



HENRY WEBSTER  
CHAS. W. ROSSER  
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Cayley understood well enough what it meant. This place that they had come back to for the night was home now, probably the last home she would ever have in the world, if one were to balance the chances fairly. Its warmth and light and comparative comfort did more to enforce a realization of their tragic plight than anything before had done. The thing she was fighting with was a sudden wave of plain terror.

Cayley went out into the little vestibule and closed and bolted the outer door. He contrived to waste a minute or two over the trifling task, in order to give her that moment by herself. When he came back, closing the inner door behind him as he did so, he found that she had taken off her cap and the heavy fur coat which had encumbered her shoulders all day, and hung them upon a convenient wooden peg in the wall. She was standing near the fireplace now, warming her cold fingers at the blaze.

Cayley started a little at sight of her, for now she was transformed, too. Standing there, silhouetted against the blaze, in her gray cardigan jacket and melange, she looked like a young boy. He had discovered before this that there was not a grain of false modesty about her; nevertheless, it pleased him when, with a certain charming frank simplicity, she called his attention to her costume.

"It's a lucky thing," she observed, "that I dressed for a scramble over the ice before coming ashore with Uncle Jerry and Mr. Scales. And lucky, too, that I didn't change back when we returned to the Aurora. I left it the second time with no other idea than of pulling about for a while in the dinghy. I'd have done that just the same if I had dressed for dinner that night as I usually did."

"Yes," he said. "A skirt would have been a pretty serious matter to people in our situation."

"Show me the rest of our house," she commanded presently. "This is the only room I've seen."

The subdivision of the hut was accomplished by a L-shaped partition seven feet or so from the outer wall, around two sides of it. It yielded two tiny, cubical bedrooms (that was the purpose which the wooden bunk in each of them indicated); and a third room of the same width (about seven feet), but running the entire length of the side of the hut nearest the cliff. This room had evidently served for stores and for a kitchen, since part of the reconstructed fireplace projected into the room. There was a table where the greater part of what the searchers from the Aurora had dismissed as "rubbish" was accumulated.

Cayley did as the girl commanded, and showed her every nook and cupboard which the four walls of the hut contained. When they returned to the living room where the fire was, she dropped down on one of the bunks with a little sigh of fatigue.

"You've been disobeying orders," he said, looking her over with a serious sort of smile. "You've let yourself get too tired. You'll have to make up for it by being exceptionally obedient now."

As he spoke, he shook out the sleeping-bag on the bunk, behind where she was sitting.

"You're to lie down on that," he said, "until I can get supper ready; and directly after supper you're to take this bag into whichever of those bedrooms you would like for yours, and really undress and go to bed."

She assented to that after a little demur. That he had rightly guessed the degree of her fatigue was attested by the fact that when he re-entered the hut after dressing the fowl that was to provide their evening meal, he found her cuddled up upon the great sheepskin, fast asleep.

It was not until his rudimentary culinary operations were about completed that, glancing over to where she lay, he found her regarding him with a sleepy smile.

"I thought of something just as I was dropping off to sleep," she said, "a really beautiful idea. I tried to call out and tell you, but I was too sleepy. I hope I haven't lost it. It's something about—oh, I know. Don't you suppose we might find a clue to where the stores are hidden in father's journal or in the maps?"

He laid down the drum-stick he had been about to hit into, and gazed at her with an astonishment, partly in a sort of amused dismay that the idea had not occurred to him before. "That suggestion," he said, "is worth the whole of my day's work. Of course that's the way to begin our search—the only way, and tomorrow morning—"

"Tomorrow morning! I thought the worst thing you could possibly say would be after supper. I wanted to hit the duck and begin the search now." She smiled at him. "You'll compromise, won't you, on directly after supper?"

He assented with a laugh. "If you can keep awake, but the first time I catch you nodding—"

"All right," she said, "only let's hurry with the duck." Then, a little later, "It can't be possible, can it, that we're going to eat the whole of it at one meal? It's beginning to look that way."

There was one compensation to the ravages of their fare and the expense of their equipment. Clearing up after dinner was an operation of immense simplicity.

When it was completed, Philby brought more wood on the fire, and in the glow of the crackling flames they reviewed the maps and began their

"I believe," said Cayley, "that the journal will be worth more to me than the maps in this search of ours tonight. Anyway, while you work one I can work the other."

She nodded, picked up the journal and crossed over with it to another of the bunks. There she seated herself, tucked her feet up comfortably under her, tattered fashion, and, propping her chin upon one palm, began to read. The light coming from behind her made, to Cayley's vision, a misty halo of her hair, and played softly over the cheek and the fingers that were half embedded in it.

