THE WATCHMAN AND SOUTHRON, APRIL 5, 1905.



"Forgive me, Miss Deane," he said penitently. "My words are dictated by anxiety. I do not wish you to make discoveries on your own account. This is a strange place, you know-an unpleasant one in some respects."

"Surely I can rummage about my own cave?"

"Most certainly. It was careless of me not to have examined its interior more thoroughly."

"Then why do you grumble because I found the lamp?"

"I did not mean any such thing. I am sorry."

"I think you are horrid. If you want to wash you will find the water over there. Don't wait. The ham will be frizzled to a cinder."

Unlucky Jenks! Was ever man fated to incar such unmerited odium? He savagely laved his face and neck. The fresh, cool water was delightful at first, but when he drew near to the fire he experienced an unaccountable sensation of weakness. Could it be possible that he was going to faint? It was too absurd. He sank to the ground. Trees, rocks and sand strewn earth induiged in a mad dance. Iris' voice sounded weak and indistinct. It seemed to travel in waves from a great distance. He tried to brush away from his brain these dim fancies, but his iron will for once failed, and he pitched headlong downward into dark-Dess.

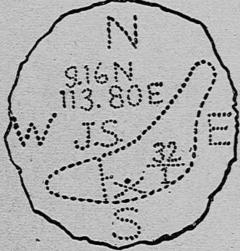
When he recovered, the girl's left arm was around his neck. For one blissful instant he nestled there contentedly. He looked into her eyes and saw that she was crying. A gust of anger rose within him that he should be the cause of those tears.

He tried to rise.

"Oh! Are you better?" Her lips quivered pitifully.

"Yes. What happened? Did I faint?" "Drink this."

She held a cup to his mouth, and he obediently strove to swallow the contents. It was champagne. After the



Iris was quick witted. "It is a plan of the island," she cried. "Also the latitude and the longitude."

"What does 'J. S.' mean?" "Probably the initials of a man's

name. Let us say John Smith, for instance." 'And the figures on the island, with

the 'X' and the dot?"

"I cannot tell you at present," he said. "I take it that the line across the island signifies this gap or canyon, and the small intersecting line the cave. But 32 divided by 1 and an 'X' surmounted by a dot are cabalistic. They would cause even Sherlock Holmes to smoke at least two pipes. I have barely started'one."

"It looks quite mysterious, like the things you read of in stories of pirates and buried treasure."

"Yes," he admitted. "It is unquestionably a plan, a guidance, given to a person not previously acquainted with the island, but cognizant of some fact connected with it. Unfortunately none of the buccaneers I can bring to mind

frequented these seas. The poor beggar who left it here must have had some other motive than searching for a cache."

"Did he dig the cave and the well, I wonder?"

"Probably the former, but not the " behiern ti ob bluon n ell. No

had risen with the dawn and, conquering her natural feeling of repulsion, selected from the store he accumulated yesterday some more suitable garments than those in which she escaped from the wreck.

He quietly took stock of his own tattered condition and passed a reflective hand over the stubble on his chin. In a few days his face would plained. "No: we don't boil the leaves resemble a scrubbing brush. In that or nibble the bark. When I split this mournful moment he would have exchanged even his pipe and tobacco box, worth untold gold, for shaving tackle. Who can say why his thoughts took such trend? Twenty-four hours can effect great changes in the human permit the water to evaporate. In a mind if controlling influences are active.

Then came a sharp revulsion of feeling. His name was Robert-a menial. He reached for his boots, and Iris heard him.

"Good morning!" she cried, smiling sweetly. "I thought you would never awake. I suppose you were very, very tired. Please wash quickly. The eggs will be hard."

"Eggs!"

"Yes. I made a collection among the good. It was first rate."

He had not the moral courage to begin the day with a rebuke. She was irrepressible, but she really must not do these things. He smothered a sigh in the improvised basin which was placed ready for him.

Miss Deane had prepared a capital meal. Of course the ham and biscuits still bulked large in the bill of fare, but there were boiled eggs, fried bananas and an elderly cocoanut. These things, supplemented by clear, cold wafer, were not so bad for a couple of castaways hundreds of miles from everywhere.

