

Already the dark fluid emitted by his assailant in its final discomfiture was passing away owing to the slight movement of the tide.

"Now that you have brought me here with so much difficulty, what are you going to do?" she said. "It will be madness for you to attempt to ford that passage again. Where there is one of those horrible things there are others, I suppose."

"That is one reason why I brought the crowsbars," he explained. "If you will sit down for a little while I will have everything properly fixed."

He delved with one of the bars until it lodged in a crevice of the coral. Then a few powerful blows with the back of the ax wedged it firmly enough to bear any ordinary strain. The rope ends reeved through the pulley on the tree were lying where they fell from the girl's hand at the close of the struggle. He deftly knotted them to the rigid bar, and a few rapid turns of a piece of wreckage passed between the two lines strung them into a tautness that could not be attained by any amount of pulling.

Iris watched the operation in silence. The sailor always looked at his best when hard at work. The half sullen, wholly self contained expression left his face, which lit up with enthusiasm and concentrated intelligence. That which he essayed he did with all his might.

He, toiling with steady persistence, felt not the inward spur which sought relief in speech, but Iris was compelled to say something.

"I suppose," she commented with an air of much wisdom, "you are contriving an overhead railway for the safe transit of yourself and the goods?"

"Yes."

"Why are you so doubtful about it?" "Because I personally intended to walk across. The ropes will serve to convey the packages."

She rose imperiously. "I absolutely forbid you to enter the water again. Such a suggestion on your part is quite shameful. You are taking a grave risk for no very great gain that I can see, and if anything happens to you I shall be left all alone in this awful place."

She could think of no better argument. Her only resource was a woman's expedient—a plea for protection against threatening ills.

The sailor seemed to be puzzled how best to act.

"Miss Deane," he said, "there is no such serious danger as you imagine. Last time the cuttle caught me napping. He will not do so again. Those rifles I must have. If it will serve to reassure you, I will go along the line myself."

Without another word he commenced operations. There was plenty of rope, and the plan he adopted was simplicity itself. When each package was securely fastened he attached it to a loop that passed over the line stretched from the tree to the crowsbar. To this loop he tied the lightest rope he could find and threw the other end to Iris. By pulling slightly she was able to land at her feet even the cumbersome rifle chest, for the traveling angle was so acute that the heavier the article the more readily it sought the lower level.

They toiled in silence until Jenks could lay hands on nothing more of value. Then, observing due care, he quickly passed the channel. For an instant the girl gazed affrightedly at the sea until the sailor stood at her side again.

The tide had turned. In a few minutes the reef would be partly submerged. To carry the case of rifles to the mainland was a manifestly impossible feat, so Jenks now did that which done earlier would have saved him some labor. He broke open the chest and found that the weapons were apparently in excellent order.

He snatched the locks and squinted down the barrels of half a dozen to test them. These he laid on one side. Then he rapidly constructed a small raft from loose timbers, binding them roughly with rope, and to this argosy he fastened the box of tea, the barrels of flour, the broken saloon chair and other small articles which might be of use. He avoided any difficulty in launching the raft by building it close to the water's edge. When all was ready the rising tide floated it for him. He secured it to his longest rope and gave it a vigorous push off into the lagoon. Then he slung four rifles across his shoulders, asked Iris to carry the remaining two in like manner and began to maneuver the raft landward.

"While you land the goods I will prepare dinner," announced the girl.

"Please be careful not to slip on the rocks," he said. "I am concerned about the rifles. If you fell you might damage them, and the incoming tide will so hopelessly rust those I leave behind that they will be useless."

"I will preserve them at any cost, though with six in our possession there is a margin for accidents. However, to reassure you, I will go back quickly."

Before he could protest she started off at a run, jumping lightly from rock to rock. Disregarding his shouts, she persevered until she stood safely on the sands. Then, saucily waving a farewell, she set off toward the cave.

Had she seen the look of fierce despair that settled down upon Jenks' face as he turned to his task of guiding the raft ashore she might have wondered what it meant. In any case she would certainly have behaved differently.

By the time the sailor had safely landed his cargo Iris had cooked their midday meal. She achieved a fresh culinary triumph. The eggs were fried!

"I am seriously thinking of trying to boil a ham," she stated gravely. "Have you any idea how long it takes to cook one properly?"

"A quarter of an hour for each pound."

"Admirable! But we can measure neither hours nor pounds."

"I think we can do both. I will construct a balance of some kind. Then, with a jam slung to one end and a rifle and some cartridges to the other, I will tell you the weight of the ham to an ounce. To ascertain the time I have already determined to fashion a sundial. I remember the requisite divisions with reasonable accuracy, and a little observation will enable us to correct any mistakes."

