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He could not trust himself to speak. He rose hastily and seized the ax to deliver a murderous assault upon a sago palm that stood close at hand.

Iris was the first to recover a degree of self possession. For a moment she had bared her soul. With reaction came a sensitive shrinking. Her delicate nature disapproved these sentimental displays. She wanted to box her own ears.

With innate tact she took a keen interest in the felling of the tree.

"What do you want it for?" she inquired when the sturdy trunk creaked and fell.

Jenks felt better now.

"This is a change of diet," he explained. "No; we don't boil the leaves or nibble the bark. When I split this palm open you will find that the interior is full of pith. I will cut it out for you, and then it will be your task to knead it with water after well washing it, pick out all the fiber and finally permit the water to evaporate. In a couple of days the residuum will become a white powder, which, when boiled, is sago."

"Good gracious!" said Iris.

"The story sounds unconvincing, but I believe I am correct. It is worth a

"I should have imagined that sago grew on a stalk like rice or wheat." "Or Topsy!"

She laughed. A difficult situation had passed without undue effort. Unhappily the man reopened it. While using a crowbar as a wedge he endeavored to put matters on a straightforward footing.

"A little while ago," he said, "you seemed to imply that I had assumed the name of Jenks,"

But Miss Deane's confidential mood had gone. "Nothing of the kind," she said coldly. "I think Jenks is an excellent name." She regretted the words even as they

fell from her lips. The sailor gave a mighty wrench with the bar, splitting the log to its clustering leaves. "You are right," he said. "It is dis-

tinctive, brief, dogmatic. I cling to it passionately."

Soon afterward, leaving Iris to the manufacture of sago, he went to the leeward side of the island, a search for turtles being his ostensible object. When the trees hid him he quickened his pace and turned to the left in order to explore the cavity marked on whether it's Bread Pies or Cakes the tin with a skull and crossfrones. To his surprise he hit upon the rennants of a roadway-that is, a line through the wood where there were no well grown trees, where the ground

bore traces of humanity in the shape of a wrinkled and mildewed pair of Chinese boots, a wooden sandal, even the decayed remains of a palki, or lit-

pit, and the sight that met his eyes held him spellbound.

The labor of many hands had torn a chasm, a quarry, out of the side of the hill. Roughly circular in shape, it had a diameter of perhaps a hundred feet, and at its deepest part, toward the cliff, it ran to a depth of forty feet. On the lower side, where the sailor stood, it descended rapidly for some afteen feet.

Grasses, shrubs, plants of every variety, grew in profusion down the steep slopes wherever seeds could find precarious nurture until a point was reached about ten or eleven feet from the bottom. There all vegetation ceased, as if forbidden to cross a magic circle.

Below this belt the place was a charnel house. The bones of men and animals mingled in weird confusion. Most were



Same and

mere skeletons. A few bodies-nine C. SMITH & SONS the sailor counted—yet preserved some resemblance of humanity. These late

The place was a charnel house.

tor were scattered among the cider raiics. They were the clothes of Dyaks. Characteristic hats and weapons denoted their nationality. The others, the first harvest of this modern Golgotha, might have been Chinese coolies. When the sailor's fascinated vision could register details he distinguished yokes, baskets, odd looking spades and picks strewn amid the bones. The animals were all of one type-small, lanky, with long pointed

hoof. They were pigs. Over all lay a thick coating of fine sand, deposited from the eddying winds that could never reach the silent depths. The place was grewsome, horribly depressing. Jenks broke out into a clammy perspiration. He seemed to be looking at the secrets of the grave.

At last his superior intelligence asserted itself. His brain became clearer, recovered its power of analysis. He began to criticise, reflect, and this is the theory he evolved:

Some one, long ago, had discovered valuable minerals in the volcanic rock. Mining operations were in full blast when the extinct volcano took its revenge upon the human ants gnawing at its vitals and smothered them by a deadly outpouring of carbonic acid gas, the bottled up poison of the ages. A horde of pigs, running wild over the island-placed there no doubt by Chinese fishers—had met the same fate while intent on dreadful orgy.