For the life of him the man could not refrain from displaying the conversational art in which he excelled. Their talk dealt with Italy, Egypt, India. He spoke with the ease of culture and enthusiasm. Once he slipped into anecdote apropos of the helplessness of British soldiers in any matter outside the scope of the king's regulations. "I remember," he said, "seeing a cavalry subaltern and the members of an escort sitting half starved on a number of bags piled up in the Suakin desert. And what do you think were in the bags?"

"I don't know," said Iris, keenly alert for deductions.

"Biscuits! They thought the bags contained patent fodder until I enlightened them."

It was on the tip of her tongue to pounce on him with the comment, "Then you have been an officer in the But she forbore. She had army." guessed this earlier. Yet the mischievous light in her eyes defied control. He was warned in time and pulled himself up short.

mental displays. She wanted to DOX her own ears.

With innate tact she took a keen interest in the felling of the tree. "What do you want it for?" she in-

and fell.

Jenks felt better now.

"This is a change of diet," he expalm open you will find that the interior is full of pith. I will cut it out for you, and then it will be your task to knead it with water after well washing it, pick out all the fiber and finally couple of days the residuum will become a white powder, which, when boiled, is sago."

"Good gracious!" said Iris.

"The story sounds unconvincing, but I believe I am correct. It is worth a trial."

"I should have imagined that sago grew on a stalk like rice or wheat." "Or Topsy!"

She laughed. A difficult situation had passed without undue effort. Unhappily the man reopened it. While trees. I tasted one of a lot that looked using a crowbar as a wedge he endeavored to put matters on a straightforward footing.

"A little while ago." he said, "you seemed to imply that I had assumed the name of Jenks."

But Miss Deane's confidential mood had gone. "Nothing of the kind," she said coldly. "I think Jenks is an excellent name."

She regretted the words even as they fell from her lips. The sailor gave a mighty wrench with the bar, splitting the log to its clustering leaves.

"You are right," he said. "It is distinctive, brief, dogmatic. I cling to it passionately."

Soon afterward, leaving Iris to the manufacture of sago, he went to the leeward side of the island, a search for turtles being his ostensible object. When the trees hid him he quickened his pace and turned to the left in order to explore the cavity marked on the tin with a skull and crossbones. To his surprise he hit upon the remnants of a roadway--that is, a line through the wood where there were no well grown trees, where the ground bore traces of humanity in the shape of a wrinkled and mildewed pair of Chinese boots, a wooden sandal, even the decayed remains of a palki, or litter.

At last he reached the edge of the pit, and the sight that met his eyes held him spellbound.

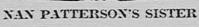
The labor of many hands had torn a chasm, a quarry, out of the side of the hill. Roughly circular in shape, it had a diameter of perhaps a hundred feet, for the secret of manufacture, the and at its deepest part, toward the

ENGLAND INFORMED.

THE JAPANESE AMBASSADOR AC-QUAINTS ENGLAND WITH JAPAN'S TERMS.

Distinct Progress in Peace Negotiations Expected to Be Made Within the Next Week.

Birmingham, England, March 31. The Post says it has reason to believe that Baron Hayashi, the Japanese ambassador to England, yesterday informed Lord Lansdowne, secretary of State for foreign affairs of the terms on which Japan will consent to make peace. Distnct progress in the peace negotiations are expected to be made within the week. .



And Her Husband, J. Morgan Smith. Under Arrest in Cincinnati.

Cincincinnati, March 31 .-- Positive identification of J. Morgan Smith and his wife, who are wanted in New York in connection with the Nan Patterson trial, is expected to be made by Pawnbroker Stern, who is expected to arrive today from New York. It is upon the apprehension of these two that District Attorney Jerome hopes to convict not only Nan Patterson for the muder of Caesar Young, but either

one or the other Smiths, or both, as her allies. The woman confided to the matron last night that she had not

slept a full night since the arrest of her sister Nan and has been much worried since the tragedy. Smith asserts his willingness to return to New

York without requisition papers, saying he has nothing to fear.

