

BY
STEWART EDWARD WHITE
AND
SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS
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"Well, that's all settled then, isn't it?
What more do you want?"
I stood undecided.
"I can take care of myself," he went
on. "You ought to take care of yourself.
Then there's nothing more to do."
He said no more.
"You have a gun, of course?" he in-
quired. "I forgot to ask."
"No."
He whistled.
"Well, no wonder you feel sort of lost
and hopeless! Here, take this, it'll make
a man of you."
He gave me a Colt's .45, the barrel
of which had been filed down to about two
inches of length.
"Here's your weapon, but effective at short
range."
"Here's a few loose cartridges," said
he. "Now get on. This is no warship.
You've got men to experiment on.
Lick 'em with your fists or a pin, if you can;
and if you do shoot, for God's sake
just keep your finger off the trigger's awful
bad, but a little restless."
I took the gun and felt better. With it
I could easily handle the members of my
own party. I did not doubt that with
the assistance of Percy Darwell even a
surprise would hardly overawe us. I
remembered that Dr. Schermerhorn had
been a member of the "Army" and himself in
a good count of the first shot.

against one of them was a wreck, not so very old, head on, her afterwards gone. I recognized the name Golden Horn, and the date, 1876, on the ramparts of the fort against this unknown island. Far up the coast I could see—with the surges dashing up like the explosion of shells, and the smoke and the rampart—bold promontory terminated the coast view to the north, and behind it I could glimpse a more fertile plain, and a bold volcanic cone, partially overcast by the volcanic murr. It fled before the Trades, and the red sun alternately blazed and clouded through it.

As there were no boats, we went ashore, turned above the hollow of our cove, skirted the base of the hill, and so down to the beach.

The occupiers were wide-spread where the hills drew back. The flat was dry and grown with thick, coarse grass. A stream emerged from a sort of canon on its landward side. We tested it, found it sulphurous, and tried to drink it.

A little nearer the cliff, however, was a clear, cold spring from the rock, and of this I had a satisfying drink. When I came to the crest of the hill, I saw a small animal on the hill crest looking at me; but before I could distinguish its characteristics it had disappeared.

I walked along the tide sands. The surf dashed and roared, lifting seaweeds of a blood red, such as in places the water took pink. Seals innumerable watched

This was at once varied and of great beauty, the sky being a smooth, glassed colour of most rock, and the south, green like you've seen painters' palettes—it was just like that, pasty and flat. There were reds and blues and greens, and a little of a red amber—greens, from sea-green to emerald; several kinds of blue, and an indeterminate purple-mauve. The whole effect was splendid, and I was glad to see Darrow nod and gasped as it hit our eyes. Darrow alone was unmoved. He led the way forward and in an instant had disappeared.

"That's all right," said Perodina hunch back murmuring, but at a sharp word from me gathered their courage in their two hands and proceeded.

"I told you that the first veil of steam, and a fearful stretch of gases, proceeded from a miniature crater whose edge was heavily encrusted with white, and that the hill, which was the rim of the crater, was another. Between the two Percy Darrow had stopped and was waiting.

He eyed us with his lazy, half-quizzical glance.

"Think the place is going to blow up?" he inquired, with a tinge of irony. "Well, it isn't." He turned to me. "You're a little nervous, aren't you? Well, you and the men are to cut a number of these pine trees for a house. Better pick out the little ones, about the size of your pocket, and cut them in half, and use the halves as

"Here we will build the stockade," he announced.

"Darrow and I stared at each other for dead."

"What for, sir?" inquired the assistant.

"I haf come to be undisturbed," replied the doctor, "and you are like-like gravity, and I will not be disturbed."

Darrow nodded to me and drew his hands aside; they conveyed their earnestly several minutes. Then the assistant returned to me.

"No use," he shrugged in complete indifference.

"You talk in different manner," "Stockade!" Better make it of fourteen foot planks, slanted out. Dig a trench across, and plant your logs three or four feet deep, and so on." He gave me the specification.

"But," I expostulated, "what's the use of it? Even if the men were dangerous, what would I think you mean by making something to guard?"