"You are really very clever, Mr. Jenks," said Iris, with childlike candor. "Have you spent several years of your life in preparing for residence on a desert island?"

"Something of the sort. I have led a queer kind of existence, full of useless purposes. Fate has driven me into a corner where my odds and ends of knowledge are actually valuable. Such accidents make men millionaires."

"Useless purposes!" she repeated. "I can hardly credit that. One uses such a phrase to describe fussy people, alive with foolish activity. Your worst enemy would not place you in such a category."

"My worst enemy made the phrase effective at any rate, Miss Deane."

"You mean that he ruined your career?"

"Well—er—yes. I suppose that describes the position with fair accuracy."

"Was he a very great scoundrel?"

"He was and is."

Jenks spoke with quiet bitterness. The girl's words had evoked a sudden flood of recollection. For the moment he did not notice how he had been trapped into speaking of himself, nor did he see the quiet content on Iris' face when she elicited the information that his chief foe was a man. A certain tremulous hesitancy in her manner when she next spoke might have warned him, but his hungry soul caught only the warm sympathy of her words, which fell like rain on parched soil.

"You are tired," she said. "Won't you smoke for a little while and talk to me?"

He produced his pipe and tobacco. "That is a first rate pipe," she declared. "My father always said that a straight stem, with the bowl at a right angle, was the correct shape. You evidently agree with him."

"Absolutely."

"You will like my father when you meet him. He is the very best man alive, I am sure."

"You two are great friends, then?"

"Great friends! He is the only friend I possess in the world."

"What! Is that quite accurate?"

"Oh, quite. Of course, Mr. Jenks, I can never forget how much I owe to you. I like you immensely, too, although you are so—so gruff to me at times. But—but—you see, my father and I have always been together. I have neither brother nor sister, not even a cousin. My dear mother died from some horrid fever when I was quite a little girl. My father is everything to me."

"Dear child!" he murmured, apparently uttering his thoughts aloud rather than addressing her directly. "So you find me gruff, eh?"

"A regular bear when you lecture me. But that is only occasionally. You can be very nice when you like, when you forget your past troubles. And pray, why do you call me a child?"

"Have I done so?"

"Not a moment ago. How old are you, Mr. Jenks? I am twenty—twenty last December."

"And I," he said, "will be twenty-eight in August."

"Good gracious!" she gasped. "I am very sorry, but I really thought you were forty at least."

"I look it, no doubt. Let me be equally candid and admit that you, too, show your age markedly."

She smiled nervously. "What a lot of trouble you must have had to—to give you those little wrinkles in the corners of your mouth and eyes," she said.

"Wrinkles! How terrible!"

"I don't know. I think they rather suit you. Besides, it was stupid of me to imagine you were so old. I suppose exposure to the sun creates wrinkles, and you must have lived much in the open air."

"Early rising and late going to bed are bad for the complexion," he declared solemnly.

"I often wonder how army officers manage to exist," she said. "They never seem to get enough sleep, in the east at any rate."

"So you assume I have been in the army?"

"I am quite sure of it."

"May I ask why?"

"Your manner, your voice, your quiet air of authority, the very way you walk, all betray you."

"Then," he said sadly, "I will not attempt to deny the fact. I held a commission in the Indian staff corps for nine years. It was a hobby of mine, Miss Deane, to make myself acquainted with the best means of victualing my men and keeping them in good health under all sorts of fanciful conditions and in every kind of climate, especially under circumstances when ordinary stores were not available. With that object in view I read up every possible country in which my regiment might be engaged, learned the local names of common articles of food and ascertained particularly what provision nature made to sustain life. The study interested me. Once, during the Sudan campaign, it was really useful and procured me promotion."

"Tell me about it."

"During some operations in the desert it was necessary for my troop to follow up a small party of rebels mounted on camels, which, as you probably know, can go without water much longer than horses. We were almost within striking distance when our horses completely gave out, but I luckily noticed indications which showed that there was water beneath a portion of the plain much below the general level. Half an hour's spade work proved that I was right. We took up the pursuit again and ran the quarry to earth, and I got my captivity."

"Was there no fight?"

He paused an appreciable time before replying. Then he evidently made up his mind to perform some disagreeable task. The watching girl could see the change in his face, the sharp transition from eager interest to angry resentment.

"Yes," he went on at last, "there was a fight. It was a rather stiff affair, because a troop of British cavalry which should have supported me had turned back owing to the want of water already mentioned. But that did not save the officer in charge of the Twenty-fourth lancers from being severely reprimanded."

