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"The Helmet of Navarre"

BY BERTHA RUNKLE

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(Continued from Last Sunday.)
THE men were impressed. They had a respect for me, since I had been closed with Monsieur. Yet they stared at Monsieur Vigo for their lives. In this dilemma the poor sentry, fearful of getting into trouble whatever he did, sent up an envoy to ask Monsieur. He was frightened then, I had uttered my speech in sheer bravado, and was very doubtful as to how he would answer my impudence. But he was utterly speechless. I saw what I did, for presently the word came down that I might pass out.

He burst into laughter. Then he turned to me, and said: "It seems the cat's out of the bag. Aye, M. le Comte de Mar, I came to warn Grammont off. The duke will be here straightway. How will you like to swing for parricide?"
"Yeux-gris stared at him, neither in fear nor in fury, but in utter stupefaction.
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He had turned over on his side, half off me. I scrambled out from under him. To my surprise, Yeux-gris and Lucas were still engaged. I had thought it hours since Grammont pulled me down.
"First blood for me!" cried Lucas. "That serves for today M. le Comte, but that will come, it is necessary that I go before M. le Duc arrives. Clear the way!"
M. le Comte stood his ground, but after them. The rest stayed without to find the horses and keep off the gathering crowd.
"Of the men had a torch which lighted the red pavement. Vigo saw this first.
"Morbleu! Is it shames?"
"That is wise," I said.
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At the first word I wheeled around. In the court entrance stood Yeux-gris, smiling and debonair. He had laid aside his sword, and held on his left arm a basket containing a loaf of bread, a roast canon, and some bottles, or, at least, the world like an honest peasant doing his master's errand.
"Back to kill you, parricide!"
He had a knife in his belt; the light was even. I was upon him, my dagger raised to strike. He made no motion to draw, and I remembered in a flash that he could not; his right arm was powerless. He sprang back, flinging up his burdened left as a shield, and my blade buried itself in the side of the basket.
As I stabbed I heard feet thundering down the stairs within. I jerked my knife from the wicker and turned to face this new enemy, Grammont. I thought, and that my end had come.
The door flew open and, shoulder to shoulder like brothers, rushed Grammont and Lucas!

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"Well Caught!" Cried Vigo

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"By Heaven!" cried M. Etienne. "No, by Heaven! that brought me back to reality, no, Vigo! I am no murderer. Things may look black against me, but I am innocent. You have one will, and your feet and one a scold. I am not a third! I am a St. Quentin; I do not plot against my father. I was to aid Grammont to set on Lucas, who would not answer a challenge. I have been tricked. Gervais asked my forgiveness—you heard him. Their rage was too complete. I was not. Never have I lifted my hand against my father, nor would I, whatever came. That I swear. Never have I laid eyes on Lucas since I left Monsieur's presence, till now when we came out of that door side by side with Grammont. Whatever the plot, I knew naught of it. I am a St. Quentin—no parricide!"

"The ringing voice ceased and M. le Comte stood silent, with haggard eyes on Vigo. His face grew pale, and he looked at the Chief Commissioner. I was not. Never have I lifted my hand against my father, nor would I, whatever came. That I swear. Never have I laid eyes on Lucas since I left Monsieur's presence, till now when we came out of that door side by side with Grammont. Whatever the plot, I knew naught of it. I am a St. Quentin—no parricide!"

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WELL CURE NO FICTION! MARVEL UPON MARVEL! NO SUFFERER NEED NOW DESPAIR, but without raising a doctor's bill or falling into the deep ditch of quackery may safely, speedily and economically cure himself without the knowledge of a second party. By the introduction of THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY THERAPION, a complete revolution has been wrought in this department of medical science, whilst thousands have been restored to health and happiness who for years previously had been merely dragging out a miserable existence. THERAPION No. 1.—A Sovereign Remedy for diseases from the urinary organs, suppurating infections, the use of which does irreparable harm by laying the foundation of stricture and other serious diseases. THERAPION No. 2.—Sovereign Remedy for primary and secondary skin eruptions, scrofulous papules and swellings of the tonsils, and all those complaints which mercury and arsenic are popularly but erroneously supposed to cure. This preparation purifies the whole system through the blood and thoroughly eliminates all miasmata from the body. THERAPION No. 3.—A Sovereign Remedy for debility, nervousness, impaired vitality, and all those ailments which result from excessive indulgence in sexual intercourse, and which the faculty so persistently ignores, because so important to cure or even relieve. THERAPION is sold by principal Chemists throughout the Empire. Price England 2s. 6d. & 4s. In ordering, state that the word "Therapion" appears on British Government Stamp (in white letters on a red ground) affixed to every package by order of His Majesty's Hon. Commissioners, and without which it is a forgery. WHOLESALE—Henderson Bros., Ltd., Victoria and Vancouver.

