SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the introduction of John Stephens, adventurer, a Massachusetts man marooned by authorities at Valparaiso, Chile, Being interested in mining operations in Bollvia, he was denounced by Chile as an insurrectionist and as a consequence was hiding. At his hotel his attention was attracted by an Englishman and a young woman. Stephens rescued the young woman from a drunken officer. He was thanked by her. Admiral of the Peruvian navy confronted Stephens, told him that war had been declared between Chile and Peru and offered him the office of captain. He desired that that night the Esmeraida, a Chilean vessel, should be captured. Stephens accepted the commission. Stephens met a motley crew, to which he was assigned. He gave them final instructions. They boarded the vessel. They successfully captured the vessel supposed to be the Esmeraida, through strategy. Capt. Stephens gave directions for the departure of the eraft. He entered the cabin and discovered the English woman and her maid. Stephens quickly learned the wrong vessel had been captured. It was Lord Darlington's private yacht, the lord's wife and maid being aboard. He explained the situation to her ladyship. Then First Mate Tuttle laid bare the plot. saying that the Sea Queen had been taken in order to go to the Antarctic circle. Tuttle explained that the Dona Isabel was lost in 1753. He had found it frozen in a buge case of ice on an island and contained much gold. Stephens consented to be the captain of the expedition. He told Lady Darlington. She was greatly alarmed, but expressed onfidence in him. The Sea Queen encountered a vessel in the fog. Stephens attempted to be the captain of the expedition. He told Lady Darlington. She was greatly alarmed, but expressed onfidence in him. The Sea Queen encountered a vessel in the fog. Stephens was awakened by crashing of glass. He saw Tuttle in the grip of a spasm of religious mania and overcame him. The sailor upon regaining his senses was taken iii. Tuttle committed suicids by shooting. Upon vot

CHAPTER XVI.-Continued.

"We can make it easy in three days, Ma Stephens," broke in Anderson, loudly. "If we only have decent weath er, we could rip up that old hooker, copper the swag and be north-bound in that time."

I never glanced toward him, my eyes still on the mate.

But the women, De Nova?" He was looking at them, and, following his eyes, I turned also. Celeste was bending eagerly forward, her left as an aid to the wheelsmen. dark eyes sparkling with excitement: pressed together.

crew, monsieur," smiled the creole, these open on such quest, and so repleasantly.

Lady Darlington reached one hand her hair blowing free beneath her hat.

men will never be satisfied otherwise; additional peril. Nor am I willing it should be done merely to spare us a few more days of discomfort.

There was a growl of appreciation from below, Anderson's voice shouting upon being present, and so at the last up hoarsely: "You're the right stuff!" but I stood there in silence, gazing at her in astonishment, feeling deserted deck. It was a dismal, melancholy by every one, and realizing that the en- scene, and I did not wonder at the tire responsibility was now mine. More slight shiver with which her ladyship clearly than any among them I com- gianced about. The swiftly descending prehended the peril fronting us, the snow, the whitened decks, trampled desperate chance we were about to beneath the feet of the men, the bare take, the casting of dice with death. spars overhead; the low-flying, dun-Yet what was there left for me to do? colored clouds; the gray, tumbling Absolutely nothing; the choice had been made.

"Is it understood I am in com-

mand?" "Ay, ay, sir!"

"Very well, then," I said, "you have chosen your bed, now you will lie in it. Mr. De Nova, get the stokers be- memory of which can never dissolve. low and start the fires. We'll push her for it hard. You men stand by for a ly, my bullies!"

like so many schoolboys at play, An- motley crowd, as the lineaments of derson and De Nova driving them to their various tasks. A hand touched my arm gently.

"I hope you are not angry, Mr. Stephens. Did I do so very wrong?" filled with appeal, and felt my face ing beside the corpse of the mate. brighten.

"Frankly, I do not know," I replied, honestly. "Of course, I could not hope to oppose all the crew, but we are unknown to the land. Far away from taking a terrible chance. I appreciate friends and home we give the body up your courage, Lady Darlington, and to the great ocean to keep for eternifidence in my seamanship. But you tomed to the vicissitudes and perils of must go below, out of this wind. Per- the deep; we have parted with ship-

CHAPTER XVII.

