

ed or the crew is now on the island, and we know what that signifies."

"Is there no chance of bribing these people into friendliness or at least into a temporary truce?"

"It is hard to decide. Tollemache and Suarez are best able to form an opinion. What do you say, Tollemache?"

"Not a bit of use. They are insatiable. The more you give the more they want. The only way to deal with those rotters is to stir them up with a Gatling or a twelve pounder."

Suarez when appealed to shook his head.

"You might as well try to fondle a hungry puma. I am the only man they have ever spared, and they spared me solely because they thought I gave them power over their enemies. If you had a cannon you might drive them off. As it is, we shall be compelled to fight for our lives. They are brave enough in their own way."

The experience of the miner from Argentina was not to be gainsaid. Courtenay glanced up at Elsie. If aught were needed to complete the contrast between civilization and savagery it was given by the comparison which the girl offered to the women in the canoe. The hot sun and the absence of wind had changed the temperature from winter to summer. After breakfast Elsie had donned a muslin dress and a broad brimmed straw hat. Exposure to the weather had bronzed her skin to a delightful tint. Her nut brown hair framed a sweetly pretty face, and her clear blue eyes



Elsie seized the chance of snaphotting the party.

and red lips, slightly parted, smiled bewitchingly at the men beneath. The camera in her hands added a holiday aspect to her appearance, an aspect which was unutterably disquieting in its relation to the muttered forebodings she had broken in on.

"I find the get-up of our visitors distinctly humorous," he said, "and I hope they are a bit scared of us. We would prefer their room to their company."

"I thought that Senor Suarez would hail them, as he can speak their language. Perhaps he does not wish them to know he is on board?"

Now, Elsie had heard the man's impassioned appeal when the Indians were first sighted, so Courtenay felt that she, too, was acting.

A new direction was given to Elsie's thoughts by the somewhat scowling aspect of Christobal's face. He was looking at Courtenay in a manner which betokened certain displeasure. The Spaniard's cultivated cynicism was subjugated by a more powerful sentiment. It seemed to Elsie that he envied Courtenay his youth and high spirits.

Elsie dared not meet Courtenay's eyes. A flood of understanding had suddenly poured its miraculous waters over her. Incidents unimportant in themselves, utterances which seemed to have no veiled intent at the time, rushed in upon her with overwhelming conviction. The middle aged physician suspected her of flirting with Courtenay and disapproved of it as strongly as she herself had condemned Isobel's admitted efforts in the same direction.

The proceedings of the Indians put a stop to any further conversation. The canoe had drifted closer to the ship. It was about eighty yards distant when the Indian who was on his feet suddenly whirled a sling and sent a stone crashing through the window of the music room. The heavy missile, which when picked up was found to weigh nearly half a pound, just missed Tollemache.

The captain raised a double barreled fowling piece, the only gun on board, and fired point blank at the savages. But the women were paddling away vigorously, and the shot splashed in the water on all sides of the canoe, though a howl and a series of violent exertions showed that one at least of the pellets had stung the wizened Indian whom Suarez believed to be a newcomer.

There was no second shot—cartridges were too precious to be wasted at an impossible range—but the undeniable fact remained that the Indians meant to be aggressive. For a little time no one spoke. They heard the echoes of the gunshot faintly thrown back by the nearest wall of rock. The regular splash of the paddles as the canoe sped shoreward was distinctly audible. They watched the tiny craft until it vanished round the wooded point which concealed Otter creek.

the silence which had fallen on the watchers from the ship. Whether had slipped back to his beloved engines. Had he not vowed that the massive pistons should again thrust forth their willing arms on or about New Year's day? He had forgotten the cannibals and their threats ere he was at the foot of the engine room ladder. Courtenay and Tollemache joined him; Christobal went to the salon to visit his patients; Elsie was left with Mr. Boyle, who forthwith fell into a doze, being worn out by the fresh air and the excitement.

