

---[CONTINUED.]

At another time Iris would have snapped at him for the retort. Still humbly regretful for her previous attitude, she answered meekly:

"Yes, in this manner of cooking them, I mean. But there are other itemsmethods of lighting fires, finding water, knowing what fruits and other articles may be found on a desert island, such #s plantains and cocoanuts and certain sorts of birds."

When the meal was ended Jenks sprang lightly to his feet. Rest and food had restored his faculties. The girl thought dreamily, as he stood there in his rough attire, that she had never seen a finer man. He was tall, sinewy and well formed. In repose his face was pleasant, if masterful. Its somewhat sullen, self contained expression was occasional and acquired. She wondered how he could be so energetic. Personally she was consumed with sleepiness.

He produced a revolver.

"Do you mind if I fire a shot to test these cartridges?" he inquired. "The powder is all right, but the fulminate In the caps may be damaged."

She agreed promptly. He pointed the weapon at a cluster of cocoanuts, and there was a loud report. Two nuts fell to the ground, and the air was filled with shrill screams and the flapping of innumerable wings. Iris was momentarily dismayed, but her senses contirmed the sailor's explanation -"Sea birds."

"Can you use a revolver?" he asked. "My father taught me. He thinks every woman should know how to defend herself if need be."

"Excellent, Well, Miss Deane, you must try to sleep for a couple of hours. I purpose examining the coast for some distance on each side. Should you want me, a shot will be the best sort of signal."

"I am very tired," she admitted. "But you?"

"Oh, I am all right! I feel restlessthat is, I mean I will not be able to sleep until night comes, and before we climb the hill to survey our domain I want to find better quarters than we now possess."

Perhaps were she less fatigued she would have caught the vague anxiety, the note of distrust, in his voice. But the carpet of sand and leaves on which she lay was very seductive. Her eyes closed. She nestled into a comfortable position and slept.

and vividly green. The cassava, or tapioca plant, reared its high passion flower leaves above the grass, and some sago paims thrust aloft their thick stemmed trunks.

"Here is a change of menu, at any rate," he communed.

Breaking a thick branch off a poon tree, he whittled away the minor stems. A strong stick was needful to explore that leafy fastness thoroughly.

A few cautious strides and vigorous whacks with the stick laid bare the cause of such prodigality in a soil covered with drifted sand and lumps of black and white speckled coral. The trees and bushes inclosed a well-safeguarded, in fact, from being choked with sand during the first gale that blew

Delighted with this discovery, more precious than dlamonds at the moment - for he doubted the advisability of existing on the water supply of the pitcher plant-he knelt to peer into the excavation. The well had been properly made. Ten feet down he could see the reflection of his face. Expert hands had tapped the secret reservoir of the island. By stretching to the full extent of his arm he managed to plunge the stick into the water. Tasting the drops, he found that they were quite sweet. The sand and porous rock provided the best of filter beds.

He rose, well pleased, and noted that on the opposite side the appearance of the shrubs and tufts of long grass indicated the existence of a grown over path toward the cliff. He followed it, walking carelessly, with eyes seeking the prospect beyond, when something rattled and cracked beneath his feet. Looking down, he was horrified to find he was trampling on a skeleton.

Had a venomous snake coiled its glistening folds around his leg he would not have been more startled. But this

man of iron nerve soon recovered. He frawned deeply after the first involuntary heart throb.

With the stick he cleared away the indergrowth and revealed the skeleton of a man. The bones were big and strong, but oxidized by the action of the air. Jenks had injured the left tibia by his tread, but three fractured ribs and a smashed shoulder blade told some terrible unwritten story.

Beneath the mournful relics were fragments of decayed cloth. It was blue serge. Lying about were a few blackened objects, brass buttons marked with an anchor. The dead man's boots were in the best state of preser vation, but the leather had shrunk, and the nails protruded like fangs. A rusted pocketknife lay there, and on the left breast of the skeleton rest ed a round piece of tin, the top of a canister, which might have reposed in a coat pocket. Jenks picked it up. Some curious marks and figures were punched into its surface. After a hasty glance he put it aside for more leisurely examination. No weapon was visible. He could form no extindet as to the cause of the death of this poor unknown nor the time since the tragedy had occurred. Jenks must have stood many minutes before he perceived that the skeleton was headless. At first he imagined that in rummaging about with the stick he had disturbed the skuli. But the most minute search demonstrated that it had gone-had been taken away, in fact-for the plants which so effectually screened the lighter bones would not permit the skull to vanish. Then the frown on the sailor's face became threatening, thunderous. He recollected the rusty creese. Indistinct memories of strange tales of the China sea crowded unbidden to his brain.

breathe. His broad chest expanded inches with each respiration.