"I know that. Orders," replied Percy Darrow.

We built the stockade in a day. When finished we marched to the beach. And never, save in the three instances of which I shall tell you, did I see the valley again. The next day was Wednesday, and I moved ashore with all our belongings.

"I'm not going to leave you here positively," said Captain Sawyer cheerily. "He himself has got to clean her." He himself stayed, however,

"To your vessel, this time without a word to any of us," he said, and he told us to follow him in early and alert like the d. I've become entangled in a mesh of days and nights, and I can't get it straightened out. I accomplished, but in which was no space anything but the tasks imposed upon the men for the most much work!"

"Por Dios, eet is too much work!" said Perdoxa once.

"Why don't you kick to the Old Man, and tell him to get out of the ship?"

"He silence that followed, and the sullenness with Perdoxa readressed himself to his work, was significant enough in the Old Man's past relations with the crew."

"And how we did clean her! We stripped of every stitch and silver until she was as bare as a bone, even the brasses and running rigging aye. I understand now the crew's grumbling. We really went at her with a nail brush."

"He built her up from the wreck, and he had reached this period. He and the engineer and Perdoxa had long since finished the installation of the permanent camp. He had built both from the wreck, selecting stateroom doors for the sides, and hatches for the roofs, huge and solid, and iron rings in them. The bronze and brass fittings were all in place, and the glimpses of the coast through the network; rich inlaying of woods surrounded us. We set up on a sodd rock the galley

[illegible]

they sucked the blood with their
s. When they aren't women, they
e shape of big bats like birds." He
to me with a beautiful, casual
that I wanted to clap him on the
with the joy of it.

the way, Eagen, have you noticed
big bats the last few evenings, over
? I can't make out in the dusk
or they are vampires or just plain
He directed his remarks again to
Dagger. "Next time you see any
of big bats, Doctor, just you look close.
Have just plain, black eyes, they're
not; but if they have grey eyes, with
as around them, they're vampires.
I'd let me know, if you find out,
teresting."

"I get me near no bats," growled
ager.

"See's Selover?" inquired Darrow.
says to Selover?" I hastened to say.
ta to keep an eye on the ship."

"It's audible. What have you seen,
?"

"I've been cleaning ship. Just finished
day evening."

"At next?"

"I was thinking of wrecking it,"
the Horn."

"Right right. Well, if you want any
with your engines or anything of the
kind on me."

"I suppose and best to fix his lantern.
I hope so. You're venturing on a small
boat above," the ventured Handy Sol-
insuasitively.

The Island

I came on deck one morning at about five o'clock. I found the entire ship's company asleep. Even the doctor was there. Everybody was gazing eagerly at a narrow, mountainous island lying slate-coloured in the distance.

"We were as yet some twenty miles distant from it, and could make out nothing but its general outline. The latter was a long, thin, jagged ridge, falling to a highest point one side of the middle. Over the island, and raggedly clasping its sides, hung a cloud, the only one in sight."

"I joined the afterguard."

"'You see,'" the doctor was exclaiming, "it is as I have said. The island is there. Everybody can see it should be!" He was quite excited.

Percy Darrow, too, was shaken out of his ordinary calm.

"It should be," he exclaimed, "was his only comment, but it captured the ragged cloud, 'You say there's a harbour?' inquired Captain Selover."

"It should be on the west end," said Dr. Schernerhorn.

Captain Selover drew me on one side. He, too, was a little aroused.

"No," we said, "it is not you?" he quipped. "Doctor runs up against a Norwegian bum who tells him about a volcanic island, and gives its bearings. The island is not there, but he believes it, and makes me lay my course for those bearings. And here's the island! So the bum's rest of it was true! I'd like to know what the rest of it was!" His eyes were burning.

"Do we anchor or stand off and on?" I asked.

Captain Selover turned to grip me by the shoulder.

"I have orders from Darrow to get a good berth, to land, to build shore quarters, and to snug down for a stay of a year or so."

spicy as an incensed cathedral. I then seen the Nigger boiling beans over a fire of scrubbed wood fragrant as the first of a chop.

