

We had inspired a wholesome terror in the hearts of the ministers of the czar. At last it hit on the idea of blackening the gold bars and shipping them to Kronstadt on an ordinary steamer as pig lead. A battalion of soldiers would go along, ostensibly as passengers. So swiftly was this decided on and carried out we learned it only at the very last minute. Had it not been for a lucky chance we should not have known it at all. But as it happened, two of the soldiers were our men, and we managed to get orders to them to see that the gold should never reach its destination. If they could not throw it into our hands, they were to sink the vessel and prevent its reaching Russia.

"The Orkney sailed, going north through the Irish sea, and around the north end of Scotland. The warship followed her out of harbor and hung on her heels persistently, secretly convoying her. Moreover, Russian agents were watching all along the route. Our agents, so far as we could reach them, were also watching.

"Yet the Orkney disappeared. She passed Copenhagen and entered the Baltic. There on the first night, at one o'clock in the morning, when near the opening of the Gulf of Finland, less than three hundred miles from her destination, her lights went out. In vain the cruiser tried to find her; in vain the various observers strained their eyes. In the scant hours between one o'clock and daylight she vanished, gold, crew, vessel, all! Since then, though Russia has sought incessantly, she has learned nothing as to her fate. We are certain of this.

"We ourselves know a little—a very little—more. A fishing boat saw her passing the Upsala islands going north into the Gulf of Bothnia. The news came to us and not to the government.

"Except this, we knew nothing until two weeks ago. Then a friend sent us a bottle he had found floating in the Baltic. It contained a message from the dead. It told us how well our men had done their work. It said in brief that the writer and his friends had risen and attacked the officers. Bitter fighting had followed. The stokers, imprisoned below, kept the fires up and the ship moved slowly but steadily northward. A storm arose. Our men made a rush and gained control. But at the moment of victory one of the officers exploded some powder

that was on board, and the ship began to sink. Nearly everybody was dead or dying by that time and all that our agent could do was to drive the vessel ashore. Just before she sank he must have thrown overboard the bottle with his message. He had done his duty well and patriotically; his name will be honored when the Russian people come to their own.

"In one thing alone he failed. The part of his letter that told just where the Orkney sank was blotted out. We can infer only that she sank on the coast of Finland, the Russian side of the Gulf of Bothnia; that is, she is somewhere within a stretch of 150 or at the most 200 miles. She must have sunk intact without breaking up, for no wreckage has come ashore from her. Somewhere at the bottom of that water she is lying with her gold."

MISS Fitzhugh paused rhetorically. Her eyes were sparkling and her cheeks flushed. Thrilling as was her tale, Caruth came near not heeding it through looking at her. The charm of the teller nearly effaced the interest of the tale.

After a while the girl went on.
"And now, Mr. Caruth; you know all. I have put myself wholly in your hands. A word from you to the Russian authorities and I shall be an exile from my native land, proscribed, with a price on my head. If I go back and am caught, I shall rot in the dungeons of St. Peter and St. Paul. I am not afraid. I faced the risk when I entered on this work. I knew that sooner or later I might be caught; that permanent escape could only come from the advent of freedom before fate overtook me. I took the risk, and I will pay the penalty without whining if the need comes. But I wish to do something to aid my country before that time. Hitherto I have been able to do but little. I bear a great name. Fitzhugh is my mother's name—not my father's. I am reputed wealthy, but I have no real power over my money. My fortune is in the hands of a guardian who is loyal to the czar, and who watches me narrowly. In his grip I am held powerless. I am only a woman. I cannot fight with my hands. I can only use my wits. You reproach me because I am contending for gold. Can you conceive what this gold will do for our cause? What a mighty lever it will be in our

hands? For we are poor! Poor! If I can put this money in the hands of the Brotherhood, I shall have done more than I ever hoped to do. Then let the bureaucrats lay me by the heels and I will laugh in their faces, content to die."

Abruptly the girl stopped; and then went on with an entire change of tone. "Now, Mr. Caruth!" she said. "You know all. What will you do? Will you betray me or aid me? Choose."

The girl's breath came fast between her parted lips. Her eyes shone starlike. Her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. "What will you do?" she demanded. "Choose!"

"Do?" Caruth's face glowed. "Do!" he cried. "Is there anything I will not do? I did not know that women such as you lived. I am wholly in your hands. Ask of me what you will; Money! Risk! Life! Anything! In life and in death I am yours."

Passionately he stretched out his arms and drew the girl forward. She swayed toward him and for an instant he held her against his madly beating heart. "I love you," he cried. "I love you! I love you!"

It was for an instant only, for with a strength of which he had not thought her capable, the girl tore herself free. "For shame!" she gasped. "For shame!"

CARUTH made no attempt to move. Stock still he stood where Marie had left him, and gravely he looked at her.

"Why 'for shame'?" he questioned. "I love you. I have loved you from the first moment I saw you. Within an hour from that first moment I lied for you! I risked the electric chair for you! I did it willingly! Gladly! Without being asked. I would do it again! I love you! Miss Fitzhugh—Marie—will you be my wife?"

A curious expression came into the girl's face. "What!" she demanded incredulously. "You would marry me! Me! The woman who came to your rooms at midnight! The woman whom you suspected of murder! The adventuress who plots for gold. You would marry me?"

"You and none other. Is it so strange? Many men must have loved you! Every one who saw you must have loved you."