"Yes, yes, I understand. But awoke and ran to save you. When I got here I saw something, a thing with waving arms, and fired. It vanished, and then you came."

The sailor walked slowly to the objects inviting prompt attention. Each rocks. A fresh chip out of the stone moment he could see with greater disshowed where the bullet struck. One tinctness. Kneeling on one side of the huge bowlder was wet, as if water had little pile, he discerned that on a large been splashed over it. He halted and stone serving as a rude bench were looked intently into the water. Not a some tin utensils, some knives, a sexfish was to be seen, but small spirals tant and a quantity of empty cartridge of sand were eddying up from the botcases. Between the stone and what a tom, where it shelved steeply from miner terms the "face" of the rock was the shore a four foot space. Here, half imbedded

Iris followed him. "See!" she cried excitedly. "I was not mistaken. There was something here."

A creepy sensation ran up the man's spine and passed behind his ears. At this spot the drowned Lascars were lying. Like an inspiration came the knowledge that the cuttlefish, the dreaded octopus, abounds in the China

His face was livid when he turned to Iris. "You are overwrought by fa



you saw was probably a seal." He knew the ludicrous substitution would not be questioned. "Please go and lie down again."

"I cannot," she protested. "I am too frightened."

"Frightened! By a dream! In broad daylight!"

"But why are you so pale? What has alarmed you?"

"Can you ask? Did you not give the agreed signal?"

"Yes but"-Her inquiring glance fell. He was breathless from agitation rather than running. He was perturbed on her account. For an instant she had looked into his soul.

wings heralded the flight of two birds awkwardness.

alarmed by the noise. Soon his eyes,

more accustomed to the gloom, made

out that the place was about thirty

feet deep, ten feet wide in the center

At the farther end was a collection of

in the sand which covered the floor,

were two pickaxes, a shovel, a sledge

hammer, a fine timber felling ax and

In the darkest corner of the cave's

extremity the "wall" appeared to be

very smooth. He prodded with the

stick, and there was a sharp clang of

tin. He discovered six square kerosene

oil cases carefully stacked up. Three

were empty, one seemed to be half full,

and the contents of two were un-

touched. With almost feverish haste

he ascertained that the half filled tin

"What a find!" he ejaculated aloud.

harbored no further surprises. Return-

ing toward the exit, his boots dislodged

more empty cartridges from the sand.

They were shells adapted to a revolver

of heavy caliber. At a short distance

from the doorway they were present in

"The remnants of a fight," he

thought. "The man was attacked and

defended himself here. Not expecting

the arrival of enemies, he provided no

while trying to reach the well, proba-

He vividly pictured the scene-a

brave, hardy European keeping at bay

a boat load of Dyak savages, enduring

manfully the agonies of hunger, thirst,

perhaps wounds; then the siege, fol-

lowed by a wild effort to gain the life

giving well, the hiss of a Malay parang

wielded by a lurking foe and the last

despairing struggle before death came.

He might be mistaken. Perchance

there was a less dramatic explanation.

But he could not shake off his first im-

"What was the poor devil doing

here?" he asked. "Why did he bury

himself in this rock, with mining uten-

not be a castaway. There is the indi-

cation of purpose, of preparation, of

here alone if he could help it, and if he

There was relief in hearing his own

So far as he could judge, the cave

three crowbars.

did really contain oil.

dozens.

bly at night."

pressions.

really were alone."

and seven or eight feet high.

"I will mount guard outside," went on Jenks. He was trying to improve the edge of the ax by grinding it on a soft stone.

The girl went into the cave again. She was inquisitive, uneasy.

"That arrangement"- she began, but ended in a sharp cry of terror. The dispossessed birds had returned during the sallor's absence.

"I will kill them!" he shouted in an-

"Please don't. There has been enough of death in this place already."

The words jarred on his cars. Then he felt that she could only allude to the victims of the wreck.

"I was going to say," she explained, "that we must devise a partition. There is no help for it until you construct a sort of house. Candidly, I do not like this hole in the rock. It is a vault, a tomb."

"You told me that I was in command, yet you dispute my orders." He strove hard to appear brusquely good humored, indifferent, though for one of his mold he was absurdly irritable. The cause was overstrain, but that explanation escaped him.

"Quite true. But if sleeping in the cold, in dew or rain, is bad for me, it must be equally bad for you, and without you I am belpless, you know."

He laughed sardonically, and the harsh note clashed with her frank candor. Here at least she was utterly deceived. His changeful moods were incomprehensible.

