

CHAPTER XXX-Continued. -19-

I heard her cry out, and barely caught the lantern as it fell from her hand. At first I doubted the evidence of my own eyes, snatching the bit of flaring candle from its tin socket and holding it where the full glare of light fell across the grewsome object, Ay, it was a woman, with lower limbs. doubled back from lack of space, but otherwise lying as though she slept, so perfect in preservation her cheeks appeared flushed with health, her lips half smiling. It was a face of real beauty-an English face, although her eyes and hair were dark and her mantilla and long earrings were unquestionably Spanish. A string of pearls encircled her throat, and there were numerous rings upon her fingers. The very contrast added immeasurably to

the horror. "She is alive! Surely she is alive!" The words were sobbed into my ear from Dorothy's lips.

"Alive! No, that is impossible!" I touched the figure with my hand. "The flesh is like stone," I said, "thus held lifelike by some magic of the Indies. What can it all mean? Who could the woman be? It is love or hate?"

"Not love, Geoffry. Love would never de this thing. It is hate, the gloating of revenge; there can be no other answer-this is the end of a tragedy."

There was nothing, not a scrap of paper, not even the semblance of a wound exposed. The smile on those parted lips had become one of mockery; I could bear the sight no longer, and rose to my feet, clasping Dorothy close to me, as she still gazed down in fascination at the ghastly sight.

We will never know. The man who could tell is dead."

"Captain Paradilla?"

Who else could it be? This was his schooner, and here he alone could hide such a secret. There is nothing more we can learn, and the horror unnerves me. Hold the light, dear, while I replace the lid of the chest."

It required my utmost effort to accomplish this. I was glad to have the thing hidden, to escape the stare of those fixed eyes, the death smile of those red lips. It was no longer a reality but a dream of delirium; I dare not think or speculate-my only desire being to get away, to get Dorothy away. In absolute terror I drew her with me to the open door-then stopped, paralyzed; the half revealed figure of a man appeared on the cabin stairs.

"Stop! Who are you?"

"Watkins, sir. I came below to call you. There's sumthin' bloomin' odd takin' place out there in the fog, Captain Carlyle. We want yer on deck, sir, right away."

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Boat Attack.

He waited for us just without the companion, but my eyes caught nothing unusual as I emerged into the daylight. I could barely see amidships, and on either side hung the impenetrable bank of cloud, leaving sea and sky invisible.

"What is it, Watkins? Where are the

"Forrard, sir, a-hangin' over the starbeard rail. Thar's somethin' cursedly strange a-happenin' in that fog. Ole was the first ter hear the clatter ov en oar slippin' in a rowlock. Then, sir, while we wus a-listenin' we both caught sound ov a Spanish oath. spoke as plain as if the buck was aboard."

"A lost boat, likely-shipwrecked sailors adrift in the fog; perhaps our other quarterboat. No one hailed

"No, sir; I told the men ter keep still

till I called you." The crew were all gathered at the raff, staring out into the mist, whispering to each other. I pressed my way in among them. We may have been clinging there a minute of two, breathlessly listening. Then a voice spoke directly in front of me out from

the dense fog. "Try the port oar, Pedro; we must

have missed the d-n ship." I straightened up as though struck, my eyes seeking those of Watkins, who stared back at me, his mouth wide open in astonishment.

"You heard that?" I whispered. "Do you know who spoke?"

"Do I? Dead or alive, sir, it was

Manuel Estevan." "Ay; no other, and alive enough, no doubt. Lads, come close to me and listen—they must not hear us out there. By some devil's trick the Namor has followed our course, or else yonder are a part of his crew cast away. They clearly know of us-perhaps had a glimpse through some rift in the cloud-and are seeking to board with a boat party. "Tie not likely those devils know who we are; probably take us for a merchant ship

becalmed in the fog and liable to become an easy prey, if they can only slip on us unseen. How are you, bul-

lies? Ready to battle your old mates?" "Those were no mates o' ours, sir," said Watkins indignantly. "They are half-breed mongrels, and no sailors; Estevan is a hell-hound, an' so far as my voice goes, I'd rather die on this deck than ever agin be a bloody pirate.

It that the right words, lads?" The others grumbled assent, but their muttered words had in them a ring of sincerity, and their faces exhibited no cowardice. One only asked

"I'm fer fightin', sir," he said grimly, "but what'll we use? Them lads ain't comin' aboard bare-handed, but damn if I've seed a weapon on this hooker."

"Dar's three knives, an' a meat cleaver in der galley, sah," chimed in

"We'll do well enough; some of you have your sheath knives yet, and the rest can use belaying pins and capstan bars. The point is to not let them get aboard, and, if there is only one boat, we will be pretty even-handed. Pick up what you can, and man this railquietly now, hearties, and keep your eyes open."

