

# The Island of the Regenerators

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY TRAY WALTERS  
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"These clothes, have you seen?"

"No," said the chaplain, "it has been too dark in the first place, and—"

"I will look at them," said Mr. Whitaker. "Perhaps we may find some new clew in them."

The lieutenant-commander stooped over the pathetic little heap of worn garments. There were the blouse, the skirt, the stockings, and the worn and torn white shoes. The Bible lay upon them as if to weigh them down, and they had been placed well above the reach of the highest tide. The tide was then just coming in to the island. The Bible had been opened and laid face downward on the clothes. Mr. Whitaker lifted it up reverently. He observed as he did so that his own pencil, which he had left, he now remembered, with the woman, lay beneath the open book. On the blank leaves between the Old and New Testaments something was written. No mention of any writing had been made in the diary of the night before. He lifted the book and turned toward the east where the sun was just on the verge of rising, and studied it out.

"Do you find anything?" asked the chaplain.

"There is writing on this page," said the younger man. "I can just make it out."

"Man," he read slowly, studying each word in the dim light, "I loved you. In one sense, in your sense, I was unworthy of you, perhaps, but not in mine. You alone had my heart. The past was a fruitful mistake for which I should not be blamed, but for which I must suffer. I tried you with the world by your side. The world was kind, but you were not. You broke my heart, and I had to live within me which I had thought dead, but which you had revived. No power could revive it again. I cannot marry Langford, for I do not love him. I will not marry you, for you do not love me. I will not go to the world now. I have no desire to live, and I cannot live alone with you upon the island. You will not go without me, and so I will go first by myself alone. You will think of me, I know, in the great world. Perhaps you will judge yourself harshly, but I do not judge you at all. You did not know, you did not understand. It came too suddenly upon you. You cannot forget me, but do not repine over me and remember to the very end that I loved you. Good-by. May God bless you, and may he pity me!"

Underneath she had written the impersonal name which he had loved to call her, "Woman."

So characteristic was the letter that Mr. Whitaker was superstitious. He thought Mr. Whitaker had made an error, an error which he had never made before. She had gone out of his life, because with her he had no solution of it for him, because—how pitiful it sounded there in the gray of that morning in that lone island—because he had loved her, because he did not love her. And she had gone out of it with excuses for him on her lips and love for him in her heart. No wonder that, divining this which he had not seen, realizing only that she was gone, he had been stricken as he was.

The doctor arrived presently. He ordered the man, still unconscious, to be taken back to the ship where he would do what he could toward reviving him, and making him comfortable, great and terrible crises that came upon him. The chaplain went with him, conceiving his duty to be in attendance upon the living rather than searching for the dead.

The captain, with the other officers, brought 100 men to the shore. The island was systematically searched. It was all open. There was no place of concealment, but not a foot of it was left unvisited. Again and again the men traversed the island. They found nothing, absolutely nothing. The woman had vanished and left no trace except the grass tuft in her cave, the remains of her toilet articles, her scissors, knife, watch and Bible and the little heap of clothing on the sand. All these things were carefully gathered up and took back to the cruiser for the man.

In the search, and made quite frantic by the necessity of it, Langford joined. Indeed, he would not be persuaded that the woman he had treated so badly, whom he had hunted so determinedly, whom he had loved so truly, who had rejected him finally, was dead, but even he gave up at last. Taking with them the evidence to substantiate the woman's affidavit and to establish, if so be it, were possible, the man's claim, and taking with them also the bones of his mother, not forgetting what remained of the faithful dog, which the captain caused to be exhumed from the ruined boat, as might tell the Cheyenne steamed away to the northward, followed not long after by the Southern Cross. The two vessels went slowly, as if the souls that animated them were reluctant to leave the gemlike island where they had chanced upon so much that was idyllic, so much that was romantic; and where they had seen so great a tragedy of misfortune and despair.

Below in the cabin, under the care of the surgeon and chaplain, lay the islander in the frightful throes of a racking fever of the brain. He babled of the woman and knew not where he was or whether he was being borne.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Resurrection.

