

MISS MILNE AND I.

CHAPTER XV—Continued.

In a moment I had rushed back for the hidden rope. How I went up, and down that cliff, is even now a mystery. I remember nothing but, on my return, seeing Warren with a rope between his teeth, swimming back from the yacht like a gigantic Newfoundland dog, his hair matted over his brow and his strong arm breaking the waves before him up to the edge of the rock. He rested to take breath for one moment, and then, telling me to hold on to the end, he directed them how to fix the lady. Soon, more dead than alive, we had her ashore and rolled in the dry clothing that Mrs. Warren had taken from herself and brought down. Then came the old gentleman, bruised and cut, but otherwise uninjured, and finally the two sailors. They were just in time, for within ten minutes the yacht went to pieces, to be washed up the following morning onto Manly beach.

"Where are we? Where are we?" anxiously inquired the old gentleman. "Where are we?" again inquired the colonel, looking from me to Warren, and from Warren to me. "Tell him, Warren," I whispered, as I turned my back on them and strolled a few yards away, that I might drag my hat over my eyes and turn up my coat collar. And he told him. "The quarantine station!" almost yelled the old gentleman. "And are you smallpox patients? This will kill my child if the water has not!" "No, no, sir; we are all as clean as new pins. Ye needn't fear, sir."

"But if we are to be quarantined?" "Don't you think it sir. That there gentleman there, he's the doctor; he'll fix it up for you."

"This, of necessity, brought me to the scene. Disguising my voice as best I could, I instructed Warren, by the help of the two sailors, to carry the young lady into his cave, and to go themselves into one close by; and then, telling Mrs. Warren to see to their comfort, I requested the old gentleman to walk to the end of the rock with me. "I see, Colonel Pelham, you do not recognize me."

"Good heavens! Is this—can this be Dr. Rigby?" "I am Dr. Rigby, and down here in charge of the station."

"Ah, ah! I remember seeing your name in the paper. I don't know, Dr. Rigby, whether to look upon this remarkable coincidence as fortunate or unfortunate."

"I do not think, sir," I replied, rather tartly, "that you will have any occasion to regret meeting me here. Your drifting ashore at the quarantine station is certainly just now a great misfortune for you, and more especially for E—Miss Pelham, but I will make it as light for you as possible. But there is so much to decide upon. I think, as you are yet wet, and the night is cold, you had better, if you will excuse my suggesting it, come first to the cave and see if Miss Pelham is all right, and then to my house to warm yourself and change your clothing."

"Is there any danger of my being seen?" "Very little; I can insure that for you."

"I will follow your advice Dr. Rigby, and you must allow me to thank you sincerely."

"We strolled up to the cave, the old gentleman and I, and found Mrs. Warren at the entrance. "Ye can come in, gentlemen. She's in bed, and had some whiskey to keep the cold out."

"You had better go in, Colonel Pelham," I whispered, throwing the emphasis on the first word, to indicate that I had no intention of entering. And in he went, while I waited and talked to Mrs. Warren and secured her sympathy and help. In a few moments the old colonel returned, and, still preserving his old austere, military tone, and with a slight, stiff bow, that reawakened many memories, said: "Now I am at your service, Dr. Rigby."

"We slowly climbed the face of the cliff, and then made, in the darkness, straight for my two roomed hut. We spoke in low tones for fear of the police. "You will not find the quarantine station so bad as it is pictured, Colonel Pelham, but I fear I can offer you very little in the way of comfort."

"An old soldier does not think much of an absence of luxuries; it will remind me of old campaigning days simply. I should almost enjoy the adventure were it not for my daughter. Do you not think, Dr. Rigby, it would be wiser to give ourselves up to the authorities and chance being brought away?"

"If you will allow me, I will postpone answering your question until I have given you something in the way of refreshment."

The frantic fear of these strange people would drive them to do anything, no matter how many lives were involved."

"Dear, dear me! This is more serious than I imagined! But what do you propose? What is your advice, Dr. Rigby? You cannot keep the whole of us here unseen."

