## PLUNDER ISLAND

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE,

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS

Peter Cadogan, with his servant. Terry Creagh, aboard the schooner Colleen, are making for New Orleans to pick up Lomax prior to a cruise in the Caribbean sea. Cadogan sees, half a mile astern, a dory, to which they row, and find Jane Todd, unconscious from exposure. Upon her resuscitation Cadogan explains that he heard cries for help. She replies that she Island, the lighthouse on which is tended by Jane's father. They run thru a gale, during which Janerescues both men and sails the schooner safely into the harbor. where they are met by Willing, the

At the other end of the Island mysterious lights in a deserted and according to Willing, haunted house arouse Cadogan's curiosity. and he makes a midnight excursion there. From a sign he learns that lawyer, is the real estate agent. He creature, and does not come to his full senses until he finds himself the next morning, on board the Colleen, in a bayou of the Delta, the Colleen's cable having been mysteriously cut in the night. Reaching New Orleans Cadogan, yielding to a temporary impulse and with his head full of buried treasure. onws Cedar Island at auction for \$35,000. A suspicious character named Cochrane bids against him, but. thru the assistance of Lestrange,

Cadogan is filled with ramorse at the thought that he had paid seveneights of his fortune for a barren

Cochrane offers to buy back the island, but Cadogan refuses to sell.

Continued From Last Sunday

from Barataria Bay, where he had maintained his colony of adventurers and picaroons. What more likely than gered hands the man held a small bit that the master-spirit should have chosen Cedar Island for his residence, whence he could lord it over his company without making himself common

should have chosen to hide in the earth f Cedar Island a portion of his plunrings, after the honored habit of pirites of the right strain since time ou: respect for its traditions and observ- she stood in the doorway watching him pride in his profession, indeed, with

yes alight. Beyond question he had of the man; she knew him for one more secret of the deposit, and, unable 10 nake off with the loot under the noses man's eyes whe of the lighthouse folk, had schemed to surprised: clouded them and passed. could be gained by the legitimate pro- jacket. cess of purchase. The law as to treas- "Good ure-trove, as it obtains in the United a dalsy!" States, assigns title in the find to the owner of the land wherein it is dis-covered. girl, a little wearily. you reading, Willing?"

So that was the reason why ty contemplating trespass, and, finally. To her it had not looked like a scrap of

case, the present owners of the island the coffee's just made, and standing were the rightful proprietors of the won't improve it. I'll put out the treasure. To buy them out without lamin." warning would be sharp business, ut Willing rose with alacrity.

doubtedly, but not "a square deal." Codog in had promised himself revenge for the trick that had been played upon If he could find the present owners, inform them before it was too late, and so put a spoke in the wheel of the schemers it would score one to his

voice of the auctioneer now smote upon his ears, filled with a new significance. His spirit quickened to cony door. it as a war horse to the bugle's call. A gush o What was the fellow saying. Cadogan roused himself and settled to attention of his body on his palms and addressing the gathering in accents of pained

girt with the wavelets of a summer's Five hundred dollars only is bid! Do I not hear six hundred? Five hund. Did the gentleman in the cor-bid fifty? Five hundred dollars only is bid, when an extra fifty will secure anyone present"-

which made it light. Absorbed in desolate. thought, she moved swiftly about the force of habit, and was free sooner than she had hoped.

Then, top-toeing to her father's door.

of yellow paper, which he appeared to be studying intently. As his eyes reved over its surface his brows were twisted and his lips moved audibly, as do the lips of the barely literate.

So profoundly interested was he that the girl's steps upon the spiral stalrs failed to alarm him. For that matter, however, she always moved lightly, her making little, if any, sound. deed, it was the rustle of her skirts that roused the man when at length nnces, would fail to do as much, if only with inquiring eyes. For the fact that o insure his reputation with posterity? he read with such apparent effort as-Cadogan smiled with excitement, his serted strangely with her knowledge

Some one had hit upon the widely read than the run of his kind. A shade of, annoyance clouded the keep them from making a similar dis- He smiled, and fo'ding the paper, thrust covery before the title to the property it carelessly into the pocket of his

"Good morning, Miss Todd. Fresh as "I don't feel that way," returned the

"Just a bit of newspaper I brought shost-light had appeared in the blind from New Orleans wrapped round my

ily, and was gone.

