

SYNOPSIS

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L-Wealthy and highly he Chicago business world, orved is something of a re-mystery to his associates, my interview with his part-pharman, Corvet seeks Con-rill, daughter of his other ther, Lawrence Sherrill, and her a promise not to marry Ne then disappears. Sherrill has written to a certain

Corvet's letter summons

to monthan with the

THEN VIII. Corrects Indian serv-massacium, tells Alan he belleves ployer is dead. He also tells him isnd of the Indian Drum, which ac-te old superstition bests once for the lost on the Great Lakes. Twen-the before, the great freighter Mi-had gone down with twenty-fire on but the Drum had sounded for twenty-four, leaving the inference ins person had been saved, since it engral bellef that the drum save Pursuing a stranger who had

CHAPTER IX -- Conred rec

CHAPTER X.-Alas learns from Was-sum that it was Corvet's habit to so the sours of \$4,00 in the house, appar-tive to meet the demands of a certain take." who appeared periodically. In a absence of Wassaquam, "Luke" comes the house defmanding to see Corvet. Is evidently in a dying condition, dus alcohol and exposure. Conrad tries absonce to fet him to explain his macetion with Corvet. The man dies.

CMAPTRE XL.—From the document Al-binks he may have a clue to the setery surrounding Corvet's life and appearance. He leaves Chicago to vis-Lake Michigan ports in search of the woons whose names were on the list.

EAPTER XII.—Constance receives a kage wrapped in a muffler which she emizes Corvet was wearing on the he went away. It contains a few a watch, and weman's wedding bib believes them to have been the perty of Corvet, and accepts them as root of his death. Spearman urges stance to marry him. She consents, refuses his demand for an immedi-

There was an instant's silence. shall go myself." her father said.

She hung up the receiver. Had Alan found Uncle Benny? He had found. apparently, some one whose resen plance to the picture she had showed him was marked enough to make him believe that person might be Benjamin Corvet; or he had heard of some one who, from the account he had received, e thought might be. She read again the words of the telegram . . . "even If greatly changed !" and she felt startling and terrifying warning in that phrase.

CHAPTER XIV

Old Burr of the Ferry. It was in late November and while

one of this name was to be found.

able to trace?

found it.

the coal carrier Pontiac, on which he Alan asked. was serving as lookout, was in Lake Superior that Alan first heard of Jim Burr. The name spoken among some other names in casual conversation by "No." member of the crew, stirred and ex-"Did you receive a communication cited him; the name James Burr, oc-

arring on Benjamin Corvet's list, had orne opposite it the legend "All disstance Sherrill at Harbor Point?" ppeared; no trace," and Alan, whose nvestigations had accounted for all Shervill. To send what things?" others whom the list contained, had "Several things-among them a watch which had belonged to Captain been able regarding Burr only to verify

the fact that at the address given no Stafford of the Miwaka." He questioned the oller who had gazing down at Alan. "A watch of Captain Stafford's?--no," he said agimentioned Burr. The man had met Burr one night in Manitowoe with

other men, and something about the old man had impressed both his name and image on him; he knew no more than that. At Manitowoc !-- the place from which Captain Stafford's watch had been sent to Constance Sherrill he could be that one. Among the and where Alan had sought for, but had failed to find, the sender! Had Alan stumbled by chance upon the one whom Benjamin Corvet had been un-Alan could not leave the Pontiac and to at once to Manitowoc to seek Burr; for he was needed where he was. It was fully a week later and after the Pontiac had been laden again and had repassed the length of Lake Superior that Alan left the vessel at Sault Ste.

Marie and took the train for Manito-The little lake port of Manitowoc, which he reached in the late afternoon, was turbulent with the lake season's approaching close. Alan inquired for the seamen's drinking place, where his Informant had met Jim Burr : following would not lose sight of old Burr until the directions he received he made his he had learned the reason for that. way along the river bank until he He followed, as the old man crossed

The proprietor knew old Jim Burramong the buildings on the river front. yes. Burr was a wheelsman on Car-ferry Number 25. He was a lakeman, Burr's figure, vague in the dusk, crossed the railroad yards and made experienced and capable; that fact, its way to where a huge black bulk, some months before, had served as inwhich Atan recognized as the ferry, roduction for him to the frequenters oomed at the waterside. He disapof this place. When the ferry was in peared aboard it. Alan, following him, harbor and his duties left him idle. gazed about. A long, broad, black boat the ferry Burr came up and walted there, occupying always the same chair. He was almost four hundred feet to the tall, bluff bow. Alan thrilled a little at his inspec never drank; he never spoke to others unless they spoke first to him, but then he talked freely about old days tion of the vessel. He had not seen on the lakes, about ships which had been lost and about men long dead. close at hand before one of these great craft which, throughout the winter, Alan decided that there could be no brave ice and storm after all-or near-

hand, then the mate of a tramp sche took a seat beside the old man. er on the lakes. Alan, gazing at the "You're from Number=257' he asked. o draw him into conversation.

