jenks, I can never forget how much I owe to you. I like you immensely, too, although you are so—so gruff to me at times. But—but—see, my father and I have always been together. I have neither brother nor sister, not even a cousin. My dear mother died from some horrid fever when I was quite a little girl. My father is everything to me."

"Dear child!" he murmured, apparently uttering his thoughts aloud rather than addressing her directly. "So you find me gruff, eh?"

"A regular bear when you lecture me. But that is only occasionally. You can be very nice when you like, when you forget your past troubles. And pray, why do you call me a child?"

"Have I done so?"

"Not a moment ago. How old are you, Mr. Jenks? I am twenty—twenty last December."

"And I," he said, "will be twenty-eight in August."

"Good gracious!" she gasped. "I am very sorry, but I really thought you were forty at least."

"I look it, no doubt. Let me be equally candid and admit that you, too, show your age markedly."

She smiled nervously. "What a lot of trouble you must have had to—to give your those little wrinkles in the corners of your mouth and eyes," she said.

"Wrinkles! How terrible!"

"I don't know. I think they rather suit you. Besides, it was stupid of me to imagine you were so old. I suppose exposure to the sun creates wrinkles, and you must have lived much in the open air."

"Early rising and late going to bed are bad for the complexion," he declared solemnly.

"I often wonder how army officers manage to exist," she said. "They never seem to get enough sleep, in the east at any rate."

"So you assume I have been in the army?"

"I am quite sure of it."

"May I ask why?"

"Your manner, your voice, your quiet air of authority, the very way you walk, all betray you."

"Then," he said sadly, "I will not attempt to deny the fact. I held a commission in the Indian staff corps for nine years. It was a hobby of mine, Miss Deane, to make myself acquainted with the best means of victualing my men and keeping them in good health under all sorts of fanciful conditions and in every kind of climate, especially under circumstances when ordinary stores were not available. With that object in view I read up every possible country in which my regiment might be engaged, learned the local names of common articles of food and ascertained particularly what provision nature made to sustain life. The study interested me. Once, during the Sudan campaign, it was really useful and procured me promotion."

"Tell me about it."

"During some operations in the desert it was necessary for my troop to follow up a small party of rebels mounted on camels, which, as you probably know, can go without water much longer than horses. We were almost within striking distance when our horses completely gave out, but I luckily no-

ticed indications which showed that there was water beneath a portion of the plain much below the general level. Half an hour's spade work proved that I was right. We took up the pursuit again and ran the quarry to earth, and I got my captancy."

"Was there no fight?"

He paused an appreciable time before replying. Then he evidently made up his mind to perform some disagreeable task. The watching girl could see the change in his face, the sharp transition from eager interest to angry resentment.

"Yes," he went on at last, "there was a fight. It was a rather stiff affair, because a troop of British cavalry which should have supported me had turned back owing to the want of water already mentioned. But that did not save the officer in charge of the Twenty-fourth lancers from being severely reprimanded."

"The Twenty-fourth lancers!" cried Iris. "Lord Ventnor's regiment?"

"Lord Ventnor was the officer in question."

Her face crimsoned. "Then you know him?" she said.

"I do."

"Is he your enemy?"

"Yes."

"And that is why you were so agitated that last day on the Sirdar, when poor Lady Tozer asked me if I were engaged to him?"

"Yes."

"How could it affect you? You did not even know my name then?"

"It affected me because the sudden mention of his name recalled my own disgrace. I quitted the army six months ago, Miss Deane, under very painful circumstances. A general court martial found me guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. I was not even given a chance to resign. I was cashiered."

He pretended to speak with cool tranquility. He thought to compel her into shrinking contempt. Yet his face blanched somewhat, and though he steadily kept the pipe between his teeth and smoked with studied unconcern, his lips twitched a little.

And he dared not look at her, for the girl's wondering eyes were fixed upon him, and he blushed had disappeared as quickly as it came.

"I remember something of this," she said slowly, never once averting her gaze. "There was some gossip concerning it when I first came to Hongkong. You are Captain Robert Anstruther?"

"I am."

"And you publicly thrashed Lord Ventnor as the result of a quarrel about a woman?"

"Your recollection is quite accurate."

"Who was to blame?"

"The lady said that I was."

"Was it true?"

Robert Anstruther, late captain of the 6th Cavalry, rose to his feet. He preferred to take his punishment standing.

"The court martial agreed with her, Miss Deane, and I am a prejudiced witness," he replied.

"Who was the lady?"

"The wife of my colonel, Mrs. Costobell."

"Oh!"

Long afterward he remembered the agony of that moment and winced even at the remembrance. But he had decided upon a fixed policy, and he was not a man to flinch from consequences. Miss Deane must be taught to despise him, else—God help them both—she might learn to love him as he now loved her. So, blundering toward a woman's heart as he concerned, he blindly persisted in allowing her to make such false deductions as she chose from his words.

Iris was the first to regain some measure of self control.