"The Twenty-fourth lancers?" cried Iris. "Lord Ventnor's regiment?"

"Lord Ventnor was the officer in question."

Her face crimsoned. "Then you know him?" she said.

"I do."

"Is he your enemy?"

"Yes."

"And that is why you were so agitated that last day on the Sirdar, when poor Lady Tozer asked me if I were engaged to him?"

"Yes."

"How could it affect you? You did not even know my name then?"

"It affected me because the sudden mention of his name recalled my own disgrace. I quitted the army six months ago, Miss Deane, under very painful circumstances. A general court martial found me guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. I was not even given a chance to resign. I was cashiered."

He pretended to speak with cool tranquility. He thought to compel her into shrinking contempt. Yet his face blanched somewhat, and, though he steadily kept the pipe between his teeth and smoked with studied unconcern, his lips twitched a little.

And he dared not look at her, for the girl's wondering eyes were fixed upon him, and the blush had disappeared as quickly as it came.

"I remember something of this," she said slowly, never once averting her gaze. "There was some gossip concerning it when I first came to Hongkong. You are Captain Robert Anstruther?"

"I am."

"And you publicly thrashed Lord Ventnor as the result of a quarrel about a woman?"

"Your recollection is quite accurate."

"Who was to blame?"

"The lady said that I was."

"Was it true?"

Robert Anstruther, late captain of Bengal cavalry, rose to his feet. He preferred to take his punishment standing.

"The court martial agreed with her, Miss Deane, and I am a prejudiced witness," he replied.

"Who was the lady?"

"The wife of my colonel, Mrs. Costobell."

"Oh!"

Long afterward he remembered the agony of that moment and winced even at the remembrance. But he had decided upon a fixed policy, and he was not a man to flinch from consequences. Miss Deane must be taught to despise him, else—God help them both—she might learn to love him as he now loved her. So, blundering toward his goal, as men always blunder where a woman's heart is concerned, he blindly persisted in allowing her to make such false deductions as she chose from his words.

Iris was the first to regain some measure of self control.

"I am glad you have been so candid, Captain Anstruther," she commenced, but he broke in abruptly:

"Jenks, if you please, Miss Deane; Robert Jenks."

"Certainly, Mr. Jenks. Let me be equally explicit before we quit the subject. I have met Mrs. Costobell. I do not like her. I consider her a deceitful woman. Your court martial might have found a different verdict had its members been of her sex. As for Lord Ventnor, he is nothing to me. It is true he asked my father to be permitted to pay his addresses to me, but my dear old dad left the matter wholly to my decision, and I certainly never gave Lord Ventnor any encouragement. I believe now that Mrs. Costobell lied and that Lord Ventnor lied when they attributed any dishonorable action to you, and I am glad that you beat him in the club. I am quite sure he deserved it."

Not one word did this strange man vouchsafe in reply. He started violently, seized the ax lying at his feet and went straight among the trees, keeping his face turned from Iris so that she might not see the tears in his eyes.

As for the girl, she began to scour her cooking utensils with much energy and soon commenced a song. Considering that she was compelled to constantly endure the company of a degraded officer, who had been expelled from the service with ignominy, she was absurdly contented. Indeed, with the happy inconsequence of youth, she quickly threw all care to the winds and devoted her thoughts to planning a surprise for the next day by preparing some tea, provided she could surreptitiously open the chest.

## CHAPTER VII.

BEFORE night closed their third day on the island Jenks managed to construct a roomy tent upon a small party of rebels mounted on camels, which, as you probably know, can go without water much longer than horses. We were almost within striking distance when our horses completely gave out, but I luckily noticed

the united strength of Iris and himself to haul into position the heavy sheet that topped the structure, while he was compelled to desist from active building operations in order to fashion a rough ladder. Without some such contrivance he could not get the top-most supports adjusted at a sufficient height.

Although the edifice required at least two more days of hard work before it would be fit for habitation Iris wished to take up her quarters there immediately. This the sailor would not hear of.

"In the cave," he said, "you are absolutely sheltered from all the winds that blow or rain that falls. Our villa, however, is painfully leaky and drafty at present. When asleep, the whole body is relaxed, and you are then most open to the attacks of cold or fever, in which case, Miss Deane, I shall be reluctantly obliged to dose you with a concoction of that tree there."

He pointed to a neighboring cinchona, and Iris naturally asked why he selected that particular brand.

"Because it is quinine, not made up in nice little tabloids, but an nature. It will not be a bad plan if we prepare a strong infusion and take a small quantity every morning on the excellent principle that prevention is better than cure."