Discipline was sometimes relaxed a

shade between inspections at the lonely station. The clatter of his heels upon the iron ed by a double thump at the bottomshe turned quickly and opened the bal-

A gush of keen, clear morning air cut the reeking atmosphere—heavy with with combined odors of hot metal, scorheart stir with gladness that the hour ched kerosene and tobacco smoke—and of waiting was overpast. With with ing over the table, resting the weight in a twinkling brought the color to her the first level rays of ruby light strikcheeks and a new light into her eyes. She stepped out on the iron platform red rim of the ascending sun the Col-

of the world in shining ripples, like a afrs. vast river. North and south the belt shaded by insensible degrees into purples and blue-blacks. Westward a But long before he could have caught thin, grayish smudge wavered above sight of that lonely figure waiting on the bog lands of the delta. Far in the the tower balcony the girl had taken south a coasting steamer moved slow- her happiness into hiding with her. To bolated.

But if she hated it, she had thru long sisssippi, calling to mind an aquatic silence as the Colleen crept into the

dimly lighted kitchen, with busy hands brown hands, the girl drank in long, sub-consciously directed by the mighty inspiring draughts of the freshening large of habit, and was free scoper than large and walks.

It seemed as if her days were expended in idle waiting. She was al-ways waiting, hanging in suspense, Then, top-toeing to her father's door, she listened for a time to his stertorous breathing. He was sleeping peacefully less restlessly than he had in months. She marked the change, wondered, and was thankful, and with a lightened heart crept silently away to the tower.

Willing was in the service-rooms below the lamp, squatting in a character below the strands of destiny weaving upon the st

from the enchanted island, and—awaken the soul of a lonely girl.

As the dawn flushed warm in the
eastern skies, so the girl's face colored.
crimsoning hotly, yet slowly. from
throat to brow, for shame. For with
the time-worn metaphor in her mind
the dived a mortrait of the prince. She
inhospitable. Have you had breakinhospitable. Have you had breakinhospitable. Have you had breakinhospitable. Have you had breakinhospitable. Have you had breakward the hill bed lived a mortrait of the prince. She

knew him, and he was coming-unques- fast?" tionably coming back to the island.

He had told Willing that he would return. Willing had mentioned meeting five slender and cool fingers in his

the adequate feminine reason that she of slow growth, was deep-rooted. n had done nothing to offend

her beyond being his natural self. He had never ceased to treat her with respect, altho it would have been nothng strange if he had thought to place with her. who, after all, was no more than the daughter of his immediate superior. to whose place he might in time aspire with complete confidence.

No, he had done nothing to render imself odious in her estimation. And son for the spurious sample of specter. His face was bland as a child's besicked upon him when he was evidentneath her sharply questioning glance.

In the fact was too describe the spurious sample of specter was bland as a child's besicked upon him when he was evidentneath her sharply questioning glance.

In the fact was too describe the spurious sample of specter was bland as a child's besicked upon him when he was evidentness and single treather than the state of the spurious sample of specter. The face was bland as a child's beside the spurious sample of specter was bland as a child's beside the spurious sample of specter. The face was bland as a child's beside the spurious sample of specter was bland as a child's beside the spurious sample of specter. The face was bland as a child's beside the spurious sample of specter was bland as a child's beside the spurious sample of specter. The specter was bland as a child's beside the specter wa

he had brought that word from Ca-dogan her dislike had been tempered by a kindly feeling. She had been

tasteful to her.

It was seldom that her youth permitted her long reverles to crystalize of transformation from girlhood to womanhood, that was pres ly to come to pass when the prince should enter into his kingdom.

ing across the waiting world from the and gently drew the door to behind leen drifted slowly down out of the folds of the mist, transfigured and gloris it possible that this is all I am bid Behind a belt of luminous magenta, lifed. Cadogan, like a factor prince in for this princely island estate, a magnificent mansion upon a spacious island less dawnlight was quivering, and the ship of gold with rose-leaf sails, waftwaters seemed flowing in over the rim ed down a sea of jade by perfumed

CHAPTER X .- (Continued).