Joey, having followed Courtenay to the one doorway in the ship which he could not enter, trotted back to find Elsie. She greeted him with enthusiasm.

"Hail, friend," she said. "You at least are not jealous if I speak of your master, wherein you show your exceeding wisdom. Now, since you and I are persons of leisure, tell me, Joey, what we shall do to make ourselves useful."

The dog was accustomed to being spoken to. He awaited developments. "It seems to me, Joey," she continued, "that Guglielmo Frascuelo is the one person on board who claims our attention. There is a mystery to be solved. Bound up in it are my poor Isobel, that beast Ventana and a drunken coal trimmer—an old assortment to rub shoulders, don't you think?"

Joey still reserved his opinion. When the girl went to the fore-castle by climbing down the sailors' ladder to the lower deck he thought she was making a mistake, but she held her arms for his spring, and all was well. She had not previously visited the quarters set apart for the crew. Puzzled by the large number of small cabins with names of subordinate officers painted on them, she paused and cried loudly: "Are you there, Frascuelo? May I speak to you?"

An exclamation of surprise, a somewhat forcible exclamation, too, answered her from an inner berth. Frascuelo had heard from the Chilean who brought his meals that there was an Englishwoman on board, but he did not know that she spoke Spanish fluently.

Frascuelo was reclining on a lower bunk. His injured leg was well on the way toward recovery, but the wound and its resultant confinement had chastened him. He had lost the braggardly swagger which was his most cherished asset.

After acknowledging inquiries as to his progress he showed such eagerness for news that Elsie told him briefly what had caused the latest uproar. She cheered him, too, with the announcement made by the engineer and then led him to the topic on which she sought information.

"In some ways I regard you as most unfortunate," she said. "I have been told you are here by accident; that you never meant to take the voyage at all. Is that true?"

Frascuelo, delighted to have secured a sympathetic listener, poured forth his sorrows volubly. He bore no ill will against the captain, he said. He knew it was wrong to draw a knife on the chief officer, as his tale was an unlikely one, and he ought to have trusted to a more orderly recital of the facts to obtain credence.

"But I was that mad, senorita, I just saw red, and the drink was yet surging up in me. I felt I must fight somebody, whatever the consequences."

"Can you tell me why any one had such a grievance against you that you should be thrown into the hold and nearly killed? That was a strange thing to do, especially as you came aboard too late for your work."

"Ah, that is the point, senorita. You see, we trimmers work in gangs, and the man who flung me through the hatch was the man who had taken my place. I see no reason to doubt that it was he who made me drunk the previous evening, and I know who did that."

"What was his name?"

"Jose Anacleto—'Jose the Winebag' we call him on the plaza. I ought to have smelled mischief when Jose paid. Never before had I seen him do such a thing. And a good liquor too. Dios, it must have cost him dollars."

"What object had he in coming on board instead of you?"

"Ah, there you beat me, senorita. I have twisted my poor brain with thinking of that. We only earned a dollar a head, and bunkering a ship from a flat is hard work while it lasts, whereas one would expect Jose to ride twenty miles the other way to escape such a task. But he was in the plot, and he shall tell me why or—"

By force of habit Frascuelo put his right hand to his belt, but his sheath knife had been taken from him. He smiled sheepishly, yet his black eyes twinkled.

"Plot! Why do you speak of a plot?" asked the girl, hoping that the word betokened some more promising clew than she could discern thus far.

"Why did the furnaces blow up? Tell me that and I can answer you. Good, honest coal isn't made of gunpowder. Jose or some one behind him meant to sink the ship, and as I might have proved awkward they were willing that I should go down with her. Maybe I shall meet Jose if we get out of this rat trap. Then we shall have a little talk."