"No, you are quite right. I cannot for more than a night or two. Therefore, my suggestion is that the two sailors shall remain in their cave tomorrow, Miss Pelham in hers, and you, if you will so far honor me, retain my inner room. There you are not likely to be disturbed. Then when night comes on we will get the boatman's large boat and take her outside the Heads, and you can all sail round to Manly and report yourselves as wrecked on the coast, without being definite as to the spot. But—hush! I hear steps! Would you kindly step into mine—or, rather, your room?"

The old Colonel did so hurriedly, and I left the door open that he might hear. A little tap followed, and I, opening the door, saw Warren, who stepped quickly in. "I came for some food for the sailors, sir."

"Oh, thank you, Warren! I had quite forgotten them. How about clothing, fire, etc.?" "Well, sir, I don't know. They are a little dissatisfied, and I ain't sure we can keep them quiet."

I thought a moment, then consulted my watch. It was 11 o'clock. I asked Warren if he would go and bring the men up to my house, while I made a fire and prepared some food and whisky for them. This he did, and promised to come back himself. When they appeared I found them anything but easy men to manage. One was especially ill tempered. However, a good supper, some hot grog and the drying of their clothes soon brought them around. When they had finished, I told them of my scheme for getting them away, prefacing it with a picture of what would happen if they stayed, and ending by making them promise never to divulge anything, or the punishment for all of us would be something to remember. In two hours they started for their cave with all the clothing I could find, a bottle of spirits and some tobacco. Then the old colonel rose to leave me. As he took my hand he held it for a moment in silence, and then said:

"My daughter—is she safe, Dr. Rigby, in that woman's care?" "Perfectly, Colonel Pelham. The woman is most trustworthy."

"Thank you—thank you!" he said, still holding my hand, and then: "Dr. Rigby, this is a most strange reason, and if this—in fact, any of the incidents of our acquaintanceship were made the subject of a novel, it would be spoken of as a collection of extreme improbabilities. It is not because you have been instrumental in saving our lives, and also most kind to us, that I am chiefly grateful to you. I think you have, in resigning my daughter's hand and leaving England, behaved most nobly under most trying circumstances, and you have my most heartfelt sympathy and thanks."

"I do not think I am entitled to anything in the shape of return, but I would like to ask you one question."

"And that is, Dr. Rigby?" "As to Miss Pelham's health?"

The face of the old colonel hardened perceptibly, and his voice went back to its old firm tones. "My daughter is better, Dr. Rigby. She was very much better, but the loss of her mother, which occurred at sea, sent her partly back into her old state of melancholia."

"This news shocked me terribly, but before I could attempt any reply the colonel had returned to his room. When he had gone, I, too, unsettled to sleep, put on my coat and boots and, telling him that I had a patient to see and that he must not fear being disturbed, started to walk."

"CHAPTER XVI. When I stepped out of the front door on to the path, I stood still a moment and thought of all that had happened since my memorable encounter with Warren. I had, judging by events, which, after all, constitute a much more satisfactory division of time than stupid, arbitrary hours, lived ages since then. My intention, when I started, was to walk in the direction of the caves and hang about there, partly that I might see that all was well, and partly that I might be near Edith. I strolled quietly toward the caves. As I neared the coast I fancied I saw something moving in the bushes about Warren's cave, i. e., his new cave, where he and the men were hidden. I hurried up and found it was one of the sailors. He looked rather confused as came up, and told me he had come out to get a mouthful of fresh air. We strolled toward the cave, and I intentionally awoke Warren. The other sailor had evidently taken too much whisky before and was sleeping heavily. They were an evil-looking pair, and I felt heartily thankful the night was over. Warren made us some tea, and we lighted our pipes and talked over our plans for the coming night. We were thus occupied, when Warren, taking a step forward exclaimed: Ah! there's my missus. No, it ain't; it's the young lady."

We all moved forward to get a glimpse of her, they from simple curiosity, but I spell bound and with my heart hammering like a steam engine beneath my ribs. As we stood well within the shadows of the cave we could gaze at her without risk of being seen; and it was a sight I shall never forget. Her arms were folded across her breast, her head thrown slightly back, her face held possession of by an expression of the most intense sadness. She was looking

fixedly out to sea. "Fine craft that, Jim," whispered the sleepy sailor, who had just joined us. "Yes," replied Jim, "she's a fine craft, but a bit gone in the upper deck, I fancy; she never spoke half a dozen words all the time we were out. Think she's afraid of the old duffer?"