But if she hated it, she had thru long sisssippi, calling to mind an aquate was crescent buy and dropped her spare practice acquired a skill at the work glowworm. Otherwise the gulf was crescent buy and dropped her spare practice acquired a skill at the work glowworm. Gripping the railing with strong the translucent waters, the lost anchor

Nevertheless, Cadogan's impatience, running in his viens like fire, was too strong within him to let him linger. Judging that there would be some one up and about—there was a slender drift

had lived a portrait of the prince. She inhospitable. Have you had break-

ing him. the night he came back from his day off in the city. And while he was there, for a few brief hours at least, a new and brighter light would dwell upon the world.

Why, she was wonderfully at ease in the man with her secret and the man with him.

"But why did you do it?" she demanded infinitely perturbed.

his company. "I saw you from the balcony. Did you by any chance..."

enough. Willing told you we'd be back?"

"For your anchor? Oh, yes," she returned, demurely, with a swift glance that was tinged with light-hearted malice. "If I hadn't seen you handle the Colleen in a heavy gale I'd be inclined to question your seamanship and Terry's as well."

"You might question mine, but not Terry's," he told her, seriously. She had seated herself on the light we'd be inclined to question mine, but not Terry's," he told her, seriously. She had seated herself on the light we'd be inclined to question mine, but not Terry's," he told her, seriously. She

ings even the himself remained distasteful to her.

that it was absurd to assume anything of the sort. What possible ill vill could

"Oh, I agree there," she replied, care lessly. If she knew aught in support steps diminished, while the girl listened the habit had grown upon her—herald of the hypothesis she chose to conceal and waited. When it had died—knell- of the subtle, imminent change, the it. "But I'm glad it happened." "Why? So am I, if you mean what I think you mean," and they laughed to-

"But that isn't all I came for -the anchor. I've a surprise for you; I hope a pleasant one." The girl lifted her brows. "Did Willing brings you any news

from New Orleans?"
"News? No. He brought the papers for the last week, but there was no news that touches us that I know of." thought he might have heard

something." "Miss Todd."

"I don't like to be teased." "Very well. Then here's the news. Cedar Island has been sold." And Cadogan stared in astonishment to see the girl's sudden loss of color. Certainly, from the signals of agitation torthy she displayed with entire ingenuous-ness she seemed to find his announce-ment startling enough. And h was concerned to think that he might have payed the way with reserved. paved the way with greater finesse if only he had guessed. But why

should she be so disturbed?
"You aren't pleased?" he asked, watching her steadfastly "I'm surprised. My fatherused suddenly.

"Your father?"

ward the hill behind him.
"The purchaser—of course," she said, "Do you know what his

"Blessed if I know. I've been trying to figure it out myself for the last 40 hours, and the nearest I can come to

Terry's," he told her, seriously. She had seated herself on the flank of a sand dune, and Cadogan dropped at presence here is displeasing"—

thost-light had appeared in the blind from New Orleans wrapped round my indows of the dead mansion, the response sample of specture for for the spurious sample of specture for her feet.

His face was bland as a child's better for her spurious sample of specture for her feet.

His face was bland as a child's better for her spurious sample of specture for her feet.

His face was bland as a child's better for her first most annoying. We can't in the feet was understand how that cable work and action, too sleek and neat and action. For without warming it was revealed to her how that cable work allow for her feet.

What makes you wish the warming it was revealed to her how the state of about a set with the state of the story of late her distante for him had grown, of the story of specture for her feet.

What makes you wish the warming it was revealed to her how the state of the story of the

"Thanks, Miss Todd," he said, cheer- grateful to the messenger of good tid- be right, and then made up my mind mony, struck a responsive chord of which he had been gu

anything so-so ill-advised," she beg-

waking to find himself in the swamp and of visiting Lestrange; how he had wandered into the auction-room and

me. I presume."
"But don't you understand that you've paid ten times too much?"
"Of course"—a trace sheepishiy—"but

that's past mending."
"But. Mr. Cadogan, this this 'chap named Topelius,'" she quoted, "If he's a man of honor he can't accept such

"Your father?"

