

The Stowaway By LOUIS TRACY. Author of the "Pillar of Light," "The Wings of the Morning" and "The Captain of the Kansas." Copyright, 1909, by Edward J. Clode

She felt rather than saw that he had suddenly grown rigid. His right arm flew out and drew her to him. "Sh-a-h!" he breathed and pulled her behind a rock. Her woman's heart yielded to dread of the unseen. It pulsed violently, and she was tempted to scream. Despite his warning she must at least have whispered a question, but her ears caught a sound to which they were now well accustomed. The light chug-chug of an engine and the flapping of a propeller came up to them from the sea. The steam launch was approaching. Perhaps they had been seen already! As if to emphasize this peril there was an interval of silence. Steam had been shut off. Philip touched the girl's lips lightly with a finger. Then he lay flat on the ledge and began to creep forward. It was impossible that he should run and warn the others, but it was essential, above all else, that he should ascertain what the men on the launch were doing and the extent of their knowledge.

He found a tuft of the grass that clung to a crevice where its roots drew hardy sustenance from the crumbling rock. He ventured to thrust his head through this screen, following Domingo's example some hours earlier. Almost directly beneath his eager glance found the little vessel. She was floating past with the current. He peered down on to her deck as if from the top of a mast. A few cigarette smoking officers were grouped in her bows. Apparently they were more interested in the remains of the Andromeda than in the natural fortress overhead. Clustered round the hatch were some twenty soldiers, also smoking.

One of the officers pointed to the ledge. He was excited and emphatic. The man at the wheel growled an order, and the engine started again. Though Hozier knew not what was said, the significance of this pantomime was not lost on him. The local pilot was afraid of these treacherous waters in the dark, but next day Frade do Frances (which is the islanders' name for the Grande-pero rock) could surely be explored if a landing could be made.

Away tumbled the launch, but Hozier did not move until there was no risk of his figure being silhouetted against the sky. Even then he wormed his way backward with slow caution. Iris was crouched where he had left her, wide eyed, motionless.

"Good job we came here," he said. "It is evident they mean to maintain a patrol until there is news of De Sylva one way or the other. It will be interesting now to hear what the gallant San Benavides says. If any ship comes to Fernando Noronha tonight she will be seen from the island long before any signal is visible at this point."

"Do you think the others saw the launch?" she asked. "No—not unless some of the men strayed down the gully, which they were told not to do. The breakers would drown the noise of the engines and screw."

There was a slight pause. "Will you tell them?" she went on. "Why not?" This time the pause was more eloquent than words. Quite unconsciously Iris replied to her own question. "Of course, as you said a little while ago, we owe our lives to Dom Corria de Sylva," she murmured, as if she were reasoning with herself. By chance, probably because Hozier stooped to help her to her feet, his arm rested lightly across her shoulders. "I will not pretend to misunderstand you," he said. "If the Brazilians do not mean to play the game it would be a just punishment to let them rush on their own doom. But De Sylva may not agree with this top of an officer, and, in any event, we must go straight with him until he shows his teeth."

After a really difficult and hazardous descent they found the others awaiting them in a rock shrouded cove. The barest standing room was afforded by a patch of shingle and detritus. Alongside a flat stone lay three broad planks tied together with cowhide. The center plank was turned up at one end. This was the catamaran, which De Sylva had dignified by the name of boat.

"Were 'ave you bin?" growled Coke. "We've lost a good ten minutes. You ought to 'ave known, Hozier, that it's darkest just after sunset!" "We could not have started sooner, sir."

"Why not? We were kep' waitin' up there, searchin' for you." "That was our best slice of luck today. Had any of you appeared on the ledge you would have been seen from the launch."

"Wot launch?" "The launch that visited us this morning. Ten minutes ago she was standing by at the foot of the rock." Philip spoke slowly and clearly. He meant his news to strike home. As he anticipated, De Sylva broke in. "You saw it?" he asked, and his deep voice vibrated with dismay. "Yes, I even made out, by actions rather than words, that the darkness alone prevented the soldiers from coming here tonight. The skipper would not risk it."

De Sylva said something under his breath. He spoke rapidly to San Benavides, and the latter seemed to be cowed, for his reply was brief. Then the ex-president reverted to English. "I have decided to send Marcel and Domingo ashore first," he said. "They will select the safest place for a landing. Marcel will bring back the catamaran and take off Mr. Hozier and the young lady. Captain Coke and I will follow, and the others in such order as Senhor Benavides thinks fit. The catamaran will only hold three with safety, but Marcel believes he can find another for Domingo. Remember, all of you, silence is essential!"