"But not under such circumstances as these. Mr. Caruth, all my life I shall be grateful to you. As long as I live I shall remember your words. They will console me when my dark hour comes, as come it must for each of our Brotherhood. But I cannot accept. I am pledged to a cause, which I cannot desert. No! Mr. Caruth! Go back to your safe and harmless American life and forget me. It would be ill requittal for your kindness to draw you further into my fated existence."

Caruth stretched out his hand and took hers. She did not resist, but her fingers lay cold in his, and she shook her head slowly, smiling wanly. "No," she breathed. "No!"

Caruth's grasp did not slack. "Why not?" he questioned. "This matter of the Orkney will not last forever. When it is over you will have earned your freedom; you will have done a great work for your country. Then—"

The girl did not pretend to misunderstand him. "It cannot be," she murmured, and there was a world of sadness in her tones.

"Why not? Is it because you don't care for me?"

"No! Not that!"

"Then—"

The girl flung up her arms. "Oh!" she cried. "Can't you understand? I shall never marry, or if I do it will be at the behest of the Brotherhood—marry some one who is helping to set Russia free. Perhaps—perhaps I may buy some part of her freedom with the only pawn I possess—myself. I am not free—I never will be free till Russia is."

Caruth drew a long breath. "You mean to sell yourself?" he questioned, gently.

The girl flushed redly. "It is for the people," she pleaded.

"Then"—Caruth's voice rang out—"then sell yourself to me. I can take risks as well as another. I am rich, young, strong. All that I have is at your service. Let me help. Tell me what to do and it shall be done. I'll drag this Orkney up from the sea. If you are for sale, let me bid. And if I pay the price—if I win back the gold from the sea—then let me claim my reward."

But the girl shook her head. "I will not!" she cried. "I was wrong to let you become involved in this. But I did not know you then; if I had I should never have let you take chances such as these."

"I take them very willingly."
"Because you do not gauge them. Or no! I don't mean that; I believe you would take them even if you understood what you were facing. But it isn't fair to let you."

Caruth laughed. "I'm the best judge of that!" he declared. "Come! We won't discuss it any more. I am going to help you, and that's all there is to it." Gently he raised the girl's hand to his lips. "There!" he announced, as he released it. "It's all settled. I won't bother you about it any more till that gold is in our hands. Come! Sit down, and tell me what you want me to do first."

"But—"

"There are no buts. You want to know about this Wilkins who has turned up. Very well. I'll tell you what I noticed, and you can ask questions."

Before Caruth left the hotel that night he had im-

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Building A Town to Drown It

THE work of the United States Reclamation service in robbing the desert of millions of acres of land to be turned into productive farms, has been marked by many interesting engineering feats. One of the most unique of these, according to Edmund T. Perkins, engineer in charge of the service in Chicago, is the building of a town of one hundred houses with the intention of later drowning it under 200 feet of water.



The town of Roosevelt, in the Salt River Valley, which is to be flooded when it has served its purpose

This town is Roosevelt. It is built in the Salt River valley, as a part of the Salt River Reclamation project. Roosevelt is situated in a narrow part of the valley, a few miles above the point where the Salt empties into the Gila river, about seventy miles northeast of Phoenix, Arizona.

Just below the town the great Roosevelt storage dam is being built, which when completed next year, will form the largest artificial lake in the world, whose waters will engulf the present town. The Roosevelt dam is being built of solid masonry between the mountains as they draw closer and press the river into narrower limits. It will be joined to the hills in such a manner as to become part of them. It will be 280 feet high, 235 feet wide at the bottom and 1,080 feet wide at the top. It will contain more than 300,000 cubic yards of solid masonry and 240,000 barrels of cement will be used. The lake that it will form will have an area of more than twenty-five square miles, nearly 17,000 acres.

The building of this dam is only part of the work on the Salt river project, the total cost of which will be \$6,000,000. Forty miles below, a great diversion dam, to divert the waters from the river, is being built; 264 miles of canals and 9,780 feet of tunnels, a power canal, power plant at the dam, several auxiliary power plants, a system of pumps operated by electricity, and a power transmission line to Phoenix, constitute the rest of the work involved in this project.

To do all this required a large number of competent workmen, and to take care of them it was necessary to build a town, as there were no accommodations within reach. This was why the town of Roosevelt was built. It was built in the Salt river

valley because that was the most convenient place—in fact, almost the only convenient place.

Just above the little town, on the lower portions of the mountains, is a great cement mill where the cement used in the work has been made, the camp of the government engineers and the contractor's camp. The laborers live in small frame houses or tents on the west bank of the river. There are several stores, a postoffice, etc., and the population of the town is from 400 to 500. When the Roosevelt dam is completed the gates closed and the water of the river is imprisoned between the hills, the town will gradually be engulfed. The cement mill, the engineers' quarters and the contractor's camp will be just above the high water level.

There are other unique features in the Salt river project. There is a vast body of underground water in the district and to make this available for irrigation purposes the power will amount to 11,500 horse power. Of this amount 4,000 horse power will be used through the cement lined canals of the irrigation system, to the surface of farms. The balance of the power will be sold. It is estimated that the sale of power—the proceeds of which will be for the benefit of the settlers under the project—will reduce the cost of land, with perpetual water rights, to \$20 an acre.

The total cost of the project will be \$6,000,000; the number of acres to be reclaimed will be about 200,000, or \$30 an acre. The government sells the public lands under the canals to settlers at the actual pro rata cost of reclaiming it.

The watershed of the Salt river valley is larger than the combined areas of Massachusetts and Connecticut.