The Lust of Hate

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(Continued from last week)

friend are tals morning. You were fairly comfortable in the cave, I hope?" "Quite comfortable, thank you," she answered, gravely. "But poor little Esther is no better this morning. In fact, if anything, I fancy she is worse. She was delirious for some time in the night, and now she is in a comatose condition that frightens me more than her former restlessness. It goes to my heart to see her in this state."

"Is there nothing we can do for her, I wonder?" I said as I prepared my fish for the fire.

"I fear we are powerless," replied Miss Maybourne. "The only thing can imagine to be the matter with her is that she must have been struck by something when we were sucked under by the sinking ship. She complains continually of pains in her head." "In that case, I fear there is nothing

for it but to wait patiently for some ship, with a doctor on board, to come in sight and take us off."

"In the meantime, she may die. Oh, poor little Esther! Mr. Wrexford, this helplessness is too terrible."

What could I say to comfort her? In my own mind I saw no hope. Unless a vessel hove in sight, and she chanced to carry a doctor, the doctor must inevitably die. As soon as the breakfast was cooked. I went into the cave and looked at her. I found the little thing stretched upon the grass I had thrown down for a bed. She was unconscious, as Miss Maybourne had said, and was breathing heavily. Her pulse was almost unnoticeable, and occasionally she moaned a little, as if in pain. It was a sight that would have touched the most callous of men, and in spite of that one sinister episode in my career, I was far from being such a Nero.

At midday there was no change perceptible in her condition. By the middle of the afternoon she was worse. Miss Maybourne and myself took it in turns to watch by her side; in the intervals, we climbed the hill and scanned the offing for a sail. Our vigilance, however, was never rewarded-the sea was as devoid of ships as our future seemed of hope.

After a day which had seemed an eternity, the second night of our captivity on the island came round. A more exquisite evening could scarcely be imagined. I had been watching by the sick child's side the greater part of the afternoon, and feeling that, if I remained on shore, Miss Maybourne would discover how low-spirited I was, I took the boat and rowed out into the bay, to try and obtain some fish for our supper. Tihs was not a matter of much difficulty, and in less than a quarter of an hour I had hauled on board more than we could possibly have eaten in three meals When had finished, I sat in my boat watching the sunset effects upon the island. It was indeed a scene to remember, and the picture of it, as I saw it then, rises before me now as clearly as if it were but yesterday.

To right and left of the points which sheltered the bay, the deep green of the sea was changed to creaming froth where the surf caught the rocks; but in the little indentation which we had made our home the wavelets rippled on the sand with the softest rhythm possible. The sky was cloudless, the air warmer than it had been for days past. The glow of sunset imparted to the western cliffs a peculiar shade of pink, the beauty of which was accentuated by the deep shadows cast by the beetling crags. On the hillside, directly opposite where my boat was anchored, I could see the plateau, and on it my fire burning brightly. thought of the brave woman nursing the sick child in the cave, and of the difference she had made in my lonely

"Oh, God!" I cried, "if only You had let me see the chance that was to be mine some day, how easy it would have been for me to have ordered Ni kola and his temptation to stand behind me. Now I see my happiness too late, and am consequently undone for

As I thought of that sinister man and the influence he had exercised upon my life, I felt a thrill of horror pass over me. It seemed dreadful to think that he was still at large, unsuspected, and in all probability working some sort of evil on another unfortunate individual.

In my mind's eye I could see again that cold, impassive face, with its snake-like eyes, and hear that insinuating voice uttering once more that terrible temptation. Surely, 1 thought, the dread enemy of mankind must be just such another as Dr-

When the sun had disappeared below the sea line, the color of the ocean had changed from all the dazzling tints of the king-opal to a sombre coal-black hue, and myriads of stars were beginning to make their appearance in the sky, I turned my boat's head, and pulled towards the shore again. A great melancholy had settled upon me, a vague sense of some impending catastrophe, of which, try how I would, I found I could not rid

On reaching the plateau, I made my way to the save and looked in. I discovered Miss Maybourne kneeling beside the child on the grass. As soon as she saw me she rose and led me out

"Mr. Wrexford," she said, "the end is quite close now, I feel sure. The poor little thing is growing weaker every moment. Oh, it is too terrible to think that she must die because we have not the means to save her."

