

IN MEMORIAM.

WILLIE MYERS KERR.

The following is taken from The Caswell County Democrat, published at Yanceyville, of Sept. 15th:

On Saturday evening September 3rd, 1910, there passed from earth's suffering and strife, into the glory of that beautiful country where existence is eternal, the soul of one of God's little children, Willie Myers Kerr. Born in Milton, N. C., on October 6, 1881, she was the eldest daughter of T. A. and Sallie Walker Myers, and wife of Albert Yancey Kerr, to whom she was married December 8, 1899.

She lived almost all of her short life in Yanceyville, N. C., where she loved, and in turn was beloved by each individual, with probably not a single exception. Into her short life there was permitted to come days and months of sickness and suffering, suffering such as few are called upon to bear. Remembering always that, "Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth," she was never heard one time to murmur but with a patience that was Christ-like, she laid aside every thought of self, and with eyes that ever saw a vision ahead of that glory unspeakable, she quietly shouldered the burdens of every soul she came in contact with. Never too tired to do something for the weary one, she lived out her days, a living sermon to every soul that she touched.

A wonderfully comprehensive mind enabled her to comfort the afflicted, to reach out and help the fallen and to bring the sunshine of her own happy disposition into the shadows that come to us all.

Thou art not gone dear heart, thou hast only passed out of darkness into light out of this room of sorrows and shadows, into the radiance and beauty of the room beyond. Thou art not far off and the door is not tightly shut. Thou wilt so weary of sin and suffering and sorrow, so tired of earth's shadows, so glad to rest. Yet thou hast not forgotten the ones left behind and some day when our days work is done, our journey finished and the miss thou who wert pure in heart, bring there for us happy to welcome us home. But oh, we shall miss thee, miss thou who wert pure in heart, our heart shall cry out for thee and the days seem long, when thou dost not come but thy loving heavenly Father had need of thee and we knew that, "He doeth all things right." Though thy years were short and few in number yet thou hast not lived in vain, thou hast brought sunshine and happy hours into each of our lives and though thou art gone, thou art not forgotten and the years shall not dim the memory of our darling, our darling gone before, gone from earth's twilight into the sunlight of God's presence.

On a beautiful Sabbath morning, we carried her to her well-beloved church and sang the songs she loved so well and there under the shade of the grand old oak, the Baptist cemetery, we gently laid her to rest. As the beautiful pure white coffin was lowered into the white-lined resting place, the horror of death and the grave seemed to give place to a feeling of peace and our hearts cried out, "Oh death where is thy sting, Oh grave where is thy victory?" How emblematic of her beautiful life was it all, the quietude, the fragrant flowers, the whiteness of her resting place, we turned away with a full heart but feeling that she was after life's turmoil at rest. "Safe in the arms of Jesus Safe on His gentle breast, There by His love o'er shadowed Safely her soul shall rest."

P. S. K.

September 13, 1910.

Consistency!

Greensboro Record. Consistency is not always easy of attainment. Sometimes we throw rocks when we live in thin glass houses. The News says Senator Gore is inconsistent. He might retort that The News is wrong. It cussed out Butler, Morehead, Holton and the whole gang, using language that was next door to libel. Yet right now it is trying to snuggle up to the same crowd that he called "Butler, bonds and booze."

Advertisement for 'The Stowaway' by Louis Tracy, author of 'The Pillar of Light', 'The Wings of the Morning', and 'The Captain of the Kansas'.

SYNOPSIS. CHAPTER I—Overhearing a conspiracy between her uncle and the captain of his ship to sink the vessel and collect insurance, Iris Yorke sequesters herself aboard the Adromeda just before it sails for southern seas.

spiracy between her uncle and the captain of his ship to sink the vessel and collect insurance, Iris Yorke sequesters herself aboard the Adromeda just before it sails for southern seas. Her uncle, who is her guardian and has commanded her to wed old Dick-eey Bulmer, thinks she has run away to avoid the distasteful marriage. II—Phillip Hozier, young and handsome second officer of the Andromeda, discovers Miss Yorke aboard. III—Iris tells Hozier of the plot to sink the vessel, and he keeps watch on Captain Coke. Mysterious defect in the steering gear discovered, causing the ship to veer from her course. Coke treats the matter lightly. IV While putting into a harbor at an unknown island the Andromeda suddenly is shelled by a mysterious foe on shore. V—Shots wreck ship. Hozier is wounded and his life saved by Iris. VI—Survivors are hauled up on a cliff by ropes let down by a party of refugees, the leader proving to be Dom Corria de Sylva, deposed president of Brazil. VII, VIII and IX—Rescued and rescuers escape from detached cliff to main island, and ship's crew and refugees together attack Brazilian soldiers, who seek to capture Dom Corria. They capture a launch in which to escape to mainland of Brazil.