It proved a longer walt than I expected. Unable to withstand the inaction any longer I turned and took a few steps aft, thinking to gauge our progress by the wake astern. I was abaft the cabin on the port side when Dorothy called my name—a sudden accent of terror in her voice.

The alarm was sounded none too soon. Either fortune, or skill, had served those demons well. They had succeeded in circling the stern of the Santa Marie, unseen and unheard by anyone aboard. Even as she shricked the alarm, a hand was at her throat, and she was struggling desperately in the merciless grip of a half-naked Indian.

Yet at that they were too late, the advantage of surprise had failed them. A half dozen had reached the deck, leaping from the rail, the others below clambering after their leaders, when with a rush we met them. It was a flerce, mad fight, fist and club pitted against knife and cutlass, but the defenders struck like demons incarnate. I doubt if the struggle lasted two mintes. I heard the blows, the oaths, the cries of pain, the dull thud of wood against bone, the sharp clang of steel in contact, the shuffling of feet on the deck, the splash of bodies hurled overboard. Each man fought for himself. in his own way. I thought only of her, and leaped straight for her assailant with bare hands, smashing recklessly through the hasty guard of his cutlass and gripped the copper devil by hair and throat. I knew she fell to the deck beneath our feet, but I had my work cut out for me. He was a hellhound, slippery as an eel in his half nakedness, strong as an ox, and fighting like a fiend. Yet I had him foul, my grip unbreakable, as I forced his neck back against the rail, until it cracked, the swarthy body sliding inert to the deck. Whirling to assist the others I found no need. Except for bodies here and there the deck was clear; men were struggling in the chains; two below in the boat were endeavoring to cast off, and Schmitt, with Estevan helpless in his arms, staggered to the side and flung the shricking Spanish cur overboard out into dark water. I heard the splash as he fell, the single cry his lips gave, but he never again appeared above the surface. Above the bediam Watkins roared out an order. "That's it, bullies! that's it! Now

let her drop! We'll send them to hell where they belong. Good shot; she landed!"

It was the hank of a spare anchor, balanced for an instant on the rail. then sent crashing down through the frail bottom of the boat beneath. The wreck drifted away into the fog, the two miserable occupants clinging desperately to the gunwales. I lifted Dorothy to her feet, and she clung to

me unsteadily, her face yet white. "Watkins, have you figured up re sults?"

"Two of our men are cut rather badly, and one hasn't come to yet from a smart rap on the head." "None got away?"

"Not 'less they swum, thar's six dead ones aboard. Four took ter the water, mostly because they hed to. The only livin' one o' the bunch is thet nigger 'longside the wheel, an' nuthin' but a

thick skull saved him." "Then there were eleven in the party. What do you suppose has become of the others aboard the Na-

mur?" "I dunno, sir; they might be a waitin' out there in fog. Perhaps the nigger

cud tell you." I crossed over to where the fellow sat on a grating, his head in his hands, the girl still clinging to my sleeve, as though fearful of being left alone. The day is the ostrich egg.

man was a repulsive brute, his face stained with blood, dripping from a cut across his low forehead. He looked up sullenly at our approach, but made no effort to rise.

"Look yere, you black villain." roared Watkins, driving the lesson home with his foot, "don't be a playin' possum yer. Stand up an' answer Mister Carlyle, or yer'll git a worse clip than I give yer afore. Whar is the bloody bark?"

"Pounding her heart out on the rocks yonder," he said civilly, "unless she's slid off an' gone down. To the west, maybe a mile er so."

"What about the crew?" "They got away in the boats, an' likely mostly are ashore. We were in the last boat inunched, and headed out so far ter get 'round a ledge o' rocks we got lost in the fog. Then the mist sorter opened an' give us a glimpse o' yer topsails. We didn't expect no fight, once we got aboard."

"Expected to find something easy, of course? Perhaps it would have been if-what is it you see out there,

The seaman, who was standing with hollowed hands shading his eyes, staring forth into the swirling drapery of fog, turned at my call and pointed ex-

"There's a bark aground yonder, sir; and it looks like the Namur!'

Even as I crossed the deck to his side the wreaths of obscuring mist seemed to divide, as though swept apart by some mighty hand, and there in the full glow of the sun, a picture in a frame, lay the wrecked vessel. Others saw it as I did, and gave vent to recognition.

"Damned if it ain't the old hooker!" "She got what was coming to her all right mates."

"And she's lousy with treasure!" "Come here, Sam! That's the last of the Namur."

