

The Stowaway

By LOUIS TRACY.
Author of the "Pillar of Light," "The Wings of the Morning" and "The Captain of the Kansas."

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[CONTINUED]

short snuff was given to those who defied authority. The republic of Brazil does not permit its criminals to be executed, but it shows no mercy to rebels. Manoel, of course, believed that the Englishmen were helping the imprisoned Dom Corria to regain power. She remembered how a mutiny was once crushed on the island, and her eyes streamed.

Meanwhile Luisa Gomez was touched by the good looking soldier's plight. "We must try to help you, Senhor Capitano," she said. "If the others are dead or taken you may not be missed."

He threw out his hands in an eloquent gesture. Life or death was a matter of complete indifference to him, it implied.

"We shall know in the morning," he said. "Have you any cigarettes?" "But listen, senhor. Why not take off your uniform and dress in my clothes? You can cut off your mustaches and wear a moustache over your face, and we will keep you here until there is a chance of reaching a ship. Certainly that is better than being shot."

He glanced at Iris. Vanity being his first consideration, it is probable that he would have refused to be made ridiculous in her eyes had not a knock on the door materialized him into a fever of fright. He sprang up and glared wildly around for some means of eluding the threatened scrutiny of a search party. Luisa Gomez flung him a rough skirt and a shawl. He huddled into a corner near the bed and draped the two garments over his head and limbs.

Then the woman unbarred the door. A man staggered in. He was alone, and a swirl of wind and rain caused the lamp to flicker so madly that no one could distinguish his features until the door was closed again.

But Iris knew him. Though her eyes were dim with tears, through her newcomer carried a broken grin in his hands and his face was blood stained, she knew.

With a shriek that dismayed the other women, who could not guess that joy is more bitter than sorrow, she leaped up and threw her arms around him.

"Oh, Philip, Philip!" she sobbed. "He told me you were dead, and I believed him!"

The manner of her greeting was delightful to one who had faced death for her sake many times during the past hour, yet Hozier was so surprised by its warmth that he could find never a word at the moment. But he had the good sense to throw aside the shattered rifle and return her embrace with interest.

When they parted in that same squalid hut at midnight he took with him the intoxication of her kiss. Yet he scarce brought himself to believe that the night's happenings were real or that they two would ever meet again on earth. And now here was Iris quivering against his breast. He could feel the beating of her heart. The perfume of her hair was as incense in his nostrils. She was clinging to him as if they had loved through all eternity.

San Benavides supplied a timely knock.

Throwing aside the rags which covered him, he tried to rise. Philip caught a glimpse of the uniform, the sheen of the naked sword. He was about to tear himself from Iris' clasp and spring at this new enemy when the Brazilian spoke.

"All diabolical," he cried in a rage. "This cursed English still lives, and here am I posing before him like an old hag!"

His voice alone saved him from being plucked to the floor by a man who had adopted no light measures during the past half hour, as the dented gun barrel minus its stock well showed. But the captain's mortified fury helped to restore Philip's sanity. Lifting Iris' glowing face to his own, he whispered:

"Tell me, sweetheart, how comes it that our Brazilian friend is here?"

"He ran away when some shots were fired," which was rather unfair of Iris. "He said the launch had been sunk by a man-of-war."

"But he is wrong. I saw no man-of-war. We captured the launch. By this time she will be out at sea. Unfortunately Manoel was killed and Domingo badly wounded. There was no one to come for you, so I jumped overboard and swam ashore. I had to fight my way here, and it will soon be known that there are some of us left on the island. I thought that perhaps I might take you back to the Grand-cavern. These people may give us food. I have some few sovereigns in my pocket."

"Oh, yes, yes!" She was excited and radiant. "Of course, Captain San Benavides must accompany us. He says the soldiers will shoot him if they capture him. I, too, have money. Let me ask him to explain matters to this dear woman and her daughter. They have been more than kind to me already."

She turned to the sulky San Benavides and told him what Hozier had suggested. He brightened at that and began a voluble speech to Luisa Gomez. Interrupting himself, he inquired in French how Hozier proposed to reach the rock.

"On a catamaran. There are two on the beach, and I can handle one of them all right," said Philip. "But what is this yarn of a warship? When last I sighted the launch she was standing out of the harbor, and the first clouds of the storm helped to screen her from the citadel."

