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THE MESSAGE

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Wheel of Fortune," "The Captain of the Kansas," etc.

(Continued).

"Yes," she said, and her voice was tense with the effort to keep it from breaking, "He is in league with the men of Oku. I knew it, and Captain Warden warned the authorities at home about him, but no one here would listen. Oh, Mr. Hume, it is a dreadful thing to say, but rather than fall into that man's power I would kill myself."

"You surely don't imagine that we would agree to those terms, do you?"

Hume was almost indignant, but Evelyn flung herself on her knees and lifted her clasped hands in agony to the star-studded sky.

"What else can I do?" she wailed. "My life is broken. I have nothing left to live for. If I refuse this offer of peace, it means that all your lives are forfeit—yours and your wife's, and Lord Fairholme's, and those of the officers and men who came here in the launch from Ibi. Tell him I agree. I will go to this mon. But make the chief promise to spare you and the others. I must know first that you are safe. Then—O God, pardon me! —then—I—"

"My dear girl—which of us would purchase a few more hours of life at such a [illegible]e?"

"[illegible]ut you do not understand," she [illegible] forth. "If the death of one can [illegible] why shouldn't the one die? [illegible]pe to resist these men; there [illegible]s of them. And unless I [illegible]n hand, they may capture [illegible] have given your[illegible] Oh, pity [illegible] let me be [illegible] the few [illegible]er tears. [illegible]ffled the [illegible] for mercy [illegible]owered as [illegible]n a blow, and wept pitifully. [illegible]voice rang out from the com[illegible]irectly in front of where she [illegible]s the opening syllables reached [illegible], through she understood no word [illegible] was uttered, her surcharged brain harbored a new dread, for the man who was speaking spoke in Warden's voice—Warden, whom she had learned to regard as dead these months! She swept away the tears that blurred her vision, and peered through the rails of the veranda, but she saw only a cloaked Arab who had stepped forth into the moonlight, and was now addressing stern warnings to the amazed Loanda. And fantasy played her distracted senses another strange trick. The face of the native chief was plainly visible. She watched its expression change from sheer wonderment to baffled rage, and it seemed to her that it was not Loanda who glowered at the Arab who harangued him, but the scowling mask carved on the gourd by Domenico Garcia.

Oh, yes, she was truly mad. She realized it herself, but the others would never suspect it. Then the persistence of the notion brought relief to her aching heart. A kindly delirium might carry her through the ordeal that lay before her. She no longer feared insanity, rather did she welcome it, and now was her chance to act while she was brave and would not flinch from that which she conceived was her duty.

But why was that tall Arab still talking in Warden's voice, and why did the stalwart savage seem to threaten him with furious gesture? Even while she was gazing between the wooden bars of the railing, she saw Loanda grasp his spear menacingly, whereupon the Arab laughed—how like it was to Warden's laugh of good-natured raillery!—and a couple of Hausa soldiers appeared, with rifles held suggestively, as men hold shotguns when they expect a rabbit to scuttle out of a spinney.

Again, being still under the spell of that sudden lunacy, she heard the Arab say in English, and more amazingly than ever in Warden's very tones:

"Now, Jimmie! Four paces to the front in open order—every man—quick!..

An English officer and several soldiers came out into the open. After one glance of sheer astonishment, the Oku chief turned and stalked away towards the bush. He did not deign to hurry, but his lithe springy gait soon carried him into the somber shadows. The dramatic silence that followed was broken by the man in an officer's uniform.

"By gad, Warden, you did that splendidly," he said. "I should never have thought of it. Do you think it will work?"

"For to-night, perhaps. One never knows just how the native mind will look at a thing. It gave Loanda a positive shock, when he was really convinced that a British officer was not only present at most of M'Wanga's war palavers, but had thrown out of gear every field gun in his precious battery. He would not tell me where, M'Wanga is now, but I hardly think they will attack us in earnest before consulting him."

"I am inclined to believe you have knocked the bottom out of the whole bally business," said Colville jubilantly. "They are scared to death of you, Warden. You are the first man who had the opportunity to bust up the Oku ju-ju, and, by Jove, didn't you take it?"