"Yes. "I've been working on the carrier Pontine as lookout. She's on her way to tie up at Cleveland, so I left her and came on here. You don't know whether there's a chance for me to get a place through the winter on Number

Old Burr reflected. "One of our boys bas been talking of leaving. I don't now when he expects to go. You light ask."

"Thank you; I will. My name's 'onrad-Alan Conrad." He saw no recognition of the name in Burr's reception of it; but he had not expected that. None of those on Benjamin Corvet's list had had any knowledge of Alan Conrad or had heard the name before. Alan was silent, watching the old

man; Burr, silent too, seemed listening to the conversation which came to them from the tables near by, where men were talking of cargoes, and of ships and of men who worked and jamin Corvet? sailed upon them.

"How long have you been on the lakes?" Alan inquired. "All my life." "Do you remember the Miwaka?" Old Burr turned abruptly and studied Alan with a slow scrutby which seemed to look him through and through; yet while his eyes remained fixed on Alan suddenly they grew blank. He was not thinking now of Alan, but had turned his thoughts

within himself. "I remember her-yes. She was lost in '95," he said. "In '95," he repeated. "Did you know Benjamin Corvet?"

Old Burr stared at him uncertainly. "I know who he is, of course." "You never met him?"

from him some time this year-a request to send some things to Miss Con-"I never heard of Miss Constance

Old Burr got up suddently and stood

tatedly. "No!" He moved away and left the place; and Alan sprang up and followed him. He was not, it seemed probable to Alan now, the James Burr of Corvet's list; at least Alan could not see how

names of the crew of the Miwaka Alan had found that of a Frank Burr, and his inquiries had informed him that this man was a nephew of the James Burr who had lived near Port Corbay and had "disappeared" with all his family. Old Burr had not lived at Port Corbay-at least, he claimed not to have lived there; he gave another address and assigned to himself quite dif-

ferent connections. For every member of the crew of the Miwaka there had been a corresponding, but different name upon Corvet's list—the name of a close relative. If old Burr was not related to the Burr on Corvet's list, what connection could he have with the Miwaka, and why should Alan's questions have agitated him so? Alan

the bridge and turned to his left

All that was known definitely about

old man, felt exuitation leaping and throbbing within him. This life which old Burr was rehearsing to him as his was the actual life of Munro own.

Burkhalter, one of the men on Corvet's list regarding whom Alan had been able to obtain full information ! Alan sped below, when he was relleved from watch, and got out the clippings left by Corvet and the notes of what he himself had learned in his visits to the homes of these people. His excitement grew greater as he pored over them; he found that he could account, with their aid, for all that old Burr had told him. Old Burr's stories were not, of course, true; yet

neither were they fictitious. Theytheir incidents, at least-were actualities. They were woven from the lives of those upon Corvet's list! Alan felt his skin prickling and the blood beating fast in his temples. How could Burr have known these incidents? Who could he be to know them all? To what man, but one, could all of them be known? Was old Burr . . . Ben-

Alan telegraphed that day to Sherrill; but when the message had gone doubt seized him. Benjamin Corvet. when he went away, had tried to leave his place and power among lakemen to Alan; Alan, refusing to accept what Corvet had left until Corvet's reason should be known, had felt obliged also to refuse friendship with the Sherrills When revelation came, would it make possible Alan's acceptance of the place Corvet had prepared for him, or would it leave him where he was? Would it bring him nearer to Constance Sherrill, or would it set him forever away from her?

CHAPTER XV.

A Ghost Ship.