In Which We Bury Our Dead. from out our funnel in ever increasing and none among us can prophesy what thick with frost. I crouched down ing the yacht deeper into danger?



Her Voice Arose, Low Yet Distinct, T rembling to the Accent of Reverent Prayer.

I searched the after-cabins thoroughher mistress stood erect, grasping the ly for a copy of the Scriptures, or any edge of the longboat, her face flushed book containing the burial service. by the keen wind, her lips firmly One might possibly have been discovered hidden away in the locked chests, "I sink zat maybe zey vote wiz ze but I did not feel authorized to break turned to the deck with nothing to guide me in the services to be conout for the rail, her skirts flapping, ducted. The boatswain, assisted by two seamen, had prepared the bodies "It will be best for us to go on, Mr. for their last long voyage, and while Stephens," she said, quietly. "The the crew gathered in a body on the snow-covefed deck, the dead, shrouded and I do not blame them. Too much beneath white sheets, were silently has been risked already to turn back borne forth from cabin and forecastle at the last moment because of a little and placed reverently upon planks balanced across the rail.

I should greatly have preferred We Lady Darlington to remain below durmust take our chances, and, as for my- ing the ceremonies. There is much deself, I trust absolutely in your sea- pression about such burial scenes at sea, especially so in our circumstances and surroundings. But she insisted moment I returned to the cabin and escorted both her and Celeste to the waters; the low growl of the ice as the waves battered its front; the silent semicircle of men standing motionless except for their shuffling feet; and those two white-draped figures lying extended across the rail-all combined to form a grim sea-picture the

Protected somewhat from the sharp wind by the cabin the men had flung double funeral in an hour; we have a saide their mufflers, so that their dead man fore and aft. Now step live- weather-beaten faces, most of them heavily bearded, were plainly revealed. I watched them as they scattered I could not but be impressed with the negro, Kanaka, and every variety of white degenerate were thus exposed. Their uneasy, shuffling feet, and the impatience depicted on their faces, I looked down into her gray eyes moment. I advanced to the rail, stand-

"Lads," I said, soberly, "when we bury shipmates at sea there is a solemnity about the simple ceremony shall do my best to justify your con- ty. Yet we are sailors, long accusmit me to assist you down the ladder." | mates before in many seas, and not a few among you look forward to the time when comrades will be called moon would come stealing up above upon to perform a similar service of the waste of waters, yet there was a eggshell. And Lady Darlington had respect over your bodies. Even now haze hovering all about us, as though Black smoke was already trailing we sail forward into great danger, the entire surrounding atmosphere was showing myself worthy by thus pushvolume, the steadily revolving screw the morrow may bring of either life behind the slight protection of the

was driving the yacht forward with | or death. Yet the sea is the sailor's new power, and the only bit of can- sepulcher, the roar of the great waves vas showing was the close-reefed jib, his requiem. I am no sea preacher, able to address you upon the hereafter, or fitted to eulogize the spirits of those whose bodies we are about to bury. You desire nothing of the kind. Neither can I read over these forms the usual burial service, for I can find no book containing it on board. Is there any one among you, mates, who will voice a prayer before we drop these bodies overboard?"

I looked along the semi-circle of faces, expecting nothing from the members of the crew, yet faintly hopeful that some one or two might be led to respond. No one stirred, however, the only sound on board the wind whistling through the nigging and the heavy breathing of the men.

'Well, then," I added, regretfully, "nothing remains but to commit their bodies to the deep, and may God have mercy on their souls!"

I lifted my hand in signal, but even as I did so Lady Darlington spoke, the men who were about to tilt the planks hour listening, every nerve a-tingle, pausing in wonderment.

"Wait, Mr. Stephens; not without one word of prayer. Let me speak it, if no one else will."