WOMEN BURNED TO DEATH.

Fatal East Side Fire in the City of New York.

New York, March 31 .- Ellen Monchan, a widow, 50 years old, was burned to death in her home at 205 East Sixty-Seventh street this morning, Mrs. Ward, also a tenant of the house, made a daring rescue of her husband, who was sick with pnuemonia, and her six children. The loss by fire was trifling.

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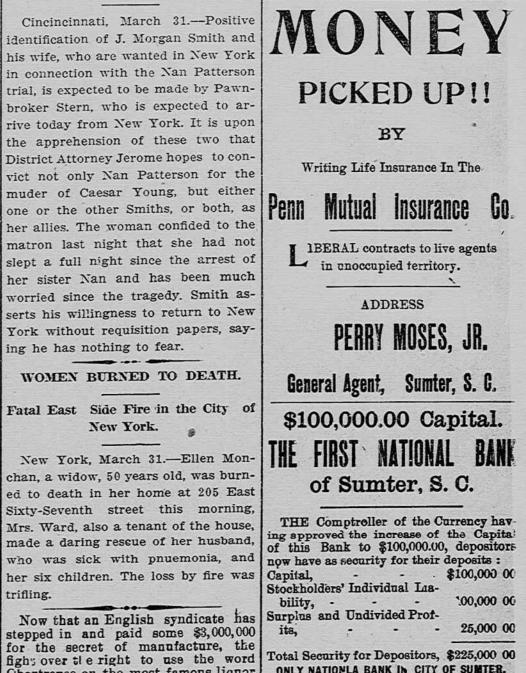
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quired when the sturdy trunk creaked

first spasm of terror and when the application of water to his face failed to restore consciousness Iris had knocked the head off the bottle of champagne.

He quickly revived. Nature had only given him a warning that he was overdrawing his resources. He was deeply humiliated. He did not conceive the truth, that only a strong man could "do all that he had done and live. For thirty-six hours he had not slept. During part of the time he fought with wilder beasts than they knew at Ephesus. The long exposure to the sun, the mental strain of his foreboding that the charming girl whose life depended upon him might be exposed to even worse dangers than any yet encountered, the physical labor he had undergone, the irksome restraint he strove to place upon his conduct and utterances -all these things culminated in utter relaxation when the water touched his heated skin.

"How could you frighten me so?" demanded Iris hysterically. "You must have felt that you were working too hard. You made me rest. Why didn't you rest yourself?"

He looked at her wistfully. This collapse must not happen again for her saze. These two said more with eyes than lies. She withdrew her arm. Her ter not, perhaps. It will only burn face and neck crimsoned.

"Good graclous!" she cried. "The ham is ruined!"

It was burnt black. She prepared a fresh supply. When it was ready Jenks was himself again. They ate in silence and shared the remains of the bottle. A smile illumined his tired Tace.

Iris was watchful. She had never in her life cooked even a potato or boiled an egg. The ham was her first attempt.

"My cooking amuses you?" she demanded suspiciously.

"It gratifies every sense," he murmured. "There is but one thing needful to complete my happiness."

"And that is?"

"Permission to smoke." "Smoke what?"

He produced a steel box tightly closed and a pipe.

"Your pockets are absolute shops," said the girl, delighted that his temper had improved. "What other stores do you carry about with you?"

He lit his pipe and solemnly gave an inventory of his worldly goods. Beyond the items she had previously seen he could only enumerate a silver dollar, a very soiled and crumpled handberchief and a bit of tin. A box of Norwegian matches he threw away as useless, but Iris recovered them.

