

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

CHAPTER XIII. THE LURE OF GOLD.

"PHILIP, I want to tell you something." "Something pleasant?" "No."

"Then why tell me?" "Because, unhappily, it must be told. I hope you will forgive me, though I shall never forgive myself. Oh, my dear, my dear, why did we ever meet? And what am I to say? I—well, I have promised to marry another man."

"Disgraceful!" said Philip. "Philip, dear, this is quite serious," said Iris, momentarily withdrawing her wistful gaze from the faraway line where sapphire sea and amber sky met in harmony.

"Iris, her troubled face resting on her hands, her elbows propped on the rails of the poop on the port side, looked at Philip with an intense sadness that was seemingly lost on him."

"I really mean what I say," she continued in a low voice that vibrated with emotion. "I have given my word—written it—entered into a most solemn obligation. Somehow the prospect of reaching a civilized place tomorrow induces a more ordered state of mind than has been possible since—the Andromeda was lost."

"Who is he?" demanded Hozier darkly. "Coke is married. So is Watts. Dom Corria has other fish to fry than to dream of committing bigamy. Of course I am well aware that you have been flirting with San Benavides."

"Please don't make my duty harder for me," pleaded Iris. "Before I met you, before we spoke to each other that first day at Liverpool, I had promised to marry Mr. Bulmer, an old friend of my uncle's."

"Oh—be? I am sorry for Mr. Bulmer, but it can't be done," interrupted Hozier. "Philip, you do not understand. I—I cared for nobody then, and my uncle said he was in danger of bankruptcy, and Mr. Bulmer undertook to help him if I would consent."

"So you really believe you will be compelled to marry Mr. Bulmer?" he cried. "Oh, don't be horrid!" she almost sobbed. "I can't help it."

"I have given some thought to the problem myself," he said, "and I appreciate exactly how well it would serve Mr. David Verity's interests if his niece married a wealthy old party like Bulmer. By the way, how old is Bulmer?"

"Nearly seventy." "It is a pity that Bulmer should be a patriarch, because his only hope of marrying you is that I shall die first. Even then he must be prepared to espouse my widow. By the way, is it disrespectful to describe him as a patriarch? Isn't there some proverb about threescore years and ten?"

"Philip, if only you would appreciate my dreadful position!" "I do. It ought to be ended. The first person we meet shall be commandeered. Don't you see, dear, we really must get married at Pernambuco."

"Iris clasped her little hands in despair. Why did he not understand her misery? Though she was unwavering in her resolution to keep faith with the man who had twined her with taking all and giving nothing in return, she could not wholly restrain the tumult in her veins. Married in Pernambuco! Ah, if only that were possible!"

"I am sure we would be happy together," she said, with a pathetic confidence that tempted him strongly to take her in his arms and kiss away her fears. "We must forget what happened in the land of dreams. I will never love any man but you, Philip. Yet I cannot marry you."

"You will marry me in Pernambuco." "I will not because I may not. Oh, spare me any more of this! I cannot bear it! Have pity, dear!" "Iris, let us at least look at the position calmly. Do you really think that fate's own decree should be set aside merely to keep David Verity out of the bankruptcy court?"



"WE REALLY MUST GET MARRIED AT PERNAMBUCO."

out to sea. We are more than quits, dear heart, when we strike a balance of mutual service. We are bound by a tie of comradeship that is denied to most. And what other man and woman now breathing can lay better claim than we to have been joined by the Almighty?"

The strange exigencies of their lives during the past two days had ordained that this should be Philip's first avowal of his feelings. Under the stress of overpowering impulse he had clasped Iris to his heart when they were parting on the island. In obedience to a stronger law than any hitherto revealed to her innocent consciousness the girl had flown to his arms when he came to the hut. And that was all their lovemaking—two blissful moments of delirium wrenched from a time of gaunt tragedy and followed by a few hours of self negation. Yet they sufficed to the man—and the woman is never too ready to count the cost when her heart declares its passion.

"Give you up?" he muttered again. "No, Iris, not if Satan brought every dead Verity to aid the living one in his demand."

Coke, to whom tact was anathema, chose that unhappy instant to summon him to take charge of the ship. "We're givin' Pernambuco the go-by. It's Macelo for us, quick as we can get there," said Coke.

Hozier was in no humor for conciliatory methods. He turned on his heel and walked straight to where De Sylva was leaning against the rails. "Captain Coke tells me that we are not making for Pernambuco," he said, meeting the older man's penetrating gaze with a glance as firm and self contained.

"That is what we have arranged," said Dom Corria. "It does not seem to have occurred to you that there is one person on board this ship whose interests are vastly more important than yours, senator."

