

# THE HOUSE ON THE ISLAND

By ETTA W. PIERCE

## CHAPTER XII. 15

Continued.

As neither knew the wilderness paths, progress was slow; but they pressed steadily forward till the distance seemed to lengthen interminably. Then Jacqueline spoke.

"Surely, we are both lost now," she said. "I think we are walking in a circle. Let us call again to Vic."

St. George raised a shout, which was answered by Vic in person. At a swift trot the girl came through the thickets and screeched at sight of St. George.

"Goodness me! You here, sir? I've been hunting high and low for Miss Hatton—thought she'd got skait and turned back. Come along—it's the house. I can see it from the edge of the wood."

The trio emerged from the island wilderness and stood on the level of scattered igneous rock above Philip Trevor's hermitage. There the calamity of the night was fully revealed to all.

The stone house, gutted and blackened, was still spouting jets of flame from fallen roof and rafters; but the stone walls remained firm—a grim ruin, indeed, like the nest of a sea eagle that hunters had harried. The little party drew near to it in silence, looking vainly round for the dispossessed inmates. Not a vestige of life was anywhere visible. The snapping of the fire, the falling of the debris, the swish of waves on the neighboring ledges, were the only sounds that greeted their ears. Vic's keen eye turned to the pier. The sloop was gone!

She pointed seaward. St. George and Jacqueline looked, and saw a sail flitting southward, like a great bird. Before a rising wind, it dipped into the gray distance, and seemed to melt away with the line of far leaden sea.

"There they go!" shouted Vic. "Goodby to your hopes of a fortune, Miss Hatton, dear! They're all left the island—burned the house and taken themselves off by the light of it!"

Jacqueline's eyes followed the vanishing sail, and filled with bitter tears.

"Diseases deperate grown. By desperate appliance are relieved, Or not at all," she quoted. "Philip Trevor is the very man to adopt this heroic measure!"

Vic turned to St. George. "Fear of you and of Miss Hatton is at the bottom of the whole business!" she said. "I knew last night he was ready for anything. Say, I'll wager my head Joe Raby is sailing that sloop! Let's go to his hut!"

In gloomy silence St. George stalked after the two girls. He was burning with rage. His enemy had balked and defeated him.

As the party neared the skipper's dwelling they saw that the door stood open. Raby's sea chest and various other things had vanished from the interior; but in their place sat a woman, groaning and rocking herself in pain. It was the Portuguese cook.

"Goodness gracious, Juana!" cried Vic, as she bounced into the hut, "why didn't you make off with the others? Who set the house on fire? And why did they all go, and leave you behind?"

The woman's swarthy face lighted at sight of the former house maid. She was badly burned about the arms and hands, and was nursing her hurts with moans and lamentations. She replied to Vic in a patois that St. George and Jacqueline did not understand; but they saw Vic's expressive face grow black with dismay.

"Oh, my soul!" she cried, in horror, as she turned to her companions, "Juana says that Raby has gone alone in the sloop. Mr. Trevor and his wife are—in the stone house!"

Jacqueline dared not even glance toward St. George. Her limbs began to shake under her. Constant association with Juana had made Vic familiar with her broken speech. She plied the groaning woman with questions, and interpreted her replies to the others. The cook was gesticulating wildly with her burned hands.

"She says," quoth Vic, "that very late last night Mr. Trevor was talking with some one outside the house—oh, Lord, 'twas me! When he came in he went to his wife's room, and the pair had high words. Juana woke from sleep, and heard them quarrelling. Of late Mrs. Trevor has been kept under lock and key. Cook heard something thrown down violently in the poor lady's chamber—she thinks it was a lamp. In a few minutes the house was ablaze. She says Mr. Trevor brought his wife out of her room in his arms, and then ran to his library to secure papers or money—has a safe built there in the wall. He was never seen again. Cook found Mrs. Trevor, wrapped in a white dress—gown, standing at a window, and calm; looking out on the sea. Juana implored her to leave the house—to make haste. She even seized and tried to drag her by force, but Mrs. Trevor resisted stoutly, and commanded cook to let her alone. 'I do not want to live,' she said; 'I will not live!' Juana stayed till she was well scorched herself, as you can see; then she fled for her life, and Mrs. Trevor was smothered in the smoke."

