SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrope, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor. Blake, shunned on the boat, because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Miss Leslie

CHAPTER II.-Continued. "Oh, but Mr. Blake, I am sure it must be a mistake; I am sure that if it is explained to papa-"

'Yes; we'll cable papa to-night. Meantime, we've something else to do. Suppose you two get a hustle on yourselves, and scrape up something to eat. I'm going out to see what's left of that blamed old tub."

'Surely you'll not venture to swim out so far!" protested Winthrope. "I saw the steamer sink as we cast off." "Looks like a mast sticking up out there. Maybe some of the rigging is

loose." "But the sharks! These waters swarm with the vile creatures. You must not risk your life!"

"'Cause why? If I do, the babes in the woods will be left without even the robins to cover them, poor things! But cheer up!-maybe the mud-hens will do it with lovely water-lilles."

"Please, Mr. Blake, do not be so cruel!" sobbed Miss Leslie, her tears starting afresh. "The sun makes my head ache dreadfully, and I have no hat or shade, and I'm becoming so

"And you think you've only to wait, and half a dozen stewards will come running with parasols and ice water. Neither you nor Winthrope seem to 've got your eyes open. Just suppose you get busy and do something. Winthrope, chase yourself over the mud, and get together a mess of fish that are not too dead. Must be dozens, aftthe blow. As for you, Miss Jenny, I guess you can pick up some reeds and rig -a headgear out of this handkerchief- Wait a moment. Put on my coat, if you don't want to be broiled alive through the holes of that peek-aboo.

"But I say, Blake-" began Winthrope.

"Don't say-do!" rejoined Blake; and he started down the muddy shore. Though the tide was at flood, there quarter of a mile before he reached the water's edge. There was little surf, and he paused only a few moments to peer out across the low

swells before he commenced to strip. Winthrope and Miss Leslie had been watching his movements; now the girl rose in a little flurry of haste, and set to gathering reeds. Winthrope would have spoken, but, seeing her

It was no difficult search. The marshy ground was strewn with dead sea-creatures, many of which were already shriveling and drying in the sun. Some of the fish had a familiar look, and Winthrope turned them over with the tip of his shoe. He even went so far as to stoop to plok up a large mullet; but sbrank back, repulsed by its stiffness and the unnatural shape into which the sun was warping it.

He found himself near the beach, and stood for half an hour or more watching the black dot far out in the water-all that was to be seen of Blake. The American, after wading a pebble within miles of where they off-shore another quarter of a mile, had reached swimming depth, and was heading out among the reefs with keys might do as well. At first Miss steady, vigorous strokes. Half a mile or so beyond him Winthrope could periment, and only the increasing drynow make out the goal for which he mast of the steamer.

"By Jove, these waters are full of ing at the steadily receding dot until a marked degree. it disappeared bekind the wall of surf

little sunshade. Her shoulders were return of Blake. protected by Blake's coat. It made a heavy wrap, but it shut out the blistering sun rays, which, as Blake had foreseen, had quickly begun to burn the girl's delicate skin through her open-work bodice.

Thus protected, she was fairly safe from the sun. But the sun was by no means the worst feature of the situation. While Winthrope was yet several yards distant, the girl began to complain to him. "I'm so thirsty, Mr. dead calm, they did not see Blake on Winthrope! Where is there any wa- his return until he struck shallow water? Please get me a drink at once, Mr. Winthrope!

no water. These pools are all sea a powerful swimmer, the long pull myself. I can't see why that cad that when he took to wading he should go off and leave us like this, moved at a tortoise-like guit. "Indeed, it is a shame-Oh, I'm so

if we ate something?" Make it all the worse. Besides,

these reeds are green.





Two or Three Small Fish Lay Faintly Wriggling on the Surface.

"But Mr. Blake said to gather some; fish. Had you not best-'

"He can pick up all he wants. shall not touch the beastly things." Then I suppose there is nothing to do but wait for him."

"Yes, if the sharks do not get him." Miss Leslie uttered a little moan, was now no cyclone to drive the sea and Winthrope, seeing that she was above the beach, and Blake walked a on the verge of tears, hastened to reseaure her "Don't worry about him Miss Genevieve! He'll soon return, with nothing worse than a blistered to hang, you know,"

"But if he should be-if anything should happen to him!"

Winthrope shrugged his shoulders, and drew out his silver cigarette case. It was more than half-full, and he was face him. embarrassment, smiled to himself, and highly gratified to find that neither the began strolling about in search of fish. cigarettes nor the vesta matches in the cover had been reached by the wet.

"By Jove, here's luck!" he exclaimed, and he bowed to Miss Leslie. "Pardon me, but if you have no ob-

jections-" The girl nodded as a matter of form, and Winthrope hastened to light the cigarette already in his fingers. The smoke by no means tended to lessen the dryness of his mouth; yet it put him in a reflective mood, and in thinking over what he had read of shipwrecked parties, he remembered that a pebble held in the mouth is supposed to ease one's thirst.

