

The Stowaway

By LOUIS TRACY.

Author of the "Pillar of Light," "The Wings of the Morning" and "The Captain of the Kansas."

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CHAPTER IV.

HELLED BY A MYSTERIOUS POE ON SHORE

COKE remained on the bridge until long after Iris had seen and admired the cluster of stars which old time navigators used to regard with awe. When shafts of white light began to taper pennon-like in the eastern sky the girl went back to her cabin. Contrary to Hozier's expectation, Coke did not attempt to draw from him any account of their conversation prior to the inexplicable mishap to the wheel. He examined a couple of charts, made a slight alteration in the course and at 4 o'clock took charge of the bridge.

"Just 'ave a look around now while things is quiet," he said, nodding to Hozier confidentially. "I'll tell you wot I fancy. A rat dragged a bit of bone into a gear box. If the plankin' is badly worn anywhere, get the carpenter to see to it. I do 'ate to 'ave a feelin' that the wheel can let you down. S'pose we was makin' Bahia on the homeward run an' that 'appen-ed! It 'ud be the end of the pore ole ship, an' 'od'd credit it? Not a soul. They'd all say, 'Jimmie threw 'er away!'"

Hozier found a gnawed piece of ham bone lying in the exact position anticipated by Coke. The carpenter busied himself with sawing and hammering during the whole of the next two days, for the Andromeda revealed many gaps in her woodwork, but the escapee of an errant ham bone was utterly eclipsed by a new sensation. At daybreak one morning every drop of water in the vessel's tanks suddenly assumed a rich blood red tint. This unerving discovery was made by the cook, who was horrified to see a ruby stream pouring into the earliest kettle. Thinking that an iron pipe had become oxidized with startling rapidity, he tried another tap. Finally there could be no blinking the fact that by some unanny means the whole of the fresh water on board had acquired the color if not the taste of a thin burgundy.

Coke was summoned hastily. Noblesse oblige, being captain, he valiantly essayed the task of sampling this strange beverage. "It ain't p'ison," he announced, gazing suspiciously at the little group of anxious faced men who awaited his verdict. "It s'arrially ain't p'ison, but it's wuss 'ar any teetotal brew I've tickled in all me born days. 'Ere, Watts, you know the tang of every kind o' likker--'ave a sup."

"Not me!" said Watts. "I don't like the look of it. First time I've ever seen red ink on tap. For the rest of this trip I stick to bottled beer or something with a label."

"It smells like an infusion of permanganate of potash," volunteered Hozier. "Does it?" growled Coke, who seemed to be greatly annoyed. "Wot a pity it ain't an infusion of whisky an' potash!" and he gazed vindictively at Watts. "Some little 'as bin playin' a trick on us, that's wot it is--some blank soaker 'oo don't give a booraw in hadas for tea an' coffee an' cocoa, but wants a tonic. Steoard!"

"Yes, sir," said the mess room attendant. "Portion out all the soda water in the lockers an' 'whack it on the table every meal till it gives out. See that nobody puts away more'n 'is proper allowance tea, I'm not goin' to cry hush baby w'en the Andromeda gets this sort of kid's dodge worked off on 'er."

"If you're allodia' to me," put in the incensed "chief," whose face rose on this direct provocation, "I want to tell you now!"

"Does the cap fit?" sneered Coke. "No, it doesn't. I never 'eard of that kind of potash in me life. D'ye take me for a chemist's shop?"

"Never 'eard of it!" cried the incensed skipper, who had obviously made up his mind as to the person responsible for the outrage. "There's 'arf a dozen cases of it in the after hold--of there was w'en we put the 'itches on."

"Even if some of the cases were broken, sir, the contents could not reach the tanks," said Hozier. But the commander's wrath could not be appeased.

"Get this stuff pumped out an' 'ave the tanks scoured. We'll put in to Fernando Noronha an' redil there. It's on'y a day lost, an' I guess the other liquor on board'll last till we make the island."

Coke lurched away in the direction of the chart room. Hozier found him there later poring over a chart of Fernando Noronha.

Iris on hearing the steward's version of the affair came to the bridge for further enlightenment, but Coke merely told her that the island was a Lloyd's signal station, so she could cable to her uncle.

"Can I go ashore?" she asked. "I dunno. We'll see. It's a convict settlement for the Brazils, an' they're mighty partic'lar about lettin' people land, but they'll 'ardly object to a nice young lady like you 'avin' a peep at 'em."