Despite the man's shrewd guess as to the cause of the accident in the stockhold Elsie was at a loss to connect the freak of some Valparaiso lumberer with the deep laid scheme which contemplated the destruction of the Kansas. She had followed the discussion in the chart room with full appreciation of its significance. Valuable as the ship and cargo were, there was far more at stake in the effect of the loss on the copper market of the world. The most important copper exporting firm in Chile would practically

be ruined, while the Paris "ring," of which she had read in the newspapers, would have matters its own way. Financial interests of such magnitude would hardly be bound up with the carousals and quarrels of Frascuelo and "Jose the Winebag." Yet—

"Have you ever heard of Senor Pedro Ventana," she asked suddenly.

"Has he to do with mines?" inquired the Chilean tentatively.

"Yes."

"I know him by sight, senorita."

"Would he be acquainted with this man Anacleto, do you think?"

"Can't say. Jose would know anybody whom he could touch for a few pesetas."

She left him, promising to visit him daily in the future. As she walked back toward the bridge companion she met Dr. Christobal. His fit of ill humor had gone. He was all smiles, but Elsie, having extracted such information as Frascuelo possessed, was bent on adding to her store of knowledge. Incidentally she meant to widen the doctor's views.

"Why have you taken to lecturing me?" she asked, with a simple directness which Christobal was not slow to profit by.

"Because, though old enough to be your father, I have not yet reached years of discretion."

"You mean, I suppose, that if every one attended to one's own affairs it would be a less spiteful world? I am inclined to agree with you. Unhappily life is largely made up of these minor evils. Yet I should have thought that the desperate conditions under which we exist at this hour might protect me from uncharitableness."

"You are pleased to be severe."

"No; it is the last privilege of danger that shams should vanish. Yet we plumb the depths of absurdity when we contest the right of any woman, even a young and unmarried one, to appreciate all that a brave man has done and is doing to save her life."

Elsie was speaking without heat. She might have been reasoning some disputed point in ethics. The Spaniard was obviously thrown on his guard.

"You seem to demand an explanation," he said, with some warmth. "Well, you shall have it. I am not a man to flinch from the disagreeable. I admit a sort of impression, I might almost describe it as a conviction, that Captain Courtenay's manner toward you betokens a growing admiration."

"This is the wildest folly," cried Elsie in bewilderment. "I—I cannot imagine what put such a notion into your head."

"Let me at least lay claim to a species of altruism," he replied. "I can see fifty excellent reasons why our young and good looking commander should be drawn to you, nor can I urge one against it."

"But he is already engaged to another woman, so my one reason is worth more than all your fifty."

"Ah, can that really be so?" The tense eagerness in his voice might have warned her were it not that she was shocked by the bitterness which welled up in her heart. She was amazed by this introspective glimpse. It alarmed her. She must convince herself at all costs that she had spoken truly.

Although the evidence she tendered was of dubious value, she strove to advance her argument further.

"I have prized our friendship greatly, Dr. Christobal," she said, speaking with a calm deliberateness that rang hollow in her own ears, "so greatly that I am compelled to utter this protest. Now, to end a distasteful controversy let me tell you what I know to be true. When the ship was stranded and we all thought our only chance of safety was to take to the boats, by a fluke, the accident of the moment, I was left alone in the captain's cabin. The sea was breaking in through the doorway, and it brought an odd relief to my overburdened mind when I endeavored to rescue the contents of a locker which for some reason had been scattered on the floor previously. Among them I found some letters. I think you will believe me when I say that I would not consciously read another person's private correspondence. Just then I was hardly responsible for my actions, and I did happen to see and grasp the meaning of a passage in a letter from Captain Courtenay's sister which alluded to his affianced wife. It is not such a tragic admission, is it? I would scarce have given it another thought were it not for your manner this morning and your words last night. I paid no heed at the time to the innuendo that I had come on deck to find him—to waylay him, as I have heard men say when speaking of a type of woman I despise. So I resolved to straighten out a stupid little tangle. It would be ridiculous in our present state of suspended animation to let such a slight thing mar our friendship."

Elsie was indulging in that most delusive thing, self persuasion. It was not surprising, therefore, that she failed to note the unmixt satisfaction with which Christobal listened.

"Am I forgiven, then?" he asked, with a new tenderness in his voice.