More groans and gesticulations from the woman and Vic continued her woeful tale.

"Juana says she roused Peter, and he got safely out of the house, but he couldn't be satisfied with that. Like Lot's wife, he had to turn back. 'I know where Trevor keeps his money,' he said to cook. 'Plenty of it—enough to make you and me rich for life.' He went into the house again by a rear door, and hasn't

been seen since. I determined to appeal to Philip Trevor myself. There was a chance, slim, indeed, but a bare chance, that he might listen, for—he was my father."

"Mr. Craven—Teddy!" cried Jacqueline.

"Yes. He married my mother, Margaret Craven, of Yorkshire, England, in his early youth. He deserted her and she returned to her own country, her own people. At my birth she died. My mother's kindred cared for me, educated me, and called me always by the name of Craven. When I reached maturity I came to America, and there learned that my father had covered himself with infamy, and was practically a fugitive. Accident flung me with the Wingates, and with the daughters of John Hatton, who had suffered so much at Philip Trevor's hands. I cannot hope, Miss Hatton, that you will pardon me for being his son, but permit me to say this: Should I find the fortune of which you and your sister were so vilely robbed, it will be my blessed privilege to restore it intact to you."

"Oh, Mr. Craven," said Jacqueline, "this is, indeed, a strange thing to hear! And yet I know, I feel, that you are speaking the truth! The son of Trevor! But you are not like him—no, neither in body nor soul, you dear, good boy!"

It was an involuntary cry, wrung from her by the kind, honest eyes and frank, open face that looked into her own. She forgot then that she had ever been her lover—her whole heart went out to him, as to one who had suffered wrongs greater than her own.

"I blame you for being your father's son?" she said, indignantly. "No—no—never!"

He drew some papers from his pocket and pressed them into her hand.

"Thank you!" he said, gratefully. "Here are my mother's marriage lines, and the certificate of my birth and baptism. I brought them with me, thinking they might be needed, in the interview which I meant to have with Philip Trevor. I beg you to read them, and I—I will go away by myself a little while, and try to realize all that has happened."

Before the day was done the dismantled house had yielded its secrets. The bodies of Philip Trevor and his wife were recovered from the ruins, and likewise the few charred bones that remained of the man Peter. All were buried together on the island.

The safe, built in the wall of the library was found uninjured. Aided by St. George and Jim Bumpus, Teddy Craven opened it, and took charge of its contents—bonds, securities, money and bank accounts. The young man was Philip Trevor's sole heir, and Deadman's Island, and all other possessions of the deceased, belonged now to him.

Jacqueline returned to Doris and the Wingates, and St. George to the white-haired mother and the little hunch-backed son, in the aristocratic Back Bay house.

To John Hatton's daughters, Teddy Craven restored every dollar of John Hatton's fortune. Jacqueline's endeavors had brought her nothing—it was solely by means of the insignificant Teddy that the lost wealth came back to its rightful owners. Vic and Jim Bumpus received, on their wedding day, a fine new fishing schooner, a snug house at Watchoven, and a sum of money that secured them from future want. Then Deadman's Island was left to the storms of the Atlantic and the tragic memory of its late possessors; for Teddy Craven, after adjusting the affairs of his deceased father, received a sudden call to England. His maternal relatives desired his presence there. So Teddy shook the dust of America from his feet and sailed sadly away.

It was an opera night, with Verdi's passionate music pulsing in the air. In a corner of her gilded box sat Jacqueline Hatton, gazing dreamily down upon the stage. A cream-white cloak, bordered with ostrich tips and lined with soft rose silk, like the first blush of dawn, slipped back from her dazzling shoulders. La France roses drooped in the lace of her corsage, here and there a diamond flashed from the rich coils of her hair. Miss Wingate, in a neighboring chair, made a quiet foil to the beauty of her companion.