But Colville was wrong. The weird hoot of an owu came from the bush, a drum tapped out a signal, and instantly the forest became alive with vivid yets of light. The negroes had begun their fusillade again, and this time they meant to kill, not to frighten. Bullets whistled past the house, imbedded themselves in the stout timbers, tore huge splinters from beams, and hurled shingles from the roof. It seemed to be a miracle that every person in or near the building was not struck instantly, but the opening volley sent the Hausas to cover beneath the veranda, where they were told to lie flat on the ground behind the projecting supports. To reply to the enemy's fire would be merely a waste of precious ammunition, and the men carried only a small quantity in their bandoliers. The time to fire was when every shot would be effective. Rarely will untrained savages press home an attack when their foremost warriors fall. The Hausas, negroes themselves, had been taught this in many a bush skirmish, and they had absolute confidence in their white leaders, for, by this time, the rumor had gone round that the man in Arab clothing was the well-known deputy commissioner of the Brass River, under whom some of them had fought in the sister protectorate.

Hume, who was cool as any soldier, seized Evelyn's arm the instant that the first bullet crashed into the wood-work. Fairholme, too, who had recovered from the stupefying suddenness of what was, to him, a wholly unexpected sequel to a wearisome trip up a fever-laden river, ran forward to help, and the two men half carried the girl to the protection of the house.

But she had no thought of danger. Though it was dark inside the main living-room, she held them fast when they would have released her, and tried to read their very souls by a look.

"Did you hear?" she gasped. "The man—the Arab—who is he? . . . The other called him Warden . . . Why should he do that? . . . Was it not cruel of him? . . . And why, why, did it seem to me that I heard Arthur's voice?"

"Calm yourself, Miss Dane," said the missionary quietly. "Providence at times adopts means not within mortal ken. I could not follow what was said to Loanda, but Bambuk tells me that, by some astounding chance, Captain Arthur Warden has not only crossed a large part of Africa, but has lived many weeks in Oku itself, and is now taking measures which will, I trust, by God's mercy, secure our safety."

A queer choking cry came from the girl's parched throat.

"Then I am not mad?" she murmured. "He is really there! And he heard what I said—when—when I offered to go to Figuero?"

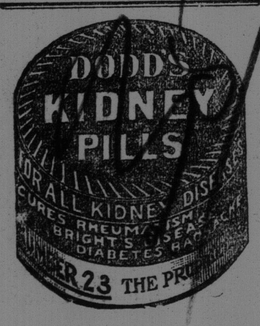
"Yes, of course he heard. It seemed to me it was on your account that he made himself known to the chief. But I do not yet understand exactly what happened. I only know that when first he spoke to Colville he used Arabic."

"Yes, by gad," put in Fairholme, finding an opening at last. "I thought he was a beastly native, an' I cut in like a bloomin' ass. Just my usual luck, Evelyn. The favorite got up in the last stride an' pipped the outsider by a short head, eh, what?"

The earl's happy-go-lucky method of expressing himself was singularly out of tune with his surroundings. Hume had closed the door, and the windows were already shuttered, so the darkness was now that of Pharaoh's Egypt when Moses stretched forth his hand towards heaven. From without came the incessant crackling of musketry, and the maniacal howlings of negroes inspiring each other for the ultimate hand-to-hand fight; within, one heard the hysterical sobbing of Mrs. Hume, the mutterings of the Foulah servant, and the pattering of small debris from walls and roof as the building shook under the sledge-hammer blows of bullets traveling at a high velocity. Luckily, as Warden had pointed out, the front of the mission-house faced the river, and there was no firing from that quarter as yet. The veranda was approached by a double staircase which mounted from each side and met at a small landing, whence half a dozen steps led to the level of the upper floor. As both sections of the stairs projected beyond the line of the building their comparatively thin boards were being constantly ripped and split by the leaden missiles that hurtled in from both flanks.

(To be Continued)

"I've got the dyspepsia. I over-ate today." "Don't you know better than to do that?" "Yes; I know better, but the department store restaurant had a bargain sale of pie."—(Louisville Courier-Journal).



PEARY AT THE POLE, TOO, NEARLY A YEAR LATER THAN DR. COOK

Brief Cable from Commander—Saw no Sign of Cook's Visit to the Top of the Earth—Due at Chateau Bay Today —Cook Glad and Says His Story Will Be Confirmed—Peary's Former Attempts.

New York, Sept. 6—From out the Arctic darkness there was flashed today Peary's message which stunned the scientific world and thrilled the heart of every layman. From the bleak coast of Labrador, Peary gave to the world the news that he had attained his goal in the far north, while at the same moment in far Denmark Dr. Frederick A. Cook, of Brooklyn, was being dined and lionized by royalty for the same achievement.