CHAPTER X. WHEREIN CERTAIN PEOPLE MEET UNEXPECTEDLY.

IRIS came back from the void to find herself lying on a truckle bed in a dimly lighted room. She gazed up with uncomprehending eyes at two brown skinned women bending over her. One, the elder, was chafing her hands. The other, a tall, graceful girl, was stirring something in an earthenware vessel. "Where am I? How did I come here?" Iris asked.

Then she remembered, and memory brought a feeling of helplessness not wholly devoid of self reproach. It was bad enough that her presence should add so greatly to the dangers besetting her friends. It was far worse that she should have fainted at the very moment when such weakness might well prove fatal to them.

"Why did she faint? Ah! A lively blush chased the pallor from her cheeks, and a few strenuous heart beats restored animation to her limbs. Of course in thinking that she had yielded solely to the stress of surcharged emotions Iris was mistaken. What she really needed was food. A young woman of perfect physique and dowered with the best of health does not collapse into unconsciousness because a young man embraces her and each at the same moment makes the blissful discovery that the wide world contains no other individual of supreme importance. She hardly realized how hungry she was until the girl handed her the bowl, which contained a couple of eggs beaten up in milk, while small quantities of jam and sugar cane juice made the compound palatable.

While the girl Manoela was furtively appraising the clothing worn by Iris her mother was listening ever for hasty footsteps among the trailing vines. At last, with a muttered prayer, she went to the door and unfastened the stout wooden staple that prevented intruders from entering unbidden. Some one approached.

"Is that you, Manoela?" asked Luisa Gomez in a hushed voice. There was no answer. The woman drew back. She would have closed the door, but a slim, active figure sprang across the threshold. She shrieked in terror. The newcomer was a Brazilian officer. "I think you are here, mademoiselle," he said in French. "I am come to share your retreat for a little while. Perchance by daybreak I may arrive at some plan. At present you and I are in difficulties, is it not?"

one speaks these things in a strange tongue. Permit me to explain that which has arrived. We encountered a picket and surprised it. Having secured some weapons and accoutrements, we hastened to the quay, where was moored the little steamship. Unhappily she was crowded with soldiers. They fired, and there was a short fight. I was knocked down, and what do you call it—etourdi—while one might count ten, I rose, half bilinded, and what do I see? The vessel leaving the quay full of men engaged in combat, while just beyond the point a warship is signaling her arrival. It was a Brazilian warship, mademoiselle. She showed two red rockets, followed by a white one. It was only a matter of minutes before she met the little steamship. I tell you that it was bad luck, that—a vile blow. I was angry, yes, I stamp my foot and say foolish things. Then I run."

Iris made no reply. She hid her face in her hands. She could frame no more questions. San Benavides was trying to tell her that Hozier and the rest had been overwhelmed by fate at the very instant escape seemed to be within reach. The Brazilian, probably because of difficulties that beset him in using a foreign language, did not make it clear that he had flung himself flat in the dust when he heard the order to fire given by some one on board the launch.

Then the lightning of a woman's intuition pierced the abyss of despair. Surely there were curious blanks in this thrilling narrative. As was her way when thoroughly aroused, Iris stood up and seized San Benavides almost roughly by the arm. Her distraught eyes searched his face with a pathetic earnestness.

"Why do you think that the launch did not get away?" she cried. "It was dark. The moon might have been in shadow. If the launch met the warship and was seen there must have been firing."

"Chere mademoiselle, there was much firing," he protested. "At sea?"

The words came dully. She was stricken again even more shrewdly. The gloom was closing in on her, yet she forced herself to drag the truth from his unwilling lips.

"Yes. Of course I could not wait there in that open place. I was compelled to seek shelter. Troops were running from town and citadel. I avoided them by a miracle. And my sole concern then was your safety."

"Oh, my safety!" she wailed brokenly. "How does it avail me that my friends should be slain? Why was I not with them? I would rather have died as they died than live in the knowledge that I was the cause of their death."

San Benavides essayed a confidential hand on her shoulder. She shrank from him. He purred amiably: "Mademoiselle is profoundly unhappy. Under such circumstances one says things that are unmerited, is it not? If any one is to blame it is my wretched country, which cannot settle its political affairs without bloodshed. Ah, mademoiselle, I weep with you and tender you my most respectful homage."

A deluge of tropical rain beat on the hut with a sudden fury. Conversation at once became difficult, nearly impossible. Iris threw herself back on the trestle in a passion of grief that rivaled the outer tempest.