The soaring voice of the silver-throated tenor rang through the house. George St. George, standing in the shadow of the curtain behind Jacqueline, heaved an impatient sigh.

"Of all the operas Verdi wrote, the best, to my taste, is the Trovatore," she murmured, mischievously. "But you are not listening to this aria."

"No," he admitted, with reckless candor. "I did not come to the opera to hear arias, but to talk to you."

"Merci! Already Miss Wingate is looking at us in wonder."

"Miss Wingate's eyes have no terrors for me, and I do not know that her ears are sealed? Jacqueline, I am desperately tired of life, as I now live it!"

She gave a laughing glance at the blond face which still bore the scar of skipper Joe's bullet.

"You should consult a physician," she said.

"That is exactly what I am trying to do. And you are the physician, Jacqueline. Remember, this is not the first time I have been cast helpless by your hands. I am lonely and covetous, and I love you, and covet you with all the strength left in me. Come to me, darling—I need you inexpressibly—poor Basil needs you!"

The color fluttered in her cheek—her eyes grew moist.

"Will Basil ever love me as he loves Doris?" she answered, softly. "I fear not; but I must try hard to win a place in his heart. If you need me, I—yes, you shall hear me confess it—I also need you!"

Three months later Jacqueline married George St. George.

Far away in her villa, among the olive and lemon gardens of the Riviera, Aunt Bradshaw heard the news and wrote her stiff congratulations. She had by no means forgiven Jacqueline, and her wounded amour propre spoke aloud in the closing lines of her letter:

"Doris is now left alone. Formerly she was not my favorite; but I am convinced that her nature is more

lovable than yours—she has not half your willfulness, Jacqueline! I beg Doris to come to me here—I am old and alone. She is probably worn out with the fatigue and excitement of your wedding, and this paradise of a climate will give her just the rest and change she needs. Some English friends of mine have a villa at Nice—the Cravens, of Yorkshire. A nephew of the family, Mr. Theodore Craven, has lived in the States, and he tells me he knows you well. He will have business in Havre about the time the steamer arrives. Let Doris cable me, and Mr. Craven will meet her, and conduct her safely to Mentone."

"Our Teddy again!" said Jacqueline.

"Oh, Doris, will you go to Aunt Bradshaw?"

"For a little while," answered Doris, sweetly. "Why should I not? You are now too happy to miss me, and I have never been abroad. I will return in a few weeks, dear."

"Once I forsook Aunt Bradshaw to fly to you," smiled Jacqueline, "now you forsake me to go to Aunt Bradshaw! Well, you certainly need the change, love, and, with a glorious blush, 'I should be selfish indeed to put so much as a straw in the way of your pleasure, when my own cup of happiness is full to overflowing.'"

So Doris sailed for Havre, and in that old French city she found Teddy Craven awaiting her—Teddy, the helpful, the kindly, with the same honest eyes and simple manners that had marked him of old. He made no attempt to disguise his joy at seeing her again.

"I was never so proud in my life," he said, ingenuously, "as when Mrs. Bradshaw gave me permission to escort you to Mentone. My mother's people are at Nice. I have been fortunate enough to make myself valuable to them, and my maternal grandfather, who died a few months ago, bequeathed me—a—a—property in Yorkshire."

He colored awkwardly as he told his good fortune. Doris looked at him with sympathetic eyes. She knew that he had not retained a dollar of Philip Trevor's money.

"I am very glad for you!" she said, softly.

Jacqueline's marriage aroused no emotion in Teddy.

"St. George is just the man to make her happy," he commented, with cheerfulness. "I am sure they are an amazing fine pair."

During the journey to Mentone he waited tirelessly upon Doris—devoted himself, body and soul, to her comfort. His was the vigilant thoughtfulness that smoothes life's rough places and makes pleasant paths for tender feet.

Aunt Bradshaw received her niece with cordial delight.

"It will go hard with me," she mentally resolved, "if I do not keep her—she shall not forsake me as Jacqueline did."