To be sure, there was not a sign of sat: but after some reflection, it occurred to him that one of his steel Leslie was reluctant to try the exness of her mouth forced her to seek more?" he demanded. was aiming—the one remaining top- the promised relief. Though it failed to quench her thirst, she was agreeably surprised to find that the little sharks!" murmured Winthrope, star- flat bar of metal eased her craving to talking so deucedly-"

Winthrope now thought to rig a which spumed up over one of the outer | shade as Miss Leslie had done, out of reeds and his handkerchief, for the A call from Miss Leslie interrupted sun was scorching his unprotected his watch, and he hastened to rejoin head. Thus sheltered, the two her. After several failures, she had crouched as comfortably as they could to three or four reeds in the ferm of a | mock and waited impatiently for the

CHAPTER III.

The Worth of Fire.

HOUGH the sea within the reefs was fast smoothing to a glassy plain in the ter and stood up to wade ashore. The tide had begun to ebb before he "But, my dear Miss Leslie, there is started landward, and though he was water. I must say, I'm deuced dry against the current had so tired him

"The bloomin' loafer!" commented thirsty! Do you think it would help Winthrope. He glanced quickly about and at sight of Miss Leslie's arching brows, hastened to add: "Beg par how could we cook anything? All don! He-ah-reminds me so much of a navvy, you know."

Miss Leslie made no reply. At last Blake was out of the water and tolling up the muddy beach to the spot where he had left his clothes. While dressing he seemed to recover from his exertions in the water, for the moment he had finished he sprang to his feet and came forward at a brisk pace.

As he approached, Winthrope aved his fifth cigarette a languid enthusiasm, and called out as heartily as his dry lips would perback. Fellows of that sort are born mit: "I say, Blake, deuced glad the sharks didn't get you!"

"Sharks?-bah! All you have to do is to splash a little, and they haul off." "How about the steamer, Mr. Blake?" asked Miss Leslie, turning to

"All under but the maintonmastcurse it!-wire rigging at that! Couldn't even get a bolt.'

"A bolt ?" "Not a bolt; and here we are as good as naked on this infernal-Hey. you! what you doing with that match? Light your eigarette-light it! - Damnation!"

Heedless of Blake's warning cry. Winthrope had struck his last vesta, and now, angry and bewildered, he stood staring while the little taper burned itself out. With an oath, Blake sprang to catch it as it dropped from between Winthrope's fingers. But he was too far away. It fell among the damp rushes, spluttered, and flared

For a moment Blake knelt, staring at the rushes as though stupefled; then he sprang up before Winthrope his bronzed face purple with anger.

"Where's your matchbox? Got any

"Last one, I fancy-yes; last one and there are still two cigarettes. But look here, Blake, I can't tolerate your

"You idiot! you-you- Hell! and every one for cigarettes!"

From a growl Blake's voice burst into a roar of fury, and sprang upon Winthrope like a wild beast. His hands closed upon the Englishman's throat, and he began to shake him contrived to knot Blake's handkerchief upon the half-dried crest of the hum- about, paying no heed to the blows his victim showered upon his face and body, blows which soon began to lessen in force.

Terror-stricken, Miss Leslie put her hands over her eyes, and began to scream-the piercing shrick that will unnerve the strongest man. Blake paused as though transfixed, and as the half-suffocated Englishman struggled in his grasp, he flung him on the ground and turned to the screaming

"Stop that squawking!" he said. The girl cowed down. "So; that's better. Next time keep your mouth shut." "You-you brute!"

"Good! You've got a little spuns.

"You coward-to attack a man not half your strength!" "Steady, steady, young lady! I'm warm enough yet; I've still half a mind to wring his fool neck."

"But why should you be so angry

What has he done, that you-" "Why-why? Lord! what hasn't he done? This coast fairly swarms with beasts. We've not the smell of a gun;

has gone and thrown away our only chance-fire-and on his measly cigarettes!" Blake choked with returning Winthrope, still panting for breath,

and now this idiot-this dough-head-

began to creep away, at the same time unclasping a small penknife. He was white with fear; but his gray eyeswhich on shipboard Blake had never seen other than offensively supercilious-now glinted in a manner that served to alter the American's mood,

"That'll do," he said, "Come here and show me that knife."

"I'll show it you where it will do the most good," muttered Winthrope, rising hastily to repel the expected at-

"So you've got a little sand, too," said Blake, almost good-naturedly. 'Say, that's not so bad. We'll call it quits on the matches. Though how you could go and throw them away-' "Deuce take it, man! How should I know? I've never before been in a

"Neither have I-this kind. But I tell you, we've got to keep our think tanks going. It's a guess if we see tomorrow, and that's no joke. Now do you wonder I got hot?"