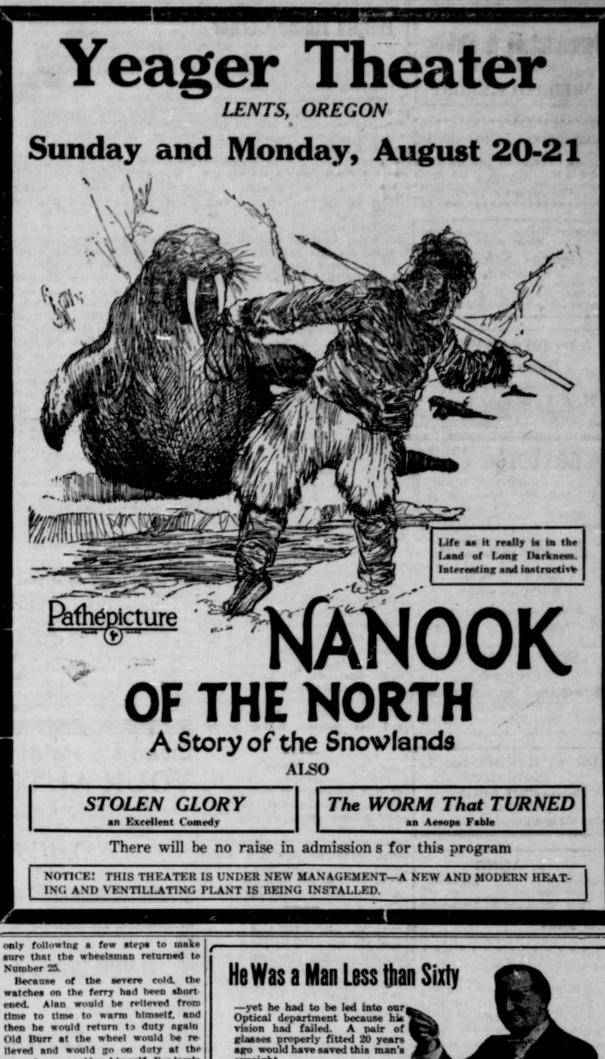
Officially, and to chief extent in actuality, navigation now had "closed" for the sinter. Further up the harbor, beyond Number 25, glowed the white lanterns marking two vessels moored and "laid up" till spring; another was still in the active process of "laying up." Marine insurance, as regards all ordinary craft, had ceased ; and the government at sunrise, five days before, had taken the warning lights from the Straits of Mackinaw. from Ile-aux-Galets, from north Manitou, and the Fox islands; and the light at Beaver island had but five nights more to burn.

Having no particular duty when the boat was in dock, old Burr had gone toward the steamer "laying up," and now was standing watching with absorption the work going on. There was a tug a little farther along, with steam up and black smoke pouring from its short funnel. Old Burr observed this boat too and moved up a little nearer. Alan, following the wheelsman, came opposite the stern of the freighter.

"They're crossing," the wheelsman said aloud, but more to himself than to Alan, "They're laying her up here," he jerked his head toward the Stough "Then they're crossing to Maniton. towor on the tug."

"What's the matter with that?" Alan cried.

Burr drew up his shoulders and ducked his head down as a gust blew. It was cold, very cold indeed in that wind, but the old man had on a mackilleved and would go on duty at the naw and, out on the lake, Alan had same hours as Alan himself. Benjamin seen him on deck coatless in weather



CHAPTER XIII.-Inquiries show that the watch in the package had been the property of a Captain Stafford, com-mander of the Miwaka, who had gone down with his ship.

(Continued from last week.)

Alan had been three then. This was wild, crazy speculation. The ship was lost with all hands; only the Drum, believed in by the superstitious and the most ignorant, denied that. The Drum said that one soul had been saved. How could a child of three have been saved when strong men, to the last one, had perished? And, if he had been saved, he was Stafford's son. Why should Uncle Benny have sent him away and cared for him and then sent for him and, himself disappear-ing, leave all he had to-Stafford's eon 7

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Or was he Stafford's son? Her thought went back to the things which had been sent-the things from a man's pockets with a wedding ring among them. She had believed that the ring cleared the mother's name; might it in reality only more involve it? Why had it come back like this to the man by whom, perhaps, it had been given? Henry's words came again and again to Constance : "It's a queer concern you've got for Ben. Leave it alone, I tell you!" He knew then something about Uncle Benny which might have brought on some terrible thing which Henry did not know but might guess? Constance went weak Uncle Benny's wife had left within. him, she remembered. Was it better,

after all, to "leave it alone?" A telegraph envelope addressed to her father was on the table in the hall. A servant told her the message had come an hour before, and that he had telephoned to Mr. Sherrill's office, but Mr. Sherrill was not in. There was no reason for her thinking that the measage might be from Alan except his presence in her thoughts, but, she went at once to the telephone and called her father. He was in now, and he directed her to open the message and

read it to him. "Have some one," she read aloud; she choked in her excitement at what came next-"Have some one who knew Mr. Corvet well enough to recognize him, even if greatly changed. meet Carferry Number 25 Manitowoo Wednesday this week. Alan Conrad." Her heart was beating fast. "Are