I did my best to comfort her, but it thought she was dead.

lingered on. Miss Maybourne remained with her until close upon midnight, For this reason I pointed my boat's when I relieved her. Shortly before head straight for her and continued sunrise I went to the mouth of the to pull with all the strength I possesscave and looked out. The stars were ed. Suddenly Miss Maybourne uttered

world was very still. When I return- my seat again and began to pull wilded, I thought the child had suddenly ly after her. Fortunately the breeze grown strangely quiet, and knelt down was light and the sea smooth, otherto examine her. The first grey shafts | wise I should have made no headway of dawn showed me that at last the at all. But when all was said and done, end had come. Death had claimed his with both wind and tide in my favor more concern for poor little Esther- plish. The boat, as I have already said her suffering were over. She had gone was a large and heavy one, and my to join her mother and the little ones strength was perhaps a little underwho had lost their lives two days before. Having convinced myself that what I imagined was correct, I reverently closed the little eyes and crossed the frail hands upon her breast, and then went out into the fresh air. The sun was in the act of making his appearance above the peak, and all our little world was bathed in his glory. I looked across to the place between

came swiftly across to where I stood. "It is all over," she said, very quiet-

the rocks where I usually slept, and

saw Miss Maybourne rising from her

not have spoken just then. The sight of that agonized face before me and the thought of the dead child lying in the cave behind me deprived me of speech entirely. Miss Maybourne noticed my condition, and simply said, "Take me to her." I did as she commanded, and together we went back to the chamber of death. When we reached it, my companion stood for a few moments looking at the peaceful little figure on the couch of grass, and then knelt down beside it. I followed her example. Then, holding my hand in hers, she prayed for the child from whose body the soul had just departed; then for ourselves still left upon the island. When she had finished, we rose, and, after a final glance at our dead companion, went out into the open air again.

By this time I had got so much into the habit of searching the sea for ships that I did it almost unconsciously. As I passed the cave I glanced out across the waste of water. Then I stood still, hardly able to believe the evidence of my eyes. There, fast rising above the horizon, were the sails of a full-rigged ship. Miss Maybourne saw them as soon as I did, and together we stood staring at the vessel with all our eyes. My companion was

the first to speak. "Do you think she will come near enough to see us?" she cried, in a voice I hardly recognized, so agitated

"She must be made to see us," I answered, fiercely, "Come what may, she must not pass us."

"What are you going to do? How are you going to prevent it? Tell me, and let me help you if I can." A notion had seized me, and I determined to put it into practice without

an instant's delay. "Let us collect all the wood we can find and then make a large bonfire. When that has been done, we must launch the boat and pull out to intercept her. If she sees the flare she will make her way here, and if she does not, we may be able to catch her before she gets out of our reach. Thus

in either case we shall be saved. Without another word we set to work collecting wood. By the time the hull of the vessel was above the horizon we had accumulated a sufficient quantity to make a large beacon. We did not set fire to it at once, however, for the reason that I had no desire to waste my smoke before those on board the ship would be able to distinguish itf rom the light clouds hovering about the peaks above. But before we could dream of leaving the island there were two other matters to be attended to. The first was to fill up the mouth of the cave with stones, for there was no time to dig a grave, and so convert it into a rough sepulchre; the second was to cook and eat our breakfast. It was certain we should require all our strength for the undertaking, and to attempt such a long row on an empty stomach would, I knew, be worse than madness. These things I explained to Miss Maybourne, who willingly volunteered to officiate as cook while I set about the work first mentioned. In something less than a quarter of an hour I had rolled several large rocks into the mouth of the cave, and upon these had placed others until the entrance was effectually barricaded. By the time this work was completed it was necessary to light the bonfire. This I did, setting fire to the dry grass at the bottom with a log from the blaze at which Miss May bourne had just been cooking. In a few minutes we had a flare the flames of which could not have been less than