"Oh, yes; let us laugh at it."

"But—"

"Please let us talk of something more useful. I have a little plan, and you might ask the captain if he approves of it. We have plenty of strong canvas. What do you say if I set to work and cover in the promenade deck fore and aft as well as both sides? Then if the Indians try to seize the ship they would not be able to gain a lodgment at so many points simultaneously. It would simplify the defense, so to speak."

"Admirable! I am sure Courtenay will agree. Indeed, I am ashamed that we superior males failed to hit on the idea earlier. Before I go let me be

certain that my forgiveness is complete."

"Shall we quarrel about a degree of blessedness? I assure you I like you more than ever. When all is said and done, you thought I was flinging myself at our excellent captain's head, so you tried to spare me the pangs of unrequited love." The words hurt, but she did not flinch. Christobal, anxious to deceive himself, was radiant.

"Your charity goes too far," he cried.

"That was not the exact reason. No, my dear Miss Maxwell; I begin to exercise a newborn discretion. I shall not elucidate that cryptic remark until after New Year's day. But I don't mind telling you why I have hit on a definite date. If all goes well with us—and we have had so many escapes that Providence may well send us a few more—the Kansas should steam out of our little bay of Good Hope about that period. Then I shall remind you of our discussion and keep my promise."

With that he left her. After a gasp or two of surprise, for Elsie could read only one meaning into his words, she hurried up the bridge companion to arouse Mr. Boyle and ask what he would like for luncheon.

(To Be Continued.)

RECEIVER'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of authority contained in an order of the Superior Court of Johnston County, signed by his honor, Judge C. C. Lyon at May term, 1909, I, A. M. Noble, receiver of The Holt Cotton Company will sell at public auction for cash at the court house door in Smithfield on Saturday, July 10, at 12 o'clock, the following real estate of The Holt Cotton Company.

One lot of land lying in the town of Smithfield, N. C., described as follows: Beginning at the North East corner of Broadway and Church streets, and runs westwardly with the line of Church street 300 feet to Robinson street; thence Southwardly with the line of Robinson street 300 feet to Spring branch street; thence eastwardly with Spring Branch St. to the right of way of the A. C. L. R. R. Co.; thence with the said right of way of the A. C. L. R. R. Co. and Broadway street to the beginning, containing 2 acres less that part of the said block included in the right of way being about 3/4 acre.

Also the following town lots to wit: Lots numbers 1, 2, and 3 in block "M" in the town of Smithfield in the subdivision of the land of the East Carolina Land and Improvement Co. and lots numbers 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 in block "O" in the subdivision of the land of the East Carolina Land and Improvement Co. June 7th, 1909.

A. M. NOBLE, Receiver of The Holt Cotton Company.

NOTICE.

The Pension Board of Johnston county will meet at the Court House in Smithfield on the last Monday in June and the First Monday in July, 1909, to hear applications to be placed on the Pension Rolls. June 11, 1909.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

The Bank of Smithfield, Smithfield, N. C., at the close of Business June 23rd, 1909.

RESOURCES.

Table with 2 columns: Resource and Amount. Includes Loans and Discounts, Overdrafts Secured and Unsecured, All other stocks, bonds and Mortgages, Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures, Due from Banks & Bankers, Cash Items, Gold Coin, Silver Coin, Nat. Bank Notes.

LIABILITIES.

Table with 2 columns: Liability and Amount. Includes Capital Stock, Undivided Profits, Dividends Unpaid, Notes & bills rediscounted, Time Cert. of deposit, Dep. subject to Check, Savings Deposits, Cashier's Cks. Outstanding.

Total \$143,202.72

State of North Carolina, County of Johnston, ss: I, C. V. Johnson, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

C. V. Johnson, Cashier. Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 25, day of June, 1909.

W. S. STEVENS, C. S. C. Correct Attest:—

J. D. UNDERWOOD, T. R. HOOD, J. D. SPIERS, Directors.

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