The girl, Manoela, weeping out of sympathy, crept to Iris' side and gently stroked her hair. Like her mother, she could only guess that the English lady's friends were captured, perhaps dead. Even her limited experience of life's vicissitudes had taught her what short shrift was given to those who defied authority. The republic of Brazil does not permit its criminals to be executed, but it shows no mercy to rebels. Manoela, of course, believed that the Englishmen were helping the imprisoned Dom Corria to regain power. She remembered how a mutiny was once crushed on the island, and her eyes streamed.

Meanwhile Luisa Gomez was touched by the good looking soldier's plight. "We must try to help you, Senhor Capitano," she said. "If the others are dead or taken you may not be missed."

He threw out his hands in an eloquent gesture. Life or death was a matter of complete indifference to him, it implied.

"We shall know in the morning," he said. "Have you any cigarettes?" "But listen, senhor. Why not take off your uniform and dress in my clothes? You can cut off your mustaches and wear a mantilla over your face, and we will keep you here until there is a chance of reaching a ship. Certainly that is better than being shot."

He glanced at Iris. Vanity being his first consideration, it is probable that he would have refused to be made ridiculous in her eyes had not a knock on the door galvanized him into a fever of fright. He sprang up and glared wildly around for some means of eluding the threatened scrutiny of a search party. Luisa Gomez fung him a rough skirt and a shawl. He huddled into a corner near the bed and draped the two garments over his head and limbs. Then the woman unbarred the door. A man staggered in. He was alone, and a swirl of wind and rain caused the lamp to flicker so madly that no

one could distinguish his features until the door was closed again. But Iris knew him. Though her eyes were dim with tears, though the newcomer carried a broken gun in his hands and his face was blood stained, she knew.

With a shriek that dismayed the other women, who could not guess that joy is more bolterous than sorrow, she leaped up and threw her arms around him.

"Oh, Phillip, Phillip!" she sobbed. "He told me you were dead, and I believed him!"

The manner of her greeting was delightful to one who had faced death for her sake many times during the past hour, yet Hozier was so surprised by its warmth that he could find never a word at the moment. But he had the good sense to throw aside the shattered rifle and return her embrace with interest.

When they parted in that same squalid hut at midnight he took with him the intoxication of her kiss. Yet he scarce brought himself to believe that the night's happenings were real or that they two would ever meet again on earth. And now here was Iris quivering against his breast. He could feel the beating of her heart. The perfume of her hair was as incense in his nostrils. She was clinging to him as if they had loved through all eternity.

San Benavides supplied a timely tonic. Throwing aside the rags which covered him, he tried to rise. Phillip caught a glimpse of the uniform, the sheen of the naked sword. He was about to tear himself from Iris' clasp and spring at this new enemy when the Brazilian spoke.

"Mil diabos!" he cried in a rage. "This cursing Inglez still lives, and here am I posing before him like an old hag!"

His voice alone saved him from being plumed to the floor by a man who had adopted no light measures with others of his countrymen during the past half hour, as the dented gun barrel minus its stock well showed. But the captain's mortified fury helped to restore Phillip's sanity. Lifting Iris' glowing face to his own, he whispered: "Tell me, sweetheart, how comes it that our Brazilian friend is here?"

"He ran away when some shots were fired," which was rather unfair of Iris. "He said the launch had been sunk by a man-of-war."

"But he is wrong. I saw no man-of-war. We captured the launch. By this time she is well out at sea. Unfortunately Marcel was killed and Domingo badly wounded. There was no one to come for you, so I jumped overboard and swam ashore. I had to fight my way here, and it will soon be known that there are some of us left on the island. I thought that perhaps I might take you back to the Grand-pere cavern. These people may give us food. I have some few sovereigns in my pocket."

"Oh, yes, yes!" She was excited now and radiantly happy. "Of course Captain San Benavides must accompany us. He says the soldiers will shoot him if they capture him. I, too, have money. Let me ask him to explain matters to this dear woman and her daughter. They have been more than kind to me already."

She turned to the sulky San Benavides and told him what Hozier had suggested. He brightened at that and began a voluble speech to Luisa Gomez. Interrupting himself, he inquired in French how Hozier proposed to reach the rock.

"On a catamaran. There are two on the beach, and I can handle one of them all right," said Phillip. "But what is this yarn of a warship? When last I sighted the launch she was standing out of the harbor, and the first clouds of the storm helped to screen her from the citadel."

