Miller & Rhoads. Miller & Rhoads.

A Special Sale of Satteen and Moire Petticoats.

89c Values for 50c.
$1.00 Values for 69c.
$1.50 and $1.98 Values for $1.00.

There were twenty dozen of them when the shipment arrived, but a dozen or more were sold while the Skirts were being marked.

Our skirt buyer says it's the best bargain he ever secured in underskirts at the beginning of the season or at any other time. We think you'll confirm his opinion.

Some of the Skirts are samples—the others are regular stock put in by the manufacturer to make up the special offering.

The 50c. lot is the smallest of all. It consists of colored satteens and spun glass in black.

The 69c. skirts are of good black mercerized satteen, in several styles.

The largest lot of all contains the skirts for $1.00—made of fine black mercerized satteen and moire—the satteens being in three styles.

These Skirts are cut full and tailored in a thorough manner, and without doubt the best dollar Skirts you ever saw.

Days Like Yesterday Bring Thoughts of Flannels.

Three extra good values in white flannels to-day. New goods, just opened—

27 inches wide, 25c.
32 inches wide, 33c.
36 inches wide, 39c.

A Double Bed Sheet for 59c

81x90 inches, and we know the same quality sells for at least 10 per cent. more elsewhere.

Heavy, round thread cotton—warranted to wear first—rate.

Miller & Rhoads

Social and Personal

Among the American, smart people everybody has gone "a yachting the races for to see," the gathering of splendid private crafts at the race grounds off Sandy Hook, being the most memorable ever known. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's superb "Corsair" displays Mr. Morgan's private signal, a white crescent and star on a square red flag. Other large yachts include Mr. Widener's Josephine, Sir Thomas Lipton's Erin, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's North Star and many others owned by representative New Yorkers, Philadelphians and Baltimoreans.

The Earl and Countess of Shaftsbury have been Sir Thomas Lipton's guests on the Erin, the Countess having been the fair sponsor for Shamrock III.

The struggle for the cup, however interesting as it has undoubtedly been, seems not to have affected "good times" at Newport at all. It has been during the summer and is still the vogue at that delightful city by the sea to take tea at Durfee's tea house, about five miles out from Newport, kept by a venerable lady, an old Mrs. Durfee, who regales her visitors not only with home made cake and preserves, but with the romance of her long life as well, punctuating her details with a display of the autographs of society leaders of half a century ago, when voluminous skirts and hoops were worn.

Miss Gladys Brooks and Mr. Thayer are popular young Newport people this year. They have been busy making ready for their September wedding, to which three thousand invitations have been sent out.

Miss Brooks, who is a proverbially fortunate and happy bride, has been for some weeks busy with her gifts arriving numerously at "Rock Hurst." From Mr. Thayer has come a diamond crescent, from Brooks pere a chest of silver, from Brooks mere a pearl and diamond collar and a deed to a New York house and lot. The bridesmaids are Miss Katherine Thayer, the groom's sister; Miss Anna Thayer, his cousin; Miss Constance Livermore, a daughter of Baroness Seillere; Miss Marion Fish, Miss Adelaide Whitney and Miss Fanna Iselin. The groom has chosen his best man and ushers from the Harvard class of 1903. The honeymoon will be spent on the steam yacht Varuna to be loaned by the bride's uncle. Then the young couple will return to Newport for the remainder of the autumn.

* * *

In Virginia there is the Horse Show to take the place of yacht racing. The Albemarle show begins to-day and will, unless the weather forbids, be a pretty exhibition of skill and horse flesh. The proximty of Charlottesville to the Keswick and Warrenton Hunt Clubs and to such magnificent stock farms as Castle Hill, Somerset and many others, renders the showing for entries very fine indeed.

The society element will doubtless be conspicuous. Mrs. Carl von Mayhoff, the charming hostess of Monticello, and the Langhorne house party from Mirador, as well as others from Royal Orchard and the many famous and beautiful Albemarle country homes aroused Charlottesville will impart much distinction and grace to box parties at the show.