Advertisement for Gillett's Pure Powdered Soap, featuring the Gillett's logo and text: "Ready for Use in Any Quantity. Formulated SOAP, containing water, removing old paint, disinfecting stains, dissolves and drains and for many other purposes. A safe and powerful soap." SOLD EVERYWHERE. E.W. GILLETT COMPANY TORONTO, ONT.

Advertisement for Light weight Summer Suitings. Text: "There are Fit-Reform garments for every whim of the thermometer. Beautiful Scotch Tweeds—Irish Homespuns—West of England Serges—and English Flannels. A quartette of fabrics that have summer comfort in every thread. 'A hundred and one' different effects—in all the new summer styles. \$15.00 up. 304

Advertisement for Sherwin-Williams Paints. Text: "When you use SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT Prepared, S. W. P., you know that you are using paints honestly made. Only the purest, chemically tested materials used in the making. Made by a firm with a world-wide reputation for best quality products. Quality means economy in paint. Paint cheap by the gallon is expensive by the job. Sherwin-Williams Paints are worth all they cost—they are full value paints—the best that can be made at any price. See color cards. ALL SHERWIN-WILLIAMS' OILS PAINTS ENAMELS BRUSHES VARNISHES AT BEDROCK PRICES FROM E. G. PRIOR & Co., Ltd. 123 Government Street, Victoria, B. C. P.R.1203

Advertisement for Ostrich Feather Stoles and Marabouts. Text: "JUST ARRIVED BY MAIL. DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING UNDER THE ABLE MANAGEMENT OF MISS HEDLEY. NOW READY. The only accurate and reliable map of the new townsite at THE TERMINUS OF THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY ON KAI-IHA ISLAND. This Map has been compiled from actual surveys on the ground, and is the only reliable map of the waterways about Kai-Iha Island that can be procured. THE COLONIST OFFICE

Advertisement for Gold Seal Crack Proof Mining Boots. Text: "Be sure the heels are stamped. GOLD SEAL CRACK PROOF MINING BOOTS. Be sure that the heels and knees are stamped as per cut and that each boot has our 'Gold Seal' stamp on the leg. Manufactured only by Joadrey Rubber Co., Portland, O. R. H. PHASE, President. 73 & 75 First St. Beware of imitations. May 22, 1906.

NOTICE
A meeting of the Board of Missionaries will be held on the 19th inst. at the Court House, Victoria, B. C.
CANCELLATION OF B.
NOTICE is hereby given that the land established covering the northwest end of the island of Vancouver has been cancelled.
NOTICE
The Taxpayers of the Municipality of Victoria are hereby notified that the assessment for the year 1906 is now ready for collection at the Municipal Assessor's Office, Victoria, B. C.
TIMBER NOTICE
NOTICE is hereby given that after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works at Victoria for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands: Commencing at a post marked 'N. E.' at the northwest corner of the block bounded by the Skeena River, thence north 30 chains, West 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to commencement. Located May 24, 1906. E. J. CAHILL

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NOTICE
A meeting of the Board of License Commissioners will be held on the 15th day of July, 1906, at the Court House, Port Eslington, B. C.

CANCELLATION OF RESERVE.
NOTICE is hereby given that the reservation established covering the split of land at the northwest end of Salles Island has been cancelled.

NOTICE
The Taxpayers of the Municipality of Saanich are hereby notified that all taxes for 1906 are due, and payable at the Municipal Treasurer's Office, Victoria, B. C., on or before the 15th inst.

TIMBER NOTICES
NOTICE is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry timber from the following described lands...

LAND NOTICES
WE HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that, 60 days after date, I intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described land situated on the north side of the Skeena River...

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An Absolute Cure For DYSPEPSIA
Dyspepsia, indigestion, belching of gas after eating, mean weakness. By means of its muscles, the stomach should churn the food—changing solids into liquids—mixing in the gastric juice to start digestion.

FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED
strengthen the stomach—just as juicy beef and eggs and milk strengthen the wasted frame of a patient getting over Typhoid.

PENSION SCHEME SAID TO MEET WITH APPROVAL
Outline Presented to Street Railwaymen's Union at Meeting at Vancouver. The pension scheme for the employees of the British Columbia Electric Railway Company, which was recently submitted to the men, has met with approval.

THE GLANDERS LAW.
Mr. Justice Morrison announced it as his opinion this morning that the Dominion law relating to the stamping out of glanders was constitutional and intra vires and everything else that is good says and although the Hon. Mr. Brookes came up on application in Brooks vs. Moore, Mr. Brookes is a horse owner, Dr. Moore is the Dominion veterinarian and the Hon. Mr. Brookes is a member of the Dominion government.

YUKON POLICE.
Major Z. T. Wood, assistant commissioner of the Northwest Mounted Police, accompanied by his wife, arrived yesterday from the East and is at the Hotel Vancouver, says Saturday's Vancouver News. Major Wood went into the Yukon six years ago, and has been promoted to his present position.

SUBMITTED TO INJURIES.
Washington, June 16.—Representative Rufus Lester of Georgia, who last night fell through the skylight the apartment house where he lived, died this evening.