twenty feet in height. We ate our breakfast with our eyes fixed continually upon the advancing ship. So far she seemed to be heading directly for the island, but my fear was that she might change her course without discovering our beacon, and in that case be out of range before we could attract her attention. Our meal finished therefore, I led Miss Maybourne down the hill to the beach, and then between us we pushed the lifeboat into the water. My intention was I to row out a few miles and endeavor to get into such a position that whatever course the vessel steered she

could not help but see us. As soon as we had pushed off from the shore I turned the boat's head, and taking up the oars, set to work to pull out to sea. It was not altogether an easy task, for the boat was a heavy one and the morning was strangely warm. The sky overhead was innocent of cloud, but away to the west it presented a hazy appearance; the look of was some time before I achieved any | which I did not altogether like. Howsort of success. When she had in a ever, I stuck to my work, all the time sort of success. When she had in the measure recovered her composure. I keeping my eyes fixed on the rapidly afternoon, and for all we knew to the accompanied her back to the cave and advancing ship. She presented a fine | contrary we might still be miles and examined the little sufferer for myself. appearance, and it was evident she Alas! one glance showed me how very was a vessel of about three thousand close the end was. Already the child's tons. I hoped she would turn out to Maybourne did not once complain, face and hands were cold and clammy, belong to our own nationality, though her respiration was gradually becom- under the circumstances any other ing more and more difficult. She was | would prove equally acceptable. At still unconscious, and once I almost present she was distant from us about six miles, and as she was still heading All through that dreadful night she directly for the island I began to feel certain she had observed our signal.

a little cry, and seeing her staring in a new direction I turned in my seat to

discover what had occasioned it. "She is leaving us," cried my companion, in agonized tones, pointing to the vessel we had been attempting to intercept, "Look, look, Mr. Wrexford, she is leaving us!"

There was no need for her to bid me look, I was watching the ship with all my eyes. Heaven alone knows how supreme was the agony of that moment. She had gone about, and for this reason it was plain that those on board had not seen our signal. Now unless I could manage to attract her attention, it would be most unlikely that she would see us. In that case we might die upon the island without a chance of escape. At any cost we must victim. Henceforth we need feel no it was but little that I could accommined by all I had gone through in the last two or three days. But, knowing what depended on it, I toiled at the oars like a galley slave, while Miss Maybourne kept her eyes fixed upon the retreating ship. At the end of an hour I was obliged to give up the race as hopeless. My strength was quite exhausted, and our hoped-for saviour was just showing hull down upon the horizon. Realizing this I dropped my head on to my hands like the coward rest. My presence outside the cave I was and resigned myself to my desmust have told her my news, for she pair. For the moment I think I must have forgotter that I was a man. I remembered only the fact that a chance ly. "I can see by your face that the had been given us of escaping from our prison, and that just as we were I nodded. For the life of me, I could about to grasp it, it was snatched away again. Our fate seemed too cruel to be endured by mortal man.

"Courage, friend, courage," Miss Maybourne, as she noticed my condition. "Bitter as our disappointment has been we have not done with hope yet. Because that vessel did not chance to rescue us it does not follow that another may not do so. Had we not better be getting back to the island? It is no use our remaining here now that the ship is out of sight.'

I saw the wisdom contained in her remark, and accordingly pulled myself together and set to work to turn the boat's head in the direction we had come. But when we had gone-about, my dismay may be imagined at discovering that a thick fog had obscured the island, and was fast bearing down upon us. Those on board the vessel we had been chasing must have seen it approaching, and have thought it advisable to give the island and its treacherous surroundings as wide a

berth as possible. "Can you see the land at all, Mr. Wrexford?" asked Miss Maybourne, who had herself been staring in the direction in which our bows were

pointing. "I must confess I can see nothing of it," I answered. "But if we continue in this direction and keep our ears open for the sound of the surf, there can be no doubt as to our being able to make our way back to the bay." "How thick the fog is," she continued, "and how quickly it has come

up! It makes me feel more nervous than even the thought of that ship forsaking us." I stared at her in complete surprise. To think of Miss Maybourne, whom I had always found so cool and collected in moments of danger, talking of feeling nervous! I rallied her on the subject as I pulled along, and in a few

moments she had forgotten her fear. While I pulled along I tried to figure out what distance we could be from the island. When we discovered that the vessel had turned her back on us I had been rowing for something like half an hour. At the rate we had been traveling that would have carried us about a couple of miles from the shore. After we had noticed the change in her course we had probably pulled another four at most. That being so, we should now be between five and six miles from land-two hours' hard work in unpleasantness of our position, the fog by this time had completely enveloped us, and to enable you to judge how dense it was I may say that I could only just distinguish my companion sitting in the stern of the boat. Still, however, I pulled on, pausing every now and again to listen for the noise of thes urf breaking on the shore.