"I undressed the Laughing Lame, when we painted her, and roised and roised her, making rigging and rigging, and her manning her, and her masts, and she careened her and scraped and scaped her below."

"When the white finished, we had her anchor chain dealt to us in fathoms; and scraped, pounded and polished that. These were indeed days full of labour. I being bound, the getting of the water was a little of what was about us. I saw the open sea and the waves tumbling over the reef outside. We saw the sun and the moon and the stars, and the surf with its watching seals and the curve of yellow sands. We saw the steep of coast and the downs and the deep of the water, and the white of the reef, and the magnificence, and that was all; and we constituted our world."

"In the evening sometimes we went in the boat, and sat at the edge of the beach. There we sat at ease and smoked our pipes in silence, too tired to talk. Even Handy Solomon's song was wistful. The waves made strange wavings of white hands, bendings of figures, callings of voices, rustling of feet. We knew them when they were not the less mysterious for that."

"Logically Captain Selover and I should have passed most of our evenings together, on a matter of fact we so spent very few. I was in the dusk the captain invariably showed himself out to his beloved schooner, and I was in the dusk the captain could see his light now in one place or now in the other. The men claimed he was scrubbing her teeth. "Old Scrub" called him to his back; never Captain Selover."

"Well, they don't know that. For God's sake, don't let them see you've lost your nerve!" He did not even voice the accusation. "Put up a front." He shook his head. The sand had completely run out. He knew that yet I am not sure if he could have felt the ebb and roll of the deck beneath him. He would have faced three times the odds as he now faced. He would have been a workman of the keeping of keepers as men at work.

"You can wreck the Golden Horn," I cried, "if you want to know whether there's anything left worth salvage; but it'll be nothing to do."

"I clapped me on the shoulder.

"Good!" he cried, "I never thought of anything."

"Nothing," said I. "You better better them a day off a week. That's all there is and it'll waste just that much time."

"All right," agreed Captain Selover.

"Anything else? You know I'm not so sure as I am that I'm not to judge."

"But you'd better lay me off. It'll be so much more for the others."

"That's true," said he.

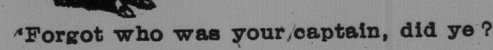
"You can't help him for what he's done to him to be. He groped, as one in dark; or as a sea animal taken out of its element and placed on land; or as a man in a place (fear; decision; wavering; and singleness of purpose) a divided counsel. He who had so roughly determined the course of his life, so roughly advised me of a man with experience."

"That evening I sat apart considerably disturbed. I was not ground him. I was not to be beneath my feet. To be sure, everything was tranquil at present; but I understood the source of that tranquility."

of it until it disappeared in the
we followed the sea; over against
the sky was the dull threatening
of the volcano; about us were
various noises of crying birds, barking
howling animals, and the low
wailing ghosts of all the old world's
cities swirling madly behind us in
eddies that twisted the smoke of our
wrecked the Golden Horn. Forward
rusted-out donkey engine, which we
to pieces and put together again. It
mean just the same running parts
to be cleaned smooth, and with the
vision of a rudimentary knowledge on
part of Dzul and Perdosa, who were
in fact, I should not have
indeed at all had it not been for Percy
and his lantern. The first even-
ing took hold on to the cliff's edge
looked aloud
"Come, boys, how could you guess it all,"
he wondered.
With a few brief remarks he set us right,
Perdosa, and I listening intently;
there indifferent in the hopelessness
unable to comprehend. Of course,
the wrong was in our new world's
elements; but Darrow was down two
times a week, and gradually we
towards a practical result, but a few
explanations were necessary
things. After they were finished, we
turned to the fire.

When we came gradually to a better
acquaintance with the doctor's assistant,
any respects he remained always
to me. Certainly the men never
were so debilitated as they were
utterly unafraid of them, but genuinely
coherent to them.

He displayed a certain interest in
things and affairs. His practical
ledge was enormous. I think I have
you the completeness of his arrange-



We stared at each other.

"Joyous prospect," I muttered. "Hope to see the end of this."