"Indeed, no! I've been an ass, and here's my hand to it-if you really mean it's quits.'

"It's quits all right, long as you don't run out of sand," responded Blake, and he gripped the other's soft hand until the Englishman winced. 'So; that's settled. 'I've got a hot temper, but I don't hold grudges. Now, where're your fish?"

"I-well, they were all spoiled." "Spoiled?"

"The sun had shriveled them." "And you call that spoiled! We're

like to eat them rotten before we're through with this picnic. How about the pools?" "Pools? Do you know, Blake, I never

thought of the pools. I stopped to watch you, and then we were so anxlous about you-" Blake grunted and turned on his

heel to wade into the half-drained pool in whose midst he had been deposited by the hurricane.

Two or three small fish lay faintly wriggling on the surface. As Blake splashed through the water to selze them his foot struck against a living body which floundered violently and flashed a brilliant forked tail above the muddy water. Blake sprang over the fish, which was entangled in the reeds, and with a kick flung it clear out upon the ground.

"A coryphene!" cried Winthrope, and he ran forward to stare at the gorgeously colored prize.

"Coryphene?" repeated Blake, following his example. "Good to eat?"

"Fine as salmon. This is only a small one, but-" "Fifteen pounds if an ounce!" cried

Blake, and he thrust his hand in his pocket. There was a moment's silence, and Winthrope, glancing up, saw the other staring in blank dismay. "What's up?" he asked.

"Lost my knife." "When?-in the pool? If we felt

"No; aboard ship, or in the surf-"Here is my knife."

"Yes: almost big enough to whittle a match! Mine would have done us some good."

"It is the best steel." "All right; let's see you cut up the

fish. "But you know, Blake, I shouldn't know how to go about it. I never did such a thing."

"And you, Miss Jenny? Girls are supposed to know about cooking." "I never cooked anything in all my

life, Mr. Blake, and it's alive-andand I am very thirsty, Mr. Blake!" "Lord!" commented Blake. "Give

me that knife." Though the blade was so small, the American's hand was strong. After some little haggling, the coryphene was killed and dressed. Blake washed both it and his hands in the pool, and

fish's tail. "We have no fire," Winthrope reminded him, flushing at the word. "That's true," assented Blake, in a

began to cut slices of flesh from the

cheerful tone, and he offered Winthrope two of the pieces of raw flesh. 'Here's your breakfast. The trimmed piece is for Miss Leslie."

"But it's raw! Really, I could not think of eating raw fish. Could you, Miss Leslie?" Miss Leslie shuddered. "Oh, no!-

and I'm so thirsty I could not eat anything."

"You bet you can!" replied Blake. Both of you take that fish and go to chewing. It's the stuff to ease your thirst while we look for water. Good Lord!-in a week you'll be glad to eat raw snake. Finnicky over clean fish, when you swallow canvas-back all but raw, and beef running blood, and raw oysters with their stomachs full of disintegrated animal matter, to put it politely. You couldn't tell rattlesnake broth from chicken, and dog makes first-rate veal-when you've got to eat it. I've had it straight from them that knows that over in France they eat snails and fish-worms. It's all a matter of custom or the style."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ATIONAL CAPITAL

Roosevelt History to Be Published Soon



large and interesting volume entitled vent to Roosevelt intimacy. Roosevelt's Administration."

that other members of the now fa- talks at the White House during the mous aggregation of comparatively brewing of the Russo-Japanese war, young federal officeholders and all the coup which made Roosevelt a around hustlers from all walks of great peacemaker, his wrestles with life whom Mr. Roosevelt invited by congress over the railroad rate bill, successive stages to his council room, the knocking out of the Northern Seluncheon table and tennis court, are curities merger, the growth of the preparing to give the public some in- policy which blanketed great stretches side facts concerning the great seven of western country with forest reserve years of the administration recently rule, and many other interesting closed. Mr. Garfield and Mr. Pinchot, things will be set forth for the counhowever, are the first to be actually try's contemplation by those persons discovered at their task.

ing of the forests of the country has worn away.

been laid aside for several days while the chief of the torestry bureau is laboring with might and main with the late secretary of the interior in writing the accomplishments of the Roosevelt regime for the printer.