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Last of the Namur.

The vessel was plainly a total wreck, rapidly pounding to death on a sharp edge of rock. Both masts were down, and, lifted as the bow was, it was easy to perceive the deck was in splinters where falling spars and topmasts had crushed their way through. The bows had caught, seemingly jammed in between rocks, the stern sunk deep, with cabin port holes barely above reach of the waves. Not a living thing appeared on board, and, as the fog slowly drifted away, my eyes could discern no sign of any boat, no evidence of the crew. along the wide sweep of water. A voice aroused me.

"What was it you said, Jack, bout treasure on the old hooker? Why not get it afore it's too late?"

"It's thar, all right, Ole," and I knew the speaker to be Haines. "Ain't it,

"Yes, lads, there must be money on board, unless those fellows took it with them in the boats. I know of fifty thousand pounds stolen in Virginia, and no doubt there is more than that rock any minute and go down like a stone. What do you say, bullies? Here is a risky job, but a pocket full of gold pieces, if we can get aboard and safely off again. Who'll go across with me?"

There was a babel of voices, the men crowding about me, all else forgotten as greed gripped their imaginations. "Stand back, lads! I cannot use all of you. Four will be enough. You'll not lose anything of what we bring back; it'll be share and share alike, so

fall, to, hearties." I paused an instant to speak to Dorothy, seated on the flag locker, explaining to her swiftly my object in exploring the wreck and pledging myself not to be reckless in attempting to board. I read fear in her eyes, yet she said nothing to dissuade me.

I slipped down a rope and dropped into the boat, taking my place with a steering oar at the stern, and we shot away through the green water. The Namur proved to be a more complete wreck than our distant view had revealed, and lying in a more precarious position. It was no pleasant job getting aboard, but ordering Haines to accompany me, and the others to lie by. I made use of a dangling backstay, and thus hauled myself up to a reasonably secure footing. The fellow joined me breathless, and together we perched on the rail to gain view of the deck.

It was a distressing, hopeless sight, the vessel rising before us like the roof of a house, the deck planks stove in, a horrible jumble of running rigging, booms and spars, blocking the way forward. There were three bodies tangled in the wreckage within our sight, crushed out of all human resemblance, and the face of a negro, caught beneath the ruins of the galley, seemed to grin back at me in death. Every timber groaned as the waves struck and rocked the sodden mass, and I had no doubt but that the vessel had already broken in two.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bigger and Heavier Hen Fruit. It is thought by naturalists that the eggs of domestic hens of the present day are larger and heavier by nearly a third than those of the hens of the ancients. Eggs differ a good deal in weight, the average weight being about two ounces. A good egg is made up of ten parts shell, 60 parts white and 30 parts yolk. The white of an egg contains 86 per cent water. The shell contains about 2 per cent animal matter and 1 per cent of the phosphates of lime and magnesia, the rest consisting of carbonate of lime. Half the various specimens of snakes lay eggs. Instead of shell the covering of the egg is a tough, white, leathern substance. The largest egg of any bird to-



Beauty doctoring has become a rec-1 every night, and apply it vigorously egnized profession, and the use of lo- drying the hands thoroughly; use t tions, cleansing creams, and many other tollet preparations, is an estabished habit with thousands of women. There is no getting away from the fact that complexion and hair respond to the care and treatment that counteract the ravages of sun, wind, work and, to a great extent, time, Those who have most successfully combated these enemies of beauty say that it is the little time (say a quarter and backs scrubbed, brushing so the of an hour) that is given EVERY DAY to the complexion or the hair, the regular biyearly visit to the dentist, whether there is an apparent trouble with the teeth or not, and the ability to avoid worry, that has kept them looking young and fair for many more years than their negligent sisters.

Care of the Hands.

Hands get considerable rough treatment, but some women manage to keep them sightly notwithstanding the housework they must do. The homely and inexpensive oils, acids and powders that anyone has will answer as well as any others in the care of the

First of all the hands must be thoroughly cleaned before treatment for any defect is applied to them.

A scouring brush should be used

teaspoonful of borax to a basin of WHIEP.

Any simple soap may be used, but strong kinds should be avoided. A nail brush is necessary, and an inexpensive one will be as cleansing as a costly

As soon as the bands are wet they must be lathered, and then the brush rubbed over the soap and the paims skin will not be irritated, yet suffclently brisk to take out the dirt.

To Whiten Hands. A very good bleaching paste can be

used at night, avoiding the nails, with a pair of kid gloves worn over it.