A ball for which many Richmond young people already have engagements will appropriately conclude the gayeties of the ring and the week.

* * *

Many thoughts will be turned to Wilmington, Fluvanna county, this forenoon, where the wedding of Miss Mary Ashley Bell and Dr. Clifton Meredith Miller will be celebrated at 11 o'clock in Lyle's Church.

The fact that Miss Bell spent last winter in Richmond and that her exquisite voice was heard weekly in the choir of St. Paul's Church, as well as the fact that she and Dr. Miller have many friends here, render the marriage one of unusual interest.

The Richmond party of wedding guests will include Mr. and Mrs. William G. Miller and Miss Ashley Miller, Dr. Miller's parents and sister; Dr. George Ben Johnston, Dr. Daniel Coleman, Dr. Charles Robins and Dr. W. A. Lee.

* * *

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Straus for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Borienne Straus to Mr. Leon Baer, formerly of Baltimore, but for several years a resident of Richmond.

The ceremony will take place in the home of the bride, No. 824 West Grace Street, September 16th, at 7 P. M. and will be witnessed only by the immediate families of the bride and groom. An informal reception at which friends will be welcomed, will be afterwards held from 9 to 11 P. M.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. J. Bondurant, of "Variety Shade," Buckingham county, Va., announce the engagement of their daughter, Dabney, to Professor Clifford L. Hare, of the Alabama Polythcnic Institute, at Auburn Alabama. The marriage will take place in September.

* * *

The engagement and approaching marriage of Miss Maud Preston Hopkins, of Newport News, Va., to Mr. D. Webster Chapman, a prominent business man of Smithfield, Va., has been announced.

The wedding will take place quietly in the home of the bride, September 9th.

* * *

Miss Lozena Allen and Mr. Judson Deans, of Portsmouth, Va., were married August 28th, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Paul of South Laurel Street, this city, by the Rev. J. B. Hutson, pastor of the Pine-Street Baptist Church.

* * *

A prominent wedding of yesterday was that of Miss Ruby Florsheim and Mr. Isaac Flegenheimer, celebrated at 11 A. M. in the parlor of the Jefferson Club, by the Rev. Dr. E. N. Calisch.

The bride, attired in a handsome traveling costume of brown taffeta, had as her maid of honor, Miss Estelle Florsheim, who was gowned in white broadcloth. Mr. Henry Flegenheimer was best man and Mr. W. C. Nelson, master of ceremonies. Ushers were Mr. Leon Leibermuth, Mr. Bernard Carom, Mr. Herbert Bloomberg, Mr. Jake Flegenheimer, Mr. Melville Flegenheimer and Dr. William Flegenheimer, Jr.

The bride's mother, Mrs. Millie Florsheim, wore black embroidered crepe de chine with diamonds. Miss Miriam Florsheim had on white silk. After the ceremony an elegant wedding breakfast was served by Mr. Davis of the club. Mr. and Mrs. Flegenheimer left afterwards for a western tour.

* * *

Miss Bessie A. Rowe, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Rowe, of No. 1117 Floyd Avenue, and Mr. Richard W. Fox, of Philadelphia, were married August 29th, in Washington, D. C., by Mr. Meadows, pastor of the Maryland-Avenue Baptist Church.

The ceremony was witnessed by Mr. R. H. Fox, the groom's father. The young couple will make their home in Philadelphia.

* * *

Miss Margaret L. Stacy, the youngest daughter of Mr. Ellis C. Stacy, and Mr. Wade A. Murray, of Norfolk, Va., were quietly married in the home of the bride's parents, at Highland Park on Monday, the Rev. Charles H. Boggs performing the ceremony.

* * *

The first autumn meeting of the Richmond Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy will be held Wednesday, September 9th, at 4:30 P. M.

At this meeting delegates to the Norfolk convention will be elected.

Personal Mention.