Undeniable Yankee grit has conquered the frozen north and there has been created a coincidence such as the world will never see again. Two Americans have planted the flag of their country in the land of ice, which man has sought to penetrate for four centuries; and each ignorant of the other's conquest, has flashed, within a period of five days, a laconic message of success to the waiting world.

Cook in his first message to his countrymen was brief but non-committal; Peary was even briefer, but specific. "Stars and Stripes nailed to the pole," he said. That was all. But never before have so few words conveyed to a people a greater meaning or a greater patriotic satisfaction.

Five days ago, on Sept. 1, Dr. Cook sent out from the Shetland Islands the first message of success. Today Robert E. Peary, lost from view in the land of ice and unheard from since August, 1908, startled the world by a similar message sent from Indian Harbor. There was no qualification, it left no doubt. It an nounced unequivocally that he had reached the top of the world. Thus two flags with the Stars and Stripes of the United States are floating in the ice packs, proving the courage of intrepid Americans.

With but a word from Peary the world waits breathlessly for details, but until tomorrow, when he should arrive at Chateau Bay, Labrador, waiting must suffice.

The first word of Peary's success reached New York at 12.39 p. m. in a despatch to the Associated Press. It contained the bare announcement of his gaining the pole.

At the same time he similarly advised the governor of Newfoundland and sent cables to London.

Both the old and the new world were thus apprised of his great achievement practically at the same moment.

Newspaper extras were rushed from the press and there were those who marvelled at the twist of the universe which had wrenched the ice mask from the north in so strange a manner.

April 6, 1909, the date that Perry planted the flag at the pole and April 21, 1908, the day that Dr. Cook unfurled the Stars and Stripes a year before, consequently became the cardinal dates upon which exploration of the far north will rest hereafter. Though separated by about a year the same feat was accomplished by two Americans, neither of whom was aware of the movements of the other.

Just as Dr. Cook notified his wife, waiting in Brooklyn, so Commander Peary took advantage of the brief stop at Indian Harbor to assure Mrs. Peary of his safety. This message, almost overlooked during a day of excitement over his achievement, reached New York tonight from South Harpswell (Me.), where Mrs. Peary has been spending the summer.

It contained both a touch of pathos and a quaint reference to his success. "Have made good at last," says the explorer to his wife. I have the old pole. Am well. Love. Will wire again from Chateau."

The message is signed simply "Bert," an abbreviation of Robert, Commander Peary's first name.

Mrs. Peary sent a wife's characteristic reply, with love, a blessing and a request for him to "hurry home."

By another strange coincidence in this chapter of coincidences, Mrs. Cook, too, was in South Harpswell (Me.), when she first heard news of her husband's success. Both she and Mrs. Peary had gone for months without word of their husbands, but had hoped and prayed, first for their safe return and secondly, it may be guessed, for the planting of the flag at the pole.

In New York tonight, little preparation had been made to welcome home Commander Peary for so suddenly came the news of his achievement that scientific societies were overwhelmed. While Peary's name was on the lips of everyone, no formal meetings were held and no committees of welcome appointed. But tomorrow, it is expected that the Peary Arctic Club, the Explorers' Club and the Arctic Club will begin preparations for the celebration of the unprecedented event.

Peary's exploit could not be discussed from a scientific viewpoint tonight as details of his dash to the pole are lacking. How fast he traveled, what great obstacles he met and overcome, what observations he took and what data he brings back with him is as unavailable tonight as if he were still in the frozen north. It is noted generally, however, that the homecoming of the two explorers, practically at the same time, will afford an opportunity for the comparison of records never heretofore presented. For 400 years man has struggled to reach the pole and now two Americans bring back with them chronicles of their discovery and observations of the land of mystery.

St. John's, Nfld., Sept. 6—Commander Robert E. Peary, who announced today that he had discovered the North Pole on April 6th, of the present year, found no trace of Dr. Frederick A. Cook, of Brooklyn, who reported to the world five days ago that he made the same discovery in April of the preceding year. This news reached here tonight through Captain Robert Bartlett, of the Roosevelt, Peary's ship, en route to Chateau Bay, Labrador.

South Harpswell, Me., Sept. 6—Commander Robert E. Peary announced his success in discovering the North Pole to his wife, who is summering at Eagle Island, here, as follows:

"Indian Harbor, via Cape Ray, Sept. 6, 1909.