The little island lay quiet and still under the rising sun. No footfall pressed its bosky glades, no shadows of its spreading palms, no human being sought shelter from the sun's fierce rays, no words were echoed back from its jutting crags, no figures flashed across its shining sands. Soundless it lay save for the cry of the bird and the rustle of the gentle wind across its hills. For well-nigh 30 years it had not been abandoned. Two days past it had resounded with the cries of men scaling its heights, crashing through its copices, calling a name, beseeching an answer. Two days before great ships had drifted idly under its lee. It had been the center and focus of great events. Now it lay desolate, alone.

he grew older, unless she was so absolutely mistaken in him as to make all estimates of him mockery. He would realize the falsity of his view, the littleness of his action, and if he were in truth the man whom she could rightly love, his years would be one long regret that he had failed. What would happen when he realized that, when he came to the knowledge that she was indeed all that she had seemed and that he had been nothing that he should? She knew, as she had written, that the man would never, could never, forget her; that whoever he went and whatever he did, she would be present with him; that she had stamped herself too indelibly upon his heart for any attrition with humanity, however close and persistent, to erase the image. He would come back perhaps.

"O God!" she knelt down and stretched out her arms, "bring him back," she prayed—a few short, broken words, lacking the eloquence of long and studied petition, with the appeal of the heart, every throeb of which is a prayer—"bring him back to me!"

She thought that she would have had him back on any terms. She said that he had been mad, a fool, not to have taken him, not to have gone away, with any conditions, under any circumstances. All her thoughts were merged in one great passionate longing to be with him.

For the first time in her life the pangs of jealousy tore her breast. She thought of him in the weeks with other men, with other women, young handsome, a perfect godlike form and face of man, rich, the wildest romance with its charm and mystery to attract. His story could not be hid, neither could hers. The man would be courted, sought after, made much of, loved. It would be enough to turn the head of a saint. How would he stand it? Would the recollection of her make him strong? Would that God in whom he and she both trusted, would until the crisis came, lead him in the straight path? Would her purity, her sweetness—stop! Would he think her thus dowered and possessed? Not now, certainly, but every hour that look him farther from her, add to his knowledge and would tell him the truth and these would help him.

Another thought came into her mind. His story would be known and hers as well. The world was filled with adventurous men. Would not some of them come in search of her island? The officers of those two ships could determine accurately the situation of that island. It would be as easy for a navigator to find it as for a denizen of a city to go to any given street corner. People would come back to that island, not to seek her for the world would believe her dead, but simply to see the place. Idle yachtsmen might find that an object for long cruising and she would have to hide and hide. But would she hide? Would she go back to that world? Never, she said, unless he came to fetch her.

And then her thoughts turned again. Why had he gone away? Had she been he could as soon have uprooted the island itself and carried it from its under-similar circumstances. Had he been gone, she would have lingered and died on the spots that were sacred where he had walked. If she had known that at that moment her lover lay fighting for life, would she have left the cabin of the swift moving ship, she would have understood better his absence. That he should be stricken never occurred to her.

She pictured him, not happy away from her, overjoyed by her, but surely, saddened beyond present comfort it must be, yet so occupied that incessantly his grief would be lightened by the only thing after all that makes life bearable in certain contingencies, and that is work. Work! She, too, had work to do.

She rose to her feet doggedly as she thought of that and considered what she could do. Her eyes fell upon the ashes of the signal fire. She contemplated it as the specter of some Hindu woman whose body had been burned upon such an affair might look upon her pyre. It was she who had lighted the beacon. Her hand had broken down the world to her side. She thought how he had begged her not to do so, how he had declared himself content and happy to live with her alone—the world forgetting, by the world forgot. For the first time she had been completely. She buried her face in her hands, her body reeled and shook with sobs, the tears trickled through her fingers.

She must make another beacon, she thought. And then it came to her that they had taken away the flint and steel. She had no means of lighting it. That realization developed other thoughts. Her Bible was gone; her clothes were gone; her toilet articles, her scissors, her watch, her knife. They had taken everything. She had left her nothing, absolutely nothing. What did it matter? She could dress herself with fern leaves and make shifts to bind them about her with cords that she could plant of the grass which should tear with her strong hands. And what did it matter what she wore? There was no one there to see. But for the long habit of modesty, she would have torn away and thrown aside the make-shifts that fell from her shoulders.

(To be continued.)

Pump on the Milk Bottle.

In the effort to prepare the baby's milk with the least possible amount of exposure it has become the custom to use a considerable amount of water to dilute the milk. The idea is a good one, but unfortunately a great deal of damage was done through the ignorance of women and nurses in starting the flow of the siphon by sucking one end so as to draw the milk up through the tube.

An automatic means of drawing off the contents of a bottle has been devised and is shown in the accompanying illustration. In this milk is forced out, not by suction, but by compression of the air in the bottle. The device consists merely of a cap of rubber mounted on the siphon tube and arranged to rest on the mouth of the milk bottle. The neck of this cap is held between the thumb and finger and pressed downward, carrying the tube with it, until the cap is virtually inverted. While the cap is being pressed down the air in the top of the bottle is compressed, thus forcing the milk up through the rubber tube without bringing the rubber into contact with the milk. The siphon then continues to run.