The silence was intense; the only sound we could hear was the tinkling of the water as it dripped off the ends of the oars. There was something indescribably awful about the utter absence of noise. It was like the peace which precedes some great calamity. It stretched the nerves to breaking pitch. Indeed, once when I allowed myself to think what our fate would be if by any chance we should miss the island, I had such a shock as almost deprived me of my power of

thinking for some minutes. For at least an hour and a harf pulled on, keeping her head as nearly as possible in the some direction, and expecting every moment to hear the roar of the breakers ahead. The for still remained as thick as ever, and each time I paused in my work to listen the same dead silence greeted me as before. Once more I turned to my work, and pulled on without stopping for another quarter of an hour. Still no sound of the kind we hoped to hear came to us. The island seemed as diffi-

bial needle in the bundle of hay. The agony of mind I suffered was enough to turn a man's brain. If only the fog would lift and let us have a glimpse of where we were, it would have been a different matter, but no such luck. It continued as thick as ever, wreathing and circling about us bring us rain, but without success. like the smoke from the infernal regions. At last I trew in my oars and arranged them by my side. Under the circumstances it was no use wasting what remained of my strength by

From that time forward—that is to say for at least six hours—we drifted on and on, the fog remaining as dense as when we had first encountered it. Throughout that time we kept our ears continually strained for a sound that might guide us, but always withou success. By this time it must have been considerably past three in the miles out of our reckoning. All through this agonizing period, however, Miss but bore herself with a quiet bravery that would have shamed the veriest coward into at least an affectation of courage. How bitterly I now reproach ed myself for having left the island to pursue that vessel I must leave you to imagine. But for that suicidal act of folly we might now be on dry land, if not perhaps as luxuriously housed as we should have liked, at least safer than we were now. The

esponsibility for that act of madne ested entirely upon my shoulders and the burden of that knowledge was my continual punishment.

At last I was roused from my bitter thoughts by my companion exclaim ing that she thought the fog was lift ing a little in one particular quarter. l looked in the direction indicated and had to admit that the atmosphere certainly seemed to be clearer there than dsewhere. Still, however, there was no noise of breakers to be heard.

The light in the quarter pointed out by my companion was destined to be the signal for the fog's departure, and in less than a quarter of an hour, starting from the time of our first obserring it, the whole expanse of sea, from horizon to horizon, stood revealed to us. We sprang to our feet almost simultaneously, and searched the ocean for the island. But to our horror it was not to be seen. We were alone on the open sea without either water or food, any real knowledge of where we were, or without being able to tell from which quarter we might expect assistance to come. A more dreadful situation could scarcely be imagined, and when, I considered the sex and weakness of my companion, and reflected what such a fate would mean for her, I could have cursed myself for the stupidity which had brought it all about. For some moments after we had

made our terrible discovery, neither of us spoke. Then our glances met and we read our terror in each other's "What are we to do? What can we

meeting my gaze again. I shook my head and tried to think before I answered her.

do?" cried Miss Maybourne, running

her eyes round the horizon and then

"For the moment I am as powerless as yourself to say," I replied. "Even if we could fix the direction, goodness only knows how far we are from the island. We may be only distant ten miles or so, or we may be twenty. It must be nearly four o'clock by this time, and in another four hours at most darkness will be falling; under cover of the night we may miss it again. On the other hand we cannot exist here without food or water. Oh, Miss Maybourne, to what straits have I brought you through my stupidity. If we had stayed on the island instead of putting off on this fool's chase you

would be safe now." "You must not blame yourself, Mr. Wrexford," she answered, "Indeed you must not! It is not just, for I was quite as anxious as yourself to try and intercept the vessel. That we did not succeed is not our fault, and in any case I will not let you reproach your-

"Alas! I cannot help it," I replied. "And your generosity only makes me

do so the more." "In that case I shall cease to be generous," she said. We will see how that plan works. Come, come, my friend, let us look our situation in the face and see what is best to be done. Believe me, I have no fear. God will protect us in the future as He has done in the past."