Miss Marianne Meade is with Mrs. Lewis Booker at the University of Virginia for the Albemarle Horse Show. Mrs. Booker is now established at the Unversty and will spend this winter there.

* * *

Mrs. Philip H. Powers has returned from Sweet Springs and is now with her brother, who is ill with typhod fever, near Baltmore, Md.

* * *

Miss Mary Gillette, of Glencoe, Md., well known in Baltimore society for her many personal attractions, is visiting Miss Florence Barrow, at No. 903 Floyd Avenue.

* * *

Misses Lina and Hattie Shields with Miss Addie New, of Portsmouth, are the guests of Mrs. A. C. Jones, in Newport News.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. Weaver, who have been visiting Dr. Weaver's parents at Basic City, are now at home to friends at No. 401 East Grace Street.

* * *

Mr. E. P. Buford, of San Antonio, Tex., after several days spent with Richmond friends, left Monday for Bowling Green, Va.

* * *

The many friends of Mr. Robert G. Lambert, regret that business promotion has transferred him from Richmond to the State of New York. Mr. Lambert left for New York Monday night.

* * *

Miss Josephine Sizer will snend some weeks of September with friends on Long Island.

Mrs. A. J. Warren and Miss Warren have returned from a summer pleasantly spent at Hot Springs, Va.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hankins, who were in Richmond for last week, left Saturday to return to Cuckoo, Louisa county, where they have been during the summer with Mr. Hankins' mother.

* * *

Major B. R. Selden has gone to Blacksburg to attend a board meeting of the institute to be held there to-day.

* * *

Mr. E. B. Sydnor expects to go up to Charlottesville on Thursday for the Horse Show.

* * *

Miss Alice N. Parker, the principal of the Richmond Training School for Kindergartners, who has been at Harvard during the summer, will return to Richmond about October first. The training school will begin its third year October 5th.

* * *

Many Virginians, who are the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Levering, will be sorry to hear of their detention at the home of Mr. Levering's son-in-law, Dr. P. S. Evans, of Yokohama, Japan, on account of the illness of one of three daughters who are accompanying their parents in a tour around the world.

It seems fortunate that, while Miss Levering's condition is such that she may not be able to travel for a month, she is under the care of her brother-in-law, a medical missionary to Japan, and has the members of her family around her.

* * *

Rev. John W. Caldwell, Presbyterian pastor of Carrollton Church, New Orleans, is, with his wife, visiting her mother, Mrs. Trueman Parker, at Bon Air. He goes hence to visit his uncle, Rev. Dr. E. P. Palmer, of Harrisonburg, Va.

* * *

Mr. Waller Holladay's horse, "Kentucky Cardinal," will, it is believed, be a winning card at the show.

Miss Abbie M. Marriott is visiting her cousin, Rose Saunders, of Norfolk, Va.

TWO SCHOLARSHIPS ARE FOR VIRGINIANS

Two scholarships in Oxford University, England, are soon to be awarded to Virginians and two to residents of each of the other States. These scholarships are known as the Cecil Rhodes scholarships from the celebrated South African promoter who founded them and are worth just $1,500 per year to the winners. While the precise conditions of the award are not yet officially made known, it is understood that the competition for them will be confined to titled graduates of the first class colleges and universities of this State. The winning of a scholarship at the famous old English University would be a boon to a poo but aspring scholar who desires to secure the best possible educational advantages.

COMPANY TO BUILD AN ELECTRIC LINE

The Corporation Commission has granted a charter to the Nelson and Albemarle Railway Company, which proposes to build an electric railway from the soapstone quarries, in Nelson, to the Southern Railway, in Albemarle, a distance of six or seven miles. The capital stock is placed at $250,000, and the corporators are J. W. Foster, H. L. Lane, D. J. Caroll, F. V. Elsom, D. H. Pitts, J. G. Hopkins and George W. Bostwick. The charter was granted by the commission at Roanoke, and certified to Secretary Upshur at headquarters in this city.