RUSSIA'S DAILY TALE OF TERROR
One Hundred Killed as Victims of the Bloody Jewish Revolutionists. BIALYSTOK, via Warsaw, June 16.—In order to revenge the victims of the massacre, Jewish revolutionists, hidden on the roofs of houses and behind fences and the draperies of windows, have fired the whole day long with revolvers and rifles at the government buildings and the workmen and peasants passing in the streets.

CONSERVATIVES IN PARLIAMENTARY SESSION
of the fruit growers want to Manitoba and interested themselves to get practical fruit growers to get the district with success. Before the government went into office, though, three years ago, there has been stagnation in the industry.

THE MANHATTAN BRIDGE.
New York, June 16.—After more than five years of litigation, work was begun today on the Manhattan bridge, which will span the East River, a short distance above Brooklyn bridge. The Ryer, Parker Construction company has been contracted to complete the work in three and a half years for \$60,423,225.

MINER'S DREAM FULFILLED.
On going to work at Warriss Hill colliery, Rowley (Staffs), recently, a miner told the manager that during the night he had dreamt twice that a serious accident had occurred. The manager in consequence warned the miners to be careful.

ONE HUNDRED KILLED AS VICTIMS OF THE BLOODY JEWISH REVOLUTIONISTS.
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PARTICULARS OF SUICIDE.
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made at any price.

FROM
No., Ltd.
ria, B. C.
P. R. 1203

MAIL
Douglas St.

YARD
Management

OFFICE
for sale at the price
island that can be

NOTICE
A meeting of the Board of License Commissioners will be held on the 15th day of July, 1906, at the Court House, Port Eslington, B. C.

CANCELLATION OF RESERVE.
NOTICE is hereby given that the reservation established covering the split of land at the northwest end of Salles Island has been cancelled.

NOTICE
The Taxpayers of the Municipality of Saanich are hereby notified that all taxes for 1906 are due, and payable at the Municipal Treasurer's Office, Victoria, B. C., on or before the 15th inst.

TIMBER NOTICES
NOTICE is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry timber from the following described lands...

LAND NOTICES
WE HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that, 60 days after date, I intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described land situated on the north side of the Skeena River...

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FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED
strengthen the stomach—just as juicy beef and eggs and milk strengthen the wasted frame of a patient getting over Typhoid.

PENSION SCHEME SAID TO MEET WITH APPROVAL
Outline Presented to Street Railwaymen's Union at Meeting at Vancouver. The pension scheme for the employees of the British Columbia Electric Railway Company, which was recently submitted to the men, has met with approval.

THE GLANDERS LAW.
Mr. Justice Morrison announced it as his opinion this morning that the Dominion law relating to the stamping out of glanders was constitutional and intra vires and everything else that is good says and although the Hon. Mr. Brookes came up on application in Brooks vs. Moore, Mr. Brookes is a horse owner, Dr. Moore is the Dominion veterinarian and the Hon. Mr. Brookes is a member of the Dominion government.

YUKON POLICE.
Major Z. T. Wood, assistant commissioner of the Northwest Mounted Police, accompanied by his wife, arrived yesterday from the East and is at the Hotel Vancouver, says Saturday's Vancouver News. Major Wood went into the Yukon six years ago, and has been promoted to his present position.

RUSSIA'S DAILY TALE OF TERROR
One Hundred Killed as Victims of the Bloody Jewish Revolutionists. BIALYSTOK, via Warsaw, June 16.—In order to revenge the victims of the massacre, Jewish revolutionists, hidden on the roofs of houses and behind fences and the draperies of windows, have fired the whole day long with revolvers and rifles at the government buildings and the workmen and peasants passing in the streets.

CONSERVATIVES IN PARLIAMENTARY SESSION
of the fruit growers want to Manitoba and interested themselves to get practical fruit growers to get the district with success. Before the government went into office, though, three years ago, there has been stagnation in the industry.

THE MANHATTAN BRIDGE.
New York, June 16.—After more than five years of litigation, work was begun today on the Manhattan bridge, which will span the East River, a short distance above Brooklyn bridge. The Ryer, Parker Construction company has been contracted to complete the work in three and a half years for \$60,423,225.

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Back Again to the Horrors of Devil's Island

Eddie Guerin, Who Once Escaped from the Pestilential Spot Where Capt. Dreyfus Was Confined, Lured to London by a Chicago Woman and Captured, Will Soon Resume His Former Sufferings, This Time Securely Riveted In An Iron Shirt, With Ingenious Tortures Added.



"With great and savage relish, the Paris police will hustle Eddie Guerin back to his awful punishment."

Ada Mitchell, Whom Guerin Followed to London.

COLLEGE

ERTA.
modation for 180 Boys.
New Gymnasium.

In the School, Senior Classes and Royal Military College, classes conducted with Toronto University.

RAE.
J. Kirby, Rev. Dr. Herdman,

PROGRESS IN THE INTERIOR

ing Begun on V. V. & E.
aw Era For Similkameen.