As his tone was unusually gruff, not to say jeering, she resolved to find an opportunity of seeking Hozier's advise on the cablegram problem. But the portent of the blood red water was not to be disregarded. Never was Delphic oracle better served by nature. The Andromeda began to roll ominously. Masses of black cloud climbed over the southern horizon. At midday the ship was driving through a heavy sea. As the day wore the weather became even more threatening. A sky and ocean that had striven during three weeks to produce in splendid rivalry blends of sapphire blue and emerald green and tenderest pink were now draped in a shroud of gray mist. With increasing frequency and venom vaulting seas curled over the bows and sent stinging showers of spray against the canvas shield of the bridge. Instead of the natty white drill uniform and canvas shoes of the tropics the ship's officers donned oilskins, sou'westers and sea boots. Torrents swept the decks, and an occasional giant among waves smote the hull with a thunderous blow under which every rivet rattled and every plank creaked. Despite these drawbacks the Andromeda wormed her way south. She behaved like the staunch old sea prowler that she was.

Iris, of course, thought that she was experiencing the storm of a century. Badly scared at first, she regained some stock of courage when Hozier came twice to her cabin, pounded on the door and shouted to her such news as he thought would take her mind off the outer furies. The first time he announced that they were just "crossing the line," and the girl smiled at the thought that Neptune's chosen heir was uncommonly like the English channel at its worst. On the second occasion her visitor brought the cheering news that they would be under the lee of Fernando Noronha early next morning. She had sufficient sea lore to understand that this implied shelter from wind and wave, but Hozier omitted to tell her that the only practicable roadstead in the island, being on the weather side, would be rendered unsafe by the present adverse combination of the elements. In fact, Coke had already called Watts and Hozier into council, and they had agreed with him that the wisest plan would be to bear in toward the island from the east and anchor in smooth water as close to Earth point as the lead would permit.

As for Iris' wild foreboding that the ship was intended to be lost, Phillip did not give it other than a passing thought. Coke was navigating the Andromeda with exceeding care and no little skill. He was a first rate practical sailor, and it was an education to the younger man to watch his handling of the vessel throughout the worst part of the blow. About mid-night the weather moderated. It improved steadily until a troubled dawn heralded some fitful gleams of the sun. By that time the magnificent peak of Fernando Noronha was plainly visible. Coke came to the bridge and set a new course, almost due west. Soon it was possible to distinguish the full extent of the coast line. Houses appeared and trees and green oases of cultivation.

There was a strong current setting from the southeast, and the dying gale left its aftermath in a long swell, but the Andromeda rolled on with ever increasing comfort. Even Iris was tempted forth by the sunshine. Coke was not on the bridge at the moment. Mr. Watts was taking the watch. Hozier was on deck forward. Suddenly the captain appeared. He greeted Iris with a genial nod.

"Ah, there you are!" he cried. "Not seen you since this time yesterday. Sorry, but there'll be no goin' ashore today. We're on the wrong side of the island, an' it 'ud toss you a bit if you was to try an' land in either of 'e boats. Take 'er in easy now. Mr. Watts. That's our anchorage--over there." And he pointed to the mouth of a narrow channel between South point and the Isle des Fregates, the latter a tiny islet that almost blocks the entrance to a shallow bay into which runs a rivulet of good but slightly brackish water.

The ship slowed perceptibly, and Hozier busied himself with the lead which a sailor was swinging on the starboard side from the small platform of the accommodation ladder. Iris did not know what was said, but the queer figures repeated to Coke seemed to be satisfactory. Headlands and hills crept nearer. The rocky arms of the island closed in on them. A faint scent as of sweet grasses reached them from the shore. Iris could see several people, nearly all of them men in uniform, hurrying about with an air of excitement that betokened the unusual. Perhaps a steamer's advent on the south side of the island was a novelty.

Now they were in a fairly smooth roadstead. The remnants of the gale were shouldered away from the ship by the towering cliff that jutted out on the left of the bay. The crew were mostly occupied in clearing blocks and tackle and swinging two lifeboats outward on their davits.

"All ready forward!" roared Coke. Hozier ran to the forecabin. He found the carpenter there, standing by the windlass beam.

"All ready, sir," he cried. "Give her thirty-five," he said, meaning thirty that the anchor should be allowed thirty-five fathoms of chain.

The turbulent current was surging across the bows with the speed of a mill race, so Coke brought the vessel

round until she lay broadside with the land and headed straight against the set of the stream. It was his intent to drop anchor while in that position and help any undue strain on the cable by an occasional turn of the propeller.