Iris interpreted. San Benavides repeated his story of the rockets. In her present tumult the girl forgot the touch of realism with regard to the thing that he had heard. Certainly there was a good deal of promiscuous rifle shooting after the departure of the launch, but warships use cannon to enforce their demands, and the boom of a big gun had not woken the echoes of Fernando Noronha that night. Philip deemed the present no time for argument. He despised San Benavides and gave no credence to him. Just now the Brazilian was an evil that must be endured.

Luisa Gomez promised to help in every possible way. Her eyes sparkled at the sight of gold, but the poor woman would have assisted them out of sheer pity. Nevertheless the gift of a couple of sovereigns, backed by the promise of many more if her husband devoted himself to their service, spurred her to a frenzy of activity.

There was not a moment to be lost. The squalid hut spent itself, and a peep through the chinks of the door showed that the moon would quickly be in evidence again. It was essential that they should cross the channel while the scattering clouds still dimmed her brightness, so Manoel and her mother collected such store of food and milk and water as they could lay hands on. Well laden, all five hastened to the creek, and Hozier, Iris and San Benavides boarded the larger of the two catamarans.

When the catamaran rounded the last outlying crag and they were all straining their eyes to find the sentinel pillars they became aware that a small boat was being pulled cautiously toward them from the opposite side of the rock.

Iris gasped. She heard Hozier mutter under his breath, while San Benavides revealed his dismay by an oath and a convulsive tightening of the hands that rested on the girl's shoulders.

Hozier strove with a few desperate strokes of the paddle to reach the shadow.



"IF THAT WASN'T HOZIER'S VOICE I'M GOIN' DOTTY."

ows of the passage before the catamaran was seen by the boat's occupants. He might have succeeded. But there was even a greater probability that the unwieldy catamaran might be caught by the swell and dashed sideways against one of the half submerged rocks that thrust their black fangs above the water.

Happily they were spared either alternative. At the very instant that their lot must be put to the test of chance Coke's hoarse accents came to their incredulous ears.

"Let her go, Olsen," he was growling. "We've a clear course now, and that infernal moon will spill everything if we're spotted."

In this instance hearing was believing, and Philip was the first to guess what had actually occurred.

"Boat ahoy, skipper!" he sang out in a joyous hail.

Coke stood up. He glared hard at the reef.

"Did ye 'ear it?" he cried to De Sylva. "Sink me, I 'ope I ain't a-copy-in' pore ole Watts, but if that wasn't Hozier's voice I'm goin' dotty."

"It's all right, skipper," said Philip, sending the catamaran ahead with a mighty sweep. "Miss Yorks is here—Captain San Benavides too. I was sure you would look for us if you cleared the harbor safely."

Then Coke proclaimed his sentiments in the approved ritual of the high seas, while the big Norseman at the oars swung the boat's head round until both craft were traveling in company to the waiting launch. Before anything in the nature of an explanation was forthcoming from the occupants of either the boat or the catamaran a broad beam of white light swept over the crest of the island from north to south. It disappeared to return more slowly until it rested on Rat Island, at the extreme northwest of the group. It remained steady there, showing a wild panorama of rocky heights and tumbling sea.

"A stitch in time saves nine," growled Coke.

"Then there really was a warship?" murmured Iris.

"Ha!" said San Benavides, and his tone was almost gratified, for he had gathered that Hozier was skeptical when told of the rockets. But in that respect at least he was not mistaken. A man-of-war had entered the roadstead, and her powerful lamp was now scouring sea and coast for the missing launch. And in that moment of fresh peril it was forgotten by all but one of the men who had survived so many dangers since the sun last gilded the peak of Fernando Noronha that were it not for Iris having been left behind and Philip's mad plunge overboard to go to her and the point blank refusal of the Andromeda's captain and crew to put to sea without an effort to save the pair of them the launch would not have been hidden behind the black mass of the Grand-pere rock.

CHAPTER XI
ON THE HIGH SEAS.

GAIN did that awe inspiring wand of light describe a great arc in the sky. But it was plain to be seen that it sprang from an altered base. The warship was in motion. She was about to steam around the group of islands.

Boat and catamaran raced at once for the launch. A babel of strange yells jarred the brooding silence. Alarm, almost panic, stirred men's hearts and bubbled forth in wild speech. Under pressure of this new peril the instinct of self preservation burst the bonds of discipline.

"Me for the tall timbers, mates. It's each one for himself now."

"Aye, aye!" came the chorus. "Shove her ashore! Give us a chance there. We've none at sea."

Dom Corria, being something of a fatalist, did not interfere. He drew San Benavides aside.

"All is ended!" he said quietly. "We shall never see Brazil again, Salvador me! Carmela must find another lover, it seems."