The commissioners are still away on their inspection of the Norfolk and Western Railway and other lines in the Southwest. Consequently no other charters were granted.

Examine Teachers.

The examination for professional certificates for State teachers will be held throughout the State to-day under the regulations prescribed therefor by the State Board of Education and Department of Public Instruction. An average of at least 75 per cent. is required of persons taking the examinations. The subjects embraced in the examination are civil government, general history, English literature, algebra physical geography, Anglo-American literature, psychology and pedagogy and school law.

Mr. Jennings Getting Well.

The many friends of Mr. R. L. Jennings, who was operated upon at the Virginia Hospital for appendicitis, two weeks ago, will be glad to know that he has so far recovered that he will be moved to his home, No. 2201 East Marshall Street, Friday evening. The operation was performed by Drs. Hugh Taylor and Geo. W. Gay, Jr.

Has Typhoid Fever.

Mr. Horace Upshur, son of Mr. John A. Upshur, secretary of the State Corporation Commission, is ill of typhoid fever at the residence on Beach Street. Dr. George A. Taber is the attending physician and will probably remove the patient to the Memorial Hospital for treatment there.

Mr. Cates Retires.

Mr. Sidney Cates, a well-known local newspaper writer, who has been associated with Mr. W. H. Mullen in the conduct of The Opinion since that paper made its first appearance, has relinquished that position. Mr. Mullen will continue the paper as a weekly in the interest of the laboring classes.

Whose Silver Pitcher?

Sergeant Hall recovered an old silver water pitcher yesterday, which is now at police headquarters, where it may be identified by the owner. It was recovered through a negro porter, who was given the pitcher some time ago by an unknown negro to keep for him.

ANIMAL STORIES FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

The High-Minded Stork.

"There is just one thing, dear Stork,
I'd like to know—
Won't you tell me why you build
Your nest so high?
Often on a smoky chimney
Where there's snow.
Is a nest a great deal nicer
Near the sky?"

"AND WE FLEW UP HIGH."

"Why not build your nests like song birds,
In the trees;
Or like meadow larks beneath
The shady grass.
Does your constitution like a
Higher breeze?
Or, perhaps, you try to elevate
Your class."

"Well, I'll tell you," said the stork.
"Its just this way.
Years ago we built much nearer,
To the ground,
But the boys with slings and pop-guns
Came one day,
And we flew up high and never
Have come down."

"Now in Strassburg you will see my
Cosy nest
On a chimney where the boys can't
Shoot or climb.'
There my folks enjoy a needed
Quiet rest.
And you'll find us there, my dear, most
All the time."

—Henry Lippincott.

FOUND OUT.

What a Mother Found Out About Food.

A mother found out what a change of food can do for a whole family, from the nursing baby to the adults, in this way: "Twice during the summer months my baby was taken violently ill and was very slow getting over the attacks. His former diet of cow's milk along ceased to agree with him, so I combined it with an expensive infant's food, but he soon became very much constipated.

"Then I shifted to Grape-Nuts food and found that this was just what baby needed, adding it to his milk after softening in hot water. Baby has thrived upon this food, and is now healthy and strong and chubby as any mother could ask, which you know is saying a great deal.

"It did not take me long to find out that a saucer of Grape-Nuts and cream is just what is needed by the tired, nervous mother, and I have also proved to my own satisfaction that when the children are old enough to chew Grape-Nuts it is far better for them than oatmeal or any other mushy foods, for it develops their teeth and helps their digestion and their minds seem much brighter and more active, too.

"Truly, here is a wonderful food and one for the entire family." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Over One Million Packages of

LIPTON'S TEAS

ARE SOLD WEEKLY AT ALL GROCERS.

BE ELECTED BY A POPULAR VOTE

Probable Candidates for the Office of School Superintendent.