Man—and woman, also—proposes, but God disposes. One morning, a week after the journey from Havre, Teddy Craven entered the red-roofed villa at Mentone, and in its garden found Doris, walking alone, with her hands full of Mediterranean violets. A flood of sunshine steeped the surrounding olive slopes, and the gray peaks of the Apes Maritimes, and shone on the girl's snowdrop face and golden hair, as Teddy came resolutely to her side.

"After I sailed for England," he said, "I tried my very best to forget you—for what right had Philip Trevor's son to think of John Hatton's daughter? I tried, Doris, but I failed! I've been trying ever since—and with the same result. My infatuation for Jacqueline passed, but my love for you remains, and grows stronger daily. Now, tell me—what am I to do?"

"I think your efforts are misdirected," she faltered, "do not try any more, for John Hatton's daughter would sooner possess the love of Philip Trevor's son than any treasure in the world!"

THE END.

Snakes of East Africa.

For one thing East Africa must have credit; snakes are not numerous, as they are in the South, at least I have never seen many. There are pythons, but they do not appear to be dangerous. I shall never forget how, down in South Africa, during the war, I once awoke and found a black Mwamba in bed with me.

This snake is absolutely deadly. It frightened me so that after the whole thing was over I went out and was sick. Fortunately it was quite ignorant of the fact that it was under the blankets with me, and rolled out unconcernedly. Had I known it was there, in all probability it would have struck me.—Forest and Stream.

First Aid.

The telephone bell rang in the consulting room of a doctor who was an enthusiastic cyclist. In his absence his assistant answered it, and said the doctor was out.

"Will you tell him," the voice asked, "that Mrs. Thompson has a gymkhana coming on and wants to know if he can do anything for it?"

"I will tell him the moment he comes in," the assistant answered. "Meanwhile put a bread poultice on it, and renew every two hours."—Tit-Bits.

Their Favorite Topics.

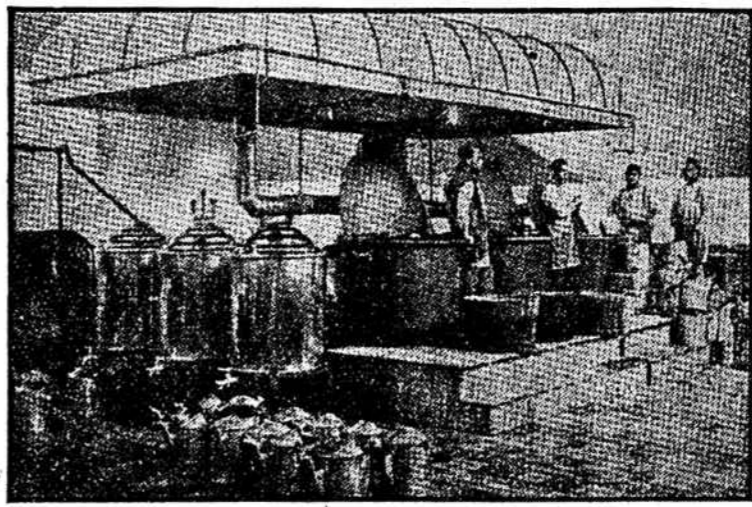
"My friends all call me down," complained the artist who had just made a beautiful portrait of a well known actress, "whenever I begin to talk about my work. They won't let me brag a minute. Their either snub me or get up and go away."

"They are partly right," remarked the poet sadly. "If they let us talk about our work all we wanted to there'd be no other subject of conversation."—New York Press.

Large quantities of cherries are sent from Europe to this country, simply preserved in brine, to escape the high duty on fruits preserved in sugar. They are then made into "Maraschino" cherries.

English mercantile marine, which forms more than one-half of the whole world's shipping, brings to our country about \$450,000,000 every year.