CHAPTER IX. THE HOUR OF THE GAME. In obedience to their leader's order, Marcel, the tactician, and Domingo, from whose lips the Britons had scarce heard a syllable, squatted on the catamaran. Marcel wielded a short paddle, and an almost imperceptible dip of its broad blade sent the strangely built craft across the pool. Once in the shadow it disappeared completely. There was no visible outlet. The rocks thrust their stark ridge against the sky in a seemingly impassable barrier. Some of the men stared at the jagged crests as though they half expected to see the Brazilians making a portage just as travelers in the Canadian northwest haul canoes up a river obstructed by rapids.

"Well, that gives me the go-by," growled Coke, whose alert ear caught no sound save the rippling of the water. "I say, mister, 'ow is it done?" he went on. "It is a simple thing when you know the secret," said De Sylva. "Have you passed Fernando Noronha before, captain?" "Many a time."

"Have you seen the curious natural canal which you sailors call the Hole in the Wall?" "Yes; it's near the s'uth'ard end." "Well, the sea has worn away a layer of soft rock that existed there

grated on the shingle. Marcel was in a hurry. "Are you ready?" asked De Sylva, bending toward Iris. "Yes," she said. "Then you had better kneel behind Marcel and steady yourself by placing your hands on his shoulders. Yes, that is it. Do not change your position until you are ashore. Now, you Mr. Hozier."

Marcel murmured something. "Ah, good!" cried De Sylva softly. "Domingo, too, has secured a catamaran. He is bringing it at once in order to save time." A second spectral figure emerged from the gloom. Without waiting for further instructions Marcel swung his paddle, and the one craft passed the other in the center of the pool. Iris obeyed orders and uttered no sound, but the action told her that she might trust him implicitly. When the narrow cleft was traversed and she saw the open sea on her right there was ample need for some such assurance of guardianship.

Viewed from the cliff the swell that broke on the half submerged reef was of slight volume, but it presented a very different and most disconcerting aspect when seen in profile. It seemed to be an almost impossible feat for any man to propel three narrow planks, top heavy with a human freight, across a wide channel through which such a sea was running. Indeed, Hozier himself, sailor as he was, felt more than doubtful as to the fate of their argosy. If Marcel paddled ahead with unflagging energy once he was clear of the tortuous passage, and, before the catamaran had traveled many yards, even Iris was able to understand that the outlying ridge of rocks both protected their present track and created much of the apparent turmoil.

At last the raft, for it was little else, bore sharply out between two huge boulders that might well have fallen from the mighty pile of Grand-pero itself. Pointed and angular they were and set like a gateway to an abode of giants. Beyond there was a shimmer of swift moving water, with a silver mist on the surface, though from a height of a few feet it would have been easy to distinguish the bold contours of Fernando Noronha itself.

Marcel held up a warning hand even while he brought the catamaran ashore on the shingle so gently that not a pebble was disturbed. He rose, a gaunt scarecrow, stepped off and drew the shallow craft somewhat farther up the sloping beach. Then he helped Iris to her feet and indicated that she was to come with him. At once she shrank away in terror. Though in some sense prepared for this parting, she felt it now as the cruellest blow that fortune had dealt her during a day crowded with misfortune. In all likelihood those two would never meet again. She needed no telling as to the risk he would soon be called on to face, and her anguish was made the more bitter by the necessity that they should go from each other's presence without a spoken word.

Nevertheless she forced herself to extend a hand in farewell. Her eyes were blinded with tears. She knew that Hozier drew her nearer. With the daring of one who may well cast the world's convention to the winds he gathered her to his heart and kissed her. Then she uttered a little sob of happiness and sorrow and fainted.

It was not until she was lying helpless in his embrace, with her head pillowed on his breast and an arm thrown limply across his shoulder, that Philip understood what had happened. He loved her, and she, the promised wife of another man, had tacitly admitted that she returned his love. Stumbling through the gloom he carried her until the Brazilian left him and went on alone toward a wretched hut.

A dog barked. Marcel whistled softly, and the animal began to whimper. The Brazilian vanished. Hozier still held Iris in his arms. His heart was beating tumultuously. His throat ached with the labor of his lungs. His straining ears caught rustlings among the grass and roots, but otherwise a solemn peace brooded over the scene.

Then Marcel came and aroused him from the stupor that had settled on him, and together they entered the hovel, where a dark skinned woman and a comely girl uttered words of sympathetic sound when Iris was laid on a low trestle and Hozier took a farewell kiss from her unheeding lips.