The election of a Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State will be had for the first time under the new Constitution two years hence, and for the first time this officer is to be chosen by popular vote. Of course, the real contest is for the Democratic nomination, which is equivalent to election. Dr. J. W. Southall, who for years has filled that position, will be an aspirant for re-election. Several others have been mentioned as possible candidates. Perhaps the best known of these are Mr. E. C. Glass, of Lynchburg, and Colonel George W. Miles, master of the St. Albans School, at Radford. Colonel Miles has long been prominent in the educational field and in politics, and was recently conspicuously before the public in connection with the presidency of the University of Virginia. Mr. Glass is now, and has been for twenty-odd years, superintendent of the public schools of Lynchburg, which are generally conceded to be the best in the State, a rank to which he has brought them during his service as superintendent. Mr. Glass is also conductor and founder of the Virginia Summer School of Methods, an institution which has grown from a few hundred to a thousand or more students in the past fourteen years.

It is not believed that Messrs. Glass and Miles will both be candidates for the place, but that it will be decided before the campaign which will enter the race. Colonel Miles and Hon. Carter Glass, brother of Mr. E. C. Glass, are and have long been warm personal and political friends, and would hardly antagonize each other.

Dr. Southall will make his campaign on his record of service as State superintendent, and will have a strong following if he continues to be a candidate.

Papers for Colyar.

Captain Tomlinson has sent requisition papers to Washington for A. S. Colyar, Jr., who is wanted here for defrauding the Hotel Jefferson. Colyar is now serving a short term in the District Workhouse. The officials here will be notified when they can get him.

Mr. Watkins Improves.

Mr. Charles H. Watkins, who was operated upon for appendicitis at the Virginia Hospital on Saturday, is reported improving steadily. The operation was eminently successful.

Elevators May Run.

The City Engineer will endeavor to get the elevators at work to-day. Work on the boilers is about finished. Two weeks were consumed in the work.

SYDNOR & HUNDLEY,

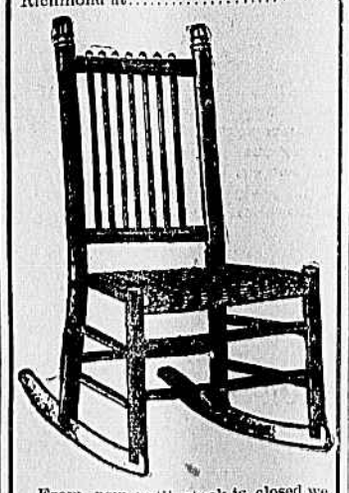
Broad Street.

Our first car-load of

FINE FURNITURE

for fall trade was unloaded last week. It's notable contents consists in part of a most beautiful line of LADIES' DESKS, the finest ever seen in this city; several magnificent LIBRARY TABLES, odds in PARLOR PIECES, SEWING TABLES, CHINA CASES, HIGH GRADE EXTENSION TABLES, MUSIC AND BRIC-A-BRAC CABINETS, a nice line medium priced BOOK CASES, ODD BUREAUS, and PRINCESS DRESSERS, PARLOR TABLES, HIGH BOYS, &c., &c,

All summer we have been selling the best PORCH ROCKER in Richmond at..... 59c



From now until stock is closed we will sell the same Rocker at..... 49c

Only a few left.

DO NOT FORGET

we are closing out all BABY-CARRIAGES, GO-CARTS, ICE-BOXES REFRIGERATORS, and LAWN BENCHES at 20 per cent. off regular prices.

SYDNOR & HUNDLEY.

Our fall stock of LACE CURTAINS and WINDOW-SHADES are ready for inspection.

PERIL ISLAND.

By SIDNEY DREW. Copyright, 1903, by W. R. Hearst

CHAPTER XV.

The "Silver Star" Puts to Sea.

A fortnight later the gallant yacht Silver Star steamed down the Channel westward bound, Jack Marsden at the wheel. The day was hot and breezeless, and scores of white-sailed boats rocked on the swell. Clive and Hector paced the bridge together, while Leckburn sunned himself in a comfortable chair.