Snowy hands are produced by dipping them in almond oil; let them absorb all the oil, and then dip them in French chalk and wear a pair of loose old gloves that night. Another plan is to wash the hands in peroxide of hydrogen, letting it dry on them, and then rub on cold cream and wear old kid gloves. In the morning wash off with lemon juice, vinegar or cider, hot water, and then a disappearing cream Stained Hands.

Cream of tartar will remove dye stains from the hands. Rub with soap with a mild soap and lukewarm water and apply the powder thoroughly.

Frocks for Schoolgirls



By twos and threes, with arms en- | more than likely twined, schoolgirls are sauntering wearer. through the streets and gladdening our worldworn hearts. It seems that like this varies a little according to their slender, supple bodies were the age and figure of the girl it is never so fittingly and becomingly clad made for. If she is under sixteen it have grown discriminating, and spe- tured. A neat-looking box plait at the cialists have devoted their energies front, with wide plaits at each side to providing clothes for the young and in the back, take care of the fullperson who goes to school and other- ness about the waist, and a braid wise occupies her time, we have ap- binding and three buttons finish off parel for the young miss that is a the opening at the side. The bodice thing of beauty and a joy till she and skirt are set together under a outgrows it.

Any of the plain and substantial dress materials of wool are suited to the very pretty frock for a girl of sixteen (or somewhere near that age) well as suits for them and for grownwhich is so adequately shown in the ups. It appears in neat rows and as photograph above. Tricotine or serge and gabardine rank together in point ever, but it must be faultlessly placed of serviceability.

The frock pictured is of serge, in dark blue, and is brightened up with a vest of tricolette in American Beauty shade that has three groups of three tucks each to embellish it. There is a great vogue for this color combination in schoolgirls' dresses pipings and in small insets. In this frock the bodice turns back at each dition to the introduction of a colored smocks. vest makes an unusual amount of trimming for a dress of this kind, but linen. One lovely model was in a It is well-planned and not overdone, delicate shade of pink and was

The length of the skirt in a dress as they are this fall. Since mothers will be about that of the frock picwide, plain belt of the goods that buttons at the left side.

Narrow silk braid is considerably used for finishing frocks for girls as a binding with better effects than and sewed.

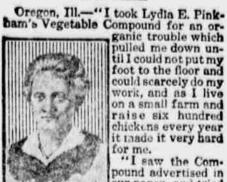
Julia Bottomby

Shown side by side with frocks of this fall, the red usually showing in batiste, organdie, dotted swiss and chambray, there are the lovellest frocks of linen in white and delicate side of the vest in straight revers colors. Both the fine soft linen, almost bound with silk braid, like the frock like the French handkerchief linen, in color, and there are three snappy and the heavy coarse weave are liked. little brass buttons set on each rever, The heavier quality makes up beauti-The use of braid and buttons in ad- fully into tailored dresses, suits or

Hats are also made of this coarse very youthful in character, and it is trimmed with a heavy cotton fringe.

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oulled me down until I could not put my foot to the floor and could scarcely do my work, and as I live on a small farm and raise six hundred chickens every year it made it very hard for me. "I saw the Com-

pound advertised in our paper, and tried it. It has restored my health so I can do all my work and

I am so grateful that I am recommend-ing it to my friends."—Mrs. D. M. ALTERS, R. R. 4, Oregon, Ill. Onlywomen who have suffered the tortures of such troubles and have dragged along from day to day can realize the relief which this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable

Compound, brought to Mrs. Alters. Women everywhere in Mrs. Alters' condition should profit by her recom-mendation, and if there are any com-plications write Lydia E. Pinkham's Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice. The result of their 40 years experience is at your service.

BREATH Often Caused by

How can anyone with a sour, gassy stomach, who is constantly beiching, has heartburn and suffers from indigestion have anything but a bad breath? All of these stomach disorders mean just one thing—

anything but a bad breath? All of these stomach disorders mean just one thing—Acid-Stomach.

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Any Old Job.

A convivialist plying the intriguing streets of Boston with a full cargo of liquor on board, observed a legend which ran, "Murderer Wanted," and taking time by the forelock, entered the station house and said to the ser-

"I'll take that job."

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Frederick S. Kolle, M. D., Editor of New York Physicians' "Who's Who," says that weak, nervous people who want increased weight, strength and nerve-force, should take a 5-grain tablet of Bitro-Phosphate Just before or during

Bitro-Phosphate Just before or during each meal.

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Eat less; chew your food thoroughly, and if at the end of a few weeks you do not feel stronger and better than you have for months; if your nerves are not steadler; if you do not sleep better and have more vim, endurance and vitality, your money will be returned, and the Bitro-Phosphate will cost you nothing.