Similkameen Star, in its issue of... J. H. Kennedy, chief... V. V. & E. construction... last Monday inspecting... work and conferring with... He expects that con-... will actually begin west of... his month. Grading is al-... eted between Midway and... of steel rails are arriving... every day and are stacked... which is rapidly filling with... bridges and trestles to be... as the track reaches the... they are to be used. All... ers and castings are fitted... by a gang of mechanics and... to their destination where... truck car places them in the... The track-laying machine has... steel on side tracks about... will be laying on the main... first of next week. Harring... of unexpected delays, rolling... in Oroville not later than...

00 graders with contractors... ready to move forward to... is, presumably west of Kee-... not improbable that the C... attempt a hookup at Hedley... V. and E. by beginning con-... ere when the Hill contrac-... an appearance, with their... he C. P. E. has almost in-... hested the right of its com-... press its line and as often... the matter was argued in... ore the railway commission... yet see some very lively... the dirt fly from opposing... the same time.

Ambria is surveying a spur... million Forks Co.'s coal mine... gineer Hogeland is expected... shawmason soon.
V. & E. will be laid with... rails.
erstood that agreements for... right-of-way via the tunnel... rd's ranch have been made... owners and the railway...

Shaughnessy, president of... R. has been back from the... for nearly a month and the... he Nicola and Similkameen... anxiously waiting for that... lity of railway construction... said to be hanging fire until... If the hoast, made by C... ls that their road would be... a quickly as any other it is... something was doing.

e said Battle's assertions... He had addressed the... adressed generally, not Mr... particular. He had not ad-... rd Mr. Battle. A conver-... taken place in Vancouver... and Battle, but no warm... exchanged. He had never... pe, as far as he could re-... he was a boy at school.
n gave evidence that with... had treated the property... There was a two-inch scalp... ing the skull. The wound... ly, an artery having been... have been a heavy blow... eted such a wound. The... been removed to St. Jo-... al by the physician's in-

barriester and solicitor... present at the meeting... leged assault took place... ing had been arranged for... he timber limits, an option... given to Levenson with the... that the sale price would... of \$18 an acre. A tim-... since returned with... out 12,000 of the 20,000... well timbered, and in con-... this and other reasons he... to advance the price to \$20... this, Levenson objected... stating it would necessitate... the whole matter again... pective purchasers at the... the meeting opened, Bat-... bat Levenson was engaged... er properties. Levenson... gined this, and witness... him, having knowledge of... on to which Battle re-... the assertion was with-... ated discussion, then arose... details, commission in... th the transaction, etc.,... became quite excited. Wit-... he advanced a step. Then... an umbrella and struck... the head. He and Mr... vened and a doctor was... tended by Mr. Battle, who... would not say whether Lev-... words "d-d-l-r," but he... rd "lie," and there was... the remark was intended

Guerin was the next wit-... again related the terms... Mr. Lugin said Levenson... svering case, his voice be-... and louder in the alter-... tle, who remained, seem-... his chair until the last... himself had become un-... Levenson's loss of tem-... to the windows to see that... sed, fearing the noise of... he heard in a voice he... only had used the words... at the same time ad-... to Battle, whom he re-... the case was remained next

London, May 20. I t is settled that Eddie Guerin must go and I know that I back to the horrors of Devil's Island. "From Devil's Island there is no escape," the French prison authorities are fond of saying. As this American criminal and all-round adventurer is the only Devil's Island prisoner who ever disproved that boast, it is with great and savage relish that the Paris police are preparing to take him off the hands of the Scotland Yard authorities, and will hustle Eddie Guerin back to his awful punishment. Guerin is at the moment a prisoner in a London jail. There will be no difficulties in the way of extradition, and while the papers are being made out the French prison officials in charge of such matters are planning a future for Eddie Guerin on the most pestilential, vermin-infested island in all the oceans that will make the idea of escape one long despair.

There were times when Captain Dreyfus was chained to his bed in the miserable hut he occupied on that sun-baked rock. That was pleasant treatment compared with what Guerin now faces. The same ship that transports him again to Cayenne, the nearest port to that most dreaded French penal settlement on the South American coast, will carry the wrought iron truss-work costume which will be riveted upon Eddie Guerin, in which, strong as he is, he can move only a few steps at a time, and of which only death will relieve him.

For this dreadful prospect Eddie Guerin can blame no one but himself. No criminal ever had as many able friends, including Pat Sheedy, "the honest gambler." Through them he found the means of his extraordinary escape of last year. They nursed him back to health in New York, sent him to his old home in Chicago and set him up in business there. But he could not forget boasting of his exploit in outwitting the Devil's Island officials, nor following to London the first woman to again capture his fancy.

Can Blame Only Himself. Just as it was "Chicago May" Churchill who lured him to Paris, to become the chief conspirator in dynamiting the Am-erican Express office there and robbing it of \$20,000, it was a mysterious woman, called Ada Mitchell—who promptly disappeared after his arrest—who was the woman he recklessly rushed to London, whose detective force is hand in glove with the Lecocq and Dupuis of Paris.