The morning wore, and we rapidly approached the island. It proved to be utterly precipitous. The high rounded hills rose steeply east to the sea, and then or so of the water and then fell away abruptly. Where the earth ended was a fantastic, fligree border, like the fancy-work line the pantry shelves. Below, the cliffs surges flung themselves against the cliffs with a wild abandon. The thousands of sea birds, the edge of the cliff, the thousands of ravens perched on the slopes. With our glasses we could make out the heads of seals flapping outside the surf, and the long, long belt of kelp.

When within a mile we put the helm up, and ran for the west end. A bold point of land, a long, low, and narrow, was by a straying ledge. Then we came in sight of a broad beach and pounding surf.

I was ordered to take a surf boat and in a few minutes we were in an anchorage. The swell was running high. We rowed back and forth, puzzled as to how to get ashore with all the freight it would have to carry. The water was running so well enough, for the only open exposure was broken by a long reef over which we could make out the sea tumbling smoothly, swiftly—then suddenly fell forward as above a ledge, and spread with a roar across the yellow sands. The freight was lowered, and we came ashore, converted in about a minute.

"We can surf the boat," yelled the Thrashers, "but we can't land a load."

"That was my opinion," I said, "and I also said to go to the shore, and just out along the line of breakers."

I don't know exactly how to tell you the manner in which we were in the face of the sea as can be imagined. One minute I looked ahead on a cliff as unbroken as the side of a mountain. The next minute I was in the length of a cove fifty fathoms long by about ten wide, at the end of which was a gravel beach. I cried out sharply to the men.

"We backed water, watching closely. At a given point the cove and all trace of its entrance disappeared. The water came just out of the hole, where the cliffs dissolved into the background of the cliffs, and that merely because we knew of its existence. The blending was perfect."

We rowed in. The water was still

could make out others playing, darting back and forth, up and down like disturbed tadpoles, clinging to the water's surface. The very instant of its fall, the appearance of a shadow rippled out. The salt water of seaweed was in my nostrils: I found the place pleasant.

With these few scattered impressions I returned to the ship. It had been warped to a secure anchorage, and snuggled down. Dr. Schermerhorn and Darrow were on deck waiting to go ashore. The two passengers returned shipboard. The two passengers disappeared. They carried lunch and would not be back until nightfall. We had ordered to pitch a large net at a suitable spot for scientific effects. By the time this was accomplished, the two had returned.

"It's all right," Darrow volunteered. "Captain Solover, as he came over the side." "We've found what we want."

Their clothes were picked by brush. Their boots muddy. Next morning Captain Solover detailed me to special work.

"You'll take two of the men and go ashore under Darrow's orders," he said. "I'll be with you. You'll have a day, a week, an axe, a pick, and a block and tackle. We made up our ditty bag, stepped into one of the rowing boats, and took the lead. There Darrow at our back the lead.

Our way proceeded across the grass flat through the opening of the narrow arroyo. We stepped into the interior by way of the bed through which flowed the sulphur stream. The country was badly eroded. The bed of the stream was a series of steep perpendicular clay banks about forty feet high. These were occasionally broken by smaller tributary arroyos of the same material. It would have been impossible to reach the level of the upper country. The bed of the main arroyo was flat, a growth with grasses and herbage. The water of the stream was so shallow as to suppose to the sulphur water. The stream its meandered aimlessly through the broad bed of the stream. It steadily grew more noticeable. Above the stream, the water was so shallow that we could see the sky and the sharp edge of the arroyo. I noticed the first

I forgot who was your captain, did I?

We set to work then in the morning, steaming valley with the purring swishing of engines sometimes concealing us, sometimes half revealing us gigantic, again in the utterness of exposure showing us dwarfed by the magnitude of the mountain about us. The labour was not difficult. By the time Darrow returned we had a pile of the saplings ready for his inspection.

He was accompanied by the Nigger, very much terrified, very much burdened with food and cooking utensils, the massive wooden bowls, the woados, a glimmer of mischief in his eyes.

CHAPTER XIV.

Captain Selover Loses his Nerve.

