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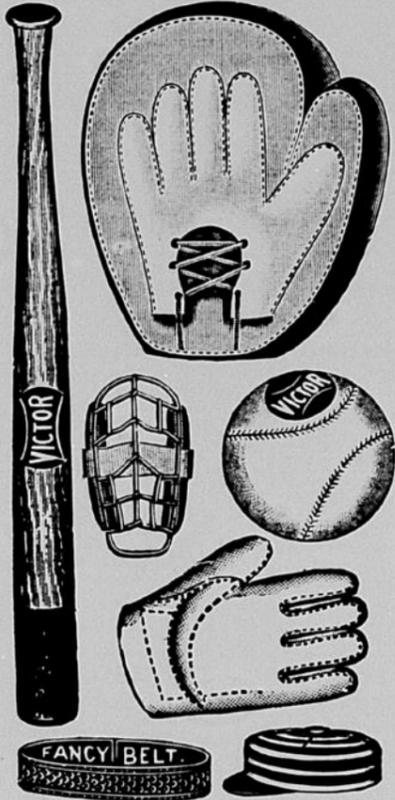
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Slowly the girl raised her face and the tragedy in her eyes appalled him. There was love in them, love unutterable, but there was misery, too, misery, hopeless, unspeakable. "I thank God!" she said, slowly. "I thank him for this moment. Whatever comes I thank him that he has given me to know the love of a good man. See what it has done for me. A little while ago I was afraid, afraid, afraid. But now I fear no longer. I do not care what happens now."

"And will you marry me at the first port?"

Slowly the girl shook her head. She still rested in his embrace, her dark eyes fixed on his. "No," she murmured. "No! I cannot."

Dismay swept over Caruth. "But—" he began.

Gently she laid her fingers on his lips. "If it could be," she whispered. "If it could be I would count the world well lost. But it cannot be. Don't you understand, dear? I am vowed to help the people, the poor inarticulate people, who cannot speak for themselves, who can only suffer. I cannot desert them. I am sworn to them by vows as holy as those of any nun. Success might have won release, but I have failed."

Caruth straightened himself indignantly. "Failed nothing!" he cried. "You've not failed. There is no failure where there is no chance of success. The gold must have been gone before you ever saw New York—before you ever heard of the matter at all. You've done more than any one else could have done, for you've found the ship and explored her. It isn't your fault that somebody was before you."

Marie freed herself gently. "It isn't a question of fault," she answered sadly. "It is a question of success, and I have not succeeded. But even so, I fear it really is my fault. It would not be if you were right—if the gold had indeed been taken when you say. But I don't think it was so taken. I believe it was there when we left New York, even when we arrived at Burudo. I feel that it was snatched away under my very eyes. It was—Good heavens! What's the matter?"

For Caruth, suddenly weak, had dropped into a chair. For the first time he had recalled the words of the interpreter in the village. "By heaven!" he cried, "you are right. Why didn't I think? Why didn't I guess! Fool! Dolt! Ass that I am. I know who got the gold!"

"Who?" Marie leaned forward with parted lips.

"The interpreter in the village. I told you something of him, but I didn't tell you enough. I didn't realize what it meant. I was a fool. He talked of something—some gold mine, he said—that he needed help to secure. He offered me a share. Then Wilkins came up and he ran—by heavens! I see it all now. He knew Wilkins! He ran away to avoid explaining. And I thought he was crazy! Oh! What an incredible idiot I was!"

"It was fated!"

"Fated nothing! It was plain idleness. Oh! I see it all now. Wilkins and he arranged it all. It's they that have the gold."

"They and that girl."

Caruth's face clouded. "Do you think so?" he questioned. "She—"

"Oh! I know all you would say. She is the professor's daughter and all that. But she has fled with Wilkins all the same. Trust a woman to know. She has gone away with him willingly."

"And the professor?"

The girl's eyes filled with tears. "Oh! the poor old man," she cried. "The poor old man! So courteous! So sweet! So kindly! I never knew my father. He died when I was an infant, but I like to think that if he had lived he would have been like the professor."

"Then you don't think he has gone with his daughter?"

"What! Gone with her! Never! Why! He was on board long after they had dis-

appeared. He must have been knocked overboard in the fight."

Caruth nodded. "I agree with you, of course," he responded. "No one could suspect the old man even if circumstances were against him, which they are not. But what of the others? Do you think they will escape?"

"For the moment perhaps! Not for long. I did not speak idly when I warned Wilkins in New York. Neither he nor the girl will live to enjoy the fruits of their treachery." Dangerously the dark eyes flashed.

Caruth shuddered. "You wouldn't set the nihilists on them?" he protested blankly.

"There is no need. Think you I could screen them if I would? No! No! I am not the only member of the Order on board. The Brotherhood has its agents everywhere. At this very moment it probably understands better than we what has happened. Who should know its methods if not I? We shall all have to answer for our failure—I, Professor Shishkin if he lives, and most all, his daughter and her lover. I have already been summoned before the Inner Circle. The Order was given me ten minutes ago."