The book will contain a complete and detailed account of the things done at the White House the last four years of Mr. Roosevelt's occupancy of WASHINGTON. — The Roosevelt the office of president. There will be "tennis cabinet" is to make one a fairly definite account of what took more bid for public recognition before place in the inner councils of three It takes permanently to the shelf years previous, for although the "tenwhere it was laid upon the departure nis cabinet" did not get well along of its chief from the White House. In its organization until some time Two of its most prominent members after Mr. Roosevelt's presidential cain the persons of James Rudolph Gar- reer started, owing to the tenacity of field, late secretary of the interior. President McKinley's so-called "kitchand Gifford Pinchot, chief forester of en cabinet," consisting of Henry Cathe department of agriculture, have bot Lodge and others, its members put their heads together and the were not long kept in the dark as to fruits of their conniving will be a what had gone on before their ad-

Hurdles which the beef trust inves-It is whispered about Washington tigators were compelled to take, inner who knew much concerning them, now The work of directing the conserv- that the injunction of secrecy has

Congressional Club Losing Members



IILTRA-SMART women in the congressional set in Washington have from the Congressional club, and the their names might give the organiorganization faces either extinction or zation something of the social standhumdrum monotony, which nobody ing it needed. These women freely last session of congress.

formally brought before the body only long to the club. city for the summer. It came to a not care a rap for the Congressional a matter of vital importance.

situation lies another, which is casting | before Mr. Taft was inaugurated.

gloom into the hearts of the "would be's" who have lately come to Washington to preside over congressional homes and had been led to believe that membership in the Congressional club would fling open to them the doors of every smart household in Washington.

It is a matter of the club's history that the ultra-smart women in the congressional set joined the club in the beginning because they were persistvirtually withdrawn their support ently urged to do so in order that dared to predict when the club was paid the \$10 entrance fees, with maniformed just before the close of the festly no intention of hobnobbing with the women who came from many Trouble has been brewing in the rural districts throughout the counclub these many months, but it was try and jumped at the chance to be-

at the last meeting, just before many | That the really smart women in the of the officers were about to leave the | congressional set at Washington do crisis when certain members failed to club or its success has been made ony their annual dues. As the club has plain. True, they have been induced eased a fashionable home in K street on rare occasions to visit the cluband the rent man and the grocer have rooms, but only when some particularto be dealt with before long, dues are ly important affair has been givenas, for instance, a tea in honor of Behind this practical phase of the the president and lies. Taft, shortly

Sartoris Resigns; Family Feud Is Rumor



LGERNON SARTORIS has re-A signed as secretary of the United the marriage Mr. Sartoris joined the States legation at Guatemala. While Catholic church. ill health is given as the reason for his action, it is rumored that a fam- family is not related by those of the ily squabble is the direct cause for his getting out of the diplomatice its existence. It is asserted, however, service.

of the Spanish war, showed that he at the White House. The other faccarried the blood of his illustrious tion is led by Gen. F. D. Grant, whose grandfather, Gen. U. S. Grant, and popularity with the American public joined the volunteers for service. He is a matter of more recent growth.

was chosen an aide de camp by Maj. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, and had become a captain when honorably mustered out of the Third United States volunteer infantry, at the end of the war.

In June, 1904, he married Mile. Germaine Cecile Noufflard, a granddaughter of Sir Charles Halle, a distinguished English musician. Before

The origin of the feud in the Grant ex-president's descendants who admit that the quarrel has been on for some There is a story that Secretary Root, years, and that the family is divided who is connected by marriage with into two bitterly hostile camps. At the Grant family, was opposed to Mr. the head of one faction is Mrs. Neilie Sartoris' appointment to the diplo- Grant Sartoris, favorite daughter of matic corps, but that President Roose- President Grant and almost idolized velt was responsible for the young by the American public at the time man receiving the post at Guatemala. of her marriage to Sartoris, the Brit-Mr. Sartoris, at the breaking out ish diplomat, during her father's stay

Interesting Pair of Glaring Senators



ENATORS ALDRICH and La Fol-I lette do the glaring for the senate, while the tariff fight is on. The Rhode Island senator has a cold, glittering glare, as becomes a man who believes in money and lots of it. The Wisconsin senator has a fussy, fighting glare It is both a glare and a gloat, and if moment the Wisconsin glare is turned

These two men are not only on op | and fight it out along these lines.

posite sides of the big question, but they are opposite in temperament, character, training, and every other

respect. Senator Aldrich bunched a few street railroads in his native state, sold and resold them until he can afford to be United States senator as long as he lives. Senator La Follette grabbed at fame with one hand and carved out a lecture career with the other in order to make a living on the side. He wants money only to blow it in on his show.

Senator Aldrich has a sublime faith in the wisdom of men with money, the senate can stand for the phrase, and he fights for them as he would it "gets Aldrich's goat." The senate for principles. What is best for them leader begins to get nervous just the he considers best for the whole counbry. If they prosper and are satison him. He tries to glare in return, fied, it follows, according to his docbut soon leaves for the senate cloak. trine, that all must be prosperous and room where he sputters, instead. It contented. Senator La Follette takes is not dignified to sputter in the senate | the other end of the game. He is for chamber. No one who will tell knows the man who has very little money, what else he does in the cloakroom. for the one who individually works for When La Foliette sits still Aldrich every dollar he gets. And they stand can stand him and glare in return. up in the senate about six feet apart