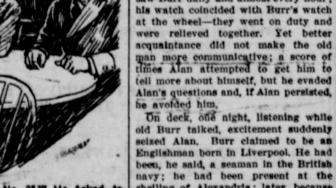
you there?" she said into the phone. "Yes." 2,00 "Whom shall you send?"

setter place to interview old Burr than ly all-other lake boats are tied up. He had not meant to apply there when here; he walted therefore, and in the early evening the old man came in. He he questioned old Burr about a berth on the ferry ; he had used that merely was a slender but muscularly built man seeming about sixty-five, but he might as a means of getting into conversae considerably younger or older than tion with the old man. But now he that. His hair was completely white; meant to apply; for it would enable his nose was thin and sensitive; his him to find out more about old Burr. No berth on the ferry was vacant

face was smoothly placid, emotionless, yet but one soon would be, and Alan contented ; his eyes were queerly cloudwas accepted in lieu of the man who ed, deepset and intent. was about to leave; his wages would not begin until the other man left, but Those whose names Alan had found on Corvet's list had been of all ages, in the meantime he could remain young and old; but Burr might well

have been a contemporary of Corvet

old Burr on the ferry, it appeared, was that he had joined the vessel in the - Million early spring. Before that-they did not know ; he might be an old lakeman who, after spending years ashore, had returned to the lakes for a livelihood. The next morning, Alan approached old Burr in the crew's quarters and tried to draw him into conversation again about himself; but Burr only stared at him with his intent and oddly introspective eyes and would not talk upon this subject. A week passed ; Alan, established as a lookout now on Number 25 and carrying on his duties, saw Burr dally and almost every hour :



From No. 257" He Asked, to Him Inte Conversation. Draw

on the lakes. Alan moved over and "the States;" he had been first a deck-

"You're

almost as cold as this. "It's a winter storm," Alan cried, 'It's like it that way: but today's the

15th, not the 5th of December !" "That's right," Bury argeed. "That's dght."

> The reply was absent, as though Alan had stumbled upon what he was thinking and Burr had no thought. yet to wonder at it.

"And it's the Stoughton they're laying up, not the-" he stopped and stared at Burr to let him supply the word and, when the old man did not. he repeated again-"not the-"

"No," Burr agreed again, as though the name had been given. "No." "It was the Martha Corvet you laid

up, wasn't it?" Alan cried quickly. Tell me-that time on the 5th-it was the Martha Corvet?"

Burr jerked away; Alan caught him again and, with physical strength, de-

"Answer Me: It Was the Martha

Corvet?

tained him. "Wasn't it that?" he de

Martha Corvet?"

nanded. "Answer me; it was the

The wheelsman struggled ; he seemed

suddenly terrified with the terror

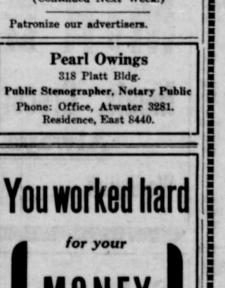
which, instead of weakening, supplied

infuriated strength. He threw Alan off

for an instant and started to flee back

toward the ferry ; and Alan let him go.

him Could he be mistaken? Was tha man, whose eyes turned alternately from the compass to the bow of the ferry as it shifted and rose and fell the same who had sat in that lonely chair turned toward the fireplace in the house on Astor street? Were those hands, which held the steamer to her course, the hands which had written to Alan in secret from the little room carefully the newspaper clippings concealed in the library? (Continued Next Week.)



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eyesight. Corvet! The fancy reiterated itself to for your eyes? -Have your eyes examined to-STAPLES -- The Jeweler -- OPTIMETRISTS 266 MORRISON STREET, BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH off his bedroom and which pasted so **Successful Graduates** Are the Best Recommendation of This institution offers a thorough, practical, and standard education at a cost within reach of the high school graduate. It offers training for collegiate degrees in: Agriculture Mines Commerce Pharmacy Engineering and Mechanic Arts Vocational Education Forestry **Chemical Engineering** Military Science and Tactics Home Economies It offers training also in: The School of Music, Physical Education, Industrial Journalism. Fall Term Opens September 18. For circulars of information and illustrated booklet write to The Registrar, Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Oregon SandoGravel CEMENT BANK GRAVEL LIME PLASTER JAMES A.C. TAIT&CO 315 HAWTHORNE AVE. 4

shelling of Alexandria; later, because of some difficulty, which he glossed over, he had deserted and had come to