

THE CABLEMAN

AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE

BY WEATHERBY CHESNEY

CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd.)

The islet for which she was steering lay a little more than two miles from the shore, with deep water close up to its flanks. It was ring-shaped, like a Pacific atoll, but its formation was different. Not the slow, quiet growth of coral insects had made it, but a convulsion of nature. It was the summit of a deep-water volcano, whose crater raised a brim, a hundred yards across, out of the sea. There was one place on the West, where for a few feet this brim had been broken down, leaving a gap by which a boat might enter; and the water inside made an almost circular lagoon.

Local tradition said that it was bottomless.

It was a place where a ship might have ridden out in safety the heaviest hurricane that ever blew, if it had been possible for any ship to enter. But the opening in the circular wall was hardly more than ten feet across, and underneath there was a broad sill, which rose to within two fathoms of the surface. It was a dangerous entrance, even for a small boat, and when the wind blew from the west, impossible; but Elsa knew it well, and thought that she could manage it, even alone.

She was an expert and fearless boatwoman, but she was not accustomed to having to depend altogether upon herself in her expeditions. The boat was a present which her father had given her a little more than a year ago; but with the present, he had coupled a stipulation that she should never go out in it alone. The irregular coasts of San Miguel breed treacherous currents, and wind squalls are sudden; but even had the waters been as safe as the Solent, Elsa's boat was too big for one girl to manage.

This, therefore, was the first occasion on which she had been out in it alone; but to-day a companion was impossible. For she had work to do which no eye but her own must see.

Did she still believe in her father's innocence? She was acting as though she did; and, for the rest, she tried to force herself not to think.

She had not kept her faith without a struggle. Misgivings had arisen in her mind, but she had strangled them remorselessly at their birth, and by an effort of will made herself believe that they had never been born. There was, however, one moment when the doubts had been too strong to be stifled thus; they had cried clamorously, and had refused to be choked; and for half-an-hour she had tasted a misery more bitter even than that which had come when she first knew that her father was dead. That moment was when she listened to Scarborough's tale of the embezzlement of Margaret Ryan's inheritance, and had told him passionately that since he believed, it, he might go—for almost she thought she hated him. She had thrown herself on the couch, and sobbed hysterically; for at that moment the knowledge was in her heart that what he said was true!

Later had come the reaction. She took up her faith again, the more unreasonably because reason had forced her to lay it down; and she despised herself for the weakness in allowing the calumny to influence her even for a moment. There was something of obstinacy in this—the obstinacy of a strong nature which fights the more tenaciously when facts and common-sense alike are against it, and it knows quite well that it is in the wrong; and there was even more of the beautiful loyalty with which every true woman will always, at whatever violence to her own judgment of right and wrong, defend those whom she loves.

It will be remembered that when Elsa set out to go to the circus at Ponta Delgada, her father's last words to her had been that if—unlikely as such a chance seemed at the time—he was not at the Chinelas when she returned, she would find in his desk, in the second small drawer on the left, a paper that would tell her what she was to do.

This paper was marked, "To my daughter, Elsa, to be opened by her to-morrow at noon, if by that time I have not returned to destroy it."

Elsa opened it an hour after Scarborough had left her. This was what it obtained:

"My dear daughter,—I told you this morning that when you returned from Ponta Delgada you might possibly find that I was not at home to greet you, and to hear your report of what and whom you had seen. I might have told you that the possibility was a certainty, but I did not wish to alarm you. By the time you return I shall have succeeded or

failed, in an enterprise, the success of which is so essential, that to ensure it, I am voluntarily putting myself in some danger. While you are doing your best at Ponta Delgada to discover who the unknown enemy is, I shall be engaged in a similar contest with an enemy who of late has taken to using threats. Now, little girl, between the known enemy and the unknown, I run a double risk of failure, and this is what you must help me to avoid.

"The sealed packet which you will find with this letter contains documents which must at all costs be kept out of the hands of people who would use them to your and my injury. I do not trust to my own ability to safe-guard them, nor is it possible for me, watched as I believe I am, to put them into any place of safety. That must be your task. Those who are shadowing me will not consider it necessary to watch you also. Take the packet, and put it in the safest place that you know. When I return, if I do return, I shall not ask you where it is.

"I am not a fanciful man, Elsa, but I have written those four words, I do not return' deliberately. Of late I have had a feeling—a fanciful man would say a presentiment—that my end is not far off. I have lived a life of varied activities, some useful, and some perhaps not so useful, and the strain of old efforts is beginning to tell upon me. In the early years of my manhood I suffered great physical hardships, and they left a weak place; before I left London my doctor warned me that the weak place was becoming weaker. The effort, which I must make to-day—an effort, which for your sake as well as mine, is inevitable—is of the sort which I have been warned to avoid, but I have no choice: I tell you this unwillingly, and for the first time; but it is necessary that you should be ready, if I fail, to take up the work where I leave it.