A few weary hours elapsed before the little army of the Grand-pero rock was reunited on the shore of Cotton Free-bay. Then there was a further delay while their indefatigable scouts brought milk and water, some coarse bread and a good supply of fruit from the hut. It was part of their scheme that they should give their friend's habitation a wide berth. If their plans miscarried he was instructed to say that he had found the English lady wandering on the shore soon after day-break.

About midnight there was a bright moon sailing overhead, and De Sylva gave a low order that they were to form in Indian file. Marcel led; the ex-president himself followed, with San Benavides, Coke and Hozier in close proximity. Domingo brought up the rear in order to prevent straggling and assist men who might stray from the path. It was barely a mile to the village, convict settlement and citadel. Some few lights twinkling near the shore showed the exact whereabouts of the inhabited section. Another mile away to the right lay Fort San Antonio, which housed the main body of troops. Watch fires burning on South point, whence came the sneezes that disabled the Andromeda, revealed the presence of soldiers in that neighborhood. De Sylva explained that a paved road ran straight from the town and landing place to the hamlet of Sueste and an important plantation of coconuts and other fruit bearing trees that

adjoined South point. It was inadvisable to strike into that road immediately. A little more to the right there was a track leading to the curral, or stockyard. If they headed for the latter place the men could obtain some stout cudgils. The convict peons in charge of the cattle should be overpowered and bound, thus preventing them from giving an alarm, and it was also possible to avoid the inhabited hillside overlooking the main anchorage until they were close to the citadel. Then, crossing the fort road, they would advance boldly to the enemy's stronghold, first making sure that the launch was still in her accustomed station in the roadstead beneath the walls. San Benavides would answer the sentry's questions, there would be a combined rush for the guardroom on the right of the gate, and if they were able to master the guard as many of the assailants as possible would don the soldiers' coats, shakos and accoutrements.

Granted success thus far, there should not be much difficulty in persuading the men in charge of the launch that a cruise round the island was to be undertaken forthwith. Marcel would remain with them until the citadel was carried. He would then hurry back to bring Iris across the island to an unfrequented beach known as the Porto do Conceicao, where he would embark her on a catamaran and row out to the steamer, which by that time would be lying off the harbor out of range of the troops who would surely be summoned from the distant fort.

In the highest spirits the little band set out resolutely for the curral. Here they encountered no difficulty whatever. Perhaps the prevalent excitement had drawn its custodians to the town, since they found no one in charge save a couple of barking dogs, while if there were people in the cattle keepers' huts they gave no sign of their presence. A few stakes were pulled up. They even came upon a couple of axes and a heavy hammer. Equipped with these weapons, eked out by three revolvers owned by the Brazilians and the dapper captain's sword, they hurried on, quitting the road instantly and following a cow path that wound about the base of a steep hill.

They met their first surprise when they tried to cross the road to the fort. Quite unexpectedly they blundered into a small picket stationed there, and the first intimation of danger was given by the startling challenge: "Who goes there?"

It was familiar enough to Island ears, and the convict answered readily: "A friend!" "Several friends, it would seem," laughed a voice. "Let us see who those friends are."

"Now!" shouted De Sylva, leaping forward. There was a wild scurry, two or three shots were fired, and Hozier found himself on the ground gripping the throat of a bronzed man whom he had shoved backward with a thrust, for he had no time to swing his stake for a blow. He was aware of a pair of black eyes that glared up at him horribly in the moonlight, of white teeth that shone under long mustachios of peculiarly warlike aspect, but he felt the man was as putty in his hands, and his fingers relaxed their pressure.

He looked around. The fight was ended almost as soon as it began. The soldiers, six in all, were on their backs in the road way. Two of them were dead. The Italian sailor had been shot through the body and was twisting in his last agony.

The bloodshed was bad enough, but those shots were worse. They would set the island in an uproar. The reports would be heard in town, citadel and fort, and the troops would now be on the qui vive. But De Sylva was a man of resource.

"Strip the prisoners!" he cried. "Take their arms and ammunition, but bind them back to back with their belts." "But in there, me lads," vociferated Coke, who had accounted for one of the Brazilians with an ax. "Step lively! Now we've got some uniforms an' guns we can rush that citadel easy." Hozier was busy relieving his man of his coat. When the prone warrior realized that he was not to be killed he helped the operation, but Philip was thinking more of Iris than of deeds of derring-do.