Iris interpreted. San Benavides repeated his story of the rockets. In her present tumult the girl forgot the touch of realism with regard to the firing that he had heard. Certainly there was a good deal of promiscuous rifle shooting after the departure of the launch, but warships use cannon to enforce their demands, and the boom of a big gun had not woken the echoes of Fernando Noronha that night. Phillip deemed the present no time for argument. He despised San Benavides and gave no credence to him. Just now the Brazilian was an evil that must be endured.

Luisa Gomez promised to help in every possible way. Her eyes sparkled at the sight of gold, but the poor woman would have assisted them out of sheer pity. Nevertheless the gift of a couple of sovereigns, backed by the promise of many more if her husband devoted himself to their service, spurred her to a frenzy of activity.

There was not a moment to be lost. The squall had spent itself, and a peep through the chinks of the door showed that the moon would quickly be in evidence again. It was essential that they should cross the channel while the scattering clouds still dimmed her brightness, so Manoela and her mother collected such stores of food and milk and water as they could lay hands on. Well laden, all five hastened to the creek, and Hozier, Iris and San Benavides boarded the larger of the two catamarans.

When the catamaran rounded the last outlying crag and they were all straining their eyes to find the sentinel pillars they became aware that a small boat was being pulled cautiously toward them from the opposite side of the rock.

Iris gasped. She heard Hozier mutter under his breath, while San Benavides revealed his dismay by an oath and a convulsive tightening of the hands that rested on the girl's shoulders.

Hozier strove with a few desperate strokes of the paddle to reach the shades

ows of the passage before the catamaran was seen by the boat's occupants. He might have succeeded but there was even a greater probability that the unwieldy catamaran might be caught by the swell and dashed sideways against one of the half submerged rocks that thrust their black fangs above the water.

Happily they were spared either alternative. At the very instant that their lot must be put to the test of chance Coke's hoarse accents came to their incredulous ears.

"Let her go, Olsen," he was growling. "We've a clear course now, and that infernal moon will spile everything if we're spotted."

In this instance hearing was believing, and Phillip was the first to guess what had actually occurred.

"Boat away, skipper!" he sang out in a joyous hail. Coke stood up. He glared hard at the reef. "Did ye 'ear it?" he cried to De Sylva. "Sink me, I 'ope I ain't a-copyin' pore ole Watts, but if that wanst Hozier's voice I'm goin' dotty."

"It's all right, skipper," said Phillip, sending the catamaran ahead with a mighty sweep. "Miss Yorke is here—Captain San Benavides too. I was sure you would look for us if you cleared the harbor safely."

Then Coke proclaimed his sentiments in the approved ritual of the high seas, while the big Norseman at the oars swung the boat's head round until both craft were traveling in company to the waiting launch. Before anything in the nature of an explanation was forthcoming from the occupants of either the boat or the catamaran a broad beam of white light swept over the crest of the island from north to south. It disappeared to return more slowly until it rested on Rat Island, at the extreme northwest of the group. It remained steady there, showing a wild panorama of rocky heights and tumbling sea.

"A searchlight!" growled Coke. "Then there really was a warship," murmured Iris.

"Ha!" said San Benavides, and his tone was almost gratified, for he had gathered that Hozier was skeptical when told of the rockets. But in that respect at least he was not mistaken. A man-of-war had entered the roadstead, and her powerful lamp was now scouring sea and coast for the mis-



"IF THAT WASN'T HOZIER'S VOICE I'M GOIN' DOTTY."

ing launch. And in that moment of fresh peril it was forgotten by all but one of the men who had survived so many dangers since the sun last gilded the peak of Fernando Noronha that were it not for Iris having been left behind and Phillip's mad plunge overboard to go to her and the point blank refusal of the Andromeda's captain and crew to put to sea without an effort to save the pair of them the launch would not now be hidden behind the black mass of the Grand-pere rock.

CHAPTER XI. ON THE HIGH SEAS.

AGAIN did that awe inspiring wand of light describe a great arc in the sky. But it was plain to be seen that it sprang from an altered base. The warship was in motion. She was about to steam around the group of islands.

Boat and catamaran raced at once for the launch. A babel of strange oaths jarred the brooding silence. Alarm, almost panic, stirred men's hearts and bubbled forth in wild speech. Under pressure of this new peril the instinct of self preservation burst the bonds of discipline.

"Me for the tall timbers, mates. It's each one for hisself now." "Aye, aye!" came the chorus. "Shove her ashore! Give us a chanst there. We've none at sea." Dom Corria, being something of a fatalist, did not interfere. He drew San Benavides aside.

"All is ended!" he said quietly. "We shall never see Brazil again, Salvador men! Carmela must find another lover, it seems."