I looked at the noble girl as she said this, and took heart from the smile surely I, who called myself a man, must not prove myself a coward 1 to discuss the question as she desired. But it was the knowledge of our utter helplessness that discounted every hope. We had no food, we had no water. True, we might pull on; but if we did, in which direction should we proceed? To go east would be to find ourselves, if we lived so long-the chances against which were a thousand to one on the most unhealthy part of the long coast line of Africa, To pull wast would only be to get further out into mid-ocean, where, if we were not picked up within forty-eight hours, assistance would no longer be of any use to us, The Canary Islands, I knew, lay somewhere, say a hundred miles, the southward, but we could not pull that distance without food or water, and even if we had a favorable breeze, we had no sail to take ad-antage of it. To make matters worse, the fishing line and hook I had man'tfactured for myself out of my scarfany man or woman might be excused for feeling melancholy under the pressure of such overwheiming misfor-

While we were thus considering our position the sun was sinking lower and lower to his rest, and would soon b below the horizon altogether. The sea was still as calm as a mill-pond. not a breath of air disturbed its placic surface. We sat just as we had done all day: Miss Maybourne in the stern. myself amidships. The oars lay on either side of me, useless as the rudder, the yoke lines had scarcely been touched since the ship had turned her back on us. When I look back on the awful time now, every detail of the boat, from the rowlocks to the grain. on the bottom, seems impressed o my memory with a faithfulness the is almost a pain. I can see Miss May bourne sitting motionless in the stern, her elbows on her knees and her face-

buried in her hands. At last to rouse her and take her or of herself, I began to talk, What I sat cannot recollect, nor can I even re call the subject of my conversation. I know, however, that I continued to talk and insisted upon her answering me. In this way we passed the time until darkness fell and the stars

out For the past hour I had been suffering agonies of thirst, and I knew, instinctively, that my companion must cult to find in that fog as the prover | be doing the same. I followed her example and dabbled my hands in the water alongside. The coolness, however, while proving infinitely refreshing to my parched skin, only helped to intensify my desire for something to drink. I searched the heavens in the hope of discovering a cloud that might

"Courage," said Miss Maybourne again, as she noticed me drop my head on to my hands in my despair. "As I said just now, we are in God's hands: and I feel certain we shall be

As if in mockery of her faith I noiced that her voice had lost its usualclear ring, and that it was lower than I had ever hitherto heard it. But there was a note of conviction in it that showed me how firm her bel was. For my owe part I must confess that I had long since given up all hope. In the face of so many calamivious duty there was to endeavor by every means in my power to make death as easy as possible for the death as easy as possible for the

woman I loved In the same tedious fashion hour after bour went by and still we remain d as we were, floating idly upon the posom of the deep. Twice I tried to persuade Miss Maybourne to lie down at the bottom of the boat and attempt to obtain some sleep, but she would ot hear of such a thing. For mysell could not have closed my eyes for ive minutes, even if by doing so I

ty was strained to breaking pitch, and I was continually watching and listening for something, though what I expected to see or hear I could not have that I may never again be called upon to spend such another absolutely despairing night.

CHAPTER IX.

The calm with which we had so far been favored was not, however, destined to be as permanent as we imagined, for towards the middle of the night the wind got up, and the sea, from being as smooth as glass, became more boisterous than I altogether liked. Miss Maybourne, who now seem ed to be sunk into the lethargy from which she had roused me, lifted her head from her hands, and at intervals glanced over her shoulder apprehensively at the advancing waves. One thing was very evident: it would never do to let our boat drift broadside on to the seas, so I got out the oars again, and to distract my companion's thoughts, invited her to take the helm. She did as I requested, but without any sign of the eagerness she had hitherto displayed. Then, for something like an hour, we struggled on in this crab-like fashion. It was herculean labor, and every minute found my strength becoming more and more exhausted. The power of the wind was momentarily increasing, and with it the waves were assuming more threatening proportions. To say that I did not like the look of affairs would be to put my feelings very mildly. To tell the truth, I was too worn out to think of anything, saye what our fate would be if by chance we should be on the edge of an hurricane. However, I knew it would not do to meet trouble halfway, so by sheer force of will I rivetted my attention upon the boat, and in thus endeavoring to avert the evil of the present, found sumcient occupation to prevent me from crossquestioning the future. Suddenly Miss Maybourne, who, as I

have said, had for some time been sitting in a constrained attitude in the stern, sprang to her feet with a choking cry.