"I will serve you to the best of my ability, Miss Deane," he exclaimed. "We must hope for a speedy rescue, and I am inured to exposure. It is otherwise with you. Are you ready for store of food or water. He was killed the climb?"

The crest of the hill was tree covered, and they could see nothing beyond their immediate locality until the sailor found a point higher than the rest, where a rugged collection of hard basalt and the uprooting of some poon trees provided an open space elevated above the ridge.

For a short distance the foothold was precarious. Jenks helped the girl in this part of the climb. His strong, gentle grasp gave her confidence. She was flushed with exertion when they stood together on the summit of this elevated perch. They could look to every point of the compass except a small section on the southwest. Here the trees rose behind them until the sils and a few rough stores? He could brow of the precipice was reached.

The emergence into a sunlit panorama of land and sea, though expected, method combined with ignorance, for was profoundly enthralling. They apnone who knew the ways of Dyaks and peared to stand almost exactly in the Chinese pirates would venture to live center of the island, which was crescent shaped. It was no larger than the sailor had estimated. The new slopes now revealed were covered with vervolce. He could hum and think and dure down to the very edge of the waact. Arming himself with the ax, he ter, which for nearly a mile seaward attacked the bushes and branches of broke over jagged reefs. The sea looktrees in front of the cave. He cut a ed strangely calm from this height. fresh approach to the well and threw Irregular blue patches on the horizon the litter over the skeleton. At first to south and east caught the man's he was inclined to bury it where it first glance. He unslung the binocu-

Revealed the skeleton of a man. tigue, Miss Deane," he said. "What

The man moved the revolver out of harm's way to a spot where she must see it instantly, pulled his sou'wester well over his eyes and walked off quietly.

They were flung ashore on the northwest side of the island. Except for the cove formed by the coral reef, with its mysterious palm tree growing apparently in the midst of the waves, the shape of the coast was roughly that of the concave side of a bow, the two visible extremities being about threequarters of a mile apart.

He guessed by the way in which the sea raced past these points that the land did not extend beyond them. Behind him it rose steeply to a considerable height, 150 or 200 feet. In the center was the tallest hill, which seemed to end abruptly toward the southwest. On the northeast side it was connected with a rocky promontory by a ridge of easy grade. The sailor turned to the southwest as offering the most likely direction for rapid survey.

He was not surprised to find that the hill terminated in a sheer wall of rock, which stood out, ominous and massive, from the wealth of verdure clothing the remainder of the ridge. Facing the precipice and separated from it by a strip of ground not twenty feet above the sea level in the highest part was another rock built eminence quite bare of trees, blackened by the weather and scarred in a manner that attested the attacks of lightning.

The intervening belt was sparsely dotted with trees, casuarinas, poon and other woods he did not know, resembling ebony and cedar. A number of stumps showed that the ax had been at work, but not recently. He passed into the cleft and climbed a tree that offered easy access. As he expected, after rising a few feet from the ground his eyes encountered the solemn blue line of the sea, not half a mile distant

He descended and commenced a systematic search. Men had been here. Was there a house? Would he suddenly encounter some hermit Malay or Chinaman?

At the foot of the main cliff was a cluster of fruit bearing trees-plantains, areca nuts and cocoa palms. A couple of cinchonas caught his eye. In one spot the undergrowth was rank

"Dyaks!" he growled fiercely. "A ship's officer, an Englishman probably, murdered by head hunting Dyak pi rates!"

If they came once they would come again.

Five hundred yards away Iris Deane was sleeping. He ought not to have left her alone. And then, with the devilish ingenuity of coincidence, a revolver shot awoke the echoes and sent all manner of wild fowl hurtling, through the trees with clamorous out-

Panting and wild eyed, Jenks was at the girl's side in an inconceivably short space of time. She was not beneath the shelter of the grove, but on the sands, gazing, pallid in cheek and lip, at the group of rocks on the edge of the lagoon.

"What is the matter?" he gasped. "Oh, I don't know!" she walled brokenly. "I had a dream, such a horriole dream. You were struggling with some awful thing down there." She pointed to the rocks.

laboriously. It cost him an effort to roof. A startled cluck and the rush of

"I will go back," she said quietly, "though I would rather accompany you. What are you doing?"

"Seeking a place to lay our heads." he answered, with gruff carelessness. "You really must rest, Miss Deane. Otherwise you will be broken up by fatigue and become ill."

So Iris again sought her couch of sand, and the sailor returned to the skeleton. They separated unwillingly, each thinking only of the other's safety and comfort.

CHAPTER IV.