I lived in the place three weeks. We were almost shortly after daybreak, under way by sun-up, and at work before the heats began. Three of us worked on the buildings, and the rest formed a patrol party, one man each from the shore to the valley. The men grumbled fiercely at this, but Captain Selover drove them with slight regard for their opinions.

"You're getting double pay," was his only word, "earn it!"

The heat came on it during those three weeks. The things they brought up were astounding. Besides a lot of scientific apparatus and chests of chemicals, supplies, everything that could possibly be required, had been provided by that omniscient young man. After we had built a long, low structure, windows were built in the walls, tables, sinks, faucets, forges, burners, all cut out, fitted and ready to put together, each with its proper screws, nails, clamps, or pipes ready to our hands. When we had finished, we constructed as completely a laboratory or small scale as you could find on a college campus—even better equipped than the best-equipped, and delicate microscopic experiments, hot and cold water led from the springs. And we were utterly unshaken by the heat.

I was toward the last engaged in screwing on a fixture for the generation of acetylene gas.

"There's no one thing," said

place of tones, spread our blankets, and built an unnecessary fire near the beach. "Clean her!" grumbled Thrackles, "my eye!"

"And rather round the Cape," growled Puzl hopelessly.

"Come, now, it can't be as bad as all that," I tried to cheer them. "It can't be as bad as the wreck or ten day's journey, even if we careen her."

"You don't know what you're talking about," said Thrackles. "It's worse than the yellow fever, it's worse than the black-birds. Mind when we last 'cleared her'" he inquired of Handy Solomon.

"You can kiss the Book of the Lord," replied he, "and I'll tell you that little wreck of a sand island. My eye, but don't I remember! I sweated my liver white."

They smothered in silence.

"That's a main queer contrivance of the Perfesser's that stockade-like," ventured Solomon, after a little.

"He doesn't want any intrusion," I said. "These scientific experiments are very delicate."

"Quite like," he commented non-committally.

We slept on the ground that night, and next morning, under Captain Solover's directions, we commenced to carry over the wreck-ship. He detailed the Nigger and Perdosa for shore quarters.

"I'll just see to your shore quarters," he squealed.

"All right," we roved back and forth from the ship to the cove, landing the contents of the hold. These, by good fortune, were all that have come ashore from the wreck of land, for just above the gravel beach was a wide ledge on which we could pile the stores. We ate and drank, and then, as the day wore on, we returned to the ship. Captain Solover and his men were about, until evening. Then we discovered that they had collected and lowered the contents of the stateroom doors from the wreck, and had trundled the galley stove to the edge where it awaited our assistance.

"You can't draw cable to the ship," he got it to draw, and so coaxed us into supererogation. Captain Solover roved himself back to the ship.

portunity would come more scheming
re speculation, more cupidity. How
I to meet it, with none to back me
a scared man, an absorbed man, and
indifferent man?

CHAPTER XV.

Wrecking of the Golden Horn.


Every Darrow, unexpected, made his
visit to us the very next evening. He
entered in with a Mexican corn-lunk
cigarette between his lips, carrying a
tern; blew the light out, and sat down
in a careless greeting, as though he had
in us only the day before.

"Hullo, boys," said he, "been busy?"

"How are ye, sir?" replied Handy
Homon. "Good Lord, mate, look at
this!"

Our eyes followed the direction of his
reflexing. Against the dark blue of the
burning sky northward glowed a faint
phosphorescence, arch-shaped, from which

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faint ebb and flow whispered against the tiny gravel beach. The water came from the cliff, and from the cliff down again to the beach. Everything was perfect. The water was a beautiful, clear, pale blue, semi-opaque glass, and from the indistinctness of its depths waved and becomen rose and disappeared. The water was full of little green, yellow, and brown feathery seaweeds. In a moment the bottom abruptly shallowed. The motion of the boat toward the beach perceived, the water began to stir, and a little fish darting, of big fish turning, of yellow sand and some vivid green. Then came the grate of gravel and the scraping of the boat's bottom on the beach.