"Meaning Miss Yorke?" asked the other, who did not require to look twice at this stern visaged man to grasp the fullness of any words but the plainest.

"Yes." "She will be safer at Macelo than at Pernambuco. Our only danger at either place will be encountered at the actual moment of landing. At Macelo there is practically no risk of finding a warship in the harbor. That is why we are going there."

"And not because you are more likely to find adherents there?" "It is a much smaller town than Pernambuco, and my strength lies outside the large cities, I admit. But there can be no question as to our wisdom in preferring Macelo, even where the young lady's well being is concerned."

"I see that, whether willing or not, we are to be made the tools of your ambition," interrupted Hozier curtly. "It is also fairly evident that I am the only man of the Andromeda's company whom you have not bribed to obey you. Well, be warned now by me. If circumstances fail to justify your change of route I shall make it my business to settle at least one revolution in Brazil by cracking your skull."

"Let me understand!" said De Sylva. "You hold my life as forfeit if any mischance befalls Miss Yorke?" "Yes."

"I accept that. Of course you no longer challenge my direction of affairs?" "I am no match for you in argument, senator, but I do want you to believe that I shall keep my part of the compact."

"I'm goin' to 'ave a nap," Coke announced. "Either you or Watts must take 'old. Which is it to be?" "No need to ask Mr. Hozier any such question," said the suave Dom Corria. "You can trust him implicitly. He is with us now—to the death."

Soon after sunset Iris reappeared. She walked on the after deck with San Benavides and seemed to be listening with great attention to something he was telling her. When Hozier was relieved and summoned to a meal in the saloon with Norrie and some of the ship's own officers Iris was nowhere visible. He went straight to her cabin and knocked.

"Who is it?" she asked. "I, Philip. Will you be on deck in a quarter of an hour?" "No."

"But this time I want to tell you something." "Philip, dear, I am weary. I must rest—and I dare not meet you." "Dare not?" "I am afraid of myself. Please leave me."

He caught the sob in her voice, and it unmanned him. He stalked off, raging. While off duty he kept strict watch and ward over the gangway in which Iris' cabin was situated. It was useless. She remained hidden.

As Coke had told Iris she might expect to be ashore about 2 o'clock, she waited until half past 1 ere coming on deck. Despite her unalterable decision to abide by the hideous compact entered into with her uncle and Bulmer, her first thought now was to find Hozier.

Iris was thoroughly wretched and not a little disturbed by the near prospect of landing in a foreign country which would probably be plunged into civil war by the mere advent of De Sylva. It need hardly be said that under these circumstances Hozier was the one man in whose company she would feel reasonably safe. But she could not see him anywhere.

At last she hailed one of the Andromeda's men whom she met in a gangway. "Mr. Hozier, miss?" said he. "Oh, he's forrard, right up in the bows, keepin' a lookout."

This information added to her distress. She ought not to go to him. Full well she knew that her presence might distract him from an all important task. So she sat forlornly on the fore hatch, waiting there until he might leave his post.

The steamer crept on lazily, and Iris fancied the hour must be nearer 5 o'clock than 2 when she heard Hozier's voice ring out clearly: "Buoy on the port bow!"

There was a movement among the dim figures on the bridge. A minute later Hozier cried again: "Buoy on the starboard bow!"

She understood then that they were in a marked channel. Already the road was narrowing. Soon they would be ashore. At last Hozier came. He saw her as he jumped down from the forecastle deck.

"Why are you here, Iris?" was all he said. She looked so bowed, so humbled, that he could not find it in his heart to reproach her for having avoided him earlier.

"I wanted to be near you," she whispered. "I—I am frightened, Philip. I am terrified by the unknown. Somehow on the rock our dangers were measurable; here we shall soon be swallowed up among a whole lot of people."

They heard Coke's gruff order to the watch to clear the falls of the jollyboat. The Unsers Fritz was going dead slow. On the starboard side were the lights of a large town, but the opposite shore was somber and vague.

"Are we going to land at once in a small boat?" said Iris timidly. "I fancy there is a new move on foot. A gunboat is moored half a mile downstream. You missed her because your back was turned. She has steamed up and could slip her cables in a minute. They saw her from the bridge, of course, but I did not report her, as there was a chance that my hall might be heard, and we came in so confidently that we are looked on as a local trader."

He took her by the arm with that masterful gentleness that is so comforting to a woman when danger is rife. They reached the bridge. Some sailors were lowering a boat as quietly as possible.

Dom Corria approached with outstretched hand. "Goodby, Miss Yorke," he said. "I am leaving you for a few hours, not longer. When next we meet I ought to have a sure grip of the presidential ladder, and I shall climb quickly. Won't you wish me luck?"