"Mr. Wrexford," she said, in a voice that at any other time I should not have recognized as hers, "I must have something to drink or I shall go mad." Fearing she might fall overboard in her excitement, I leapt up, seized her in my arms, and dragged her down to her seat again. Had I not done so, I cannot say what might not have hap-"Let me go," she moaned. "Oh, for

Heaven's sake let me go! You don't know what agony I am suffering." I could very well guess, for I had my own feelings to guide me. But it was my duty to try and cheer her at any cost, and upon this work I concentrated all my energies, at the same time keeping the boat's head in such a position that the racing seas should not overwhelm her-no light work, can assure you. When at last I did succeed in calming her, she sat staring straight ahead of her like a woman turned to stone. It was pitiful to see upon her face. If she could be so brave a woman, who had hitherto been so brave, brought so low. I put my arm round her waist the better to hold her, pulled myself together and prepared and, as I did so, watched the black seas, with their tips of snowy foam, come hissing towards us. Overhead the stars shone brightly, and still not a vestige of a cloud was to be seen. It seemed like doubting Providence to believe that, after all the dangers from which we had been preserved since we had left England, we were destined to die of starvation in an open boat in mid-Atlantic, And yet how like it it looked.

After that one outburst of despair Miss Maybourne gave no more trouble, and when she had been sitting motionless beside me for an hour or thereabouts fell fast asleep, her head resting on my arm. Weak and suffering as I was, I was not so far gone as to be unable to feel a thrill of delight at this close contact with the woman I loved. What would I not have given to have been able to take her in my arms and have comforted her properly!-to have told pin, had been left on the island. Surely her of my love, and, in the event of her returning it, to have faced King Death side by side as lovers. With her hand in mine Death would not surely be so very terrible. However such a thing could not be thought of. I was a criminal, a murderer flying from justice; and it would have been an act of the basest sacrilege on my part to have spoken a word to her of the affection which by this time had come to be part of my life. For this reason I had to crush it and keep it down; and, if by any chance we should be rescued, I would have wards discovered him to be-step into leave her and go out and hide myself in the world without allowing her ever to suspect the thoughts had in my mind concerning her. God knows, in this alone I had suffered

punishment enough for the sin I had unintentionally committed.

At last the eastern stars began to lose something of their brilliance, and within a short period of my noticing this change, the wind, which had been sensibly moderating for some time past, dropped to a mere zephyr, and then died away completely. With its departure the violence of the waves subsided, and the ocean was soon, if not so smooth as on the previous day, at least sufficiently so to prevent our feeling any further anxiety on the score of the boat's

One by one the stars died out of the sky, and a taint grey light, almost dove-colored in its softness, took their place. In this light our boat looked double her real size, but such a lonely speck upon that waste of water that it would have made the heart of the boldest man sink into his shoes with fear, From the abovementioned hue the color quickly turned to the palest turquoise, and again to the softest pink. From pink it grew into a kaleidoscope of changing tints until the sun rose like a ball of gol above thes ea-line and day was born to us. In the whole course of my experience I never remember to have seen a more glorious sunrise. How different was it in its joyous lightness andf reshness to the figures present ed by the two miserable occupa

of that lonely boat! At last Miss Maybourne open her eyes, and, having glanced roun her, sat up. My arm, when she did so, was so cramped and stiff that for

Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months.

ing this, with an inarticulate sound pped her head on to her hands once more. To restore some tion into my cramped limbs, I ros and endeavored to make my way to the bows of the boat. But, to my dismay, I discovered that I was as weak as a month-old child. My legs refused to support the weight of my body, and with a groan I sank down on the thwart where I had previously been