"Mrs. R. E. Peary, South Harpswell (Me.):

"Have made good at last. I have the old pole. Am well. Love. Will wire again from Chateau.

(Signed) "ROBERT."

In reply Mrs. Peary sent the following despatch:

"South Harpswell, Sept. 6.

"Commander R. E. Peary, steamer Roosevelt, Chateau Bay:

"All well. Best love. God bless you. Hurry home.

(Signed) "JO."

New York, Sept. 6—The past Peary expedition sailed from New York July 6, 1908. Commander Peary's last words "Unless unforeseen circumstances intervene within the next year I hope to plant the Stars and Stripes at the pole."

From New York the Roosevelt went to Sydney, thence to Hawk's Harbor, where she took supplies, then crossed Davis Strait to Holstanberg and followed the coast from there to Cape York. Etah was reached some time in August and from that point the route of the expedition can only be conjectured from the plans its commander had already announced.

On his present expedition Mr. Peary announced that he would take a route from Grantland more to the west and not so directly north as that of his former attempt, heading almost as far as the 80th meriden of longitude and thus compensating for the eastward ice drift. He planned to establish his last base on a newly found island northwest of Grant Land.

Commander Peary has stood in the foremost ranks of Arctic explorers for nearly two decades. He was born at Cresson Springs (Pa.) in May, 1852. He entered the navy in 1881. His first polar experience was acquired in 1886 when he made a reconnaissance of the Greenland inland ice. In June, 1891, he sailed from New York on the Kite and making his headquarters at McCormick Bay, penetrated as far north as latitude 82. In 1894-95 he reached the 78th parallel on the west Greenland coast. In 1898-99 he went to between the 79th and 80th parallels on the east coast of Ellesmere Land. In 1900 he reached the 82nd parallel on the east coast of Grinnell Land. In 1905-06 he skirted the north coast of Grinnell Land and made an attack on the pole from Cape Mess. This was the expedition which reached what was at that time "farthest north."

Copenhagen, Sept. 6—When the report that Commander Peary had discovered the North Pole reached here, Dr. Cook said: "I hope the news is correct. If Peary has reached the pole, his descriptions of that region will confirm mine."

Freeport, Me., Sept. 6—Confirmation of Peary's success in reaching the North Pole was received in this town today in the shape of a telegram from D. B. McMillan, an instructor in the Worcester (Mass.) Academy, who accompanied Peary on his trip. The message was sent to McMillan's sister, Mrs. W. C. Fogg, the local postmistress and was as follows:

"Indian Harbor, Sept. 6, 1909.

"Mrs. W. C. Fogg, Freeport (Me.):

"Arrived safe; pole on board; best year of my life.

(Signed) "BEN."

Worcester, Mass., Sept. 6—Dr. D. Abercrombie, principal of Worcester Academy, received the following despatch at 3 o'clock this afternoon over the Postal Telegraph Company's lines:

"Indian Harbor (Nfld.), Sept. 6, 1909.

"Dr. D. Abercrombie, Worcester Academy, Worcester (Mass.):

"Top of the earth reached at last. Greetings to faculty and boys.

(Signed) "B. D. McMILLAN."

Copenhagen, Sept. 6—Copenhagen was electrified tonight by the report of Commander Peary's announcement that he had reached the North Pole. Dr. Cook was immensely interested and said: "That is good news. I hope Peary did get to the pole. His observations and reports on that region will confirm mine."

Asked if there were any probability of Peary's having found the tube containing his records, Dr. Cook replied:

"I hope so, but that is doubtful on account of the drift."

Dr. Cook added; "Commander Peary's route was several hundred miles east of mine. We are rivals, of course, but the pole is good enough for two.

"That two men got to the pole along different paths," continued the explorer, "should furnish large additions to scientific knowledge. Probably other parties will reach it in the next ten years, since every explorer is helped by the experience of his predecessors, just as Sverdrup's observations and reports were of immeasurable help to me. I can say nothing more without knowing further details than that I am glad of it."