She paused, hesitated for a moment, then raised her head proudly. "We have all made our beds," she declared. "Let us lie in them. I for one shall not flinch. What port is the yacht heading for?"

The moment for sentiment had passed and the girl was herself again, cold, clear-headed, self-reliant. Caruth realized the fact and bowed to it.

"I came to consult you about that," he explained. "We are about around the islands now and must decide on our course. Where shall we go?"

"There is but one place. St. Petersburg!"

"St. Petersburg?"

"Yes." "We can be there by daylight tomorrow and by breakfast you can reach your ambassador."

"What for?"

"What for?" echoed the girl, amazedly. "What for? Your yacht, a private American yacht, engaged in a lawful occupation, has been attacked and fired on in Russian waters. Three of her passengers, one of them a distinguished scientist, have disappeared. You must complain; appeal to your ambassador; demand the identification and punishment of the offenders. Things like that cannot be done with impunity, even by Russia, unless they succeed so fully that they blot out their own traces. This time some one has blundered, and they will strive desperately to retrieve themselves. If you attempted to seek another port, you would find yourself denounced as a criminal who had fired on offensive fishing boats. No! No! The boldest course is the best. Take the bull by the horns. Run to St. Petersburg, and have the ambassador present the case to the czar in person. Once your complaint is filed, you are at least safe from murder."

Caruth nodded. The advice was good. "I'll tell the captain!" he acceded. "Now promise me you will try to get some sleep."

Marie laughed cheerlessly. "Oh, yes! I'll try," she promised. "But I feel as if I should never sleep again."

When Caruth reached the deck, the night was far gone, and streaks of light were already glimmering far down in the east. Not being in the mood for sleep he stayed and watched the dawn come up.

Uneventfully the moments sped past, and at last the golden ball of the sun lifted itself above the horizon, sending long lanes of light ricocheting over the dancing waters.

There was a twang in the air; the salt sea breeze thrummed in the rigging; in spite of himself Caruth caught the uplift of the day. All was not hopeless, he told himself, with the buoyancy of his youth and his race, to which all things are possible. He had lost the first inning. "I'll win her yet!" he cried aloud. "I'll win her yet."

(Continued Next Week.)

THE ELEPHANT'S AMERICAN COUSIN

By DEWEY AUSTIN COBB

IT was only after I had learned a little about the "anta," the "gram-ees lu," and the "vaca del monte," that someone inadvertently disclosed the fact that this imposing array of names were all applied to the animal which my school geography called just plain "tapir."

He is an odd beast, and deserves all the names he has won. If you have only seen the chunky little fellow of that name in the parks and zoo, you would be as surprised as I was, to see a mud-colored baby elephant, minus the "two tails" and big ears, with three toes on his hind feet and four on the front ones, seven feet long, and three and a half high, and weighing about four hundred pounds. His nose is a sort of rudimentary trunk, flexible as a snake, and he can extend it nearly six inches, pick up a peanut and put it in his mouth.

The tapir is the largest animal indigenous to South America, and shares with the white-lipped peccary the distinction of being the only representative of the pachyderm family in the new world. The tapir is a very timid and perfectly harmless animal, yet there is no creature on the western continent capable of searing a man into such hopeless idiocy. How? He sleeps day times under some bush just big enough to hide him; and though you waken him when you are a quarter of a mile away, profanely crashing your way through the brush, he will lie and watch you until you are about to step on him; then with a woof-woof! and a shrill whistle, away he goes, never following the neat little paths which he keeps trimmed out to his watering place, but plunging through the jungle, knocking over trees as big as your wrist. While you are picking up your hat and

gun, and hunting in the leaves for your spectacles, which fell off when you jumped, you can hear him, half a mile away, and still in full career, and let us hope, happy.

People who ought to know about it, say that a tapir which is captured when mature cannot be tamed, but a baby tapir is the "cutest little cuss" you ever saw. He is spotted with white like a fawn, and as clumsy as a real baby. Next to his mother, he loves a human guardian. If his mother is killed or caught he will not go away, but hover about, whimpering until he is "tended to." Give him a peanut or a lump of sugar and you are thereafter his trusted guardian. He will hunt your pocket with his funny little trunk, and pull out everything it contains, and drop them, if he cannot eat them.

He hates tobacco, and if he finds an old pipe, or a piece of "Jolly Tar" plug, he will look at you so reproachfully that you are ashamed of yourself for using it. You cannot get away from him, unless you climb a tree, and then he will watch you so reproachfully, and make such plaintive baby noises that you return and apologize.

A woman is the only creature that can win him away from you, and she becomes his slave. He must stick his little proboscis into everything he can reach. He lifts off kettle covers, and burns his nose finding out what is in them; then runs whining to her to have it comforted. He trips her when her hands are full, and fondles her while she is picking up the wreckage, and scolding him. But don't you try to punish that little creature, or the harmony of the family will be disturbed. They say these pets get cross as they grow old. But who does not?

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