He still felt doubtful as to the success of the voyage. Science had made the earth such a tiny place that it seemed impossible for an undiscovered island to exist. Leckburn was quite indifferent. He had come for the voyage, and nothing more. Hector alone was enthusiastic and firm in his conviction that the treasure was there, and that they would find it.

For all that Clive and his lordship had opened their purses, in spite of Dane's protest. A better equipped yacht never steamed out of harbor. Her crew numbered sixteen men and one amazingly fat boy, who rejoiced in the pretty name of Storver. Ruby the negro christened him Starver on the spot. The little doctor had joined them at Southampton, and he was the happiest, merriest little doctor in the world.

In the morning a dense wall of mist, rolling over the billows from the southwest, met the Silver Star end-on. Hector, who had foolishly taken upon himself to navigate his own vessel, growled sleepily. Hector held a Board of Trade certificate, and Jack Marsden could steer a course with any man. Burnand, the first officer, was a little beetle-browed fellow, who seldom spoke except to give an order. His mania was the collection of medusae, sea-weeds and shell-fish, and he had generally a net trailing aft and a magnifying glass in his pocket.

The braying of the siren and the sudden slowing of the yacht brought Clive and the first officer on deck. They floundered through the wet, chill mist to the bridge where Hector stood blowing his numbed fingers and jerking at the siren cord.

"How is it going to be, old weather-wise?" asked Clive.

"Thicker than soup," said Hector. "What do you think, Mr. Burnand?"

Dane faced round swiftly. As a rule the first officer contented himself with "Yes" or "No" when answering a question. This time the silent man burst into an unexpected speech.

"Let the fog rest sir," he said. "It will remain or lift as nature pleases. The Lizard is a good way behind us, and I notice that our head doesn't point towards any North American port. I am your servant, sir, and I hope I am your friend."

"You're that, Burnand, you may depend," said Hector wonderingly.

"Thank you, Mr. Dane. As your friend, and doubly so your servant, I ask what does this voyage mean, and where are we going?"

Hector was silent. Clearly on an expedition so fraught with mystery, doubt, and danger, he had no right to hide anything from the crew. They were paid to navigate his yacht, but it was not fair to take the men into unknown waters to face unknown perils. He needed volunteers, and not pressed men. He swiftly made up his mind.

"Marsden," he called, "pipe all hands—stokers—everybody."

The whistle sang merrily, and the screw ceased to revolve. Black faces and white faces, natty serge uniforms and coal-blackened shirts loomed through the fog. Leckburn, pipe in mouth, scrambled up beside his friends.

"Silence, lads!" shouted Clive. "Order there."

The vessel rocked on the swell. Her upper spars were lost in the yellow gloom, and the rim of her smoke-stack was hardly visible from the deck.

"Boys," rang out Hector's clear voice, "you have all sailed with me before. You have seen the Silver Star trimmed for an ordinary voyage, and you know how she is trimmed and fitted to-day. You must guess that we are out for a big spin."

"Ay, ay, sir; we know that."

"Wel, lads," went on Hector, "listen to me. I'm not a bit afraid that you'll leave me short-handed, but I'll send all of you back that wish to go when you've heard what I have to say. This is not a pleasure trip. We are after treasure."

There was dead silence, and a great billow shouldered up and broke with a deafening roar against the Silver Star's plates.

"Treasure," repeated Hector coolly, "gold and jewels by the bushel. It lies somewhere in the Antarctic circle, and it is no child's play to fight the ice. Everyone will receive treble pay from the moment we sight the first iceberg going south until we sight the last one going north on our return. Over and above that, if we win the treasure, it will be divided fairly. Remember, the risks are terrible, but none of you are married. If we succeed you will all be made for life. There's your chance to return to port. Do you hear it?"

"Ouch-oouch-oo-oo-oouch!" brayed a siren through the fog.