The sight of her made it hard for him to stick to his map. But presently he looked up with a sudden question. "Do you happen to find anything?" he began, and then broke off abruptly.

From her face, half-shaded as it was, he could see that what she had been reading just then was no mere description of this land upon which they had been cast away, but something far more personal to the father she had lost here.

"There's something perfectly terrifying," she said, "about father's description of this man Roscoe. Over here near the end, before the sun came back to them, he tells of going out for a walk by himself and of discovering that Roscoe was stalking him, in the hope, he thought, of discovering, in advance of the others, where the gold ledge was. In the twilight, father says, he looked, in his white bear-skins, perfectly enormous and incredible. And Philip—"

She closed the book, holding it tight in both hands, and leaning forward a little as she went on, "and Philip, his description sounds—oh, I suppose it's silly, but it sounds like the thing I thought I saw today when I was alone there on the beach, before you came flying down out of the sky. It didn't look like a bear. It wouldn't have been so dreadful if it had."

"It's possible," he said gravely, "it may have been he whom I frightened off when I came down last night. Certainly there was somebody, and that somebody may still be here on shore, though I supposed he had gone out to join in the attack on the yacht. But it's very strange, if there is any one, that we could have passed a whole day without encountering him."

The girl shivered; then, with a shake of her head as if dismissing the uncanny thought from her mind, said: "You started to ask me about something else, and I interrupted."

He took him a moment to collect his thoughts. "Oh, yes. There's something marked here on this map which I took at first for the location of the hut, but it appears now that it was marked before they built it. I wonder if, in the early pages of the journal, there was a description of any natural formation about here like a cave, or—"

She made as if to open the book, then, suddenly, changed her intention and held it out to him, instead.

"I haven't been playing fair," she said. "I wasn't really looking for anything. I was just reading stories and dreaming over them. It's his handwriting, I think, that makes it so hard to be good. It's—well, almost like hearing his voice. Won't you work the book and the maps and give me something to do—with my hands, that doesn't matter?"

Cayley's first impulse was to refuse, but it needed only one thoughtful look into her face to convince him that the kindest, as well as the wisest, thing was to do as she asked. An uncanny horror of the monstrous Roscoe and the appalling idea that he, and perhaps others of his gang, might be sharing the solitude of this frozen coast with her eyes, and her own prescription for dispelling it was probably the best that could be thought of.

With a nod of assent, he rose and went into the storeroom, returning the next moment with an armful of heavy rope.

"The old days of wooden ships," he said, "when they wanted to discipline a sailor, they set him to picking oakum. Next to pounding rust off the anchor, it's the dullest job in the world. But we need some for calking up the cracks in our walls. Do you mind?"

"Mind!" she echoed. "Did you think I wanted to do embroidery?"

He showed her how the work was to be done, and in five minutes she was busily engaged at it. She had moved to another bunk, a little further from the fire, and he, with innocent artifice, had contrived that the big soft sleeping-bag should be spread out under her.

Meanwhile he plunged into a systematic search, through journal and maps, for the thing that was to spell either life or death for them.

At the end of an hour he looked up suddenly, an exclamation of triumph on his lips. But at the sight of her, it died out in a smile. She had slipped down on the sleeping-bag, her head cradled in the crook of one arm. And she was fast asleep.

CHAPTER XV.

Discoveries.

The midnight of another crystalline day had made a path of gold across the floor and half way up the wall when Philby roused himself from what he had intended to make the nearest cat-nap on one of the bunks, and with difficulty rubbed his eyes open. The savour of something good to eat was already in his nostrils.

Jeans, with her back to him, was leaning over the fire, busy with the

breakfast. She heard him stirring, and looked around.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to bang that pan down that way. I meant you to go on sleeping for hours and hours."

Looking fairly at him as he sat there on the bunk she saw his hands clutch tightly over the edge of it; saw the color go shabby out of his face and then come surging back again. She had seen him do that once before.

"Why—what's the matter, Philip?" she asked.

"It's just the wonder of you," he said slowly; "of waking up to find you here, busy about this home of ours—as if—as if it were all true. I've been very deep asleep."

"You'd better get ready for breakfast," she said, in a tone whose matter-of-fact inflection was a little exaggerated. "It's nearly ready."

"When they had finished, and while they still sat face to face across the board plank which had served them for a table, Cayley leaned forward a little and, smiling, asked a question.

"What's the secret, Jeanne? Your eyes have been shining with mystery ever since we sat down here."