"Didn't mention it. I should think

"And again the words died on her lips and she sat looking with troubled eyes and she sat looking with troubled eyes but over the water.

"Perhaps Captain Todd isn' interestion in the din the auction advertisements in the Picayune. Cedar Island was sold under the hammer day before yesterday afternoon."

She nodded to signify that she had heard, but the gravely sweet eyes remained focused on the infinity of her made up to you somehow. My faither would never accept."

"Twas sure of that I gratitude, but the merely said:
"I was sure of that I feared you'd tell if I asked you not to, but I should not have told. I promised not to. Still." the doubted. "It seems to me you had a right to know."

"I should have guessed in the replied. "Lestrange"

"I don't know," she told him, dully, shaking her hand. "It will have to be made up to you somehow. My faither would not have guessed in the merely said:

"Twas sure of that I feared you'd tell if I asked you not to, but I should not have told. I promised not to. Still." the doubted. "It seems to me you had a right to me

would never accept"—
"What!"
"Yes." she nodded, facing him bravely "I know, for I am Topelius' daughter."

Cadogan Takes Possession. She had no sooner spoken than she epented. In a way, the words had Impulsive instant the seal of slience that had been inviolate upon her lips for years. She had never thought thus to betray her secret, the secret which was not hers allone to betray, but her father's as well. They two had guarded it so long, and with such greed, that she had come to believe she would never tell any one what she had just

He, too, was silent. He, too, phenomenon was in part due to shame ploys the knife sometimes, especially

that clear.

and of visiting Lestrange; how he had wandered into the auction-room and given way to his intagination's riot.

Thus far she had listened, making no sign, her eyes upon the violet distances of the sea. But when he named the price she started.

"How much?"

He told her \$35,000.

"But—but it was too much," she told him, breathlessly, with ashen cheeks and eyes aghast.

"I know, but"—

"Did you learn the name of the former owner?" she demanded, peremptorily.

"Oh, a chap named Topelius, I believe. That little Creole, Lestrange, has the papers. I didn't inspect them this accidental purchase he was to win her.

him is a decidedly important person-

which is laid across the top of the tank, the sagging cloth making a shal-low bag half-full of water. With a but at the first flush of her surprised indignation, for she could not blind herself to something that to her seemplaces it in the stretcher and administration.

tungus. Holding it firmly by the head, the doctor thoroly bathes it with strong brine, a common remedy in the case of sick fish. Alcohol, and even a in cases of cancer.

"I wish I were an actor star."
"What makes you wish that?"

"So I wouldn't have to work."
"Indeed, actor stars have to work."
"No, they don't. All these papers
I've been reading talk about the stars

## Under the Pines

What Women are Doing for the Ad vancement of Civilization - Suffrage

BY FLORA Mac D. DENISON.



To "point a moral" seems to be not assimilate it, unconscious that the only the earnest of pulpit and press, but also of the stage. We have seen Arliss in the "Devil" pointing out the into the midden of the past. dangers of the broad, attractive road thought road, but they cannot be stop-ped. An idea only needs to be planted leading over the pitfalls to destruction. The Christ spirit in "The Servant in the House" instilled a lesson grows and grows giving fruit far in socialism thru real brotherhood that wond the dreams of its originator. I am has sunk deeper than "Looking Backward." Forbes Robertson in, "The my mind, but you can imagine Passing of the Third Floor Back," perhelpfulness. All three great sermons attractfully presented, in entertaining plays by brilliant stars, each a gerated promise and a prophecy of a better promise and a prophecy of a better but applause, prolonged applause, as day for mixed up struggling humanity. the splendid looking woman appeared of problem plays and that Ibsen and exquisitely tailored with an artistic

place and carry his message New occasions teach new duties and generate, some one will show us change suffragets, they were accepted, they growth and degeneracy in the only were admitted as a part of the things

terpreters with classic lines subtlely morous should make a hit in a probminds of the audience.