CROSS the parched bones lay the stick discarded by Jenks in his alarm. He picked it up and resumed his progress along the pathway. So closely did he now examine the ground that he hardly noted his direction. The track led straight toward the wall of rock. The distance was not great-about forty yards. At first the brushwood impeded him, but soon even this hindrance disappeared, and a well defined passage meandered through a belt of trees. some strong and lofty, others quite immature.

More bushes gathered at the foot of the cliff. Behind them he could see the mouth of a cave. The six months' old growth of vegetation about the entrance gave clear indication as to the time which had elapsed since a human foot last disturbed the solitude.

A few vigorous blows with the stick cleared away obstructing plants and leafy branches. The sailor stooped and looked into the cavern, for the opening was barely five feet high. He perceived instantly that the excavation was man's handiwork applied to a fault in the hard rock. A sort of natural shaft existed, and this had been extended by manual labor. Beyond the entrance the cave became more lofty. Owing to its position with reference to the sun at that hour Jenks imagined that sufficient light would be obtainable when the tropical luxuriance of foliage outside was dispensed with.

At present the interior was dark. "I was not near the place," he said With the stick he tapped the walls and

lars he still carried and focused them lay, but he disliked the idea of Iris walking unconsciously over the place. eagerly.

No time could be wasted that day. He would seize an early opportunity to act as gravedigger.

After an absence of little more than an hour he rejoined the girl. She saw him from afar and wondered whence he obtained the ax he shouldered.

"You are a successful explorer," she tried when he drew near.

"Yes, Miss Deane. I have found wa er, implements, a shelter, even light." "What sort of light?"

"011."

"And the shelter--is it a house?" "No, a cave. If you are sufficiently rested you might come and take possession."

Her eyes danced with excitement He told her what he had seen, with reservations, and she ran on before him to witness these marvels.

"Why did you make a new path to the well?" she inquired after a rapid survey.

"A new path!" The pertinent question staggered him.

"Yes, the people who lived here must have had some sort of free passage." He lied easily. "I have only cleared

away recent growth," he said. "And why did they dig a cave? It

surely would be much more simple to build a house from all these trees."

"There you puzzle me," he said frankly.

They had entered the cavern but a little way and now came out.

"These empty cartridges are funny. They suggest a fort, a battle." Womanlike, her words were carelessly chosen, but they were crammed with inductive ferre.

Embarked on the toboggan slope of untruth, the sailor slid smoothly downward.

"Events have colored your imagination, Miss Deane. Even in England men often preserve such things for future use. They can be reloaded."

This is different. There is an air of"-

"There is a lot to be done," broke in Jenks emphatically. "We must climb the hill and get back here in time to light another fire before the sun goes down. I want to prop a canvas sheet in front of the cave and try to devise a lamp."

"Yes. Where else?"

There was a pause, a mere whiff of cf his divorce suit.

too!" "How odd!" whispered Iris, more concerned in the scrutiny of her immediate surroundings. Jenks glanced at her sharply. She was not looking at the islands, but at a curious hollow, a quarry-like depression beneath them to the right, distant about 300 yards and not far removed from the small plateau containing the well, though isolated from it by the south angle of the main cliff.

"Islands," he cried, "and big ones

Here, in a great circle, there was not a vestige of grass, shrub or tree, nothing save brown rock and sand. At first the sailor deemed it to be the dried up bed of a small lake. This hypothesis would not serve, else it would be choked with verdure. The pit stared up at them like an ominous eye, though neither paid further attention to it, for the glorious prospect mapped at their feet momentarily swept aside all other considerations.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EX-GOVERNOR FURNAS DEAD.

Goes to Lincoln for Medical Treatment and Dies in Hospital.

Lincoln, June 2 .- Ex-Governor Robert Wilkinson Furnas of Brownville, Neb., died last night. He had been ailing for several weeks, diabetes causing death. He died in Lincoln, where he was being treated in a local hospital.

Ex-Governor Furnas has been a resident of Nebraska since 1855, when he came from Ohio. In the course of his life he had been printer, editor, soldier and farmer. From 1873 to 1875 he was governor of Nebraska. He is the author of twelve volumes on the agriculture of Nebraska, and has been United States commissioner to the expositions held at Philadelphia, New "Yes, I have seen keepers do that. Orleans and Chicago. In the civil war he was a colonel of the Second Nebraska cavalry. In 1845 he married Mary E. McComas. She died shortly after the celebration of their golden wedding.

Cody Files Motion for New Trial.

Sheridan, Wyo., May 16 .- The attor-"Must I sleep inside?" demanded Iris. neys for Colonel Cody filed in the district court a motion for a new trial