"I am glad you have been so candid, Captain Anstruther," she commenced, but he broke in abruptly:

"Jenks, if you please, Miss Deane; Robert Jenks."

"Certainly, Mr. Jenks. Let me be equally explicit before we quit the subject. I have met Mrs. Costobell. I do not like her. I consider her a deceitful woman. Your court martial might have found a different verdict had its members been of her sex. As for Lord Ventnor, he is nothing to me. It is true he asked my father to be permitted to pay his addresses to me, but my dear old dad left the matter wholly to my decision, and I certainly never gave Lord Ventnor any encouragement. I believe now that Mrs. Costobell lied and that Lord Ventnor lied when they attributed any dishonorable action to you, and I am glad that you beat him in the club. I am quite sure he deserved it."

Not one word did this strange man vouchsafe in reply. He started violently, seized the ax lying at his feet and went straight among the trees, keeping his face turned from Iris so that she might not see the tears in his eyes.

As for the girl, she began to scour her cooking utensils with much energy and soon commenced a song. Considering that she was compelled to constantly endure the company of a degraded officer, who had been expelled from the service with ignominy, she was absurdly contented. Indeed, with the happy in consequence of youth, she quickly threw all care to the winds and devoted her thoughts to planning a surprise for the next day by preparing some tea, provided she could surreptitiously open the chest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MAN WITH THE MUCK RAKE

President Roosevelt Denounces Criticism of Public Officials.

ADVOCATES INHERITANCE TAX

Washington, April 16. — President Roosevelt, in his speech at the laying of the corner-stone of the office building for the house of representatives, added another number to his program of reforms by advocating the imposition of a federal inheritance tax on "swollen fortunes." He also denounced the detractors of public men in the course of his talk on the "man with the muck-rake." The president's address in part was as follows: Over a century ago Washington laid the corner stone of the capitol in what was then little more than a tract of wooded wilderness here beside the Potomac. We now find it necessary to provide by great additional buildings for the business of the government. The material problems that face us today are not such as they were in Washington's time, but the underlying facts of human nature are the same now as they were then. Under altered external form we war with the same tendencies toward evil that were evident in Washington's time and are helped by the same tendencies for good. It is about some of these that I wish to say a word.

In Bunyan's Pilgrim Progress you may recall the description of the man with the muck-rake, the man who could look no way but downward, with the muck-rake in his hand; who was offered a celestial crown for his muck-rake, but who would neither look up nor regard the crown he was offered, but continued to rake to himself the filth of the floor. There is filth on the floor, and it must be scraped up with the muck-rake; and there are times and places where this service is the most needed of all the services that can be performed. But the man who never does anything else, who never thinks or speaks or writes, save of his feats with the muck-rake, speedily becomes, not a help to society, not an incitement to good, but one of the most potent forces for evil.

Liar No Better Than Thief.

They are in the body politic, economic and social, many and grave evils, and there is urgent necessity for the sternest war upon them. There should be relentless exposure of and attack upon every evil man, whether politician or business man, every evil practice, whether in politics, in business or in social life. I hail as a benefactor every writer or speaker, every man who, on the platform or in book, magazine or newspaper, with merciless severity, makes such attack, provided always that he in his turn remembers that the attack is of use only if it is absolutely truthful. The liar is no whit better than the thief, and if his mendacity takes the form of slander, he may be worse than most thieves. He who proposes a substitute which would do incalculable harm by provoking the kind of reaction which in its revolt against the senseless evil of their teaching, would enthrone more securely than ever the very evils which their misguided followers believe they are attacking.

VESUVIUS SUBSIDES

Troops Recovering the Dead From Zone of Devastation.

Naples, April 16.—The somewhat threatening condition of Mount Vesuvius Saturday night having subsided with the ejection of enormous clouds of sand and ashes, the elements have begun to settle slowly, again enveloping the mountain in a thick haze and cutting off the view from Naples, only the outline of the base being visible.

The gravity of the situation has now shifted to Ottajano and San Giuseppe, where the recovery of the dead from the debris goes on amid the misery of thousands of homeless refugees. A sensational development occurred during the work of salvage at Ottajano, when the searchers unearthed two aged women, still alive but speechless, after six days entombment. They were among the hundreds who were crushed beneath the falling walls during the rain of stones and ashes last Sunday and Monday. Hope had been abandoned of finding any of these persons alive. The women were protected by the rafters of the house which they were in and had managed to exist on a few morsels of food which they had in their pockets.

The loss to property by the volcanic outbreak is estimated at \$20,000,000, and it is estimated that 50,000 persons have been rendered homeless.

Fight Typhoid in Sick Room.

Harrisburg, Pa., April 17. — Dr. Samuel G. Dixon, state health commissioner, impressed with the gravity of the typhoid fever situation in Pittsburg, addressed a letter to the boards of health in all towns along the Allegheny river above the intake of the Pittsburg water system which pour their sewage into the water the Pittsburg people drink. Dr. Dixon says in his letter that he fully realizes that for these towns to discontinue discharging their sewage into the Allegheny river is impracticable of immediate attainment. "The typhoid bacilli contained in the discharges of the patient can, however," says Health Commissioner Dixon, "be killed before these discharges are carried out of the sick room. Hence the sick room is the first place to combat the spread of this dread disease, and all typhoid discharges should be thoroughly disinfectected."