"Now you will ask—what is the work? My daughter, it is the rehabilitation of my name. I have thought lately that you were beginning to doubt whether my anxiety on this point was not becoming weaker. Elsa, I say to you solemnly, that it is as strong now as ever it was. But having said that, I am now going to add something which you will, perhaps, not understand. It is this: I hand over the work to you, but I lay no charge upon you to complete it. Nay, more, under certain circumstances, I forbid you to complete it. I do not even make you the judge of those circumstances. That is an office which I leave, not to you, but to your mother.

"Your mother is on her way to join us. She will arrive on the Funchal from Lisbon on the tenth of the month. If on that date I am unable to meet her, if my presentiment—after all, I think it is a presentiment, Elsa—has by that time come true, I wish you to recover this package from the safe place in which you have bestowed it, and to give it into her hands. When you do so, tell her also that my last message to her, spoken by the lips of you, her daughter is that, she is to respect the wish I have expressed in a letter to her which the packet contains. She will understand; you will not. For the rest, be guided by her.

"Good-bye, little girl. I think this is the longest letter I have ever written to you. I have one thing more to add to it. If you have begun to doubt me in some things, at any rate you have never doubted that I love you. In days to come your estimate of your father may change; you will hear things that will try your faith. But never believe that he did not love you. It is for your sake that I am daring danger to-day; it is for your sake that I hope for success, that I may return to you to be happy, for a little while longer in your love.

"It is time now that I was starting. I cannot write more. But again, darling, good-bye."

Elsa read this letter with tears streaming down her face. Whatever the man may have been in life, only a churl would deny that this message from him in death was pathetic. If he was a scoundrel, he had never been so to his daughter; and in his skillful discounting of the revelations that must come after his death, there was a melancholy cleverness. He fought for the continuance of her love, and it was plain that while he pleaded he feared. At present Elsa saw only the pleadings; it was not until later days that she recognized, with a sorrowing pity, that the tear was there too.

There was much in the letter that she did not understand. Her father

Library Inspector



W. O. Carson
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Chief Librarian of the London, Ontario, Public Library, who has been appointed Provincial Inspector of Public Libraries.

plainly looked for death as the issue of his effort; but what sort of death? At the hands of the enemy whom he was going to meet?—murder? Then why that reference to the hardships of his youth, and the weak place they had left? For the first time she allowed herself to hope that her father's end had not been violent, after all. Sudden it must have been, but perhaps—

Her love carried her at once to the other extreme of speculation. Was her father not a victim, but a hero? He had made a great effort, and he said that he made it for her sake; she did not understand that, but he had written the words. Did he know that the effort would cost him his life?

She canvassed this thought, and it seemed to her that it was the truth. She found a certain comfort in it, and she took a dreary pleasure in carrying out the task which he had laid upon her. The safest place she knew. That was surely the Ring-Rock, round whose flanks she could now, through the fog, hear the water swirling.

She had the packet with her, sealed in a great stone jar. It was thin and flat, and had rolled easily into a shape that would pass through the jar's neck.

She took the boat in through the opening, and made for a spot on the east of the circle. There was a funnel-shaped fissure in the rock wall here, which even at low tide contained a fathom of black water. She had sounded it on the last occasion on which she had visited the Ring-Rock, and it was this funnel shaped fissure that she meant to use for her hiding-place. She had painted the jar black, so that it should not be visible against the basalt, and she had tied many loops of strong picture wire about its neck so that she could recover it by grappling when her mother came.

She brought her boat close to the rock wall, and was feeling with a boat-hook for the mouth of the fissure, when a sound from the outside struck her ears.

She was not alone. Voices of men close at hand came to her through the fog.

CHAPTER XI.

Elsa drew back her boat-hook from the fissure, and stood up in the boat, listening with a strained intensity of concentration. She was quite sure that they were men's voices that she had heard; but were the men a long way off or close to her? She knew how deceptive is the nature of sound in a fog on the water. Probably some boat was passing in the distance.

She heard the voices again, and this time they seemed quite close. She could almost distinguish the actual words, and she could hear plainly that the language was English. The fog swept down upon her again in a thick blanket. She could not see three yards ahead. The thickening of the gloom was sudden, and probably only local. But while it lasted she was safe from observation.

She must finish her work before it lifted to betray her.

She lowered the stone jar into the fissure, and pushed her boat quickly away from the side. Hardly had she done so, when by some caprice of the air currents, the fog cleared away so completely, that from the middle of her little harbor, she could see the whole circle of the basalt walls. It was only a local clearness; in the gathering dusk of the evening she could see through the narrow entrance that the heavy billowing masses of whiteness were still twisting and heaving on the sea outside.

She put an oar in the stern-notch, and began sculling towards the entrance. A voice from close at hand rang sharply on her ears.

"Rocks dead ahead—Starboard!"
(To be Continued.)

Don't keep a good movement on hand; put it on foot at once.

Fresh and Refreshing

"SALADA"

is composed of clean, whole young leaves. Picked right, blended right and packed right. It brings the fragrance of an Eastern garden to your table.
BLACK, MIXED OR GREEN

WHEN WILL THIS CRUEL WAR BE OVER?

Chas. M. Bice, Denver, Colorado.

It would require the prophetic vision of a Daniel or an Isaiah to predict its end with certainty.

Many have essayed to do so, but in too many instances the wish is "father to the thought."