Scotland Yard men found Guerin living under an assumed name in a small hotel in Soho, and pounced upon him, immediately notifying their Paris comrades. Guerin was very cool. He is a wonderful man, big and handsome, with fine features and a really refined and gracious manner. He did not look a day older than when he passed through London shortly before the Paris robbery.

"Eddie Guerin" he laughed easily. "Do I look like a man who had been grilled for two years on Devil's Island, who got away a mere bag of bones crammed full of fever?"

Even yet he stoutly denies that he is the man for whom the French years so maliciously; but there is no possibility of mistake. He is Eddie Guerin all right, and a few more days will see him secure in French clutches.

The Scotland Yard men find it difficult to suppress all sympathy for Guerin. They are of Pat Sheedy's confessed belief that Guerin is a talented and worthy fellow who went wrong through force of circumstances, after he had shot a Chicago policeman, and needs only a fair chance to reform himself into a good citizen. But they were bound to reciprocate favors from their Paris comrades.

The same Paris trial that condemned Eddie Guerin to Devil's Island five years ago sent "Chicago May," who loved and tried to shield him, and her jealous husband, George Miller, to prisons in France, where they died. Guerin himself has told of his imprisonment and his escape. "Dreyfus," he said, "has not exaggerated the horrors of convict life on Devil's Island. Everybody has read the published letters he wrote to his wife from that accursed spot, where France berds the most despised victims of her courts—till they die."

"Dreyfus would have died soon if he had not been taken home for retreat; I would have died by this time if I had not escaped. I doubt if I could escape again, or if any one else ever will."

"Before I set foot on the convict ship that carried me to that tropical, rock-bound, death-infested spot, I realized that my only hope for more than half a dozen years of life was in carrying out some plan of escape. I managed to get word to my friends in America of my resolve to escape. I knew that Pat Sheedy could help



General view of Devil's Island, the sun-baked, pestilential rock off the east coast of South America, where Dreyfus was confined and from which Eddie Guerin miraculously escaped.



His robust shoulders will hardly bear the weight of the iron truss-work, sleeveless garment into which he will be riveted.

me if any man could rely on him to the limit of his powers — that's Pat Sheedy." As Guerin was an ordinary French convict of the class to whom is awarded the most severe punishment next to the guillotine, he was dumped onto Devil's Island with a lot of the vilest sort of human refuse, to receive the poorest fare and do the hardest manual labor under the bayonets of the guard. In that climate it rained half the year, and during the other half there are twelve hours a day of grilling sunshine—and all the time the air is rotten with germs of pestilence. Clothed in rag, Guerin, and other prisoners toiled in rain and sunshine, and at night slept under guard in hovels which were alive with vermin. Venomous reptiles abounded and had always to be looked out for. "When I arrived," says Guerin, "I was an unusually robust man. I weighed 220 pounds, and was tall, athletic. But soon the fever got into my blood and I felt myself going. There was no time to lose in perfecting my plans of escape." Guerin had always found it easy to gain the friendship of women. He labored first to make himself agreeable to his guards. Then he

cartridges, fortunately, as otherwise all his planning would have been in vain. After a day or two in the boat he noticed that his two companions were growing very chummy. They were astonishingly willing to do the paddling and let him sleep.

So one night Guerin feigned to be asleep, but kept an eye and both ears wide open. Presently he heard his companions talking together in Spanish, which they had no reason to believe he understood. The man whom he had helped out of prison had made up their minds that he had a lot of money left. They were conspiring to slit his throat as he slept, rob his body and feed him to the sharks. The men lost no time in putting this enterprise into operation. But as they crept upon him, knives in hand, they found themselves looking into the muzzle of his revolver.

"For three days and nights," Guerin has told, "I could hardly lower the muzzle of my revolver, and for them to stop paddling would mean only prolongation of the agony."

When at last they all landed all were half crazy with fatigue and loss of sleep. Guerin left the accomplices snoring in the bottom of the dugout and started on his long tramp northward. The tramp occupied

more than a week. When Guerin stumbled more dead than alive into Paramaribo, where correspondents of his American friends were watching for him to put him aboard a tramp ship for New York, he could remember vaguely that his tramp had been a series of captures by and escapes from bands of Indians. In New York, although tenderly cared for, it was weeks before he was able to journey on to Chicago.

But after a month in his old home, he felt none the worse for his incredible hardships, and it was then that he told his story and made the boasts that have been talked together in Spanish, which they had no reason to believe he understood. The man whom he had helped out of prison had made up their minds that he had a lot of money left. They were conspiring to slit his throat as he slept, rob his body and feed him to the sharks. The men lost no time in putting this enterprise into operation. But as they crept upon him, knives in hand, they found themselves looking into the muzzle of his revolver.