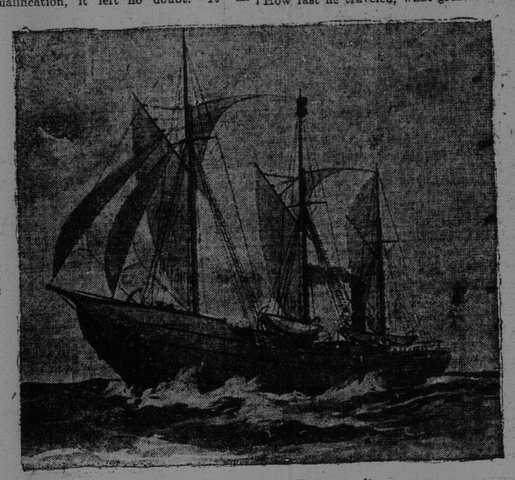
While Dr. Cook was conversing casually this morning with American friends, the possibility of the announcement which electrified the world was laughingly suggested. Dr. Cook remarked:

"It is quite possible that Peary will turn up now. He is about due to get back, if he carry out his plans. We have always been friends, while, of course, we are rivals in the attempt to find the pole, but we have been friendly rivals."

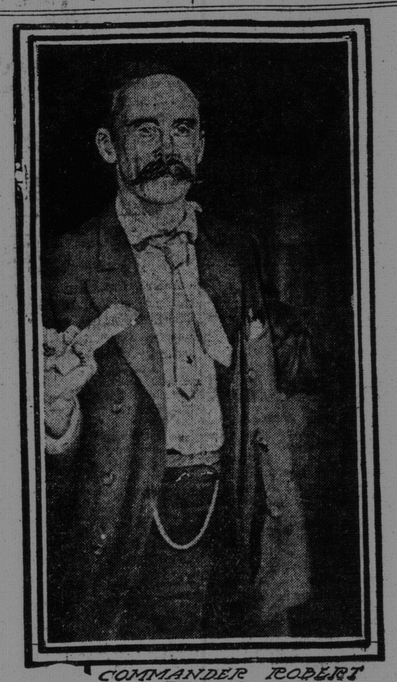
St. John's, Nfld., Sept. 6—Captain Bartlett telegraphed to relatives here that Peary found nothing to indicate that Dr. Cook reached the pole. The Roosevelt was in good condition and the crew all right, wired Captain Bartlett also and he reported that the schooner Jeannie, carrying supplies for the expedition, met them off the coast of Greenland.

Coming south the Roosevelt passed Etah and Upernavik, Greenland, where Dr. Cook had preceded Peary.

The Roosevelt tonight is bound for Chateau Bay, Labrador, with Peary and party on board, where she is due tomorrow. Chateau Bay lies northwest of Castle and Henley Islands, on the northern shore of Belle Isle Straits and due east of Belle Isle.



Peary's Ship the Roosevelt.



COMMANDER ROBERT PEARY.

Bessie—"Oh, Mabel! I am in an awful dilemma! I've quarrelled with Harry and he wants me to send his ring back." Mabel—"That's too bad." Bessie—"But that isn't the point. I've forgotten which is his ring."—(Kansas City Journal).

One Packet of
WILSON'S FLY PADS
Has actually killed a Bushel of Flies
SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

Fashion Hint for Times Readers

BIRDS AND ANIMALS ON THE NEW JEWELRY.

Chanticleer, the popular [illegible] rooster, started the fad, and now we have frogs, beetles, snakes and all varieties [illegible] produced in jewelry. The photograph shows a brooch in the form of a bird; pearls being set closely in the body and wings made of platinum. A pendant is also shown a tiny frog set wit heralds being inclosed in a dull gilt circle.

ALLAN LINER LAURENTIAN WRECKED ON NEWFOUNDLAND

St. John's, Nfld., Sept. 6.—Thrilling scenes attended the loss of the Allan line steamer Laurentian, bound from Boston for Glasgow, which piled up on the rocks near Cape Race during a dense fog at 6 o'clock this morning. The vessel is a total wreck but the entire list of passengers and the crew escaped to land after a trying experience.

The Laurentian left Boston Friday and when off the coast of Nova Scotia, ran into a thick fog bank, which compelled her to run at reduced speed. Early this morning, the steamer was making about eighteen knots an hour when she struck the rocks near Cape Race, probably the most dangerous section of the Newfoundland coast. Captain Imrie took a course more northerly than usual and the thick fog caused him to lose his reckoning.

The steamer carried twenty cabin passengers and thirty persons in the steerage, the crew numbering forty. When the ship struck she rebounded heavily, the shock throwing most of the pasengers, who were all asleep at the time, from their berths. They stampeded for the deck without stopping to dress and for half an hour much excitement prevailed. Captain Imrie and his officers, however, succeeded in quieting all hands and persuaded everyone to return to quarters and dress.