"I wish you all good fortune, Dom Corria," said Iris. "May your plans succeed without bloodshed." "Ah, this is South America, remember. Our conflicts are usually short and fierce. Au revoir, Mr. Hozier. By daybreak we shall be better friends."

San Benavides also bade them farewell with an easy grace not wholly devoid of melodramatic pathos. The dandy and the man of rags climbed down a rope ladder, the boat fell away from the ship's side, and the night took them.

"Mr. Hozier!" cried Coke. "Yes, sir." "Is all clear forrard to let go anchor?" "Yes, sir." "Give her thirty. You go and see to it, will you?" Hozier made off at a run.

Iris recalled the last time she heard similar words. She shuddered. Would that placid foreshore blaze out into a roar of artillery and the wornout Unsers Fritz, like the wornout Andromeda, stagger and lurch into a watery grave?

(To Be Continued.)

OLD TESTAMENT TIMES BROOKLYN TABERNACLE BIBLE STUDIES

A KING SOLD HIMSELF 1 Kings 21—February 26

"Take heed and beware of covetousness—which is idolatry."—Luke 12:15; Col. 3:5.

TO King Ahab Elijah said, "Thou hast sold thyself to work evil in the sight of the Lord." The effects of the drouth gradually disappeared, but its salutary lesson remained with the King and with the people to a considerable extent. The true God had some recognition. Baal's influence was considerably broken. Queen Jezebel evidently relented concerning her threat against Elijah. He returned and founded various Schools of the Prophets in Israel, himself being the master-spirit amongst them.

Our present lesson shows the meanness of covetousness and the awful power of a wicked woman. Ahab had two fine palaces; one of them, at Jezreel, was an "Ivory" palace, but even its possession did not make the King happy. He desired to attach to it a fine vineyard owned by Naboth. He sent word of his desires, offering to purchase with money or to trade for it another vineyard. Naboth, asserting his rights, declined to sell for any price.

As a result the King was disappointed, heart-sick, vexed, pouty. He had allowed covetousness to grow in his heart. He wanted that vineyard. He was King. "Why sorrowful, O King?"

So it was very displeasing to Naboth to refuse to take a liberal price for it. Naboth declared as his objection that the Lord's regulations forbade that he should sell his family inheritance. Apparently it was a hopeless case and Ahab, solemn and sour, lay abed, refusing food.

Covetousness in Action Then entered Jezebel the Queen, inquiring the cause of his sorrow. Hearing it she answered, I will give it to you. Forthwith she wrote letters to the chief men of the city, signing the letters with her husband's seal. With brutal frankness the letters told the select men of the city what was desired of them.

(1) They were to make a mockery of religion by keeping a fast. (2) They were to act hypocritically to their neighbor Naboth by giving him the most prominent place of honor at the fast. (3) They were to provide two worthless scamps (presumably by bribery) who would take the appropriate time in the fast to take their places near Naboth and then, with feigned religious fervor, protest against him and denounce him as a blasphemer of God and the King, corroborated by other with sworn testimony that they had heard the blasphemy with their own ears.

(4) The penalty of blasphemy was recognized to be that of stoning and the decree was to be carried out and Naboth thus to be gotten rid of.

If we are inclined to feel or speak strongly of the wicked course of Jezebel, as we should, let us not forget that some similar practices prevail in our day. True, no one today could be stoned to death at the suggestion of a Queen in civilized lands. Nevertheless, people have been heard to express the wish that they had lived in former times, so as to have had an opportunity for stoning those who they disliked. But take a case in point: Suppose a man conducting a successful business. Suppose covetous neighbors set up a competing business, as they would have a full right to do. But suppose, then, that one of the other, coveting the whole trade, were to attempt sharp practices in business, selling commodities at below cost, interfering with the other's credit at the bank, or slandering the other, would not this be covetousness in action—covetousness of the same kind which King Ahab entertained? And would it not be reprehensible in God's sight? And dare any who respect the Lord, so thoroughly neglect the Golden Rule of his Word?

Another illustration: A storekeeper doing a good business was offered a certain commodity at a less price than he had been paying under a three-years' contract. He accepted. The party who had been selling him this commodity in the past was angry, covetous of the trade. He set up a competing business and sold goods at a loss, as he could afford to do, being wealthy and able to conduct a business for lack of business. Then the store was closed down, because it had effected its work as a business assassin. It had killed Naboth. Indeed, covetousness and Jezebel methods, adapted to present-day conditions, prevail much more generally than the majority of people suppose and chide to neglect for very rich, who have enough and to spare, but who covet their neighbors' stocks and bonds, gold and silver, etc. If God denounced Ahab as having sold himself to iniquity, what would the Lord's verdict be on some of the customs of our day, which has so much greater degree of light and knowledge than Ahab possessed?