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He will not have to labor, because that would enable him to conspire with other convicts. His guards will be forbidden to speak or listen to him, and will be watched to see that they obey. Least of all will he be permitted to set his magnetic eyes on any member of the fair sex, or her to sympathize with him through viewing his misery.

Will Die by Inches in an Iron Shirt. When Guerin lands on Devil's Island he will have changed his garments for the last time. This is because there will be immediately riveted upon him that other garment of wrought iron which will accompany him on the ship, the model for which these French prison officials found in China. The Chinese model is of wood. It is like a basket nearly the height of the criminal, without any bottom, and through the top of which the man's head protrudes, his neck being firmly clasped by a yoke fixed to the basket's top. The criminal can touch the ground only with the tips of his toes. When his toes become tired he must swing with his head in the yoke.

Although in Guerin's case he will have some freedom of arms and legs, his robust shoulders will hardly bear the weight of the iron truss-work, sleeveless garment into which he will be riveted. He can hobble about a few steps at a time, and feed himself; but it will be impossible for him to rest easy in any position. Neither can he use his hands to fight away vermin from any part of his body but his head. This horrible garment is of open trellis iron-work, which, as his garments rot away, will offer no impediment to the approach of insects and reptiles, will not protect him against the drenching rains nor the scorching sun. How long he lives will be merely a matter of endurance. As he grows weaker from the inevitable fever pestilence, the burden of his iron shirt will become greater. When he can no longer stand he can lie down only to be twisted and racked by the cruel iron-work. Throughout he will be a prey to absolute despair—only a madman could have the slightest hope of escape. So, in a year or two—perhaps in a few months or weeks—the prisoner who had the impertinence to escape from Devil's Island—and boast about it—will be put under ground to redeem from satire the head-twisted and racked by the cruel iron-work. Although in Guerin's case he will have some freedom of arms and legs, his robust shoulders will hardly bear the weight of the iron truss-work, sleeveless garment into which he will be riveted. He can hobble



EDDIE GUERIN.

PICTURES OF WAR

NO 14.

THE SALAMANDER

A Narrative of Hopeless Endeavor Incident to the Siege of Port Arthur, Dealing With the Heroic Effort of Rear Admiral Wren—The Man Who Fought a Navy.

J. GORDON SMITH

"She opened fire at seven miles— As ye shoot at a bobbing cork— And once she fired she fired no more. Till the bow-gun drooped like a lily tired That loils upon the stalk.

"Captain, the bow-gun melts apace, The deck-beams break below. 'Twere well to rest for an hour or twain. And both the shattered plates ago. And he answered: "Make it go."

She opened fire within the mile— As ye shoot at the flying duck. And the great stern gun shot fast and true. With the blue of the ship, to the stainless blue. And the great stern turret stuck.

"Captain, the turret fills with steam. The feed-pipes burst below— You can hear the hiss of the hopeless ram. You can hear the twisted runners groan. And he answered: "E'en and go." —Kipling.

ships Hataze and Yashima and the cruiser Yoshino. Like grease on a dying fire this had flared the garbison's hope for a time, and it still looked on the hills, hopeful of relief, expectant of an army with banners, marching through the gullies that led from the sea after breaking the army of the besiegers. But the most hopeful no longer dreamed of this after the heart-breaking days of the early summer. With short August realization was begun the novelty had even worn from the hopeless. Wherefore, while there was wine and vodka to be had and horse-drawn carts with any occasional piece of pork or other meat after the junkies came into Louise bay from Shenzhou and Cherof, the coffee of non-vivants gathered on the beach of the Bear, to eat and drink and sing, to quarrel and make merry.

The tables were half-filled; the clientele of Artsemovitch's assembly for the evening. In a corner near the big window a Chinese was kneeling to a broken-down Chinese, a broken-down military officer had playfully kicked a laden tray out of his hands.

"Ha, Capt. Naikimoff, come in," said the proprietor, rubbing his hands. "There's a table set today, fine meat steaks. Some day we'll get a real porthouse."

"No matter," said the captain, shrugging his shoulders. "The doors swung again, and a tall, intelligent-looking naval officer with a white beard, and eyes, and long thin straggling mustache, ran excitedly in, his cap tilted at an angle.

The mangled dead, and bustled themselves again with their scant-hooded guns. That must be Togo out on his bridge again; he will not stay in the conning tower," said Capt. Wren, handing his glasses to his lieutenant.

"The Salamander," said this as his excuse for refusing to scoop himself in the conning tower; it Togo could keep to the bridge, who was the admiral of a fleet surely he could be of a fleet. The sea was marked with salty geyser, where great projectiles splashed and threw up spray, and one after the other shells ricocheted and exploded. The battle was in earnest, and gunners were giving shot for shot. Only 5,000 metres now separated the battling ships, and soon of steel flew striking between them. The range was decreasing, and the 12-inch guns were making havoc, the superstructure of the Russian ships was being cut up, the masts and funnels being constantly covered with the smoke of bursting shells. The thing seemed horrible, and beyond ranging on the metal plates of the ship were now but faint, blotches in a fierce smother, the air being dense with flying clouds, with an occasional flame or fire leaped from the smokestacks to show how liberally the almost nude sailors, suffocating in that awful heat, below decks, were in the dully-bombarded, were feeding the furnaces. Every sound of steam was heard.