A stiff northwest wind banged the ship about and the situation became so serious at 7 o'clock that orders were given to put the ship's boats overboard. Twenty-five of the passengers, mostly women and children, were placed in the first boat, but unluckily the boat tackle collapsed and several persons were thrown into the sea.

Others who managed to cling to the half upturned boat were injured by the thumping of the small craft against the sides of the collapsing Atlantic liner.

Captain Imrie and his officers had ropes thrown from the deck and within fifteen minutes those who had been immersed were drawn to the deck. The passengers in the disabled boat were also rescued.

Finally six more lifeboats were put over but the passengers saw that some of the seamen of the Laurentian did not know how to row and that they were obliged to handle the oars themselves. The seas constantly drenched the shipwrecked people and it was only by constant bailing that the lifeboats were kept afloat.

To add to the troubles of all hands, no one knew just where the ship had struck and in consequence it was decided not to approach too closely to the beach lest the lifeboats be dashed to pieces on the iron-bound coast where in many places the cliffs rise to a height of fifty feet. About 10 o'clock, after the boats had been adrift two hours, there was a rift in the fog and a boat from a nearby fishing village was sighted. The fishing boat piloted the life craft to a harbor, where the passengers and crew were cared for. A steamer left St. John's late tonight to bring the shipwrecked people to this port.

Soon after the Laurentian piled up, the [illegible] gave way and No. 2 and No. 3 holds and the engine-room were flooded. Later the hull broke in two near the engine-room and Captain Imrie was obliged to stand by and see the end of his ship, which for thirty-seven years had crossed and re-crossed the Atlantic. The steamer Laurentian was built at Greenock, Scotland, by R. Steele & Company in 1872 and for many years was the Polynesian. Recently she had been running on the Allan line service between Boston and Glasgow. She registered 2,837 tons and was 400 feet in length, forty-two feet in breadth and twenty feet deep.

HALIFAX YOUTH DROWNED

Halifax, Sept. 6—Wm. Wrayton, a young man of twenty-one years, was drowned in the North West Arm this afternoon. He and a companion named Burns hired a canoe for the afternoon and had paddled about for a couple of hours.

Late in the afternoon in some way the canoe upset and both boys were thrown into the water. Burns was caught as he came up and was pulled into a boat that came to the rescue. Wrayton never came to the surface.

Neither of the boys could swim. Wrayton's mother died three weeks ago. His father is a motorman on the electric tramway.

WOMAN DROWNED

Toronto, Sept. 6—(Special)—Mrs. W. Seabrook, an elderly lady, was drowned in the Ottawa River this afternoon. She had set out for Hull to visit her daughter. Her eyesight being bad, she mistook the street and walked down one which had no bridge and fell into the river.

HARRIMAN WORSE

Arde, N. Y., Sept. 6.—E. H. Harriman is not as well as he was a week ago on the day his personal reassurance led the newspapers of the country to abandon the watch maintained for four anxious days about the home on Tower Hill. Dr. Lyle, Mr. Harriman's personal physician, gave out a brief bulletin tonight from Arden House on his patient's condition.

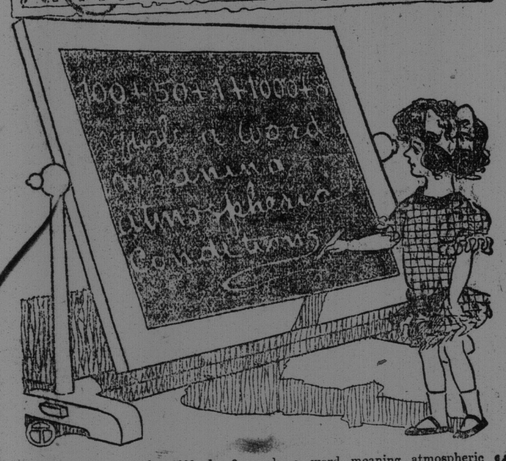
THE HOT WEATHER TEST makes people better acquainted with their resources of strength and endurance. Many find they need Hood's Sarsaparilla which invigorates the blood, promotes refreshing sleep and overcomes that tired feeling.

Keep tacks in bottles. It saves opening many boxes to find a particlar kind.

PILES Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for each and every form of Itching, Bleeding and Protruding Piles. See testimonials in the press and ask your neighbors about it. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied. 60c. at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.
DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE



100 plus 50 plus 1 plus 1000 plus 8 equals a word meaning atmospheric conditions.

ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE.

Lower left corner down, in body.