She came forward, throwing back her veil, and grasping my sleeve to retain steady footing on the heaving the accent of reverent prayer. I know breathing upward of a petition to the Almighty Father for pardon and guidance; yet never before did faith lay such mighty hold upon me. It was short, only a few faltering sentences, but the honesty of it, the faith so face, impressed the roughest there. She paused, her head still lowered; I heard some one say "Amen" solemnly, and raised my hand in signal. Noiselessly the ends of the planks were uptilted, and the two sneeted figures slid downward into the gray water. Instantly they disappeared beneath the unfathomable depths. So silently and expeditiously was this accomplished that she even failed to note the action, aroused me to the requirements of the lifting her eyes wonderlingly to the bare planks, and with a choking sob burying her face in her hands. Without venturing a word I led her gently to the companion. Five minutes later I stood again upon the bridge, the deck beneath throbbing to the pulse er point of the compass, heating back of the released engine, as the Sea the invading floes and yielding to us Queen raced recklessly forward

> perate effort to attain her goal. It was not a dark night, for the stars were out-such cold, dead stars they to the northwest? If by some shift of seemed-and a little later I knew the

through the ice-girded waters in des-

nerve pulsing with agony. Was it imagination, illusion? By all the gods, I beheld a white visionary form glide tainly there, yet, in another instant, of age. had vanished, I knew not how. I. stared about into the dim corners, then was, for the key was in my own pocket. me.

Many times I have known fear, but Here was something intangible. something I could not reach and throttle, a dim, frightful shade, coming from God alone knew whence, I pressed my hands to my head, and endeavored to laugh, to woo back my courage. Great heavens, was I also losing my mind? Was I to be haunted and pursued by evil fancies? Had the curse of this ship now descended upon me? I staggered to my feet, holding on desperately to the table, seized the decanter from off the swinging shelf and drank deeply. Lord, what grim fancies a man may have when the physical organism is unstrung! I glanced at my watch, discovering I still had two hours below, and crossed over to my stateroom, nerving myself to play the man, yet glancing about fearfully into the dancing shadows. I laughed as I closed the door, but shot the bolt hard, and lay there for an before fatigue finally closed my eyes.

tarpaulins, sweeping the horizon with

my glasses, but discovering nothing

to awaken alarm. I saw nothing of

the watch, except as I called for them.

Then they came, clawing their way

out of the snug holes where they hid from wind and water. However, there

was little enough for any of us to do;

we could simply hold on, trusting in

the strength of the keel under us, and

sheering to eastward of the ice-pack.

It was a wild, mad night, the wind

freezing to the marrow, and every

wave dashing its ley spray hurtling

against the front of the wheelhouse.

At eight bells I went below again,

every muscle of my body aching, and

my face tingling as though pierced by

a thousand needles. I sat down before

the red-hot stove in the cabin, thinking I should never get the cold thawed

out of me. Yet inside of ten minutes.

with head resting on the chair-back,

and legs extended to keep my balance,

Whether a sudden leap of the ves-

sel or some unusual noise aroused me

I cannot say. Dazed, confused, I sat

upright, staring about me, for the mo-

ment scarcely realizing where I was.

I could hear the fierce pounding of the

sea without, the shrieking of wind

through the cordage, and the rattle

and groaning of the woodwork as the

struggling vessel dived into the hol-

lows and fought her way back to the

crests. A shower of hall lashed the

windows, rattling like shot against the

shutters. As I glanced backward

across my shoulder, I heard, above

all that hellish uproar, a hollow,

unearthly groan. I was upon my feet

in an instant, grasping at the edge of

the table, striving vainly to place the

sound. For some cause I could not keep my eyes off Tuttle's door, every

I was sound asleep,

CHAPTER XVIII.

In Which We Lay the Ghost.

The coming of night found our situation less promising- a thick veil of deck. For an instant there was an clouds obscuring all gleam of stars, impressive silence; then her voice the wind veering more to the westarose, low, yet distinct, trembling to ward and growing bitterly cold. The barometer was falling slowly, presnot what she said; merely the simple aging the approach of storm; yet nothing openly threatened with the exception of these thickening cloudmasses scudding up from out the southwest, their wildness reflected in the darkening sea, and the continuous thunder of waves along the ice-front clearly evidenced in both words and blocking our passage. I visited the engine and boiler rooms, ordered half speed and prompt attention to signals, took one last searching glance about the dimming horizon, and finally threw myself, without undressing, on my bunk for a brief rest below.