"Come, lads, come," cried the baronet, "who's for port, and who's for Peril Island? Full pay, a full discharge, and an extra fiver for all who want to leave us. Step forward, please. Count 'em, Jack, will you? I can't see."

Marsden's deep, honest laugh came up, followed by the answer:

"There ain't any, Sir Clive; not a blessed one."

"What about the Starver?" asked Hector, evoking a roar of laughter.

"He's all right, sah; he all right, he are," crowed the voice of Ruby. "I standin' by wid a belayin' pin, and if de villain open his mouf, I knock de stuffin' outer him slap. Ho, ho, ho, ho!"

"Then you mean to stick to the Silver Star, lads?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Hip, hip, hip!" roared Leckburn, and three of the best to follow."

"Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!"

CHAPTER XVI.

I looked upon the rotting ship
And drew my eyes away,
I looked upon the rotting deck
And there the dead man lay.
—Coleridge.

Lord Leckburn buttoned up his thick overcoat, and brought his long limbs into stride with the shorter ones of Clive and Hector.

"Hec," he said, with a note of seriousness in his voice, "this is where we ought to pause and think."

"Don't tire yourself, sonny," laughed the captain of the Silver Star.

"I won't. I'm the only married man aboard Hec. Here we are, seven hundred miles south of the Horn. What shall we find? What good will it bring us? How long are we going to stay here? How are we going to get back?"

Hector groaned aloud.

"One at a time, me lud, one at a time, for the love of pity. Look here, I'll answer the whole lot at one go and let you both off your promises. If you want to go back, go back. Ned I have placed in command. Do what you like. I leave you to it."

He turned on his heel and went below.

"Poor old Hec is huffy," said Clive. "It seems good sense to 'bout ship, but we'll break his heart if we do. The men are staunch. They seem to want to see it through."

"I don't care a rap, Clive. I'm so tough that I don't think you could bowl me over if you tried. As long as the men stick it I don't care. We've made our wills, and we have done something for them. Justice is justice, my boy. A man owns his own life if he owns nothing else. I'll go on as long as you like, or as long as the men like; but the moment one of them protests, we must put our nose north again. We have no right to take these lads into danger against their will. They are not soldiers."

Clive nodded.

"That settles it," he answered. "At the first protest we turn back, barring the Starver, old chap."

It was a wise and honorable decision. Before them lay the unknown, and the unknown is always terrible. Certainly fearless hearts—men whose names will never die even when every inch of the earth has been explored—had sailed along the rim of the eternal southern ice and viewed the fires of Erebus and Terror. Fearless hearts had struggled to penetrate the adamantine crystal barrier, fighting with cold and scurvy and death, but the everlasting Ice King was still the lord and conqueror.

"I was thinking of what you told me the other day, Neddy," said Clive.

"What was that, my son? I say lots of things."

"About Graydon Garth. How will he find you if he wants you?"

"My son," said Leckburn, "I am not fool enough to think that Graydon Garth will ever want me except that he is fond of me. No man is indispensable to Graydon Garth. His friendship is the jewel I value highest in this world except my wife and child. Were I to tell Graydon Garth that I placed him before wife and child he would throw me away like a worn-out glove. He is the greatest, noblest, most powerful man ever born, but he is a man, though sometimes I have thought him more than human. Perhaps as the world grows older, when science has yielded up her secrets, when brain has conquered the hidden things of nature, thousands of years hence, other men may equal him. He has in him all that thousands of years of progress can teach. Graydon Garth, who lives in the twentieth century, is such a man as the fiftieth century will produce. Find me!" Leckburn laughed thunderously. "My boy, were I in Mars he would find me if he needed me.

"I think that is why I am never afraid. I owe him my life a score times over. My lips are sealed, or I could tell you stories that only your friendship for me would make you credit. Other people would laugh. They would not call me a liar, for I am rather too big for the ordinary person to insult. They would have their opinion all the same. But I have not broken any pledge to my lord Garth by making this extraordinary voyage. If he needs me, as I told you, he will find me."