## Kitchen at Auburn Prison.

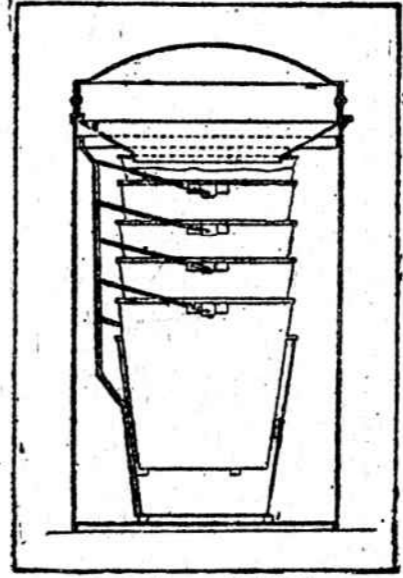


CONVICTS ACTING AS COOKS.

—From Leslie's Weekly.

### Handy Fire Apparatus.

A compact and efficient fire-fighting apparatus that is a big improvement over the old-fashioned system, that required a string of buckets hanging along the wall, has been designed by a New York man. This apparatus consists of a tank, inside of which is a device for centering the buckets as they are lowered into it, so that each



Each Comes Out Full.

bucket fits into the one below it, and they are thus "nested," a series of them occupying little more space than one would take up. The tank is filled with water or with some specially prepared fire-fighting fluid, and holds enough to insure each bucket being filled as it is drawn out. There is no time lost in seizing a bucket and running to another place to fill it, and everyone knows that speed is an essential feature in fighting flames. The apparatus not only does away with an unsightly row of buckets, but expedites the work of combating the blaze to an important degree.

### Kindly Old Plug.



Auntie—"Are you sure this horse is gentle?"

Miss Kentuck—"He sure is, auntie, if he'll stand for that sort of treatment."

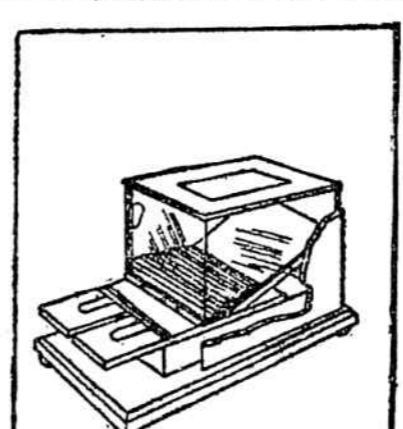
### SUPPRESSING THE VOTE.



"Look here, John Henry, you needn't give yourself airs because you have a right to vote. I've a good mind to keep you in the house all day next time there's an election."—From Brooklyn Life.

### No Matches Wasted.

Men who are accustomed to taking two cents' worth of matches every time they buy a five-cent cigar will be



disappointed when they encounter the match machine invented by an Ohio woman. Storekeepers who have been victimized by this form of petty larceny are conversely grateful for the chance to end it. The match safe in question consists of a case a little wider than the length of a match and with inclined plane inclosed. Under the plane is a slide with a groove running across it just large enough to admit a match. The little sulphur sticks can be seen, piled neatly, through the glass in front of the case, but as only one comes out at a time even the hardest "grafter" will hesitate before attempting to lay in a week's supply. Another advantage of this device is the fact that it keeps the matches dry, whereas they often become damp and useless when left out in the open.

### In the Flatette.

Miss Knicker—"Why didn't you have the flat repaired?"

Mrs. Bocker—"It would have made the rooms so much smaller."—New York Sun.

## THE WISE MAN O' BEAUFORT.

I mind the day I went away, away from Beaufort town.  
Me passage money in me purse an' I else beed low with Pover.  
These two strong hands I meant wan to lay on Fortune's frown.  
An' 'twist the fickle face of her till it smilin' wide.  
Not there among the Kerry hills, not such a task be done,  
Not there where Freedom's self held five hundred years an' more,  
With each day, from the rain to the sun of the sun.  
As like the wan to follow as the wan went before.  
Where young men trod their fathers' contentedly an' dreamed,  
Nor ever strove for greater wealth, knowledge or renown.  
Than blessed the master of the sea, John Kearney, who was deems  
The wisest an' the richest man in Beaufort town.