"Why attempt to capture the citadel at all?" he asked. "Now that we can make sufficient display, is there any reason that we should not go straight for the launch?" "I think it is a good suggestion," came the calm answer, "provided, that is, the launch is in the harbor." A bell began to toll in the convict settlement. Lights appeared in many houses scattered over the seaward slope. Hozier, never for an instant forgetting Iris, saw that Marcel still remained with his leader. Under these new circumstances it certainly would be a piece of folly to send back until they were sure of the launch. Happily the launch was there, moored alongside a small quay. From the nearest building it was necessary to cross a low wharf some fifty yards in width, and De Sylva's whispered commands could not restrain the eager men when escape appeared no longer problematical, but assured. They broke and ran, an almost fatal thing, as it happened, since the soldiers whom Philip had seen from the rock were still on board. One of them no-

ticed the inexplicable disorder among a body of men some of whom resembled his own comrades. He had heard the firing and was discussing it with others when this strange thing happened.

He challenged. San Benavides answered, but his voice was shrill and officer-like. The engines were started. A man leaped to the wharf. He was in the act of casting a mooring rope off a fixed capstan when De Sylva shot him between the shoulder blades. "On board, all of you!" shrieked the ex-president in a frenzy.

"At 'em, boys!" gasped Coke, though scarce able to stagger another foot. The men needed no bidding. Sheets of flame leaped from the vessel's deck as the soldiers seized their rifles and fired point blank at these mysterious assailants who spoke in a foreign language. But flame alone could not stop that desperate attack. Some fell, but the survivors sprang at the Brazilians like famished wolves on their prey. There was no more shooting. Men grappled and fell, some into the water, others on deck, or they sprawled over the hatch and wrought in frantic struggle in the narrow cabin. The fight did not last many seconds. An engineer, finding a lever and throttle valve, rowed to a sailor to take the wheel, and already the launch was curving seaward when Hozier shouted: "Where is Marcel?"

"Lyn' dead on the wharf," said Watts. "Are you certain?" "He was alongside me, an' 'e threw 'is an' ds up an' dropped like a shot rabbit."

"Then who has gone for Miss Yorke?" "No one. D'y'e think that this blamed president cares for anybody but hisself?" Philip felt the deck throbbing with the pulsations of the screw. The lights on shore were gliding by. The launch was leaving Fernando Noronha, and Iris was waiting in that wretched hut beyond the hill, waiting for the summons that would not reach her, for Marcel was dead, and Domingo, the



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THERE WAS NO MORE SHOOTING MEN GRAFFLED AND FELL.

one other man who could have gone to her, was lying in the cabin with ribs broken and his collar bone fractured.

(To Be Continued.)

EFFORT MADE TO WRECK TRAIN.

Tie Tied to Track of Southern Road Between Trenton and Edgefield Detected by Engineer.

Edgefield Feb. 2.—The Southern train, due to arrive in Edgefield last night at 7:45 was delayed two hours on account of an attempted wreck.

Soon after leaving Trenton for Edgefield, the engineer detected that the engine had struck some obstacle on the track and immediately stopped the train. Upon investigation it was found that two cross-ties had been laid on the track and partially mounted one of the ties, and it was some time before it could be restored to the track.

Through the alertness of the engineer the train was stopped before any damage was done. An effort was made to apprehend the would-be wrecker. Tracks of a peculiar shape were observed leading from the place and an effort was made to obtain bloodhounds from Aiken, but they could not be secured last night.

PENSION FOR J. H. TILLMAN.

He Draws \$30 a Month from United States Government.

A special from Washington to the Atlanta Constitution says: Colonel James H. Tillman, nephew of Senator Tillman of South Carolina, who was recently reported to be stone and penniless, and dying of tuberculosis, is now drawing \$30 a month pension from the United States for services rendered in the Spanish-American war as colonel of the First South Carolina regiment. The pension bill was introduced in May, 1910, by Representative Patterson of South Carolina. Colonel Tillman, it is said, has never been the same man since his trial on the charge of killing Editor Gonzales, of The Columbia State.

OLD TESTAMENT TIMES BROOKLYN TABERNACLE BIBLE STUDIES

THE PRAYER-ANSWERING GOD i Kings 18:1-40—February 12 "Choose you this day whom ye will serve."—Joshua 24:15.

THE word of the Lord came to Elijah in the third year instructing him to manifest himself to King Ahab, with a view to the termination of the drought. This may have been the third year of the Prophet's sojourn at Zarephath, or it may have been the third year after Elijah's announcement to Ahab. The land of Israel may already have been experiencing a six-months' drought when Elijah announced to the king that no rain was to be expected until he, as God's servant, would announce it or bring it. In any event we have the assurance that the entire period of drought was three and a half years.—Luke 4:25; James 5:17.