Girl Drowned While Canoeing.

Washington, April 14.—Elsie Wood, 25 years of age, was drowned in the Potomac river while canoeing with G. R. Frey, an 18-year-old student at the Georgetown University, their boat having been overturned by the swell of a passing tugboat. The woman sank before aid could reach her. Frey was rescued. Miss Wood's body has not been recovered.

FOUR KILLED IN STRIKE RIOT

Deputies Fire on Mob Storming Jail at Windber, Pa.

SEVERAL OTHERS WOUNDED

Johnstown, Pa., April 17.—A riot occurred at Windber between striking miners and others, and in the resulting shooting by deputies Pletu Martini, Paul Zills, Antonio Mazuca and Charles Foster, 12 years old, were killed. Mining Engineer Eugene Delaney was dangerously injured and several others were wounded. Foster was shot through the bowels and died in the hospital.

An eye-witness of the riot, in describing the affair, said the trouble started when Deputy Sheriff W. W. McMullen went to the mass meeting held by the striking miners in a wood at the edge of the town. Many of the miners had been drinking, and the sight of the deputy made them furious. The officer was quickly surrounded by agitated miners, who threatened to kill him. McMullen, realizing that his situation was desperate, fled for his life, finding refuge in the house of Councilman Charles Davis. Practically every man who had gone to the mass meeting joined in the chase after the fleeing deputy, and soon after the latter had entered the Davis house it was surrounded by a mob of 2000 shouting, cursing miners, who challenged McMullen to come out. When McMullen failed to appear, the mob attacked the house and literally wrecked it. The deputy sheriff was roughly handled, but again managed to escape. The members of the Davis family fled to the homes of neighbors for shelter. Other deputies, who had been on duty guarding the property of the coal company, had been notified of the trouble by this time, and 20 of the rioters were landed in the lock-up at Windber.

The mob, headed by Paul Zills, then planned an assault on the jail with the purpose of releasing the prisoners. A great crowd of the strikers, with Zills at their head, marched to the centre of the town and prepared to storm the jail. The deputy sheriffs fixed the bayonets to their rifles and surrounded the jail to keep it from the mob's possession, if possible. The members of the fire department were also called out to help restore order. The foreigners were urged to be orderly and to leave the town, but influenced by liquor, they refused to listen, greeting the efforts to pacify them with hoots and jeers. At a signal the mob began to close in on the jail, shouting to the deputies to throw away their guns and give up the prisoners. The officers first tried to keep back the mob with bayonets, but the effort was ineffectual, and when it became certain that the little band of deputies and firemen could not stand before the howling, infuriated mob they opened fire. Those of the foreigners who were closest to the jail had already begun using knives in the attempt to disarm the deputies, while others flourished revolvers. The deputies fired but one volley, and the foreigners broke and fled in wild disorder, leaving three of their number dead in front of the jail. The wounded who were able to walk were hurried to their homes and boarding houses, while an ambulance took the more seriously hurt to the Windber hospital.

Fears are entertained that the strikers will make another effort to fret the rioters now in jail.

At the mass meeting the men had decided to return to work on the operators' terms, when Deputy McMullen appeared. It is said that an intoxicated striker made an insulting remark to the deputy, and that when the latter warned the miner to keep quiet the trouble began.

Sheriff Begley has been summoned to Windber, and Governor Pennypacker has been telegraphed to, asking him to send the state constabulary. Windber is in a furore of excitement.

POLICE GO ON STRIKE

Connellsville Officers Quit When Increased Pay Is Refused.

Connellsville, Pa., April 17.—All the police of this place went on strike and the town is now without police protection. When the tramps working on public improvements heard that the force had resigned they made their escape, and although the officers said they would not attempt to prevent them from going. The strike was caused by the refusal of the town council to grant an increase of \$10 a month in salaries.

Found Cure For Locomotor Ataxia.

London, April 14.—The Express says that Le Grand Norton Denslow, an American doctor residing in London, has discovered a cure for locomotor ataxia. He already, says the Express, has effected a number of wonderful recoveries. Dr. Denslow is not ready to make public the details of his discovery, but when he is ready he will take the medical profession into his confidence.

Killed Watching Base Ball Games.

New York, April 16.—Robert Norton, 12 years of age, was struck on the forehead by a base ball batted into a crowd by a player. The boy died within a few minutes. He had been watching two teams playing on a vacant lot near his home in Jersey City.

Gnats Killing Live Stock.

Birmingham, Ala., April 17.—A special from Jackson, Miss., says gnats are killing live stock in large numbers in the delta counties of the state. Instances are reported where horses have died within a few days after having been stung by the gnats.

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