It was left to Hozier to solve a problem that threatened to develop into a disastrous brawl. Danger sharpens a brave man's wits, but love makes him slow zéro, with the wind against him blowing fifty miles an hour. "Romance is dead," says the pessimist.

"No," says the C. P. R., with Rudyard Kipling. "All unseen, Romance brings up the 9:15."

It has, therefore, been decided to name certain of the Canadian Pacific locomotives after the engineers, who by meritorious conduct or by acts of special bravery have, in the opinion of the management, earned the right to special distinction. Some of these names may even be taken from the 92 engineers who are on the pension list—men like Ash, Kennedy, who grew up with the west and ran on his knees when the C. P. R. was still laying tracks across the prairie—a big man physically, mentally and morally, commanding the respect both of the men and of the big officials—the father of the western engineers, and now Assistant Grand Chief of the Brotherhood. Other names may be taken from those who have passed away into the land where there is no longer need of railways—such, for instance, as Dave Bowker, identified particularly with No. 220, who for thirty-four years drove his engine without a black mark against his record. Then again there are heroes like Norman Wright, compelled by illness to forsake his engine but prosperous now in another business. See one day a child on the track too late to stop his train, Norman Wright ran along the pilot and by leaning forward lifted it out of harm's way just in time. This earned the medal of the Royal Humane Society, and surely earns the right to name an engine.

There are other C. P. R. engineers still on duty who have done good work and whose names may soon be commemorated on some giant high type passenger engine. They are to be found on every division from St. John, N.B., to Vancouver, B.C., men fiercely loyal to their Company and to their President, Lord Shaughnessy, whom they know as the man who always gave the Brotherhood a square deal. The names of these men may not be known to the general public, for often the engineer's best record is to be never heard of, and they themselves are the last men to seek the limelight. Take, for instance, Jack Hartney, so skillful in starting that the passenger does not know the train is moving till he looks out of the window. Jack Smith, on the run between Ottawa and Montreal, is another notable character. In the days when the C. P. R. and the Grand Trunk used to race between these two cities, Jack always claimed that he never raced, but at the same time that he was never left behind.

On the other side of the Continent are Alf Solloway, a veteran who joined the C. P. R. thirty years ago and knows Canada's Canyon like a book; Lew Patrick, the safe man of the Selkirk, who in the old days before Rogers Pass was tunneled, when the C. P. R. in winter did sometimes have slides, was said to be able to smell a slide ten miles away; Willis Armstrong, another mountain man with eyes that hardly needed the headlight to see through the dark canyons, and Dan Murphy, of the Crow's Nest, a big man in a big locality. On the prairies, besides such men as

"Bully for you!" said the man who had suggested tree climbing as an expedient.

"Shut up!" was the wrathful answer. "You've made plenty of row already. I only hope you have not attracted attention on the island. You may not believe St. Peter himself if he told them that we were on the verge of open mutiny. I am ashamed of you. Let us have no more of that sort of thing. Sink or swim, we must pull together."

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Heroes Of The Road.

In order to give some recognition to men who have done so much to build up its fine record of efficiency, the Canadian Pacific has decided on a new policy which should attract wide interest. Hitherto on this continent railway locomotives have been identified by numbers only—a practice which has prevailed elsewhere except on certain English railways. On the Great Eastern, for instance, one famous engine was called after the chairman of the company "Claud Hamilton." On the Great Western Railway, the shield over the great driving wheel carries a distinctive name—thus the giant of the "Star" class is called "The Great Bear," there is a "Knight" class, in which the "Knight of the Garter" is conspicuous, while one well known engine is named "King Edward." On the London and North Western Railway one of the most powerful locomotives is named after the Greek hero "Achilles."

The Canadian Pacific believes that it is not necessary to go back to ancient Greece to find the names of its heroes. They are among us today, driving through the fierce blizzards of our Canadian winter the freight trains laden with supplies for the Allies, or the lighter but speedier passenger trains on the Imperial Highway which links Atlantic with Pacific. Take for instance Bronco Wilson, one of the most popular engineers on the Western Division, who won his reputation on the old Prince Albert Branch, famous for having no water but lots of snow. Bronco is the compuncator of the "iron horse" and would consider it the biggest disgrace out of jail to let an engine die on the road, and if his engine was badly stalled would draw off the fire, put stabs on the top of the hot grates and in suite of the blinding steam caulk the tubes and light the engine up again. Achilles, the greatest of the heroes of ancient Greece, sat out in his tent because Agamemnon took one of his slaves. The lack of a maid would certainly not prevent a C. P. R. engineer from driving his locomotive. If a river at 60° below zero, with the wind against him blowing fifty miles an hour. "Romance is dead," says the pessimist.