"Keep her there!" he said, half turning to the man at the wheel. He changed the indicator from "full speed" to "slow ahead." In a few seconds the anchor chain would have rattled through the hawse hole when something happened that was incomprehensible, stupefying--something utterly remote and strange from the ways of civilized men.

The Andromeda quivered under a tremendous buffet. There came a crash of rending iron and an instant stoppage of the engines. Almost merging into the noise of the blow came a loud report from the land, but that in its turn was drowned by the hiss of steam from the exhaust.

Coke appeared to be dumfounded for an instant. Recovering himself, he ran to the starboard side, leaned over, looked down at a torn plate that showed its jagged edges just above the water line and then lifted a blazing face toward a point halfway up the neighboring cliff, where a haze lay like a veil of gauze on the weather scarred rocks.

"You blasted pirates!" he yelled, raising both clinched fists at the hidden



"YOU BLASTED PIRATES!" HE YELLED.

battery which had fired a twelve pound shell into the doomed ship.

The Andromeda herself seemed to recognize that she was stricken unto death. She fell away before the current with the aimless drift of a log.

"Let go!" bellowed Coke, with frenzied pantomime of action to Hozier. It was too late. Before the lever controlling the steam windlass that released the anchor could be shoved over another shell plunged through the thin iron plates in the bows, smashing a steam pipe and jamming the hawser gear by its impact. The missile burst with a terrific report. A sailor was knocked overboard, the carpenter was killed outright, two other men were seriously wounded, and Hozier received a blow on the forehead from a flying scrap of metal that stretched him on the deck.

The gunners on shore had not allowed for the drifting of the ship. That second shell was meant to demolish the charthouse and clear the bridge of its occupants. Striking high and forward, it had robbed the Andromeda of her last chance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Wallowa County.

James Downing, Plaintiff,

vs.

Adah L. Downing, Defendant.

To Adah L. Downing, the above named Defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit within ten days from the date of the service of this summons upon you if served within this county, or if served within any other county of the State, then within twenty days from the date of the service of this summons upon you, or if served by publication thereof, then on or before six weeks from the date of the first date of publication of this summons, which first date of publication is Thursday, October the 13th, 1910, and the last date of publication of this summons and the last day for your appearance is Thursday, November 24th, 1910, and if you fail so to answer for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in his complaint, to-wit,--that the marriage contract now and heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant be dissolved and from henceforth held for naught.

The defendant will take notice that this summons is published by order of the County Judge, J. B. Olmsted, of Wallowa County, Oregon, in the Wallowa Chieflain, a newspaper published weekly at Enterprise, in said county and State, and that said order required this summons to be published in said newspaper for a period of six weeks and seven issues thereof.

Dated this, the 11th day of October, A. D. 1910.

DANIEL BOYD,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

(From the Bellingham, Wash., Evening American)

Dr. Madison's Stay In Bellingham Is Proving a Boon to Afflicted Humanity

The Irving House on Dock Street is the Scene of Miraculous Cures--Given up to Live as Cripples or Die--All these Have Been Restored to Health and Happiness by Dr. Madison's Pure "Essence of the Green Plant" and His Bloodless Surgery

Every day adds to the long list of permanent cures that Dr. Madison is accomplishing, in his marvelous way, at the Irving House at 1315 Dock Street. Rheumatic cases of long standing seem to instantly vanish before his scientific treatments. Many despondent sufferers of chronic afflictions are willing and anxious to testify to the great things he has done for them.

This is truly the age of wonders. Discoverers and inventors are radiating from all quarters of the globe. The modern philanthropists have also come in for their share of prominence, but few have won the gratitude of suffering humanity as has Dr. Madison since discovering his phenomenal system of permanent cures, after years of service in some of the world's best medical institutions. His lecture at Beck's Theatre last Tuesday night was not only most interesting and instructive, but a revelation as well. It is the talk of the town. The patients to whom he gave instant relief before the eyes of his audience have experienced no return symptoms and cannot say enough in praise of what the Doctor has done for them. The case of Mrs. L. J. Wright, who resides at Knox Street, this city, is ample evidence of Dr. Madison's ability to successfully conquer the most tenacious diseases. Before attending Dr. Madison's lecture at Beck's Theatre last Tuesday night, Mrs. Wright had been a long sufferer of chronic rheumatism, but today experiences all the happiness of good health and is able to walk about town with perfect ease.

Dr. Madison's system of treatment was made possible by his discovery of the great virtue that lies hidden in the juices of various plants from Mother Earth. Though serving as a practitioner for years under the old school, Dr. Madison has abandoned the old orthodox methods in his present system of cures. He is opposed to poisoning the system with too many drugs. Nature seems to accomplish unaccountable cures through herbs, on human beings, as for ages they have in their silent way upon the natives of forests, foothills, mountains and plains, where nature furnishes them.