With hopes an' fears these many toled in foreign lands,  
An' check by low with Pover on behind the plow,  
But these two restless hands o' bare, work hardened hands  
That plucked the crown from grow are filled with more  
An' ever scholar deeper than  
O' master ever taught  
I've gathered through the  
All ready there for in  
Small wonder, then, that I  
Would smile a pityin' smile  
Thought of the renown  
Of Master Kearney there at home  
The neighbors named  
The wisest an' the richest man in Beaufort town.

To-day I roam where once was home. Back here in Beaufort town  
I walk the old familiar ways, but O' bitter change;  
For out of tune with everything I wand  
I put a mark upon me, an' it let me rest.

A stranger to the neighbor folk who very speech is strange.  
The great wide world I fought unyielded me its gold  
He put his mark upon me, an' it let me rest.

I look with sorrow on the hills more can hold  
Contentment for the rest  
An' so for all me wealth  
me presence here,  
John Kearney of the  
prates of verb an' deed  
has no cars for any  
narrow aisle,  
Is still the wisest, richest  
Beaufort town.

—T. A. Daly, in Catholic Times.



### PITH AND POINT.

"He said he wouldn't let his daughter marry a man who couldn't keep job." "But did you explain that you loved her?" "Yes; but he had a come-back ready. Said he loved her too."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Nell—"Judging from the way Miss Antique guards the family Bible she must be exceedingly fond of it. She even keeps it under lock and key." Belle—"Yes; you know, the date of her birth is recorded in it."—Philadelphia Record.

Baby's in the ice-cream freezer. Willie turns the crank to squeeze her. Ma says: "Dear, the way that's fixed. You'll have that child completely mixed."—Life.

Myer—"According to reports there are no cats in the arctic region." Gyer—"That's a fortunate thing for the natives, isn't it?" Myer—"How so?" Gyer—"Well, just imagine cats in a country where the nights are six months long."—Chicago Daily News.

The housewife views with failing nerve Preserving time's proximity. She fears she can't at once preserve Her fruits and equanimity.

—Catholic Standard.

The Shooting Season—Extract from a letter from Bertie to his friend Percy—"Dear Percy: The Dauncneys, with whom I am staying, are awfully decent, and do everything they can to make my visit enjoyable. For instance, whenever we go shooting, they give me a whole field to myself."—Punch.

The Respected "Cowcatcher."

The "cowcatcher," or pilot, of American locomotives is an object of derision to European engineers, who regard the presence of a large animal on the track as a possibility too remote for serious consideration. But constructors of locomotives for use in colonial or oriental countries would do well to adopt the American practice.

In Siam recently two railway accidents were caused by elephants. In one case a train of twenty-seven cars, drawn by two locomotives, was derailed, both engines were overturned and six cars telescoped. In each case the offending elephant was killed by the collision. A German firm which builds locomotives for the railway from Damascus to Mecca provides cowcatchers of light construction, but strong enough to throw a vagrant camel off the track. Then engines of two Algerian lines are also provided with cowcatchers.—Scientific American.

Carp as a Food Fish.

When Seth Green stocked waters in this State with German carp to add to the food supply he didn't count on the delicate taste of Americans. They wouldn't eat the coarse fish, and treated the carp with contempt. Now it seems a use has been found for the carp. Some food experts, noting the low prices at which smoked salmon was offered in Chicago, and investigating, found that it was carp treated with pink paint and liquid smoke. Of course, that fraud will be stopped; but if it was palatable, honest smoked carp, sold under its true name, it ought to be a good contribution to the country's food supply. Evidently it only needs smoking to make it good.—Watertown Times.

"A Beaut."

The golden-haired song bird had just bowed to her audience when a man rushed frantically upon the stage and cried:

"Is there a physician in the house?"

A young man in the third row blushing with embarrassment, arose

"Say, doc," asked the man on the stage, "with a jerk of his thumb to ward the singer, 'ain't she a beaut?"