When the time was fulfilled God directed Elijah to present himself to King Ahab, because the time had come when God was willing to relieve the drought—when a sufficiency of punishment had come upon the Israelites for their iniquities—when at least some of them had been called to their senses, reminded of their Covenant with the Lord and his engagement to give them blessings for adversity according to their obedience. On arriving at the palace Elijah called for the Royal Superintendent, or Prime Minister, Obadiah. He was a godly man and, of course, distressed by the idolatrous course of the King and the Queen. If he was not sufficiently courageous to protest openly, he was, nevertheless, a coward, as, in a time when the servants of Jehovah were persecuted to death by Queen Jezebel, Obadiah hid one hundred of them and supplied them with the necessities of life—evidently at the risk of his all. When Obadiah met Elijah and was told to tell the King that Elijah was there to see him, Obadiah feared to do so. He declared that himself and others had searched the entire country over most carefully to find Elijah and found him not. He realized that the Lord had hidden him. He protested that if now he would declare that Elijah was ready to see the King, the probabilities were that, by the time the King would get there, the spirits or power of the Lord would somehow carry Elijah away. Then the King, infuriated, would cause Obadiah's death; but Elijah reassured him.

When the King met Elijah his first word was, "Art thou that troubleth Israel?" This is the worldly custom. The fearless minister who tells the Truth and relates the Divine prophecy respecting the rewards of obeying is held accountable, as though he had caused the trouble. But Elijah was not intimidated. He promptly answered, I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy parents' house, in that you have forsaken the commandments of the Lord and followed Baal. Three years before the King would have probably ordered the execution of Elijah; but the fulfillment of his word and the pang of hunger had humbled him. He was anxious that the blight should be removed and responded to the demands of Elijah that the eight hundred and fifty prophets of idolatrous Baalism should meet at Mt. Carmel and that thither all the people of Israel, represented by their chief men, should also assemble. The design, evidently, was a contest between Elijah, the representative of God, and these murderous priests of Baal, proteges of Jezebel.

"Choose Ye This Day" This gathering of the priests and of the prophets required time, but was finally accomplished. When the meeting convened Elijah declared that it was time to have a testing and showing as to who really was God, Jehovah or Baal. The test was to be that two altars were to be built and two bullocks were to be sacrificed. The Baalites were to provide bullocks themselves and to make a fire of the wood for their own altar. Who of the gods would answer by fire and an offering, would be acknowledged as the only true God.

To them came the first opportunity. They had the noontime opportunity, when the fierce heat of the sun seemed almost warm enough to set fire to the fat of the bullock. They prayed; they shrieked; they cut themselves with knives, entreating that Baal would answer by fire and prove himself the mighty god. Hour after hour this proceeded until evening, when they were forced to give over and admit their inability.

Then came Elijah's turn. He commanded that water be brought and that the altar which he was to use should be thoroughly flooded with water. No one must have room to say that there was a secret smoulder of fire beneath. And since the sun had gone down, no one could claim a spontaneous combustion. Then Elijah prayed calmly, earnestly, reverently and the Divine answer came—a fire from heaven consuming the sacrifice and licking up the water in the trough of the altar.

Then the people recognized the difference. They fell on their faces and said, Jehovah is the God! A great lesson had been learned.

A lesson for us is that the masses of Christendom are deceived today, as were the masses of Israel then. And when, by and by, God shall open their eyes of understanding through the agency of Messiah's Kingdom, every knee shall bow and every tongue will fill the whole earth with the praise of the Lord who is the God of the living. We are not to understand this to represent the Divine command to us today to put false teachers to death. We are to remember, as before suggested, that Israel was a special nation with which God dealt in a special manner, and that many of their doings, under Divine direction, were typical of higher things to be accomplished in God's Kingdom. Ultimately, after full opportunity, every false teacher and every wifful slaver will be destroyed. "All the wicked will God destroy." The death of those priests of Baal foreshadowed the destruction in the Second Death of all who work iniquity, but those priests themselves did not suffer the Second Death. Like all the remainder of Adam's race, their resurrection from the dead was provided for at Calvary, and they, as well as all others, must be brought to a knowledge of the Truth and to an opportunity of reconciliation to God.

Following the Lord's demonstration came the long-desired rain, not only physically refreshing, but also showing a return of Divine favor. It fell on the evil and on the good, to make both better.

Without tact you can learn nothing.—Disraeli.