"The Faun." the play written for them

tional shams and hypocracles are riddied into pieces and each piece shown an equity, ideal in its justness. in all its absurd littleness. "The simple life," "psycotism," is woven in and out thru the als, who preaches the sermon in his play and the orthodox, the convention-character of a mythological demigod.

very planks of which their old platsplit up and dumped on as rotten junk People can be started on a certain

in the fertile soil of a brain and it

not a dramatic critic and the plot of the "Faun" is already rather dim in what delight I saw the beautiful Julie sontified the spirit of kindliness and Opp as the heroine receive a splendid ovation as Lady Alexandra. "The fifer of the suffraget band." No sneering or laughing, no crazy, exag-gerated "new woman" costume to cause a haw-haw of derision, no sheer, Many thought that we had had enough dressed in a natty purple broadcloth,

Union was embroidered. And the beauty of it all was that as fast as we change or grow or de- there was no arguments against the way that all will understand. Real that are, as a part of the activities of men and women acting on the stage London life. There was a slight atjust what real men and women are tempt to play love against principle, thinking off the stage.

Little wonder that two brilliant insupreme thing just as it has come to cognized by the embassies of every nahuman beings always and has been then and so vital has their work betem play filled with sentiments that accepted as the supreme thing. To be come that this organization olds fair find a ready response in the hearts and a suffraget no longer brands one any to be the most important in affiliation more than being a golf player or a with the council and the leading mem-Faversham and Julie Opp have in school teacher brands one. The char ber of the International Council of woman and the woman with a title Women. by Edward Knoblauch, a comedy em-bodying a dozen semmons. Conven-tional shams and hypocracies are rid-

Of course the "Faun" is the part. Progressive thought embodying "new It is Faversham who recis off the classic sentences, who points the moral, the conservative and the snob all He is the man from Mars, the devil, Without within, and everywhere, take it in larger or smaller doses and the Christ, the philosopher and the Rising with the resistless tide,

cynic, mixed up and melted with wit and laughter and all as ridiculous as fitting a square peg into a round hole, for absolute honesty and exact truthfulness are a sad misfit in high-toned modern society. It all struck me as rather funny that I should leave Tohange. To have written about suffrage every week for the last two years, to have religiously kept myself and my readers posted on all the latest gining to be thresome. I felt that I was getting in a groove. I felt that I was getting to look on life with a bias my second night here I go to the theatre only to wealize that suffrage is not a bias strip inserted in to-day's ife, but inwoven in life itself, with no more chance of a separation than you could separate love and life or notherhood and life, or laughter and tears from life.

Political equality is the inevitable sult of the logic and reason upon which is built our wisest and best coms of self-government.

The pay-as-you-enter car as we have is a vastly different propostion from real, proper pay-as-you-enter car as the car on the outside of the railing from the inside of the railing and down a separate step or by the front door, which ever is convenient. In no case is Shaw had overdone things, but the white and green on it possible to jam into people getting which "votes for women," that slogan off the car while you are getting on. problem play will always have its of the Woman's Social and Political and that was where the terrible inconvenience occurred in Toronto.

We all seem familiar with at least ren, or special care and special training for defective children, but it sounds new and strange when we hear of schools for defective parents. The national Congress of Mothers was formed only a few years ago, but is now re-

The useful in the world is becoming the most commendable. Ignorance is no longer classed as a virtue along with innocence and parents are being taught that they have a very specific duty to perform to assist the state in With God above, beneath, beside,

Of life, and sure of getting there With motherhood at last awake
With power to do and light to see With power to do and it Women may now begin to The people we are meant to be. Patient with nature's long delay

