



D ID you ever risk your life and come within a breath of losing it while trying to save a friend? There is a mighty thrilling episode pictured in this installment.

Taking up the thread of the story, you will recall that Hugh Whitaker, returning to New York five years after his supposed death, finds his wife, now a famous actress known as Sara Law, engaged to marry Drummond, his old partner. Drummond supposedly commits suicide. Sara Law disappears. Whitaker, assailed mysteriously, goes to the country place of Martin Ebmer.

He becomes acquainted with charming Miss Fiske, living near by, and discovers spies are watching her. One night she is abducted in a motor boat when Whitaker starts to make a call. He follows the kidnappers in another launch and sees their boat wrecked on a reef.

CHAPTER XIII.
—15—
Debauché.

The Trouble, meantime, was closing in upon the scene of tragedy with little less than locomotive speed. Whitaker applied the reversing gear; then, while the engine reversed with a heavy and resentful pounding in the cylinder-heads, he began to strip off his coat. The boat, moving forward despite the resistance of the propeller, drove heavily against the wreck, broadside to its stern. As this happened Whitaker leaped to the wreck just in time to grasp the coming and hold on against the onslaught of a huriling comber. Thunderings benumbed him, and he began to strangle before it passed.

He found himself filling his lungs with free air and fighting his way toward the cabin doors through the water waist deep. In another breath he had torn them open, wide, discovering the woman, her head and shoulders showing above the flood as she stood upon a transom, near the doorway, grasping a stanchion for support. Her eyes met his, black and blank with terror. He snatched through sheer instinct at a circular life preserver that floated out toward him, and simultaneously managed to crook an arm round her neck.

Again the sea buried them beneath tons of raging dark water. Green lightnings flashed before his eyes, and in his ears there was a crashing like the crack of doom. His head was splitting, his heart on the point of breaking. The wave passed on, roaring. He could breathe. Now if ever . . .

As if stupefied beyond sensibility, the woman was passive to his handling and he managed somehow to drag her from the cabin to the cockpit and to jam the life ring over her head and under one arm before the next wave bore down upon them.

They came to the surface in the hollow of a deep, gray swale, fully fifty feet from the wreck. Whitaker retained his grasp of the life-preserver line. The woman floated easily in the support. He fancied a gleam of livelier consciousness in her staring eyes, and noticed with a curiously keen feeling of satisfaction that she was not only keeping her mouth closed, but had done so, apparently, while under water.

Then suddenly, the lift of a wave discovered to him the contour of the shore. Instead of being carried in to the rock-strewn beach, they were in the grip of a backwash which was bearing them not only out of immediate danger, but at the same time along-shore toward a point under whose lee he hoped to find less turbulent conditions.

Three times he essayed to speak before he could wring articulate sounds from his cracked lips and burning throat.

"You . . . all right?"

She replied with as much difficulty: "Yes . . . you may . . . let go . . ."

To relax the swollen fingers that grasped the lifeline was pure torture. He attempted no further communication. None, indeed, was needed. It was plain that she understood their situation.

Some minutes passed before he became aware that they were closing in quickly to the shelving beach. He glanced over his shoulder. They were on the line of breakers. Behind them a heavy comber was surging in, crested with snow, its concave belly resembling a vast sheet of emerald. In another moment it would be upon them. It was the moment a seasoned swimmer would seize.

His eye sought the girl's. In hers he read understanding and assent. Of one mind, they struck out with all their strength. The comber overtook them, clasped them to its bosom, tossed them high upon its great glassy shoulder, and to such purpose that they rode it over a dozen yards before it crashed upon the beach, annihilating itself in a furious welter of creaming waters. Whitaker felt land beneath his feet. The rest was like the crisis of a nightmare drawn out to the limit of human endurance. The undertow tore at Whitaker's legs as with a hundred murderous hands. He came out of it eventually to find himself well up on the beach leaning against the careened hulk of a dismantled catboat with a gaping rent in its side. At a little distance the woman was sitting in the sands, bosom and shoulders heaving convulsively, damp, matted hair veiling her like a curtain of sunlit seaweed.

He moved with painful effort toward her. She turned up to him her pitiful, writhen face, white as parchment.

"Are you—hurt?" he managed to ask.

"I mean—injured?"

She moved her head from side to side, as if she could not speak for panting.

"I'm—glad," he said dully. "You stay—here . . . I'll go get help."

He raised his eyes, peering inland.

Back of the beach the land rose in long, sweeping hillocks, treeless but green. His curiously befogged vision made out a number of shapes that resembled dwellings.

"Go . . . get . . . help . . ." he repeated thickly.

He started off with a brave, staggering rush that carried him a dozen feet inland. Then his knees turned to water, and the blackness of night shut down upon his senses.

When Whitaker awoke the afternoon was cloudy-warm and bright, so that his eyes were grateful for the shade of a white parasol that a girl was holding over him. He grew suspicious of his senses; and when the parasol was transformed into the shape of a woman wearing a clumsy jacket of soiled covert cloth over a nondescript garment of weirdly printed calico—then he was sure that something was wrong with him.

Besides, the woman suddenly turned and bent over him an anxious face, exclaiming in accents of consternation: "O dear! If he's delirious—!"

His voice, when he strove to answer, rustled and rattled so that he barely managed to say: "What nonsense! I'm just thirsty!"

"I thought you would be," said the woman, calmly; "so I brought water. Here . . ."