"You never know what purpose they may serve." she said. In after days a weird significance was attached to this

pared than ever to serve then. He handed it to her. She could make smothered in a tumult of feeling. that a part of the fragrance of Havana ad model, sketch or proto of invention for ble from where he sat, and for a few Your prescriptions will be He could not trust himself to speak. hor free book, nothing of it, so together they puzzled cigars is imparted by the wrappings seconds he thought he must surely be over it. The sailor rubbed it with a He rose hastily and seized the ax to called "yaguas" in which they are called for and delivered. dreaming. She was attired in a neat mixture of kerosene and sand. Then deliver a murderous assault upon a rolled. A yagua is the thin, netlike navy blue dress and smart blouse. Her Phone 45. figures and letters and a sort of diasago palm that stood close at hand. covering found on the leaves growing white canvas shoes were replaced by gram were revealed. At last they be-Full line of Drugs, Garden Iris was the first to recover a degree round the fruit of the yagua pain and strong leather boots. She was quite came decipherable. By exercising paof self possession. For a moment she is large enough to wrap a bundle of Seed and Cigars. spick and span, this island Hebe. had bared her soul. With reaction fifteen or twenty cigars. So highly are tient ingenuity some one had indented So soundly had he slept that his Your patronage solicited. Opposite U. S. Patent came a sensitive shrinking. Her deliyaguas esteemed that a Cuban law the metal with a sharp punch until the he guessed what had happened. She cate nature disapproved these senti-prohibits the exportation of them. WASHINGTON D.C. Call bell for night work. marks assumed this aspect:

"Why do you assume he was alone?" He strolled toward the fire to kick a

stray log. "It is only idle speculation at the best, Miss Deane," he replied. "Would you like to help me to drag some timber up from the beach? If we get a few big planks we can build a fire that will last for hours. We want some extra clothes, too, and it will soon be dark."

The request for co-operation gratified her. She complied eagerly, and without much exertion they hauled a respectable load of firewood to their new camping ground. They also brought a number of coats to serve as coverings. Then Jenks tackled the lamp. It was a most difficult operation to open it.

Before the sun went down he succeeded and made a wick by unraveling a few strands of wool from his jersey. When night fell, with the suddenness of the tropics, Iris was able to illuminate her small domain.

They were both utterly tired and ready to drop with fatigue. The girl said "good night," but instantly reappeared from behind the tarpaulin.

"Am I to keep the lamp alight?" she inquired.

"Please yourself, Miss Deane. Betfour or five hours anyway."

Soon the light vanished, and he lay down, his pipe between his teeth, close to the cave's entrance. Weary though he was he could not sleep forthwith. His mind was occupied with the signs on the canister head.

"32 divided by 1; an 'X' and a dot," he repeated several times. "What do they signify?"

Suddenly he sat up, with every sense alert, and grabbed his revolver. Something impelled him to look toward the spot, a few feet away, where the skeleton was hidden. It was the rustling of a bird among the trees that had caught his ear.

He thought of the white framework of a once powerful man, lying there among the bushes, abandoned, forgotten, horrific. Then he smothered a cry of surprise.

"By Jove!" he muttered. "There is no 'X' and dot. That sign is meant for a skull and crossbones. It lies exactly on the part of the island where we saw that queer looking bald patch teday. First thing tomorrow before the girl awakes I must examine that piace."

He resolutely stretched himself on his share of the spread out coats, now thoroughly dried by sun and fire. In a minute he was sound asleep.

CHAPTER V.

2 awoke to find the sun high in the heavens. Iris was preparing breakfast; a fine Sre was crackling cheerfully, and the

applying to the cave. The Fragrance of Yaguas. stand, where I am better preblinked. The girl's face was not visi- dent, though it did not escape him, was "Let me see it. May I?" Many smokers are probably unaware

"You read my face like a book," she cried.

"No printed page was ever so-legible. Now, Miss Deane, we have gossiped too long. I am a laggard this morning, but before starting work I have a few serious renarks to make." "More digs?" she inquired saucily.

"I repudiate 'digs.' In the first place, you must not make any more experiments in the matter of food. The eggs were a wonderful effort; but, flattered by success, you may poison yourself."

"Secondly?"

"You must never pass out of my sight without carrying a revolver, not so much for defense, but as a signal. Did you take one when you went bird's nesting?"

"No. Why?"