As I lay there, thinking of that wild scene without, I discovered sleep impossible. Was I doing right thus to hold on for further southing? My conscience was not altogether clear, for I realized that it would be luck rather than seamanship that would take us through and bring us safely out again. Only some mystery of Providence had thus far given us passage, had held the wind to anothan open sea. But would such fortune last-a day, two days, more? We could race northward with the ice, but what about that vast field stretching wind it were to close in, the helpless Sea Queen would be crushed like an said she trusted me implicitly. Was I

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ON HIS LAST RUN CEMENT TELEGRAPH POLES

VETERAN ENGINEER MET WITH FIRST MISHAP.

Fate's Ungenerous Action Toward Elbridge E. Reynolds, Veteran of the Throttle-Half a Century in the Service.

Elbridge E. Reynolds, a locomotive engineer of Elkhart, Ind., fought the battles of life for

more than half a century. On his end of which was a pension for the 70-year-old veteran, the injector went wrong, the engine flew past a block signal and crashed into says a Chicago dispatch.

Discharged, instead of honorable retirement, was the company's reply, in accord with strict

rules. Reynolds held his head high, said the company was right, always was right, be had erred, and the penalty was merited.

Then the officials who had known mark against it until that last mishap, reviewed their ruling. Technically Reynolds had been retired before that final run and hence he could gineer was placed on the "retired with be immense. honor" list and his pension was given him.

And Reynolds? Well, he said again the company always was right-but be run with a big engine humming and

hissing beneath his touch. Shore railroad at Elkhart way back in great freight depots of the future. 1868. On January 30 last, his seven- The leading railroad men know the tieth birthday, he was the dean of the 500 engineers who work out from Elk- and they are going to adopt cement as hart. His record was absolutely the material for their bridges, teleclear, his sight, hearing and physical condition perfect, as indicated by se- buildings."

vere tests. January 29 he received a letter from his superintendent enthusiastically SAFETY IS OBJECT SOUGHT complimenting him, but telling him that he would be retired on February 1 in compliance with the new rules of noiselessly forth and disappear as the company providing for the penthough dissolved in mist. It was cer- sioning of all employes over 70 years

not such fear as this which now smote in the minute's absence from his post, flew past a block signal. As he returned to his seat a freight train loomed up ahead.

off the steam, threw on the brakes, and held the throttle while the engine plowed through the caboose, a few embankment.

On February 1 Reynolds appeared took on his own shoulders all blame for the accident.

charged.

Instead of bitterness toward the railroad company, Reynolds expressed only whole hearted admiration and affection for it, respect for its officers, and belief in the wisdom and justice of all its actions. He had got his reward out of his life in the living of it, had formed his opinions of "the company" during his 42 years' service, and the incidents of January 31 and February 2, whatever their outcome could not shift his position by

a hair's breadth. He had only one regret, this 70year-old veteran, with a comfortable pension, with grown son and daughter, living in one of the most pleasant houses in Elkhart, the master of a modern automobile, one of the leading citizens of the city.

"I suppose you are going to enjoy a good rest now?" he was asked.

"I'm going to have a rest." he replied. "But I won't enjoy it. I loved my work, and if there was any place in the United States where I knew I could get a job on a big, fast locomotive. I would pull up here and go for

I worked as fireman on one of those dent was prevented on the Caledonian old engines that look like watch line at West Ferry, Scotland. In the charms compared with those of to- course of a fierce gale a large tree on day. I loved the work every day and the railroad embankment was uprootevery night since then

by railroad men. My daughter, Geor- ticed by a young woman in a cottage gia, says it is superstitious, but a in the neighborhood, and she, realinumber of old timers have told me zing the danger to passing trains, hurthat their last runs were the worst ried to the nearest signal box, which of their lives.

have made me give up that run on he received, was able to stop two January 31. I was more anxious to passenger trains, due from Glasgow, run that day, the day after I was 70 until a gang of plate layers was sumyears old, the last day that the rules | moned to clear the line. This work of the road would let me run; I want- was accomplished in about an hour's ed more to make a good run that day time. The woman, Mrs. Bell, has been than any day since I rode in a cab."