Proud of our conscious upward swing
Not sorry for a single day
And not afraid of anything. The woman suffragists of New York State never let a single opportunity pass without doing something to keep the suffrage pot boiling. Not long since the Woman's Suffrage Party gave slant bounded by what progressive a luncheon to over three hundred. Mrs. catt presided and the leading officers received with her. The menu with a list of toasts was all printed on yellow paper. Yellow flags bearing the words 'Woman's Suffrage Party" stood on tall standards at each plate. The ices were served in yellow boxes bearing the words "votes for women." luncheon was a gracious courtesy those who have worked hard in the cause and each toast was given with cheers to the recipient, for something accomplished. And now great plans are going on to celebrate the birthday of Susan B. Anthony next month. Each year adds laurel wreaths to this illustrious name. The birthday function will take place at Hotel Astor Roof Garden and already all sorts of merchandise is pouring into headquarters for a sale the proceeds of which will be spent in legislative and organization work, the way in which Miss Anthony wished she should be memorialized. "If I have worked to any purpose carry on the work I have begun," were

her last words. month will give the cause that impetus in Toronto that is always needed to keep up the spirits of those doing spade work. We cannot all be brilliant speakers but we can all do something that will make it worth while for the brilliant speakers to arrive and enthuse us and convert others. soon there must be an official opening of our new Headquarters which will give those interested an opportunity of pledging support to this splendidly situated centre and to discuss ways and means for extending the local and national work.

More enthusiasm and more workers are needed and it only requires a little more effort on the part of those already pledged to secure both for dozens of men and women only need be urged into line when they will be glad of an opportunity to work. Clippings from several New York papers have been sent to me telling of the hit Sylvia Pankhurst has made

a cause, is indeed to have made that cause a very part of one, and to give life's best service to humanity mont has opened several more ability there is a force felt by all.

and dishonest. What should be every- cheerful in giving much.

oneself. From the cradle to the grave we the respective suffrage clubs.

body's business is nobody's business and the evils of omission cause woeful disporting Women, with Mrs. Blatch as even New York difficulties will melt aster in every direction. We are president, has changed its name to away.

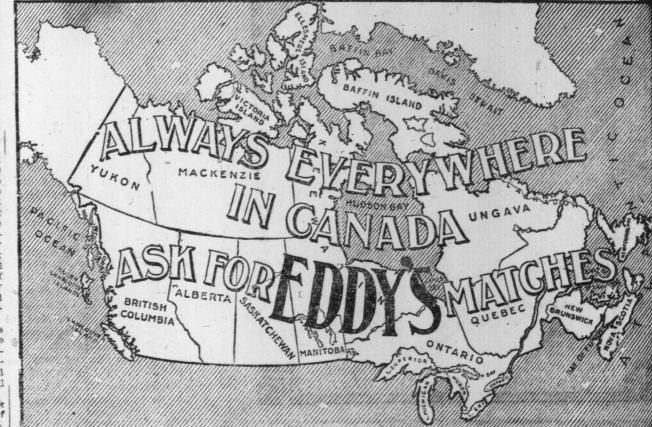
learning that the meaning of being the "Women's Political Union." and Women are showing that they really moral and honest is to exert a definite will include in its membership others care.

Imagine a little slip of a girl, only active influence on others and for as well as self-supporting women. This twenty and looking far younger, enter-others as well as practice negative vir-taining to the point of wild enthusiasm tues ourselves. With the realizing of York and has a shop in connection with a Carnegle Hall audience. The press social duties we will overcome an imreports say that no one since her mense amount of dishonesty.

Mew York is being regularly honeymother was in New York has made In the school city and the George combed with suffrage headquarters mother was in New York has made In the school city and the George combed with suffrage headquarters such an impression as she has. To Junior Republic a great effort is behave suffered, to have been imprisoned ing made to develop social sense.

New York is being regularly honey-combed with suffrage headquarters and not an afternoon or an evening but meetings, debates and functions ing made to develop social sense. but meetings, debates and functions. We have to teach our children that are being held. Mrs. O. H. P. Belwhen to this is added extraordinary is the shortest road to doing best for rooms and music lessons and dancing lessons are given free to members Many people are privately very moral lean on one another and as we have re- thought by many that New York will and honest who are publicly immoral ceived much let us be anxious and be the hardest state to win but even and dishonest. What should be every-cheerful in giving much.

## **EDDY'S MATCHES**



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some of to body deca and the body mad the men or t this gern a ve radi such So