The Koh-noor diamond originally weighed eight hundred karats, but by successive cuttings has been reduced to 108 karats. If kerosene is applied

## AGRICULTURE AND GARDENING

as stated above every two weeks one never need worry about spider lice falling him up in the hen business.—Agricultural Epitomist.

Starting Cucumbers Early.

Fill four-inch pots with rich potting compost and set them closely in a frame. Plant three or four cucumber seeds in each pot, and set the pots in soil over the whole surface. Keep the glass rather close till they germinate and as they get a rough leaf thin to two plants in a pot.

Protect the frames from sudden cold, and finally when the plants are well established and the weather settled, turn the balls out, and set the plants in well manured hills. This will advance the crop very materially. The same method can be used with cantaloupes. Lima beans started in this way can be successfully transplanted to the poles, and the pots are far better than the inverted sods so often advised.

Proper Construction of Chimney.

A chimney built up from joists or brackets is always a source of danger because of the liability of cracks from springing of the timbers. Chimneys so built often have as their base a plank whose only protection from sparks and fire is a layer of mortar of it. Many fires result from this practice. Soft bricks disintegrate. Mortar crumbles out, leaving openings. Nails driven into brick chimneys are likely to come out, leaving holes.

No chimney should rest in a chimney wall. Tile chimneys of all sorts are unsafe because they are likely to crack off at the level of the roof where the cold air strikes them. A hood should make no offset to hold the chimney top should be inspected and soon removed and replaced from below. Pipes that are not exactly the same size must not be put together. Crimping a piece of pipe to make it small enough to fit leaves an opening for sparks.

No chimney should be smaller than 18 inches, which is the length of a brick. If any green wood is used the flue should be 8x12 inches, to make room for the escape of water vapor.

Rats and Rat Killers.

Among the natural enemies of rats are the larger hawks and owls, skunks, foxes, coyotes, weasels, minks, dogs, cats and ferrets. Probably the greatest factor in the increase of rats, mice and other destructive rodents in the United States has been the persistent killing off of the birds and mammals that prey upon them. Animals that on the whole are decidedly beneficial, since they subsist upon harmful insects and rodents, are habitually destroyed by the increase of sportsmen because they occasionally kill a chicken or a game bird.

The value of carnivorous animals and the larger birds of prey in destroying rats should be more fully recognized, especially by the farmer and the game preserver. Rats actually destroy more poultry and game, both eggs and young chicks, than all the birds and wild mammals combined, yet some of our most useful birds of prey and carnivorous mammals are persecuted almost to the point of extinction. An enlightened public sentiment would demand the repeal of all bounties on these animals and afford protection to the majority of them.

Rats are wild beasts, and are among man's worst enemies. There should be incessant and uncompromising war against them.

Texture of the Fleece.

Wool substance is what the wool grower is looking for, provided it is not made up of too coarse fibers, which are the cause of the coarse, heavy and fine fibers are usually associated. A dense fleece may usually be recognized in several ways. A fine close fleece generally is more oily than a coarse, fluffed one. An oily fleece is a good sign, and usually presents a dark, smoky or smoky appearance. Secondly, a close fleece separates into small areas when the mass of the fleece is stroked with the hand, while a coarse fleece presents larger areas when handled in the same manner. Appearance of fleece is also a good sign to distinguish the fluffy open fleece from the close fleece.

The most satisfactory way of determining density is by grasping a handful of wool as it grows on the sheep. If the wool is dense, the wool, a handful is secured. If substance is lacking the hand will not be full. This test for density can be applied rapidly in a flock and is very satisfactory.

A dense fleece is valuable not alone for the increase in quantity of wool, but for the protection that it affords the animal from the elements and the dust and chaff that flies about in the yards where they are fed. It is only necessary to compare the open and the close fleece to appreciate this difference.

Comparison of Fodder and Silage.

Frequently one hears the complaint that the hard work incident to silaging silo far outweighs the superiority of ensilage over dry fodder. They claim that dry fodder is good enough and that although the cattle do not eat as much of it, it is more nourishing. It is a readily conceded fact that there will be waste in connection with fodder even in its best form.