Then there came a European who knew how the anhydrate gas, being there. heavier than the surrounding air, settled like water in that terrible hollow. He, too, had striven to wrest the treasure from the stone by driving a tunnel into the cliff. He had partly succeeded and had gone away, perhaps to obtain help, after crudely registering his knowledge on the lid of a tin canister. This, again, probably fell into the hands of another man, who, curious but unconvinced, caused himself to be set ashore on this desolate spot with a few inadequate stores. Possibly he had arranged to be taken off within a

But a sampan laden with Dyak pirates came first, and the intrepid explorer's bones rested near the well, while his head had gone to decorate the hut of some fierce village chief. The murderers, after burying their own dead-for the white man fought hard, witness the empty cartridges-searched the island. Some of them, ignorantly inquisitive, descended into the hollow. They remained there. The others, superstitious barbarians, fled for their lives, embarking so hastily that they took from the cave neither tools nor oil, though they would greatly prize these articles.

Such was the tragic web he spun, a compound of fact and fancy. It explained all perplexities save one. What At last he reached the edge of the did "32 divided by 1" mean? Was there yet another fearsome riddle awaiting solution?

And then his thoughts flew to Iris. Happen what might, her bright picture was seldom absent from his brain. Suppose, egg hunting, she had stumbled across this valley of death! How could he hope to keep it hidden from her? Was not the ghastly knowledge better than the horror of a chance ramble through the wood and the shock of discovery-nay, indeed, the risk of a catastrophe?

He rushed back through the trees until he caught sight of Iris industriously kneading the sago pith in one of those most useful dish covers.

He called to her, led her wondering to the track and pointed out the fatal quarry, but in such wise that she could not look inside it.

"You remember that round hole wesaw from the summit rock?" he said. "Well, it is full of earbonic acid gas, to breathe which means unconsciousness and death. It gives no warning to the inexperienced. It is rather pleasant than otherwise. Promise me you will

never come near this place again." Now, Iris, too, had been thinking deeply. Robert Jenks bulked large in yet quite normal. There was a catch in her throat as she answered;

"I don't want to die. Of course I will keep away. What a horrid island this is! Yet it might be a paradise." but, being the Eve in this garden, she fat and

continued: anything-nasty-in there?"

other things. I would not have told you were it not imperative."

"Oh, quite a number."

He managed to conjure up a smile, and the ruse was effective. She applied the words to his past history. "I hope they will not be revealed so dramatically," she said.

"You never can tell," he answered They were in prophetic vein that morning. They returned in silence to the cave.

"I wish to go inside with a lamp. May I?" he asked.

"May I come too?" she demanded. He assented, with an explanation of his design. When the lamp was in order he held it close to the wall and

conducted a systematic survey. The geological fault which favored the construction of the tunnel seemed to diverge to the left at the farther end. The "face" of the rock exhibited the marks of persistent labor. The stone had been hewn away by main force when the dislocation of strata ceased to be helpful.

His knowledge was limited on the subject, yet Jenks believed that the material here was a hard limestone rather than the external basalt. Searching each inch with the feeble light, he paused once, with an exclamation.

"What is it?" cried Iris. "I cannot be certain," he said doubtfully. "Would you mind holding the lamp while I use a crowbar?"

In the stone was visible a thin vein, bluish white in color. He managed to break off a fair sized lump containing a well defined specimen of the foreign

They hurried into the open air and examined the fragment with curious knife, and the substance in the vein came off in laminated layers, small,

"Is it silver?" Iris was almost exskulls. At last he spied a withered

> "I do not think so. I am no expert, but I have a vague idea-I have seen"-He wrinkled his brows and pressed away the furrows with his hand, that physical habit of his when perplexed. "I have it." he cried. "It is anti-

Miss Deane pursed her lips in disdain. Antimony! What was anti-

he explained. "To us it is useless."