"That Woman Jezebel" As per instructions, word was at once sent, which came to the hands of Jezebel, saying that Naboth was dead, as per the King's word. The Queen then said to her sullen lord, Arise, take possession of the vineyard of Naboth; he is dead.

The King seems to have had no qualms of conscience, but to have been in some respects as bad as the Queen, but with less courage. At all events he proceeded to take possession of the vineyard—as though he did not recognize that there is a God of Justice to whom he must ultimately account.

Then Elijah, under Divine direction, went forth to meet the King and, by the Lord's command, said, "Hast thou killed and also taken possession? In the place where the dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood." And this prophecy was fulfilled to the letter very shortly after. Note, however, the King's attitude and how included he was, as he were, to ignore the Lord and to think merely of the Prophet.

Ahab accosted Elijah, saying, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" He received the answer, "I have found thee because thou hast sold thyself to work evil in the sight of the Lord."

Covetousness is one of the most crying evils of our day. It is causing more heartaches and trouble of every kind, perhaps, than any other sin.

"In palaces are hearts that ask, In discontent and pride, Why life is such a weary task, And all good things denied; And hearts in poorest huts admire How Love has in their aid; Love that doth ever seem to tire—Such rich provision made."

A good man isn't always clever and a clever man isn't always good.

THE FUTURE OF FLYING.

Predicted That Monoplane Will Soon Be Practical For Travel.

(Claude Grahame-White, in London Times.)

The advancement of the aeroplane has been checked by three defects in the machines themselves. These I may enumerate as follows:

- 1. Inability to combat winds. 2. Constructional weakness. 3. Unreliability of engines.

These defects, which made aeroplanes mere playthings in their early stages of development, are already being overcome in an altogether surprising way.

Next summer, practically for the first time in a complete and finished way, people will be able to enjoy the sensations of air travel. Ready for trials in the spring will be the first of a type of machine one might call "the air car." It will be a strongly built monoplane. A 100-horse-power engine will propel it. It will have a body like that of a motor car, with four comfortably padded seats, well protected from the wind. There is no reason at all why any motorist should not purchase such a machine as this, have an "aerial chauffeur" instructed to pilot it, if he does not want to learn to drive himself and enjoy aeroplaning in a thoroughly practical way.

In its sporting aspect, I foresee that flying will enjoy an even greater vogue than motoring. The reason is not far to seek. Motor car driving, even in its most favorable aspects, cannot be compared with flying. There is a sense of freedom—an exhilaration—in passing swiftly through the air that never comes to one when driving a car. I speak from experience again, having done more than a little motoring. Directly a more convenient, less bulky machine can be produced, what one might call the public demand, for an aeroplane will begin.

The demand of the age is for high-speed travel. The possibilities of land locomotion, in this respect, are almost exhausted. So, too, are those of sea transit. And now, conveniently to hand when mankind wants it, is the air travel. I do not see one insurmountable difficulty in the way of completely revolutionizing, by means of the aeroplane, all existing methods of communication.

THE GIRL A GREAT FIGHTER. She Starts a Newspaper After Getting Her Town Partly Cleaned.

West Hammond, Ind., Feb. 15.—The Searchlight, a semi-weekly newspaper published by Miss Virginia Brooks, will make its initial appearance tomorrow and will declare editorially that the editor will continue the publication regardless of expenses till corruption is driven out of this city.

Miss Brooks, who is known as the Joan of Arc of West Hammond, has been making a campaign against graft and other phases of official corruption in this city for two years and at the last election was the most potent factor in changing conditions by driving out some officials and voting in others. She is 22 years of age, a property owner and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of reform.

When Miss Brooks began her campaign two years ago her first assaults were made upon gambling and she forced the local officers to make raids on gambling houses and arrest gamblers till she has rid the town of them. She has been greatly instrumental in riding the town of other criminals and she now proposes to proceed against delinquent officials and expose graft in taxes and to expose those who have gained control of property by questionable means.

Life Saved at Death's Door. "I never felt so near my grave," writes W. R. Patterson, of Wellington, Tex., as when a frightful cough and lung trouble pulled me down to 100 pounds, in spite of doctor's treatment for two years. My father, mother and two sisters died of consumption, and that I am alive today is due solely to Dr. King's New Discovery, which completely cured me. Now I weigh 187 pounds and have been well and strong for years." Quick, safe, sure, it's the best remedy on earth for coughs, colds, lagrippe, asthma, croup, and all throat and lung troubles. 50c. and \$1. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Sibert's Drug Store.