There was a troubled look in his eyes when he answered:

"It is best to tell you at once that before help reaches us we may be visited by cruel and bloodthirsty savages. I would not even mention this if it were a remote contingency. As matters stand, you ought to know that such a thing may happen. Let us trust in God's goodness that assistance may come soon. The island has seemingly been deserted for many months, and therein lies our best chance of escape. But I am obliged to warn you lest you should be taken unawares."

Iris was serious enough now.

"How do you know that such danger threatens us?" she demanded.

He countered readily. "Because 1 happen to have read a good deal about the China sea and its frequenters," he said. "I am the last man in the world to alarm you needlessly. All I mean to convey is that certain precautions should be taken against a risk that is possible, not probable. No more."

She could not repress a shudder. The sailor wanted to tell her that he would defend her against a host of savages if he were endowed with many lives. but he was perforce tongued tied. He even reviled himself for having spoken, but she saw the anguish in his face, and her woman's heart acknowledged him as her protector, her shield. "Mr. Jenks," she said simply, "we are in God's hands. I put my trust in him and in you. I am hopeful-nay, more, confident. I thank you for what you have done, for all that you will do. If you cannot preserve me from threatening perils no man could, for you are as brave and gallant a gentleman as lives on the earth today."

type-small, lanky, with long pointed Now, the strange feature of this exskulls. At last he spied a withered Open from 7 a.m. to 10 p. traordinary and unexpected outburst simple phrase. hoof. They were pigs. "Why do you carry about a bit of m.; Sunday, 9 a. m. to 1 p. m. of pent up emotion was that the girl book. pronounced his name with the slightly "in?" she went on. Having consolidated my two presiding goddess had so altered her "I found it here, Miss Deane," he emphasized accentuation of one who appearance that the sailor surveyed [TO BE CONTINUED.] stores, I will be pleased to see knew it to be a mere disguise. The answered. 12 her with astonishment. Luckily she interpreted "here" as man was so taken aback by her decall my customers at the above He noiselessly assumed a sitting posture, tucked his feet beneath him and laration of faith that the minor inci-

cliff, it ran to a depth of forty feet. Chartrense on the most famous liquor On the lower side, where the sailor of Europe seems to be settled. The enstood, it descended rapidly for some fifteen feet.

Grasses, shrubs, plants of every variety, grew in profusion down the steep slopes wherever seeds could find reached about ten or eleven feet from the bottom. There all vegetation ceased, as if forbidden to cross a magic circle.

Below this belt the place was a charnel house. The bones of men and animals mingled in weird confusion. Most were



mere skeletons. A few bodies-nine the sailor counted-yet preserved some resemblance of humanity. These latter were scattered among the older relics. They wore the clothes of Dyaks. Characteristic hats and weapons denoted their nationality. The others, the first harvest of this modern Golgotha, might have been Chinese coolies. When the sailor's fascinated vision could register details he distinguished yokes, baskets, odd looking spades and picks strewn amid the bones. The animals were all of one

forced removal of the monks who owned the secret of Grenoble, France, to

Tarragonz, Spain caused widespread distress amoung those who had formerly been employed by the distillery. The French government, has failed to precarious nurture until a point was get at the secret; the French product was being barred by legislation from other countries, as an imitation, and the monks likewise, produced, it is claimed an inferior article, owing to

the impossibility of obtaining the finest sorts of old brandy in Spain, whither they had transferred their monastary. So the present sale is likely to meet with public approval.

A London judge has recently decided that \$1.80 is enough for a man to pay for his wife's Easter bonnet.

Shanghai, March 26 .- The provincial mints have been issuing unlimited quantities of debased copper currency whereby officials have profited to the extent of 18,000,000 taels annually. As a result of this debasement of the currency a financial collapse is threatened.

Halifax, N. S., March 25.-Two great trans Atlantic liners, the Parisian, of the Allan line, and the Albano Hamburg-American boat, both bound in, heavily loaded with passengers, collided off the harbor's entrance tonight. Both were seriously damaged but reached their docks and landed their passengers safely. The Parisians stern touched bottom as she reached per wharf, while hard pumping kept he Albano free.



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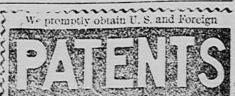


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