For upwards of haif an hour we remained as we were, without speaking. Then I suddenly chanced to look along the sea-line to the westward. The atmosphere was so clear that the horizon stood out like a pencilled line. I looked, rubbed my eyes, and looked again. Could I be dreaming, or was it a delusion conjured up by an overtaxed brain. I shut my eyes for a moment, then opened them, and looked again. No, there could be no mistake about it this time. A ship was in sight, and heading directly for us! Oh, the excitement of that moment, the delirious joy, the wild, almost cruel, hope that seized me! But, mad with longing though I was, I had still sufficient presence of mind left to say nothing about my discovery to Miss Maybourne until I was sure of my facts. She was sitting with her back towards it, and therefore could not see it. So, while there was any chance of the vessel leaving us, I was not going to excite her hopes, only to have them blighted again. There would be plenty of time to tell her when she was close enough to see us. For what seemed an eternity I kept my eyes fixed upon the advancing vessel, watching her rise higher and higher above the waves. She was a to make up in that line, or I'm mislarge steamer, almost twice the size | taken." of the ill-lated Fiji Princess, A long trail of smoke issued from her funnels; and at last, so close did she V could distinguish the water

"We're saved, Miss Maybourne!" I cried frantically, finding my voice and strength as suddenly as I had lost them. "We're saved! Oh, thank God, thank God!"

frothing at her bows with the naked

She turned her head as I spoke, and looked steadily in the direction I pointed for nearly a minute. Then, with a little sigh, she fell upon the gunwale in a dead faint. I sprang to her assistance, and, kneeling at her feet, chafed her hands and called her by name, and implored her to speak to me. But in spite of my exertions, she did not open her eyes. When a she was still insensible. I began to wonder what I should do. To remain attending to her might mean that we should miss our deliverer. In that case we should both die. At any cost, and now more than ever, I knew I must attract the steamer's attention. She was not more than a mile behind us by this time, and, if I could only make her see us, she would be alongside in a few minutes. For this reason I tore off my coat, and, attaching it to an oar, began to wave it frantically above my head. Next moment a long whistle came across the waves to me. It was a signal that our boat had been observed, and never did a sound seem more musical to a human ear. On hearing it, I stood up again, and, shading my eyes with my hands, watched her approach, my heart beating like a piston-rod. Closer and closer she came, until I could easily read the name, King of Cart-

hage, upon her bows, When she was less than a hundred yards distant, an officer on the bridge came to the railings, and hailed us. "Boat, ahoy!" he cried.. "Do you think you can manage to pull alongside? or shall we send assistance to

In reply-for I could not trust my voice to speak-I got out my oars, and began to row towards her. Short as was the distance, it took me some time to accomplish it. Seeing this, the same officer again hailed me, and bade me make fast the line that was about to be thrown to me. The words were hardly out of his mouth before the line in question came whistling about my ears. I seized it as a drowning man is said to clutch at a straw, to the ring in the bows. When that was done, I heard an order given, and willing hands pulled us quickly

alongside. By the time we reached it the gangway had been lowered, and a coupl of men were standing at the foot of it ready to receive us. I remember leaning over to fend her off, and I also have a good recollection of seeing one of the men-the ship's doctor I after-

to the boat, "Can you walk up the steps yourself, or would you like to be carried?" he asked, as I sank down on the thwart again.

"Carry the lady," I answered husk-

ily; "I can manage to get up myself. Take her quickly, or she will die." I saw him pick Miss Maybourne up, and, assisted by the quartermaster who had accompanied him, carry her up the ladder. I attempted to follow, only to discover how weak I really was. By the exercise of sheer will, Cape, I believe." however, I managed to scramble up, holding on to the rail, and so gained the deck. Even after all this lapse of time I can distinctly see the crowd of eager faces pressed round the top of the ladder to catch a glimpse of us, and I can hear again the murmurs of sympathy that went up as we made our appearance. After that all seems a blank, and I can only believe what I am told-namely, that I looked round me in a dazed sort of fashion, and then fell in a dead faint upon the