The legislature seems to think that the supreme court would be a better judge of "men learned in the law" than the governor. And, when you come to think of it, that is a very sensible conclusion.—Anderson Mail.

Tortured for 15 Years By a curd-defying stomach trouble that baffled doctors, and resisted all remedies he tried, John W. McJers, of Modittsville, Mich., seemed doomed. He had to sell his farm and give up work. His neighbors said, "he can't live much longer." Whatever I ate distressed me," he wrote, "I tried Electric Bitters, which worked such wonders for me that I can now eat things I could not take for years. It's surely a grand remedy for stomach trouble." Just as good for the liver and kidneys. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50c. at Sibert's Drug Store.

Looking back over a period of 20 years' experience with hot-beds, the writer cannot recall a failure; that is a case where a bed froze out, burned out, or refused to heat up after being made up. Such a record is not a case of luck, it is the result of well tried methods, faithfully carried out. In a hotbed we want a mild heat, of long duration, and as nearly uniform from one end to the other as possible. To get these qualities, it will pay any operator to go to considerable trouble as, without them, the whole work may be in vain. We believe in, and practice, pre-heating; That is, the material is first piled up to heat, and allowed to heat thoroughly. It is thereby reduced in bulk, more pilable, will pack better and settle less.

When building beds, we shake the manure out thoroughly to get it even, fine, and well mixed; the more evenly it is shaken up, the more air will be imbedded, which means more heat. After a bed is made up, it is immediately covered with sash, and shutters if needed, to retain the heat. It is then allowed to re-heat, say 48 hours, when, if thoroughly hot, we open, tramp down carefully, and if any soft spots are found, carefully level them. Then the soil is put in; we never use more than four inches in depth, which is ample for all purposes. For best results, the soil should be rather dry. It will absorb plenty of moisture in a few days and be just right, where a wet soil would become unfit for work.

We allow a bed to decline in heat for a week or 10 days, before planting; generally we wait until a good crop of weeds appear. Where there is the least danger of surface water, we build on top of ground, as water will destroy the heat as readily as it will put out a fire. A hotbed site should be well drained. We have used all styles of hotbeds—sunk entirely into the ground, partly, and entirely above ground. In cold localities and where manure is scarce, it is a good plan to go below the surface.

At present we have plenty of fresh manure, and after it has been used it is just in the right condition to top-dress in the summer by running it out with a manure spreader—hence we build entirely above ground one bed close to the other—allowing only 20-inch walks, which makes one solid block all uniformly warm. The frames are all 1-inch pine boards, the front only 8 inches, the back 12 inches; each frame for five sash. Thus we get along with the minimum amount of lumber, and the frames are movable anywhere. When a crop of plants is to be hardened off, we not only remove the sash, but carry the frame away entirely. And when all is over in June, the manure spreader cleans up the material and the land is planted to head lettuce, cauliflower, or celery, to recover any leached out fertility.

As regards cross bars for the sash to slide on, we have never used any, the main objection to these being the shade they cast, thus very much reducing the efficiency of a frame. There is too much wood in sash already. With regard to ventilating, our first moves are sideways, that is, we allow the center sash to remain, and slide both sash on each side, sideways, an inch or two to admit light and air between the sash. When more air is needed the ends are propped up. We are thus able to produce absolutely uniform results from end to end. Where manure must be stored to have a supply at the proper time, the best method is to have livestock tramp it solid as fast as hauled.—Marketman in American Florist.

"A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Liniment and bound on to the affected parts is superior to any plaster. When troubled with lame back or pains in the side or chest give it a trial and you are certain to be more than pleased with the prompt relief which it affords. Sold by all dealers." This is probably about as good a time as the State House dome will find to fall.—Manning Times.

Remember the Name Foley's Honey and Tar for all coughs and colds, croup, bronchitis, hoarseness and for racking lagrippe coughs. No opiates. Refuse substitutes. W. W. Sibert.

It is hard for New Orleans to see the hand of the Lord in that exposition deal.—Omaha Bee.

How to cure a cold is a question in which many are interested just now. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has won its great reputation and immense sale by its remarkable cure of colds. It can always be depended upon. For sale by all dealers.

No irrepressible conflict in sight looks as threatening as that of the Democrats on the tariff question.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Foley's Kidney Pills are a reliable remedy for backache, rheumatism and urinary irregularities. They are tonic in action, quick in results and afford a prompt relief from all kidney disorders. W. W. Sibert.