It was left to Hozier to solve a problem that threatened to develop into a disastrous brawl. Danger sharpens a brave man's wits, but love makes him feeble. To succor Iris was now his sole concern. He swung a couple of the excited sailors out of his way and managed to stem the torrent of Coke's futile curses.

"Give in to them!" he cried eagerly. "Tell them they are going ashore in the creek. That will stop the racket. If they listen to me I can still find a means of escape."

Coke. "D'ye want to let every bally sojer on the island know where you are? We're makin' for the creek, tell that please you? Now, Mr. Norris, let her rip!"

The head of the launch swung toward the protecting shadows. Hozier seized the precious respite. He spoke loudly enough that all should hear, and he began with a rebuke.

"I am sorry that those of us who are left should have disgraced the fine record set up by the Andromeda's crew since the ship struck," he said. "Your messmates who fell fighting would hardly believe St. Peter himself if he told them that we were on the verge of open mutiny. I am ashamed of you. Let us have no more of that sort of thing. Sink or swim, we must pull together."

"Bully for you!" said the man who had suggested tree climbing as an expedient.

"Shut up!" was the wrathful answer. "You've made plenty of row all ready. I only hope you have not attracted attention on the island. You may not have been heard owing to the disturbance on the other side, but no thanks to any of you for that. Our skipper's first notion was to put to sea. Wasn't it natural? Do you want to be hunted over Fernando Noronha at daybreak? But he would have seen the uselessness of trying to slip the cruiser before the launch had gone a cable's length. Now, here is a scheme that strikes me as workable. At any rate, it offers a forlorn hope. There is a sharp bend in the creek just where the tidal water ends. I fancy the launch will float a little higher up, but we must risk it. We will take her in, unship the mast, tie a few boughs and vines on the funnel, and not twenty searchlights will find us."

A rumble of approving murmurs showed that he had scotched the dragon. He continued rapidly: "No vessel of deep draft can come close in shore from the east. The cruiser will have the Grand-pere rock abeam within an hour, but to make sure two of you will climb the ridge and watch her movements. The rest will load up every available inch of space with wood and water and food. How can we win clear of Fernando Noronha without fuel? It is a hundred to one that the launch would not steam twenty miles on her present coal supply. Such as it is, we must keep it for an emergency, even if we are compelled to tear up the deck and dismantle the cabin."

"Talks like a book!" snorted Coke. Hozier was coolly reminding them of those vital things which frenzy had failed wholly to take into account. Confidence was reborn in them. Meanwhile here was the launch thrusting her nose into the mud and shingle of this malevolent island.

To his further annoyance, San Benavides, who depended on his compatriot for a summary of the latest scheme, asked Iris to accompany De Sylva and himself to the hut. "They are stupid creatures, these peasants," he said. "When they see you they will not be frightened."

There was so much reason in the statement that Iris was a ready volunteer. Soon all hands were at work, and it was due to the girl's forethought that strips of linen were procured from Luisa Gomez and healing herbs applied to the cuts and bruises of the injured men. Sylva was for leaving the two soldiers on the island, but Coke's sailorlike acumen prevented the commission of that blunder.

"No; that will never do," he said with irritating offhandness. "These jokers will be found at daylight, an' they'll be able to say exactly wot time we quit. The wimmin can make out they was scared stiff an' darsent stir. It 'ud be different with the sojers. An' we ain't goin' to have such a 'heartbreakin' start, even if the cruiser clears away soon after 2 o'clock."

"Where do you propose to make for?" "Where d'ye think, mister? Nor-east by nor', to be sure, until we sight some homeward bound ship."

"You mean to abandon everything, then?" said De Sylva. He seemed to be watching the onward sweep of the searchlight as the warship went to the north. But Coke was shrewd. He felt that there was something behind the words, and he suspected the ex-president's motives.

"I don't see any 'elp for it," he answered. "Gord's trewth, wot is there to abandon? I've lost me ship, an' me money, an' me papers, an' 'arf me men. Unless one was lookin' for trouble, this ain't no treasure island, mister."

"Yet it might be made one." "As how?" "Do you not realize how greatly the members of the present government fear my return to Brazil? Here I am their prisoner, practically friendless, almost alone. They dare not kill me by process of law, yet they are moving heaven and earth to prevent my escape or shoot me down in the act. Why? Because they know that the people are longing to nail me as president again. Suppose you and your men took me to Pernambuco."

"Spose Halifax?" snapped Coke. "Please listen. You can but refuse when you look at the facts fairly. If, as I say, I were put ashore at Pernambuco, or at any other of half a dozen ports I can name, I should be among my own followers. You, Captain Coke, and every officer and man of your ship and her owners and the rel-

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