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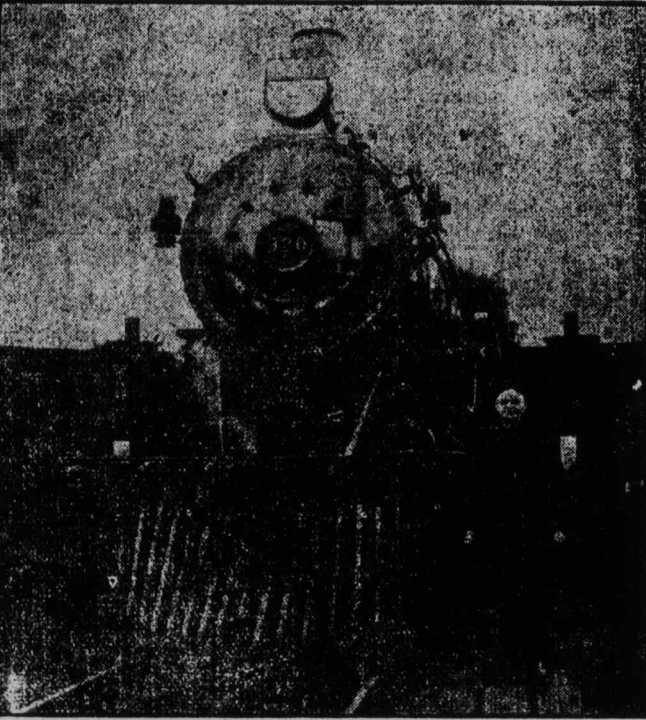
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The late Dave Bowker.

late to stop his train, Norman Wright ran along the pilot and by leaning forward lifted it out of harm's way just in time. This earned the medal of the Royal Humane Society, and surely earns the right to name an engine. There are other C. P. R. engineers still on duty who have done good work and whose names may soon be commemorated on some giant high type passenger engine. They are to be found on every division from St. John, N.B., to Vancouver, B.C., men fiercely loyal to their Company and to their President, Lord Shaughnessy, whom they know as the man who always gave the Brotherhood a square deal. The names of these men may not be known to the general public, for often the engineer's best record is to be never heard of, and they themselves are the last men to seek the limelight. Take, for instance, Jack Hartney, so skillful in starting that the passenger does not know the train is moving till he looks out of the window. Jack Smith, on the run between Ottawa and Montreal, is another notable character. In the days when the C. P. R. and the Grand Trunk used to race between these two cities, Jack always claimed that he never raced, but at the same time that he was never left behind.

On the other side of the Continent are Alf Solloway, a veteran who joined the C. P. R. thirty years ago and knows Canada's Canyon like a book; Lew Patrick, the safe man of the Selkirk, who in the old days before Rogers Pass was tunneled, when the C. P. R. in winter did sometimes have slides, was said to be able to smell a slide ten miles away; Willis Armstrong, another mountain man with eyes that hardly needed the headlight to see through the dark canyons, and Dan Murphy, of the Crow's Nest, a big man in a big locality. On the prairies, besides such men as

Over two thousand locomotives run in the Canadian Pacific service, with over two thousand engineers. It is not the intention to name every locomotive at once, but only those in passenger service, and to keep each name as a privilege and a reward. The idea is one which should appeal to every man who knows the value of personality in good railroading. It appeals to the C. P. R. because it will make for efficiency and encourage that esprit de corps which is the keynote of the whole Canadian Pacific System. The engineer does not think of his locomotive merely as a machine. It is something almost human to him. "She's a good engine" you hear one call to a passing conductor, "but full of hard luck." It takes an engineer months to master the peculiarities of a new locomotive, and for that reason he is not much in love with any pooling system, preferring to have one engine at any rate "assigned" to him—an engine that he can almost call his own. Were he to know that his favorite engine would eventually bear his own name, surely he would take greater pride than ever in his work well done.

"Bully for you!" said the man who had suggested tree climbing as an expedient.

"Shut up!" was the wrathful answer. "You've made plenty of row already. I only hope you have not attracted attention on the island. You may not believe St. Peter himself if he told them that we were on the verge of open mutiny. I am ashamed of you. Let us have no more of that sort of thing. Sink or swim, we must pull together."

"Bully for you!" said the man who had suggested tree climbing as an expedient.