It's almost more than most men can do not to claim the credit for fine weather.

Railroads Will Soon Be Using Them, According to a Well-Known Consulting Engineer.

"The time is not far off," said Richard L. Humphrey of Philadelphia, president of the National Association of Cement Users, "when you will see no more wooden telegraph poles and fence posts along the right of way of the big railroads.

"Right now some of the great raffroad systems are planning to use cement poles on which to string their telegraph wires, and the big telegraph companies likewise have discussed the advisability of employing cement for last run, at the their wires. Good telegraph poles are becoming scarce, but it is not solelybecause of the scarcity that the railroads are going to use cement. Railroad experts recognize that a cement pole will be better in many ways. As a minor consideration, they can be made more sightly, bu the chief reasons are the saving of money and the a freight train, durability of the cement pole. Railroad and telegraph companies suffer much less when windstorms come along and sweep down miles of their poles. The wooden pole rots and is easily broken. A cement pole would not have to be replaced in 25 years. It will stand all manner of climatic conditions, growing harder and strong as it gets older.

"Especially in the west, where the railroads often have prairie fires to encounter, will you find in a few years the fence post of cement in general the engineer for decades and had use. The right of way of the big railknown his record, with not one black road now is fenced off with barbed wire strung on wooden posts. Along comes a fire and many posts are destroyed. When the cement post is in use fire will have no effect and the not be discharged, they said. The en- raving to the railroad company will

"Ties for the roadbed are to be made of cement. They will outlast the wooden tie many years and will be stronger and give the rails a more did wish he could get back on a fast solid foundation. Hundreds of concrete passenger stations are being built by the railroads, and cement is Reynolds went to work for the Lake to be used in the construction of the value of guarding against future cost, graph poles, fence posts, ties and their

Avoiding Wrecks Now the Greatest Problem of Railroads-A Recent Device.

The Eric railroad has instituted a On January 31 he started on his 12-mile experimental section of an last run in a locomotive cab. Some electrical automatic railroad safety leaped toward the door, seeking to thing went wrong with the injector signal system that promises for the open it. It was locked; of course it and the water began running back out safety of railroad travel. The engine, of the boilers under the pressure of according to Collier's Weekly, has a 200 pounds of steam to the square brush arrangement that connects with inch. He jumped to rectify it, and the third rail. In the cab are instrustop the moment it enters a block on which there is another train or a broken rail or any other obstruction, The fireman jumped Reynolds shut The train is stopped automatically. Then the engineer takes down his telephone and calls up the nearest station and asks what is the matter. freight cars, and rolled over down the He can also talk with the other engineers on the line. A time meter, similar to the paper disk time clock at the coroner's inquest, and disregard- of the watchman in big buildings, rening the defective injector, forgetting ders it impossible for him to make the failure of the fireman to keep a a false report as to the time he relook out while he was working on it, ceived the danger signal and what believing that it meant no pension he did. Another signal in the enginand a clouded end of a spotless career, eer's cab is a green light that burns as long as the track is clear, but goes da k as soon as a danger zone is en-On February 2 Reynolds was dis- tered. A push button in every station will stop any train along the track for miles. As soon as the station agent pushes this button the train comes to a stop. The engineer calls. back to find what it is all about. The agent explains and gives orders.

> Aside from its first and primary importance as a safety device, it can be operated in connection with local and long-distance telephone service. On the first experiments made a few days ago the engineer and a messenger on a fast-moving train in New Jersey telephoned to the editorial rooms of a New York city newspaper and could, they declare, have as easily talked with Chicago.

That this sort of a system may be generally adopted and applied to railroad service seems to be likely, as its installation and operation will be less costly to a railroad than the loss of rolling stock that is being constantly smashed up in the wrecks that have become so frequent they hardly count any more even as important items of

Train Saved by Woman.

By the courageous and intelligent "I loved the work from the first day action of a woman, a serious accied and thrown across the track. For-"I was warned about that last day tunately, the fall of the tree was nowas about half a mile distant. The "But no amount of warning could signal man, thanks to the information presented with a handsome acknowledgement by the railroad company.

> Husbands are the masters at hom in everything but fact.