In certain complicated cases and in abnormal anatomy, Dr. Madison associates bloodless surgery with the "juice of the green plant." There are but few specialists in the world today who have won the title of "bloodless surgeons." Dr. Madison is one of them. It is hoped for the sake of suffering humanity that many more will acquire this ability to accomplish cures.

Dr. Madison has scores of convincing testimonials at his office. They tell stories of human suffering relieved, which have rarely been equalled in the annals of medical and surgical history. Almost every one was at one time given up by the doctors either to die or spend the remainder of their life in bed or on crutches. Some of these cures were wrought here in Bellingham at the offices in the Irving Block, where he is now giving treatment daily. Some are our Bellingham citizens, known and respected here. Some live in various parts of the state and some from other states. Here are a few of hundreds--What the eyes see the heart must believe.

Read What the Patients Say

"Dr. Madison treated me for deafness last Tuesday night, October 12. Have improved and hear as well as ever."
Bellingham, Wash., Oct. 15."
W. M. A. DAY.

"I was on crutches for three years. Dr. Madison treated me at Beck's Theatre last Tuesday night, October 12, and he broke my crutches. I walked out of the theatre and went home, one mile distant, and I continue to walk without the aid of crutches and am feeling fine."
Bellingham, Wash., Oct. 15."
MRS. H. G. MAXWELL.

Bellingham, October 15, '09.
I employ this means to signify the gratitude I feel toward Dr. Madison and his successful methods of treating disease. I have been a long sufferer of chronic rheumatism, and my suffering for the past three years has been almost beyond endurance. I consulted many physicians and spent large sums of money in my efforts to get relief, but instead of finding it I had to resort to crutches to enable me to move about. I am still wondering over what Dr. Madison has done for me. It seems beyond human conception, but nevertheless the fact remains that since Dr. Madison treated me in public at Beck's Theatre last Tuesday night my rheumatism is past history. Instead of hobbling about in pain I visit his office unassisted and enjoy all the pleasures and happiness of health. I cannot say too much in praise of what Dr. Madison has done for me.
Bellingham, Wash., Oct. 15."
MRS. L. J. WRIGHT, 708 Knox St., Bellingham, Wash.

Bellingham, Oct. 16, '09.
I have had stomach and liver trouble for fifteen years. I began treatment with Dr. Madison last Wednesday morning, October 13, and I am feeling like a new man and I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Madison.
G. M. GWERING, Bellingham, Wash.

"I was helpless from that giant disease, rheumatism. I managed to make my way on crutches to the Everett Theatre, when Dr. Madison called for cripples. I went to the platform and he treated me for 30 minutes, after which I walked off the stage and went home without crutches. I went to work for B. H. Vollans on March 1, and feel fine. I was treated Feb. 25, 1909."
C. E. SMITH, Everett, Wash.

"I was on crutches for four and a half years. Dr. Madison treated me at the Everett Theatre, Thursday night, February 26, and he broke my crutches and I walked out of the theatre. I continue to walk without the aid of the crutches and am feeling fine."
MRS. E. C. DEAN, 2035 Wetmore, Everett.

Dr. Madison treated me for deafness seven years ago. I am improved and hear as good as ever."
Everett, Wash.
GEORGE WADDELL.

Are these Cures Permanent

Read and Be Convinced

This is to certify that I have been a helpless cripple for two and one-half years from that giant disease Rheumatism, and was in bed part of the time; for two years was compelled to walk with crutches. DR. MADISON treated me at the opera house, August 2, 1905, and broke my crutches on the stage. I walked out of the opera house without them; and I continue to walk and I am feeling fine--have no more use for my crutches. I take pleasure in recommending Dr. Madison to the public.
Boise, Idaho, August 6, 1905. (Signed) M. T. CHARLTON.

I was treated by Dr. Madison at the opera house, August 6, 1905, for deafness. Have been improving ever since. I now hear as well as I ever did and shall ever be grateful to Dr. Madison for curing me.
Boise, Idaho, August 6, 1905. (Signed) H. M. COLLINS.

The voice of the skeptic is now hushed, for they must now believe this man is a wonder, for they can now see what he really can do, and what the eyes see the heart must believe."

OFFICE AT

HOTEL ENTERPRISE, ENTERPRISE

The Treatment is Medicine and Bloodless Surgery.

Dr. Madison will be in Enterprise until Thursday, November 10, closing at 5 p. m.