He threw the piece of rock contemptuously among the bushes. But, being thorough in all that he undertook, he returned to the cave and again conducted an inquisition. The silver hued vein became more strongly marked at the point where it disappeared downward into a collection of rubble and sand. That was all. Did men give their toil, their lives, for this? So it would appear. Be that as it might, he had more pressing work. If the cave still held a secret it must remain

Iris had gone back to her sago kneading. Shouldering the ax, he walked to the beach. Much debris from the steamer was lying high and dry. It was an easy task for an athletic man to reach the palm tree, yet the sailor hesitated with almost, imperceptible qualms.

"A baited rat trap," he muttered. Then he quickened his pace. With the first active spring from rock to rock his unacknowledged doubts vanished. He might find stores of priceless utility. The reflection inspired him. Jumping and climbing like a cat, in two minutes he was near the tree.

He could now see the true explanation of its growth in a seemingly impossible place. Here the bed of the sea bulged upward in a small sand cay, which silted round the base of a limestone rock so different in color and formation from the coral reef. Nature, whose engineering contrivances can force springs to mountain tops, managed to deliver to this isolated refuge a sufficient supply of water to nourish the palm, and the roots, firmly lodged in deep crevices, were well protected from the waves.

Between the sailor and the tree intervened a small stretch of shallow water. Landward this submerged saddle shelved steeply into the lagoon. Although the water in the cove was twenty fathoms in depth, its crystal clearness was remarkable. The bottom, composed of marvelously white sand and broken coral, rendered other objects conspicuous. He could see plenty of fish, but not a single shark, while on the inner sibpe of the reef was plainly visible the destroyed fore part of the Sirdar, which had struck beyond the tree, relatively to his present standpoint. He had wondered why no boals were cast ashore. Now he saw

the reason. Three of them were still fastened to the davits and carried down with the hull.

Seaward the water was not so clear. The waves created patches of foam. and long submarine plants swayed gently in the undercurrent.

To reach Palm Tree rock - anticipating its subsequent name-be must

One disease of thinness in children is scrofula; in adults, her day dreams. Her nerves were not consumption. Both have poor blood; both need more fat. These diseases thrive on leanness. Fat is the best means of overcoming them; cod liver oil She bit her lip to suppress her tears; makes the best and healthiest

"How did you find out? Is there anything—nasty—in there?" "Yes, the remains of animals and SCOTT'S "Are you keeping other secrets from EMULSION failing to deliver an effective stroke."

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cross a space of some thirty feet and wade up to his waist.

He made the passage with ease. Pitched against the bole of the tree was a long, narrow case, very heavy, iron clamped and marked with letters in black triangles and the broad arrow of the British government,

"Rifles, by all the gods!" shouted the

The Sirdar carried a consignment of arms and ammunition from Hongkozg to Singapore. Providence had decreed that a practically inexhaustible store Dr. Harte's Celery-iron Pills, we of cartridges should be hurled across guarantee this remedy to be an absolute the lagoon to the island. And here cure for all diseases and disorders arising were rifles enough to equip half a company. He would not risk the precious ax in an attempt to open the case. He plexion, Tired, Worn-out Feeling, Sleepmust go back for a crowbar.

house thrust by Peptune from the Nerves, Hysteria, Female Weakness and ocean bed? A chest of tea, seemingly Irregularities, Depression of Spirits, undamaged; three barrels of flour, ut. Spinal Weakness, St. Vitus' Dance, Pimpterly ruined; a saloon chair, smashed from its pivot; a battered chronometer. eyes. The sailor picked it with his For the rest, fragments of timber intermingled with pulverized coral and the whole system, producing in sickly, broken crockery.

entrance to the lagoon curved between | worth living. sunken rocks. On one of them rested the Sirdar's huge funnel. The north- to what these Pills can accomplish. Try west section of the reef was bare. Among the wreckage he found a coil you can get your money back. Isn't that of stout rope and a pulley. He instantly conceived the idea of constructing an aerial line to ferry the chest of tea \$2.50. With every such purchase we give across the channel he had forded.