She laughed. "You're much too penetrating. I didn't mean you even to dream there was a mystery to penetrate. But—well, it's time to tell you now, my way."

She, too, leaned forward a little and shook her head at him with a tantalizing air of triumph.

"You didn't find the thing you were looking for last night in father's journal—the place where they hid the stores, I mean."

"Oh, but I did!" he cried. "I only waited to give you time to eat a necessary and sensible breakfast before I spoke of it. I had it on the tip of my tongue to suggest that we set about finding it in good earnest, when I saw, in your eyes, that you had a mystery of your own."

It was evident from the look in those eyes now that she was both surprised and puzzled.

"You found it last night!" she exclaimed. "Found it in the journal, and then never went to look at it!"

"Why, I found an unmistakable reference to it, and though the exact location wasn't given, it was plain that three or four hours' exploring by daylight would enable us to find it. But even if I hadn't minded leaving you asleep here, unprotected, in the hut, I doubt very much if I could have found it at night. But what's the mystery you were about to reveal to me?"

"No," she said; "tell me more about your discovery first. What was the reference in the journal?"

He rose and took down from the shelf the big leather-bound volume which was proving itself, with every hour, their greatest treasure.

"It's over here, toward the end," he said, "in that last winter when the Walrus came—oh, here we are."

He seated himself on the bunk beside her, and began to read.

"March 16th.—We have just spent an arduous and fearful week upon the task of unloading the wreck of the whaler. The sea was far more severe—bitterly cold (—10 degrees Fahrenheit being the mildest), and three-quarters of a gale blowing most of the time. The men are inclined to be rebellious over my driving them out to work in such weather, but I dared not wait for it to moderate."

"When the ice opens round the whaler, she will go down like a plummet; and if that event should have happened before we unloaded her of her stores, our plight would have been utterly desperate. Of stores in the ordinarily accepted sense, she had but a scanty supply, and those of a miserably inferior description; but she contained half a cargo of what oil in barrels, which now that they are landed will settle to the bottom of the sea as long as the last survivor of our company can hope to remain alive. And fuel is, after all, the only necessity which this land itself does not supply us with. Of course we shall have to forego the delights of bear steak when our ammunition gives out, but walrus we can kill with harpoons. And with these and scurvy-grass, which we gather in the valley every summer, there is no danger of actual starvation."

"We hoisted the barrels of blubber out of the whaler's hold with a hand tackle, sledged them ashore along the ice and the crown of the glacier to Moseley's cave, which seemed to be the most convenient place to store them temporarily."

Cayley laid down the book and turned to the girl.

"That's the place, I'm perfectly sure," he said. "It evidently faces the glacier, but it must be very near the beach, for they wouldn't have hauled those barrels any further than necessary."

"Is that all he says about it?"

"It's all he says directly, but there's a reference just a little further along which made me all the surer I was right. Let's see."

He opened the book again and ran his eye down the page. A hundred, weight or so of sperm-oil and two barrels of sperm oil we took directly to the hut—here, this is what I was looking for."

"The knowledge we get by experience often comes too late to be of any great service to us. I made some mistakes in stripping the Phoenix, which I should not repeat now. For instance, carrying her pilot house, with infinite labor, up to the cliff-head for an observatory. It is thoroughly impracticable for this purpose. I doubt if I have visited it three times since Mr. Moseley's death—"

"He was the astronomer and botanist of father's expedition," said the girl.

the cave to these sheds; so the cave would be almost inevitably the first hiding place they would think of when the sight of the Aurora drove them to hustle everything out of sight."

"Whereabout on the cliff is the observatory, Philip?"

"I was wondering about that. I've flown across the cliff a number of times, but have never seen anything of it. He may have wrecked it; taken it down and used it for some other purpose."

"No," she said; "he'd hardly have had time for that. There weren't many more pages to write in the journal when he made that entry."

She fell then into a little abstracted silence, which the man did not know how to break. But presently she roused herself and came fully back to the present, back to him.

"Did you succeed in accounting for the 'X' you asked me about last night, the mark on the map right here where they built the hut afterward?"

"I didn't find anything about it in the journal, but this morning, before breakfast, when I went outside the hut, one glance at the fact of the cliff accounted for it fully. The cliff is split right here, from top to bottom, by a deep, narrow fissure. The fissure is full of ice, which I suppose hasn't melted for a thousand years. No summer that they could have in a high latitude like this would ever melt it, certainly."

The girl laughed and rose from her seat at the rude table.

"Well," she asked, "are you ready for my discovery now?"