Clive was silent. Then he said:

"I have a little trump card up my sleeve, Neddy, but I can't tell you the color or the value just yet. By Jove, isn't that splendid?"

A fan of silver light flashed upwards in the southern sky. It filled the grey heavens, flushed from silver to yellow, to pink, to crimson, to dazzling gold, and then died out. Above them blazed the Southern Cross, and the chill breath of the eternal ice was wafted into their faces across the mysterious silence of the darkening sea.

It was a time and place to make men think. Leckburn threw away his cigar. They were nearing the ick gates of the great unknown. A week would, if all went well, bring them to the crystal portals where nature cries to puny man: "Stand back! Fly, if you would live, for if you advance I must slay you! This is the lone land of ice everlasting, more bitter, more awful than the icy regions at the other end of the earth. Beware in time, for here no man can live!"

The watch had been doubled, for several icebergs had been sighted. The chart showed the South Shetlands to be near. Over and over again they had discussed Juan Gaskara's directions. The latitude and longitude of the old pirate were utterly impossible. What human beings had ever found such a spot as the intersection of these two imaginary lines would denote?

There was a passage "clear in May." Clear of what? The answer could only be ice. The "Flame Mountain" might be Erebus, Terror, or perhaps some undiscovered volcano of the Antarctic regions. The night seals' thunder was definite enough, but what of the blood water, and the current that smoked? Their only hope was to push south and trust to time and luck to solve the mystery. Black Juan's directions were too hazy, vague and indefinite to steer anything except a blind man's course by.

Time was not allowed to hang heavily. Leckburn and Hector were too wise for that. They organized games and theatricals. There was a piano in the fo'c'sle as well as aft. Ruby had got a band together, and the din they made when they practised was almost enough to make the engines go out on strike. The Starver presided over the big drum, while Mumps, a Lascar, regularly blew himself into a perspiration with a trombone. Every man had the full run of the library, and they were supplied with a whole compendium of games.

On the eleventh the first great snowstorm broke over the Silver Star, and she encountered mountainous seas. The cold was terrible. Furs were served out, and the electric stoves were kept burning throughout the ship. So tremendous was the fall that it was difficult to keep the deck clear. For five days the white flakes poured down from a leaden sky. Then it cleared, and the heavens blazed with constellations, whilst the Southern Aurora danced and flashed and glittered in sheets of colored light.

They met at dinner. On deck the thermometer registered twenty-three degrees of frost. There was not a ripple on the water, and the biting air was still and clear. Ruby was wearing no less than seven waistcoats, and the Starver looked like a human balloon perched on two short, fat legs.

"I'm not a big traveler like Ned and you, Hec," said Sir Clive, as he struggled with a pat of butter somewhat less hard than a bullet, "but how is it we have met so few bergs? I thought these seas swarmed with them."

"So they do, as a rule, sonny. A lack of icebergs means a cold summer."

"There may be another reason," said his lordship. "The water seems utterly dead. When we were lying to yesterday to clear the furnaces I noticed that the cinders did not budge a peg when they were afloat. We are apparently out of the track of currents, in a kind of watery island."

"More wisdom," grinned Clive. "You are great men both. What if there aren't any bergs to get afloat?"

"Balmy!"

"Oh, shut up," said Clive. "What does anybody know about the Pole? Don't talk so much. It's freezing like Old Harry. Watch me and cover your ears up in case of frost-bite. Ruby, a piece of string."

"Yaas, Massa Sah Clive, sah!"

Clive tied the string to his serviette. There were cries of protest as he opened the porthole. The cold air that rushed in hurt their throats and nostrils. Clive let the serviette dangle out, and lifted it dripping.

"Feel that, Ned; feel it, Hec, quickly."

"By Jove," cried Leckburn, "it's almost warm."

(To be Continued To-morrow.)

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BARROW-IN-FURNESS, ENG.—The autumn conference of the Iron and Steel Institute opened to-day under the presidency of Andrew Carnegie.