The Indiana Experiment Station has shown that this waste varies from 20 to 35 per cent. The same authority tells us that cattle will consume all of the silage if it is not fed in excessive quantities. Further than this, the silage goes to them in the shape that provides a succulent feed most nearly supplementing the condition of pasture. It is generally accepted that the dairy cow does best when upon fresh grass. Granted that this is the case, the more nearly you can produce fresh grass conditions the better will be your returns and the more profitable dairying will be.

After all, when you come to figure the work of shucking corn, drawing it to the crib and shredding fodder in the mow, there is little difference between the work necessary for silaging the silo and getting the dry feed ready for feeding.

There is another point to be taken into consideration and that is the fact that the grain in the silage is all ready for feeding in connection with the shredded fodder. It will be necessary to grind or chop it at least. This task is saved by the silo.

## ROTTING OF THE DAY

The Rocky Road for Taft.

The Taft policies are roughly jotted into a committee of the House and amends one of his favorite measures by making in it the identical changes recommended by two of the foremost insurgents in the Senate. This is just what the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce has done to the president's railroad bill.

When Senators Cummons of Iowa and Clapp of Minnesota could not persuade the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce to do, the House committee has done without their persuasion. The Senate committee reports the bill just as the president and Attorney General Wickham drafted it. The House committee, by practically unanimous vote, declares that the progressive Republicans in the Senate were right in demanding radical changes.

The House committee, appointed by Uncle Joe Cannon, he remembered, frowns upon the president's plan to permit a railroad company owning 50 per cent or more of the stock in another road to complete its control by buying it all, and that provision is stricken out. Progressive ideas are further added in the provision forbidding a director in one railroad company to serve in the directorate of another.

The provision put into the bill by the House committee forbidding them

to own or control city, suburban or interurban electric roads did not originate in the mind of the president or his attorney general, but it appears in the Cummins-Clapp minority report to the Senate. It is furthermore worth making a memorandum of the fact that the attack on the provision of the bill authorizing one road to buy up the stock of another was led by one of the Minnesota insurgents, Congressman Winona, and that Speaker Cannon's Committee on Interstate Commerce sustained him by a vote of seventeen to one.

It is not easy to believe that these proposed changes in the bill are wholly distasteful to the House leaders of the regular Republican organization. It may be presumed that Speaker Cannon chose the members of this committee with care, and that the majority of them represent the views of himself and his associates. Probably, also, these leaders would be glad to meet the president's wishes, but the Congressional elections are coming nearer every day. Republican members of the House may not be so calmly resigned to the prospect of party defeat as the president seems to be.—St. Louis Republic.

It Will Be a Landslide.

It is the progressive Republican vote and not the progressive Republican vote who is going to make trouble for the President and all his allies when the November ballots begin to fall. The progressive Congressman is only the humble servant of the progressive voter. The said Congressman unflinchingly listens to the rebukes of Taft and the reviling of Cannon, well knowing that if he bends the knee or supplies the backbone to win their favor his master at home will dismiss him without a blessing.

The country is fast coming to the conviction that the President and all the influences that are behind Aldrich and Cannon have deliberately elected to accept overwhelming defeat this year rather than fulfill the promises and pledges of two years ago. What they propose or expect to do after this deluge is as yet a dark secret. But the outraged voters know what they are going to do. The spring avalanches in the Rocky Mountains are light and harmless precipitations by comparison with the landslide under which they are getting ready to bury the unprogressive Republican party.—St. Louis Republic.

As to Postal Savings Banks.

The Aldrich-Taft plan for post savings contemplates redepositing post office deposits in national banks. In 1907 the big national banks of New York refused to pay out to depositors a dollar of the millions they held when the panic began. The government do not use the case of post office depositors suddenly demanded their cash, and the national banks refused to let it go? What would be the effect upon commerce, should such a condition arise? How seriously would our national credit be impaired?—Exchange.

How Much Have You?

Wealth is no crime, but the manner of obtaining wealth may be. One-eighth of the people of the United States own seven-eighths of the wealth. One per cent of the one-eighth own 99 per cent of the seven-eighths of the wealth. How much is your share?

His Opinions.

"Why do the current magazines print so much poetry?"

"I can tell you."

"Why listening?"

"It is a scheme to force people to read the advertisements."—Kansas City Journal.

How It Comes.

"Happiness is never complete," says a Georgia philosopher. "When the fish are biting in the nearby streams the weather makes a fellow too drowsy to dig bait."—Atlanta Constitution.

An adjustable sprinkling device to enable a man to wet down the hot ashes as he cleans his heater, so that they may be sifted immediately and to avert the danger of fire, has been patented by a New Yorker.

## THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN

1824—England declared war against Spain.