She took down his pocket electric bull's-eye from the shelf behind her, held out a hand to him and, on tip-toe, led him, with a burlesque exaggeration of mystery, out into the storeroom. As completely mystified in reality as she playfully pretended to want him to be, Cayley followed.

She went straight across the storeroom to the rear wall of the hut, the wall that backed squarely against the sheer surface of the cliff, flashed on the bull's-eye for a second, apparently to make sure that she had chosen the right point in the wall, then, letting go of his hand, she stooped and picked up a stick of fire-wood which lay at her feet. With this she struck pretty hard upon the planking. The sound which the blow gave forth was as hollow as a drum.

Cayley started. "A cave!" he exclaimed. "A cave here!—Oh, I see. It's a cold cellar they made by cutting a hole in the ice that filled the fissure. And why do you suppose they boarded it up?"

The girl laughed delightedly. Evidently she had not, as yet, developed the whole of her discovery. She flashed on the light again.

"Look!" she commanded.

In the center of a little circle of wall which the bull's-eye now illuminated, Cayley saw the barrel of a rusty hinge.

"You see," she went on, "it's a door, and they only nailed it up the other day. There's a half-head somewhere here, a little brighter. I caught the glint of it while I was rummaging before breakfast, and that was what made me look."

Cayley darted back into the living room, returning almost instantly with the broken-handled pick.

In less than a minute, with a protesting squawk, the rude door swung open, and they saw before them just what Cayley had predicted. A rather high, but narrow cavity, the sides of which were the sanded rock of the cliff, but the floor and ceiling solid ice.

Despite the fact that the girl's excitement over the discovery of the cave had, for a moment, carried Cayley along with it, he was not greatly surprised, and not at all cast down when, at the end of five minutes of busy exploration, it was made evident to them that the ample supply of stores which they sought was not to be found here.

Jeanne herself would not, perhaps, have entertained so high a hope had she learned of the reference to the other cave which Cayley found in the journal before she herself had chanced upon the mouth of this one. As it was, his theory that the stores were to be found in a cave vaguely situated along the glacier, made little impression upon her, she was so sure that they had been right here, under their hands.

When their investigation made it clear that whether he was right or not, certainly she was wrong, she was bitterly disappointed. Cayley was aware of that, even as they stood here, side by side, with no light to see her face by. She said nothing, or very little, but he knew, nevertheless, that for just this moment all the life and courage had gone out of her; knew that the slight frown there, so close beside him, was drooping, trembling a little.

He laid a steady hand upon her shoulder. Almost instantly, under his touch, she turned to him, caught with both hands at the unbuttoned edges of the rough woolen jacket he wore, and, sobbing a little now and then, but otherwise in silence, simply clung to him.

He did not offer, with his arms, to draw her any closer, to turn what was a mere instinctive appeal to the protection of his strength and courage, into an embrace. He kept a hand on each of her shoulders, more by way of support than anything else, and waited a moment before he spoke.

"After all," he said at last, "what we've got here is just so much clear gain, and it will be immensely valuable to us, though it isn't what we expected. The fact that it is their superfluous, the things they hadn't any particular or immediate use for, doesn't make what we've found here any the less valuable to us. That pile of bear skins there will supply what is, at this moment, the most vital of our wants. That big sack appears to contain feathers; and those walrus tusks will serve any number of purposes—forks and spoons for one thing. As to that great lump of sperm-oil, it will keep us supplied with candles all through the winter. I can't imagine why they didn't use it themselves, except on the theory that the longer they lived here, the more they grew like beasts; the more content with the beast's

habit of life, and the more inert about taking the trouble to provide themselves with such of the comforts and conveniences of life as they might have had. So you see, we may find among the things they had no use for the very ones that will help us most."

The cutting in the ice did not go very far back in the fissure, and they were soon at the end of it, and without having made any new discovery of importance, either. There was a little of cast-off articles of various sorts, chiefly clothing which future privations might make useful to them. There was a great frozen lump of brownish green vegetation, which they afterward identified as the edible scurvy grass to which Captain Fielding had referred in his journal.

That was all, or they thought it was, but just as they were about to retrace their steps to the hut, Cayley happened to glance up. The roof of the cave was not very much higher than it had to be to permit him to stand erect in it, something under seven feet; but here at the further end of it he saw a circular, chimney-like hole, about two feet in diameter, leading straight upward through the solid ice in the fissure.

(To Be Continued.)

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Cardinal Newman.

Lord Coleridge himself declared that the intellectual force which had most impressed him—and he must have known, I suppose, nearly all of the great men of his time—was that of John Henry Newman. From Justin McCarthy's Reminiscences.

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Some people think so earnestly of the rainy day that they never see the sun shine.

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