The girl laughed.

Curiously enough, the lifting of the veil upon the man's earlier history made these two much better friends. With more complete acquaintance there was far less tendency toward certain passages which under ordinary conditions could be construed as nothing else than downright flirtation.

Thenceforth for ten days they labored unceasingly, starting work at daybreak and stopping only when the light failed, finding the long hours of sunshine all too short for the manifold tasks demanded of them, yet thankful that the night brought rest. The sailor made out a programme to which he rigidly adhered. In the first place, he completed the house, which had two compartments—an inner room, in which Iris slept, and an outer, which served as a shelter for their meals and provided a bedroom for the man.

Then he constructed a gigantic sky sign on Summit rock, the small cluster of boulders on top of the cliff. His chief difficulty was to hoist into place the tall poles he needed, and for this purpose he had to again visit Palm Tree rock in order to secure the pulley. By exercising much ingenuity in devising shear-legs he at last succeeded in lifting the masts into their allotted receptacles, where they were firmly secured. Finally he was able to swing into air, high above the tops of the neighboring trees, the loftiest of which he felled in order to clear the view on all sides, the name of the ship Sirdar.

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The name of the ship.

fashioned in six foot letters nailed and spliced together in sections and made from the timbers of that ill fated vessel.

Meanwhile he taught Iris how to weave a net out of the strands of unraveled cordage. With this, weighted by bullets, he contrived a casting net and caught a lot of small fish in the lagoon. Among the fish caught they hit upon two species which most resembled whiting and haddock, and these turned out to be very palatable and wholesome.

Jenks knew a good deal of botany and enough about birds to differentiate between carnivorous species and those fit for human food, while the salt in their most fortunate supply of hams rendered their meals almost epicurean.

From the rusty rifles on the reef Jenks brought away the bayonets and secured all the screws, bolts and other small odds and ends which might be serviceable. From the barrels he built a handy grate to facilitate Iris' cooking operations, and a careful search each morning amid the ashes of any burned wreckage accumulated a store of most useful nails.

The pressing need for a safe yet accessible bathing place led him and the girl to devote one afternoon to a complete survey of the coast line. By this time they had given names to all the chief localities. The northerly promontory was naturally christened North cape; the western, Europa point; the portion of the reef between their habitation and Palm Tree rock became Filley Brig; the other section Northwest reef. The flat sandy passage across the island, containing the cave, house and well, was named Prospect park, and the extensive stretch of sand on the

southeast, with its guard of broken reefs, was at once dubbed Turtle beach when Jenks discovered that an immense number of green turtles were paying their spring visit to the island to bury their eggs in the sand.

The two began their tour of inspection by passing the scene of the first desperate struggle to escape from the clutch of the typhoon. Iris would not be content until the sailor showed her the rock behind which he placed her for shelter while he searched for water. For a moment the recollection of their unfortunate companions on board ship brought a lump into her throat and dimmed her eyes.

"I remember them in my prayers every night," she confided to him. "It seems so unutterably sad that they should be lost while we are alive and happy."

The man distracted her attention by pointing out the embers of their first fire. It was the only way to choke back the tumultuous feelings that suddenly stormed his heart. Happy! Yes, he had never before known such happiness. How long would it last? High up on the cliff swung the signal to anxious searchers of the sea that here would be found the survivors of the Sirdar. And then when rescue came, when Miss Deane became once more the daughter of a wealthy baronet and he a disgraced and nameless outcast! He set his teeth and savagely struck at a full cup of the pitcher plant which had so providentially relieved their killing thirst.

"Oh, why did you do that?" pouted Iris. "Poor thing; it was a true friend in need. I wish I could do something for it to make it the best and leafiest plant of its kind on the island."

"Very well," he answered, "you can gratify your wish. A tinful of fresh water from the well applied daily to its roots will quickly achieve that end."

The moroseness of his tone and manner surprised her. For once her quick intuition failed to divine the source of his irritation.

"You give your advice ungraciously," she said, "but I will adopt it nevertheless."

A harmless incident, a kindly and quite feminine resolve, yet big with fate for both of them.

Jenks' unwonted ill humor—for the passage of days had driven from his face all its harshness and from his tongue all its assumed bitterness—created a passing cloud until the physical exertion of scrambling over the rocks to round the North cape restored their normal relations.

At last they reached the south side, and here they at once found themselves in a delightfully secluded and tiny bay, sandy, tree lined, sheltered on three sides by cliffs and rocks.

"Oh," cried Iris excitedly, "what a lovely spot, a perfect Smugglers' cove!"