The Sevastopol had been singing out the Shikishima for her fire, and, staggering like a drunken thing, the big foremost battleship of the enemy was now leaving the line. The Salamander had scored again for Russia.

Unsatisfied, Capt. Wren, standing bareheaded, with his curly hair waving, leaned forward over the bridge railing. The big Sevastopol, and called his lieutenant. Plans were fluttering, new broken out, from the yards of the flag, where the starry feet above the battleships were in line behind, with the cruisers following. Would that the Bayan were with them, thought Capt. Wren; the Bayan was his own, his very own. But the cruiser was then in harbor, disabled.

The officer in charge of the wireless reported the Japanese messages were being intercepted. Obviously the scout boats, unseen from the Sevastopol in the grey mist and fog, were following the straggled morning, had carried the news of the outgoing fleet. The Japanese vessels were telegraphing to each other, wireless messages were carried to Capt. Wren by the signaler. "Torpedo craft report enemy's battleship squadron nearing in line of battle."

The Sevastopol and the Encounter, the Japanese gunnery, their hated red and white banners dirtier than when they were last seen, fouled by months of rain, were heading for the bay, Shikishima, Mikasa, Fuji, Asahi, Nishin and Kasuga—the superstitious Japanese would ever have their flagships flying in line of battle. The second vessel was more immune from danger. The battleships were floating from each vessel; probably also the Mikasa's wounds were being repaired. The other battleships and the lean-hulled cruisers showed plain in the distant grey as the fleet rounded into view from behind. "The Japanese," said Capt. Wren, "are in the line of battle."

"Why don't you fellows," wrote Burt Henderson to young Weaver and Knowlton, of Columbus College, "hire an auto some Saturday and come down here to see me? The old folks will make you welcome, and my sister Annette, of whom you have heard me speak so much now. Arrange to stay here Sunday with us. We'll have a bully time."

Young Henderson was still living with his parents at their country house on Long Island, and had been chummy with the two men during his days in college. The invitation was alluring. Each of the sophomores had a long destination to run, the Long Island roads were known to be good, and at the end of the run was a handsome girl, a young woman, a photograph which they had seen.

It was a rare chance to get out of town and do a lot of other things besides, to compare with the driving of a certain June an auto might have been seen speeding two rather hilarious young men up the island roads. The garage man knew the pair, and when they went to hire the machine, they confessed to being timid about speed, but felt perfectly confident on their knowledge in a practical way he had placed them in charge.

The destination was twenty miles from Brooklyn, but at a steady jog this might have been covered by noon had not something happened to prevent.

As they were passing through Jamaica, the journey only just begun, a handsome young lady emerged from a house, stepped into a steam sunbath, and, acting as her own chauffeur, started off at a fast clip.

"By George, but did you ever see anything like that?" said the young man, every Japanese gunner shelling the Bayan, she had her own chauffeur, started off at a fast clip.

"Did you notice that look she threw at me?"

"It was meant for me."

"You go on! Say, I'd give all I expect to get on my grandmother's estate to know that girl. What eyes! What hair! As her eyes looked into mine for an instant I—"

"She was looking into mine, and there was a regular defiant look in them, as if she dared us to follow her."

"By George, but come to think of it, we ought to follow her anyhow. No woman has any business driving an open-top. Suppose a tire comes off or anything breaks. She may meet a train at a crossing, run into a ditch or have something else happen. If we are on hand we can assist."

"More speed was put on to decrease the distance, and the young lady looked back as she heard the chuggings of the big machine."

"She's surely flirting with me!" gushed young Weaver as he clasped his hands.

"You don't!" replied young Knowlton. "She doesn't know that you are on her tail. Isn't she skimming along pretty fast?"

"Seems to me she's let out a link. This is faster than any road I know of on the subject in hand. One was that the two young men behind her were new to the sport. Another was that they were both as business driving as follow her. The third was that she would be revenged on them. She rattled along at a high speed for miles, and could see nothing stirring in front. She was wobbling badly and being driven by a trembling hand. The road was where the highway separated to unite a quarter of a mile further on, she chose the roughest way. The light-weight sunbath seemed to sail over the humps and ruts and washouts, while the larger machine had to slow down and bump its way along."

"If we lose her I'll commit suicide!" said young Weaver, as he hung on for dear life and grew paler every minute.

"Don't you fear! The road is open to the men convicted of robbing the Canadian Pacific train."

BEHIND Golden Hill the sun set in a crimson flare on the horizon of the Yellow Sea now covered with the chromatic debauch of evening and Togo's watchful lead-painted warships cast long shadows as they lifted on the long rollers as they had done for several months. They were not far from where they rode that grey morning when the Petropavlovsk was mined and exploded, and the sea was covered with the twisted wreckage of the ship, and the great stern turret stuck.