1825—Duke of York made fresh grant of East Jersey to William Penn and his associates.

1759—Russia and Sweden signed a treaty guaranteeing the neutrality of the Baltic.

1783—First meeting held in second Faneuil Hall, Boston, rebuilt after its destruction by fire.

1764—British Parliament imposed new and heavy duties on merchandise imported by the American colonies.

1776—Engagement between the British and Americans at Hutsong's island, Georgia.

1786—Spaniards took Mobile from the British.

1793—French National convention abolished imprisonment for debt.

1796—Napoleon Bonaparte married to Josephine Beauharnais.

1797—Albany became the capital of the State of New York.

1801—British defeated the French at battle of Aboukir, Egypt.

1809—William Eustis of Massachusetts became Secretary of War.

1813—Delaware River blocked by British ships.

1820—Henry Clay of Kentucky became Secretary of State.

1826—Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, became king of Portugal.

1837—The Bank of British North America opened its doors at Montreal. The first steam vessel built in Massachusetts, launched at Salem.

1848—People of Wisconsin ratified the State constitution.

1850—Daniel Webster delivered his last great speech in the United States Senate.

1851—Sir Alexander Bannerman became lieutenant-governor of Prince Edward Island.

1855—Nassau hall, Princeton College, destroyed by fire. First steam fire engine exhibited in Baltimore.

1856—President Rivas of Nicaragua declared war against Costa Rica.

1862—Gen. McClellan assumed command of the Army of the Potomac. Fremont that of the Mountain Department, and Halleck that of the Mississippi Department. Eastman, Monitor and the Merrimack in Hampton Roads. Three days' battle at Pea Ridge, Ark. ended in victory for the Confederates.

1863—Marriage of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and Princess Alexandra of Denmark.

1864—Fort De Russy, on the Red River, captured.

1865—The Dominion Confederation scheme rejected by New Brunswick. Three days' battle of Williams Bridge ended in victory for the Confederates.

1866—The Great Peace Convention met in Boston. First national assembly of the G. A. R. assembled in New York City.

1874—David Kalakaua chosen king of Hawaii.

1878—Henri Gustave Joy formed a Liberal cabinet for the Province of Quebec.

1879—Sir John A. Macdonald introduced a national tariff policy for Canada.

1888—Sir Richard Cartwright introduced a resolution urging the free exchange of manufactures and natural products between Canada and the United States.

1892—British and French governments announced the formation of the Entente Cordiale, the dispute over the Newfoundland fisheries.

1893—Great earthquake at Kuching, Persia, 12,000 deaths reported.

1894—A provincial plebiscite in Nova Scotia showed an overwhelming sentiment in favor of prohibition.

1895—Belgian and French ministers expelled from Venezuela.

1907—South Dakota Legislature passed a bill prohibiting railroad passes.

1909—The Italian general elections resulted in a victory for the minister of the United Kingdom. The United States convened in special session. Supreme Court of Missouri confirmed the decree ousting the Standard Oil Company from that State.

Car Strikes in Other Cities.

The electric street car men of Trenton, N. J., following the example of their fellow-workmen in Philadelphia, struck in a body upon refusal of the company to even reply to their written demand for a 43-cent-an-hour wage, a ten-hour day and arbitration of matters in dispute by a board of which the union should be represented.

Americans Too Luxurious.

One of the latest explications of the high cost of living was made by President Hamilton, of Tufts College, before the Massachusetts Teachers' Association. In no other country in the world, he said, is there the same demand and cry for the luxuries of life in every class of society as in this country. American nation, none where the laboring class demands so much. He says this class of people want the same comforts and superfluities which characterize the ways of life of the very wealthy.

After the Dallas Lynchers.

Addressing the grand jury at Dallas, Texas, Judge S. S. Jackson said while the Negro, Brooks, probably deserved death at the hands of the law, the men who threw him from the second story of the courthouse were murderers, and that those who forced an entry into the jail were burglars, and that all were guilty of rioting, and he asked the jury what they were going to do about it. He called their attention to the fact that warnings had been sent to members of the jury that other prisoners were to be similarly treated. The jury began calling witnesses.

A patent has been granted an Ohio man on a washboard with a convex metal rubbing surface, slightly roughened, so that even a light pressure of clothing passed over it will give the same results as hard rubbing over the ordinary flat, corrugated board.

The world's largest incubator is in Australia, where it is used to hatch 11,400 ducks' eggs or 14,040 hens' eggs at a time.

A new cotton-picking machine works on the principle of the vacuum cleaner.