When I recovered consciousness again. I had to think for a moment before I could understand what had happened. I found myself in a handsomely-furnished cabin that I had never seen before. For an instant imagined myself back again on the ill-fated Fiji Princess. Then a tall redbearded man-the same who had carried Miss Maybourne up from the boat-entered, and came towards me. Through the door, which he had left open. I could see the awning-covered romenade-deck outside. As soon as I saw him I tried to sit up on the vel vet-cushioned locker upon which had been placed, but he bade me be content to lie still for a little while. "You will be far better where you

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He handed me a glass from the tray above my couch, and held it for me while I drank, When I had finished I laid myself down again, and, instead of obeying him, began to queseye. When she was not more than I tion him as to where I was. But once more I was forestalled, this timeby the entrance of a steward carrying.

a bowl of broth on a tray. "You see we're determined, one way or another, to close your mouth," he said, with a laugh. "But this stuff is too hot for you at present. We'll put it down here to cool, and in the meantime I'll answer not more than half-a-dozen questions. Fire away, if you feel inclined."

I took him at his word, and put the one question of all others I was longing to have answered. "How is the lady who was rescued

with me?" "Doing as well as can be expected, quarter of an hour had elapsed, and poor soul," he replied. "She's being well looked after, so you need not be anxious about her. You must have had a terrible time in that boat, to judge from the effects produced. Now, what is the next question?" "I want to know what ship this is,

and how far we were from the Salvages when you picked us up?" "This vessel is The King of Carthage-Captain Blockman in command. I'm afraid I can't answer your last question offhand, for the reason that, being the doctor, I have nothing to do with the navigation of the ship;

but I'll soon find out for you." He left the cabin, and went to the foot of the ladder that led to the bridge. I heard him call the officer of the watch, and say something to him. Presently he returned.

"The Salvages lie about seventy miles due nor' nor'-east of our preser position," he said. "Nor'-nor'-east?" I cried. "Then was even further out in my calcularks, tions than I expected." "Why do you ask about the Sal-ul-

"Because it was on a rock off those islands that our ship, the Fiji Princess, was lost. We put off from the island to try and catch a sailing vessel that came in sight yesterday morning. A dense fog came on, however, and during the time it lasted we lost both the ship we went out to stopand also our island. Ever since then we have been drifting without food or water."

"You have indeed had a terrible experience. But you've a splendid constitution, and you'll soon get over the effects of it. And now tell me, were no others saved from the

"As far as we could tell, with the exception of our three selves, not a single soul." "You say 'three selves,' but we

only rescued the lady and yourself. What, then, became of the third?" "The third was a child about eight years old. The poor little thing must have been hurt internally when we were sucked under by the sinking ship, and her condition was probably not improved by the long exposure we had to endure on the bottom of the boat from which you rescued us. She searcely recovered consciousness, and died on the island a short time before we left it in our attempt to catch the vessel I spoke of just now." "I never heard a sadder case," said the doctor. "You are indeed to be pitied. I wonder the lady, your companion, came through it alive. By the

way, the skipper was asking me just now if I knew your names." "The lady is Miss Maybourne, whose father is a well-known man at the

"Surely not Cornelius Maybourne, "Yes, she is his daughter. He will . be in a terrible state when the Fiji-Princess is reported missing."

"I expect he will; but, fortunately, we shall be in Cape Town alhost as soon as she would have been and he will find that his daughter, tianks to your care, is safe and sound. Tow I am not going to let you talk any more First, take as much of this broth as you can manage, and then lie dow and try to get to sleep again. As said just now, I prophesy that in a few days you'll be up and about, feeling no ill-effects from your terrible adventure."

I obeyed him, and drank the broth. When I had done so I laid down again, and in a very short time was once more in the Land of Nod. When I opened my eyes again the cabin was almost dark. The doctor was still in attendance, and, as soon as he saw that I was awake, asked me if I would like to get up for a while. I answered that I should be only too glad to do so; and when he had helped me to dress, I took possession of a chair on the promenade leck outside It was just dinner-time in the saloon, and by are," he said, "What you want is rest | orders of the Captain, who came perand quiet. Take a few sips of this, sonally to enquire how I was, I was could have exceeded the kindness and (Continued on page two)

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