He threaded the pulley with the rope after taking 3 boxes of the Pills, accordand climbed the tree, adding a touch ing to directions, you find you have deof artistic completeness to the ruin of rived no benefit from their use, you can "So much fuss for nothing," she said. his trousers by the operation. He had return the 3 empty boxes, together with "It is used in alloys and medicines," fastened the pulley high up the trunk the 3 unopened ones and get your sooney before he realized how much more simple it would be to break open the chest where it lay and transport its contents in small parcels.

He laughed lightly. "I am becoming CHEMIST - AND - DRUGGIST addle headed," he said to himself, "Anyhow, now the job is done, I may as well make use of it."

Recoiling the rope ends, he cast them across to the reef. In such small ways cause to reflect. It squirted forth a do men throw invisible dice with death. torrent of dark colored fluid. Instantly With those two lines he would within the water became black, opaque. The a few fleeting seconds drag himself tentacle, flourishing in air, thrashed back from eternity.

stepped into the water, not knowing rigid. The ax flashed with the inspirathat Iris, having welded the incipient tion of hope. Another arm was sevsago into a flat pancake, had strolled to the beach and was watching him. The water was hardly above his

knees when there came a swirling rush from the seaweed. A long tentacle shot leg. Another coiled around his waist. "My God!" he gurgled as a horrid sucker closed over his mouth and nose.

He was in the grip of a devilfish! A deadly sensation of nausea almost overpowered him, but the love of life came to his aid and he tore the suffocating feeler from his face. Then the ax whirled, and one of the eight arms of the octopus lost some of its length. Yet a fourth flung itself around his left ankle. A few feet away, out of range of the ax and lifting itself bodily out of the water, was the dread form of the cuttle, apparently all head, with distended gills and monstrous eyes.

The sailor's feet were planted wide apart. With frenzied effort he hacked now." at the murderous tentacles, but the water hindered him, and he was forced to lean back in superhuman strain to avoid losing his balance. If once this terrible assailant got him down he knew he was lost. The very need to keep his feet prevented him from attempting to deal a mortal blow.

The cuttle was anchored by three of its tentacles. Its remaining arm darted



the man's face and neek.

with sinuous activity to again clutch the man's face or neck. With the ax he smote madly at the curling feeler, diverting its aim time and again, but

With agonized prescience the sailor knew that he was yielding. Were the strengthening its grasp, tightening its

He was nearly spent. In a paroxysm of despair he resolved to give way and with one mad effort seek to bury the ax in the monster's brain. But ere he could execute this fatal project, for the cuttle would have instantly swept him into the trailing weeds, five revolver shots rang out in quick succession. Iris had reached the nearest rock.

The third bullet gave the octopus

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the surface with impotent fury. That Picking up the ax, he carelessly around Jenks' waist grew taut and ered. The huge dismembered coil slackened and fell away.

Yet was he anchored immovably. He turned to look at Iris. She never forgot the fleeting expression of his face. out like a lasso and gripped his right So might Lazarus have looked from the "The rope!" she screamed, dropping

the revolver and seizing the loose ends lying at her feet. She drew them tight and leaned back, pulling with all her strength. The sailor flung the ax to the rocks and

grasped the two ropes. He raised him-

self and plunged wildly. He was free.

With two convulsive strides he was at

the girl's side. He stumbled to a bowlder and dropped in complete collapse. After a time he felt Iris' hand placed timidly on his shoulder. He raised his head and saw

her eyes shining. "Thank you." he said. "We are quits

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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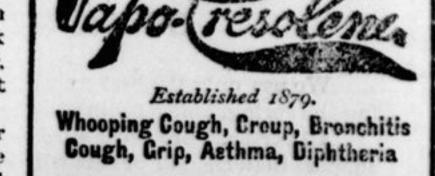
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what regularity of features is in wo-

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