"Charming enough to look at," was the answering comment, "but open to the sea. If you look at the smooth ribbon of water out there you will perceive a passage through the reef. A great place for sharks, Miss Deane, but no place for bathers."

They passed on. While traversing the coral strewn south beach, with its patches of white soft sand baking in the direct rays of the sun, Jenks perceived traces of the turtle which swarmed in the neighboring sea.

"Delicious eggs and turtle soup!" he announced when Iris asked him why he was so intently studying certain marks on the sand, caused by the great sea tortoise during their nocturnal visits to the breeding ground.

"If they are green turtle," he continued, "we are in the lap of luxury. They lard the alderman and inspire the poet. When a ship comes to our assistance I will persuade the captain to freight the vessel with them and make my fortune."

"I suppose, under the circumstances, you were not a rich man, Mr. Jenks," said Iris timidly.

"I possess a wealthy bachelor uncle who made me his heir and allowed me four hundred a year, so I was a sort of Croesus among staff corps officers. When the smash came he disowned me by cable. By selling my ponies and my other belongings I was able to walk out of my quarters penniless, but free from debt."

"And all through a deceitful woman?"

"Yes."

She ventured a further step.

"Was she very bad to you, Mr. Jenks?"

He stopped and laughed—actually roared—at the suggestion.

"Bad to me!" he repeated. "I had nothing to do with her. She was humbugging her husband, not me. Fool that I was, I could not mind my own business."

So Mrs. Costobell was not flirting with the man who suffered on her account. It is a regrettable but true statement that Iris would willingly have hugged Mrs. Costobell at that moment.

Rounding Europa point, the sailor's eyes were fixed on their immediate surroundings, but Iris gazed dreamily ahead. Hence it was that she was the first to cry in amazement:

"A boat! See, there! On the rocks!"

There was no mistake. A ship's boat was perched high and dry on the north side of the cape. Even as they scrambled toward it Jenks understood how it had come there.

When the Sirdar parted amidships the after section fell back into the depths beyond the reef, and this boat must have broken loose from its davits and been driven ashore here by the force of the western current.

Was it intact? Could they escape? Was this ark stranded on the island for their benefit? If it were seaworthy, whither should they steer—to those islands whose blue outlines were visible on the horizon?

These and a hundred other questions coursed through his brain during the

race over the rocks, but all such wild speculations were promptly settled when they reached the craft, for the keel and the whole of the lower timbers were smashed into match wood.

But there were stores on board. Jenks remembered that Captain Ross' foresight had secured the provisioning of all the ship's boats soon after the first wild rush to steady the vessel after the propeller was lost. Masts, sails, oars, seats—all save two water casks—had gone, but Jenks, with eager hands, unfastened the lockers, and here he found a good supply of tinned meats and biscuits. They had barely recovered from the excitement of this find when the sailor noticed that behind the rocks on which the craft was firmly lodged lay a small natural basin full of salt water, replenished and freshened by the spray of every gale and completely shut off from all seaward access.

It was not more than four feet deep, beautifully carpeted with sand and secluded by rocks on all sides. Not the tiniest crab or fish was to be seen. It provided an ideal bath.

Iris was overjoyed. She pointed toward their habitation.

"Mr. Jenks," she said, "I will be with you at teatime."

He gathered all the tins he was able to carry and strode off, enjoining her to fire her revolver if for the slightest reason she wanted assistance, and giving a parting warning that if she delayed too long he would come and shoot to her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

Cures Colds, Prevents Pneumonia

No. 7708.  
TREASURY DEPARTMENT,  
Office of Comptroller of the Currency,  
Washington, D. C., April 25, 1905.

Whereas, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that "The First National Bank of Princeton," in the village of Princeton, in the county of Milles and State of Minnesota, has complied with all the provisions of the Statutes of the United States, required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of banking;

Now Therefore I, William B. Ridgely, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "The First National Bank of Princeton," in the village of Princeton, in the county of Milles and State of Minnesota, is authorized to commence the business of banking as provided in section fifty-one hundred and sixty-nine of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

Conversion of the Citizens State Bank of Princeton.

In testimony whereof witness my hand and seal of office this twenty-fifth day of April, 1905.

WM. B. RIDGELY,  
Comptroller of the Currency.

First publication June 22, 1905.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF MILLES—ss. In Probate Court.

Special Term, June 21st, 1905.

In the matter of the estate of Charles Luce, deceased.

On receiving and filing the petition of Anna Laura Luce, of the county of Milles, representing, among other things, that Charles Luce, late of the county of Milles, and