"Afraid? No; he be like a d—d great dog running after her." "Now look and you'll see if she ain't lost a plank!" Mrs. Warren had appeared, and touching her on the arm, evidently told her of some reason for coming into the cave—probably an early cup of tea. But no; she shakes her head and does not speak.

"There!" whispers the sailor again. "Ain't she mad? That's 'ow she shook 'er 'ead about all day yesterday." Then Mrs. Warren appealed to her again and pointed into the cave; this time she moved slowly round and walked in and was lost to us. It was now getting late and time that I hurried home. I gave strict injunctions to the men to keep themselves out of sight, promising them such food as I could secure and convey to them, and then started off. I found the colonel pacing his room, still dressed; he had evidently not been to bed, for the bedclothes were undisturbed.

"Good morning, Doctor Rigby. Your care for your patient has completed a bad night that we had already made sufficiently trying for you." He looked at me very suspiciously as he said this. "After seeing my patient I went to the place where the men were hidden to see that they were safe," I replied. "I hope you found them so?" he said, stiffly.

"Yes; thank you—yes! but they are a rough lot. The discipline and privations of the quarantine station would do them good, I think." "They are rough and uncouth, but good sailors. I have employed them frequently," he replied. "While we had been talking I had lighted a fire, and was preparing for a rough breakfast. As we ate our eggs and drank our government tea, I told him the details of my scheme for the coming night.

"It would be much easier if we could go by the harbor to Manly, would it not, Doctor Rigby?" "This I admitted, but pointed out the impossibility of getting our party past the police, and also of giving anything like a plausible account of their being wrecked and lost for a whole day without finding a house on the coast.

"No, sir," I concluded, "there is no other plan that is safe, and this even will require some ingenuity." "What a terrible pity it is that the people of Sydney are so utterly mad on the question of smallpox," observed the colonel. "The day that followed was to me an anxious and busy one. I had five extra people to feed by stealth, and decent food was very scarce. Fortunately, I secured a leg of mutton and boiled it; I saw the boatman and begged a fish of him—a splendid flounder—and well I remember with what care I cooked it, and how neatly I packed it up, and how I ransacked every corner for little luxuries; then I hurried, about midday, with my basket, and trembled as I let it down to the cave where Edith was hidden.

"Ah, me! ah, me!" I thought, "if she only knew who was at the other end of the rope!" "And who are they?" "Some people who were wrecked off the coast, and hidden here all yesterday."

"But who are they?" "Really, Miss Milne," for it was she she and we were standing in the shadow of a great rock, watching by the moonlight for the silent embarkation; I had taken up my position there after leaving the colonel, and while so standing, she had stealthily crept up to me—"really, Miss Milne, I can't tell you who they are."

"You can't tell me who they are, or you won't tell me, which do you mean, Doctor Rigby?" "I mean that I—"

"You mean that you want, because you are still afraid of me; you think that I am still the dangerous woman you once found me. But you need not tell me who they are, for I know. I knew when they came; I know who swam to save them; I know they will never get to Manly."

"(To be continued.)"

A New Type of Steamer. A working model of a new and novel type of steamship, the invention of Herr J. Brohan, an engineer of Hamburg, has been on view in the Hall of Civil Engineers, Rue Blanche, Paris. The principal feature of this craft is that it is equipped with four propellers, one forward, another just before the rudder and two at the stern. The vessel is flat bottomed, but there is a short keel in the center and two false keels forward, to keep the hull off the bottom in case of grounding, and between which the forward screw revolves. The inventor estimates that with a steamer 300 feet long, built according to his design, he could make the passage from Havre to New York in four days.—Scientific American.

Record Coil of Wire Rope. The largest coil of wire rope ever made in Brooklyn was turned out by a rope company of that city recently. It measured 17,700 feet in length, or over three miles, without a break, and weighed 22,030 pounds. It is for use in a bituminous coal mine, was made of forty-two strands of crucible cast steel, took sixteen days to manufacture and was valued at \$2,300.

Ultra Swell. "She's one of these society women who keep a pet dog to go with them when they promenade, isn't she?" "Oh! She's more fashionable than that. Why, she keeps a dozen dogs of different sorts and shades to match her various costumes."—Philadelphia Press.

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