"Captain, the turret fills with steam. The feed-pipes burst below— You can hear the hiss of the hopeless ram. You can hear the twisted runners groan. And he answered: "E'en and go." —Kipling.

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"No matter," said the captain, shrugging his shoulders. "The doors swung again, and a tall, intelligent-looking naval officer with a white beard, and eyes, and long thin straggling mustache, ran excitedly in, his cap tilted at an angle.

The mangled dead, and bustled themselves again with their scant-hooded guns. That must be Togo out on his bridge again; he will not stay in the conning tower," said Capt. Wren, handing his glasses to his lieutenant.

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Unsatisfied, Capt. Wren, standing bareheaded, with his curly hair waving, leaned forward over the bridge railing. The big Sevastopol, and called his lieutenant. Plans were fluttering, new broken out, from the yards of the flag, where the starry feet above the battleships were in line behind, with the cruisers following. Would that the Bayan were with them, thought Capt. Wren; the Bayan was his own, his very own. But the cruiser was then in harbor, disabled.

The officer in charge of the wireless reported the Japanese messages were being intercepted. Obviously the scout boats, unseen from the Sevastopol in the grey mist and fog, were following the straggled morning, had carried the news of the outgoing fleet. The Japanese vessels were telegraphing to each other, wireless messages were carried to Capt. Wren by the signaler. "Torpedo craft report enemy's battleship squadron nearing in line of battle."

The Sevastopol and the Encounter, the Japanese gunnery, their hated red and white banners dirtier than when they were last seen, fouled by months of rain, were heading for the bay, Shikishima, Mikasa, Fuji, Asahi, Nishin and Kasuga—the superstitious Japanese would ever have their flagships flying in line of battle. The second vessel was more immune from danger. The battleships were floating from each vessel; probably also the Mikasa's wounds were being repaired. The other battleships and the lean-hulled cruisers showed plain in the distant grey as the fleet rounded into view from behind. "The Japanese," said Capt. Wren, "are in the line of battle."

"Why don't you fellows," wrote Burt Henderson to young Weaver and Knowlton, of Columbus College, "hire an auto some Saturday and come down here to see me? The old folks will make you welcome, and my sister Annette, of whom you have heard me speak so much now. Arrange to stay here Sunday with us. We'll have a bully time."

Young Henderson was still living with his parents at their country house on Long Island, and had been chummy with the two men during his days in college. The invitation was alluring. Each of the sophomores had a long destination to run, the Long Island roads were known to be good, and at the end of the run was a handsome girl, a young woman, a photograph which they had seen.

It was a rare chance to get out of town and do a lot of other things besides, to compare with the driving of a certain June an auto might have been seen speeding two rather hilarious young men up the island roads. The garage man knew the pair, and when they went to hire the machine, they confessed to being timid about speed, but felt perfectly confident on their knowledge in a practical way he had placed them in charge.

The destination was twenty miles from Brooklyn, but at a steady jog this might have been covered by noon had not something happened to prevent.

As they were passing through Jamaica, the journey only just begun, a handsome young lady emerged from a house, stepped into a steam sunbath, and, acting as her own chauffeur, started off at a fast clip.

"By George, but did you ever see anything like that?" said the young man, every Japanese gunner shelling the Bayan, she had her own chauffeur, started off at a fast clip.

"Did you notice that look she threw at me?"

"It was meant for me."

"You go on! Say, I'd give all I expect to get on my grandmother's estate to know that girl. What eyes! What hair! As her eyes looked into mine for an instant I—"

"She was looking into mine, and there was a regular defiant look in them, as if she dared us to follow her."

"By George, but come to think of it, we ought to follow her anyhow. No woman has any business driving an open-top. Suppose a tire comes off or anything breaks. She may meet a train at a crossing, run into a ditch or have something else happen. If we are on hand we can assist."

"More speed was put on to decrease the distance, and the young lady looked back as she heard the chuggings of the big machine."

"She's surely flirting with me!" gushed young Weaver as he clasped his hands.

"You don't!" replied young Knowlton. "She doesn't know that you are on her tail. Isn't she skimming along pretty fast?"

"Seems to me she's let out a link. This is faster than any road I know of on the subject in hand. One was that the two young men behind her were new to the sport. Another was that they were both as business driving as follow her. The third was that she would be revenged on them. She rattled along at a high speed for miles, and could see nothing stirring in front. She was wobbling badly and being driven by a trembling hand. The road was where the highway separated to unite a quarter of a mile further on, she chose the roughest way. The light-weight sunbath seemed to sail over the humps and ruts and washouts, while the larger machine had to slow down and bump its way along."

"If we lose her I'll commit suicide!" said young Weaver, as he hung on for dear life and grew paler every minute.

"Don't you fear! The road is open to the men convicted of robbing the Canadian Pacific train."

"Why don't you fellows," wrote Burt Henderson to young Weaver and Knowlton, of Columbus College, "hire an auto some