Mr. Hudson Maxim predicts it will end in five years, possibly in three, and he has history on his side.

Perhaps the greatest conflict in history, before the present struggle, was the American Civil War, 1861 to 1865, and in many respects the parallels are striking. The South was virtually in Germany's position to-day, in her economic conditions, with her ports all blockaded, and like Germany she hoped for foreign interference. The Mason-Slidell incident was hailed by the South as a clever piece of work. But the Confederacy failed to enlist foreign recognition or help, and the struggle assumed the shape of endurance only.

Like Germany, the South was amply prepared for the conflict in the start, and held out for over 4 years against an overwhelmingly superior enemy in everything except brains.

The English Civil War, which was characterized by such terrific battles as Marston, Edgehill, Moor and Naseby, lasted 8 years.

The war of the Spanish Succession which staged such conflicts as Ramillies, Blenheim, and Malplaquet drew its devastating length along a period of 13 years.

For 8 years the struggle that put Maria Theresa on the Austrian throne ebbed and flowed over the same ground, as we see in some of the most bitter battles of the present war.

The conflict that gave Prussia her military rank is known as the Seven Years' War.

It took 8 years of hard fighting to free the American Colonies, while the Napoleonic Wars continued for 15 years and produced Austerlitz, Marengo, Trafalgar, Jena, Leipsic and ended in Waterloo.

The Greek struggle for independence lasted 7 years, from 1821 to 1828.

These are nearly all what might be termed modern wars; but the more ancient conflicts lasted much longer, because the instruments of death were not so perfect as those of modern times.

France and England fought for a century, (1337 to 1437), while the Hussite war lasted nearly 30 years, and the French civil war, provoked by the edict of Nantes, continued for a long time. It required over 40 years to free the Netherlands from Spanish rule. The 30 Years' War secured religious freedom for Germany.

But there have been very short wars, as instanced by the defeat of Austria by Prussia in 1866, taking only 7 weeks.

The Russo-Turkish war of 1877 continued only a few months, and the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 was virtually ended in 6 weeks.

Japan defeated Russia, 1895, and secured the independence of Korea, in a little over a year; and the U. S. whipped Spain in 1898, in one year.

Yet, it cannot with certainty be predicted that this, the greatest of all wars, including on opposite sides so many of the great Powers of the world will be of short duration. With the wonderful improvements in arms, explosives, and modern scientific appliances, the air crafts and submarines brought into requisition for the first time, infuse elements in the problem that render prediction of the end a hazardous undertaking. These, it would seem, must decide the conflict very rapidly, but if not so decided, they are apt to become long drawn out affairs.

Resources do not seem to play such important parts in present day wars as formerly, because the deprivation is made up by the aid of science in devising new sources of sustenance. Food, it seems, has become of least importance in starving out a belligerent; what counts most is lack of material, money and loss of trade.

We all hope the enemy will collapse soon, but we should be prepared for a long drawn out struggle.

"TOO OLD AT FORTY!"

An Old Saying That a Man is Just as Old as He Feels.

The cry of "Too old at forty!" has—in one sense, at any rate—got its death blow during the present war. The older men have been called to fill the places of the youngsters who have gone to the front, and they have filled them well, says London Answers.

The late Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, O.M., issued one of his biggest and most learned books when he had passed his ninetieth year. He actually wrote four big books after he passed his eightieth year!

Tennyson was remarkable both for the quantity and quality of the work he did in old age. He wrote that supreme lyric, "Crossing the Bar," when past eighty. One of his most famous poems, "Locksley Hall," was written when he was a mere boy of two-and-twenty, and its sequel, every bit as fine, sixty years after, as its title shows.

Mr. Gladstone had reached his eightieth year when he was called to undertake the Premiership of the greatest Empire in the world for the fourth time.

There is much truth in the old saying that a man is just as old as he feels, and many a man feels as young at eighty as another does at thirty, and the former is often a better man than the latter, even if he can't lift as much. It's ideas that rule mankind, not fists, "mailed" or otherwise.

The Wretch.

Mrs. Youngbride—Boo hoo! Jack threw a cake at me. One that I made myself, too.

Her Friend—The monster! He might have killed you.

AN IDEAL TONIC

When your head is dull and heavy, your tongue furred, and you feel done-up and good for nothing, without knowing what is really the matter with you, probably all that is needed to restore you to health and vigour is a few doses of a reliable digestive tonic and stomachic remedy such as Mother Seigel's Syrup. Take it after each meal for a few days and note how beneficial is its action upon the stomach, liver and bowels—how it restores tone and healthy activity to these important organs, and by so doing enables you to gain new stores of vigour, vitality and health.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The new 1.00 size contains three times as much as the trial size sold at 50c per bottle.

5015



Horse Sale Distemper

You know that when you buy or sell through the sales has about one chance in fifty to escape SALE STABLE DISTEMPER. "SPOHN'S" is your true protection, your only safeguard, for as sure as you treat all your horses with it, you will soon be rid of the disease. It acts as a sure preventive, no matter how they are "exposed." By the bottle, or dozen bottles, at all druggists, horse goods houses or delivered by the manufacturers. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.