We jumped ashore eagerly. I left to my very reluctant, and somewhat nervous, a high spruce tree, and went on which were the great Grades. Grass sprang knee-high. A low hill rose at the back. From below the fall of the cliff came the pouring of the sea.

I walked to the edge. Various ledges sloping toward me, ran down to the

After a mile of this, the bottom ran nearly to the level of the sides, and the hills were now all small and rounded, almost surrounded by more hills. It was an extraordinary place, and something had happened there. I must have gone to the wrong place.

It was round and nearly encircled by naked painted hills. From their floor came steam, and a roaring wind came from the hills, rising among the pine trees on the floor; rose to eddy about the painted hills. At one end we saw into a mountain, a black, black, black, black, black, black—ending in the cone of a smoking volcano. The other seemed quite closed by the sheer hills; in fact the exit was the route by which we had come.

For the hills were utterly precipitous. I suppose a man might climb them, but the inequalities, but it would have required long study and a careful hand. I myself later worked my way a short distance

you've overlooked; you forgot to bring a weather-vane and a gill weather-cock for this concern."

"The laboratory was completed, we put up sleeping quarters for the two men with wide porches well screened, and a large hall for the baggage. By the end of the third week we had quite finished."

Dr. Schermerhorn had turned with enthusiasm to the unpacking of his chemicals and instruments, and at last, when he came close to the freight-carrying, he had appeared, lugger his precious chest, this time suffering the same fate as the others. "I am not on the spot," we could not induce him to leave, so we put up a cot for him. Darrow remained with him until the next day, when he had to measure, I believe, he had taken. Not that all the work was finished, the doctor put in a sudden appearance.

"I am not on the spot," "now we will have the defence built."

He dragged us with him to the narrow part of the arroyo, just before it rose to the level of the valley.

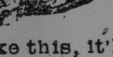
"Eagen," he had said, drawing me aside, "I'm going to leave you with them. If I can't get them to agree, I think as owner I ought to be aboard."

"Of course, sir," said, "I'll be the only proper place for you to think so," he rejoined, apparently relieved. "And anyway," he cried, with a burst of feeling, "I hate the gritty feeling of it under my feet. Solid oak's the only walking for a man."

He left me hastily, as though a teacher ashamed. I thought he seemed depressed. I was not, however, in a position to analyze. I could discover nothing definite on which to base such a conclusion.

There was a great deal of difference from the man I had known. In my fatigue it seemed hardly worth thinking about. The men had rolled themselves in their blankets and were sleeping peacefully.

Next morning Captain Solover was ashore early. He had quite recovered his spirit, and offered me a drink of rum. I worked hard again; again the master returned at



"Take this, it'll make
stead of dropping to his place, he straddled
the fire, stretching his arms over his head.
He let them fall with a sharp exhalation:
" 'Lay aloft, lay aloft; the jolly boys are cried.
Blow high, blow low, what care we
' Look ahead! Look astern, look a windward,
look a lee."
Down on the coast of the high
"Barbaree-e."
The effect was electrical. We all sprang
to our feet and fell talking at once.
"By God, we're through!" cried Pulz.
"T'is clean forgot it!"
The Niger's piled on more wood. We
drew closer about the fire. All the interests
in life, so long held in the background,
leaped forward, eager for redemption. We
spoke of trivialities almost for the first
time since our landing, fused into a

to a man of you."

shot, with pulsating regularity, long shafts of light. They beat almost to the zenith, and back again, a wild dozen times, then the whole illumination disappeared with the suddenness of gas turned out.

"I wonder what that might be!" marvelled Thrackles.

"Northern lights," hazarded Poldy. "I've seen them almost like that in the Behring Sea."

"Northern lights your eye!" sneered handy Solomon. "You may have seen them in the Behring Sea, but never this far south, and in August, and you can kiss the Book on that."

"What do you think, sir?" Thrackles inquired of the assistant.

"Devil's fire," replied Percy Darrow briefly. "The island's a little queer. I've noticed it before."

er, just as the cocoa is served.
(To be continued.)

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economical. This excellent Cocoa
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health, and enables it to resist
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Barbara—e-e—

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COCOA

Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers
in $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. and $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb Tins.