She offered a tin vessel to his lips. He sat up suddenly, seized the vessel and buried his face in it, gradually tilting it, while its cool, delicious sweetness irrigated his arid tissues, until every blessed drop was drained. Then, and not till then, he lowered the pail and with sane vision began to renew acquaintance with the world.

He was sitting in the lee of the beached catboat. The woman he had rescued sat quite near him. The gale was still booming overhead, but now with less force (or so he fancied); and the surf still crashed in thunders on the beach a hundred feet or more away; but the haze was lighter, and the blue of the sky was visible, if tarnished.

The sands curved off in a wide crescent, ending in a long, sandy spit. There was a low, ragged earth bank rising from the sands. Midway between the beach and where the hazy uplands lifted their blurred profile against the faded sky, stood a commonplace farmhouse, in good repair, strongly constructed and neatly painted; with a brood of out buildings. Here and there, in scattered groups and singly, sheep foraged.

With puzzled eyes Whitaker sought counsel and enlightenment of the wom-

an, and found in her appearance quite as much to confound anticipation and deepen perplexity. What she had worn the night before he could not say; but it certainly could have had nothing in common with the worn, stained, misshapen jacket covering her shoulders, beneath it the calico wrapper scant and crude beyond belief, upon her feet the rusty wrecks that once had been shoes.

As for himself, his once white flannel trousers were precious souvenirs, even though the cloth had contracted to an alarming extent—uncomfortable as well; while his tennis shoes remained tolerably intact, and the canvas brace had shrunk upon his ankle until it gripped it like a vise.

But these details he absorbed rather than studied, in the first few moments subsequent to his awakening. His chiefest and most direct interest centered upon the woman. There was warm color in the cheeks that he had last seen livid, there was the wonted play of light and shadow in her fascinating eyes; there were gracious rounded curves where had been sunken surfaces, hollowed out by fatigue and strain; and there remained the ineluctable allurement of her tremendous vitality.

"You are not hurt?" he demanded.

"You are—all right?"

"Quite," she told him with a smile significant of her appreciation of his generous feeling. "But you? Haven't you slept at all?"

"Oh, surely—a great deal. But I've been awake for some time—a few hours."

"But I—! What time is it?"

"I haven't a watch, but late afternoon, I should think—going by the sun. It's nearly down."

"Good heavens!" he muttered, dashed. "I have slept!"

"You earned your right to. . . . You needed it far more than I." Her eyes shone warm with kindness.

She swayed almost imperceptibly toward him. Her voice was low pitched and a trifle broken with emotion:

"You saved my life—"

"I—? Oh, that was only what any other man—"

"None other did!"

"Please don't speak of it—I mean, consider it that way," he stammered. "What I want to know is, where are we?"

Her reply was more distant. "On an island, somewhere. It's uninhabited, I think."

He could only echo in bewilderment: "An island . . . ! Uninhabited . . . !" Dismay assailed him. He got up, after a little struggle overcoming the resistance of stiff and sore limbs, and stood with a hand on the coming of the dismantled catboat, raking the island with an incredulous stare.

She stirred from her place and offered him a hand. "Please help me up."

He turned eagerly, with a feeling of chagrin that she had needed to ask



The Backwash of the Surf Had Them in Its Grip.

being a home the year round. There isn't any boat—"

"No boat!"

"Not a sign of one, that I can find—except this wreck." She indicated the catboat.

"But you can't do anything with this," he expostulated.

The deep, wide break in its side placed it beyond consideration, even if it should prove possible to remedy its many other lacks.

"No. The people who live here must have a boat—I saw a mooring buoy out there"—with a gesture toward the water. "Of course. How else could they get away?"

"The question is, how we are to get away," he grumbled, morose.

"You'll find the way," she told him with quiet confidence.

"I'll find the way? How?"

"I don't know—only you must. There must be some way of signaling the mainland, some means of communication. Surely people wouldn't live here, cut off from all the world . . . Perhaps we'll find something in the farmhouse to tell us what to do. I didn't have much time to look round. I wanted clothing, mostly—and found these awful things hanging behind the kitchen door. And then I wanted something to eat, and I found that—some bread, not too stale, and plenty of eggs in the henhouse. . . . And you—you must be famished!"

What do you suppose Whitaker and Miss Fiske will find on the island—a solution of the whole mystery?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OLD MINE RADIANT CAVERN

Shafts in Thuringian Forest Filled With Stalactites Are a Beautiful Sight.

An old abandoned mine near Snafeld, in the Thuringian forest, which in the time of Luther was worked for silver, copper, alum and vitriol, has been discovered by a Berlin geologist to have developed into one of the most beautiful caverns. In the course of centuries the water percolating through the minerals has built up throughout the mine a wonderful labyrinth of stalactites and stalagmites, thrown together with a profusion and brilliance of color which is said to be without parallel.

Deep greens, vivid blues, the purest white, yellows of all shades—in fact, the entire scale of color is reproduced over and over again, and yet the colors melt into each other so gently that nowhere is the impression of disagreeable contrast produced.

Although unknown before the war, this fairy grotto has already become famous among the scientific men of Germany. The aged Haeckel has had himself carried through it in his invalid chair, and has agreed with other scientists that it is the most remarkable natural curiosity in Germany.

On the Level.

At the Players' club in New York they were discussing the English poet, Alfred Noyes.

"Poor Noyes!" said an editor. "He used to make poetry pay, but the war has created a slump in the poetry market, and to get along today Noyes is writing advertising jingles. What a come down, eh?"

"A come down?" said a critic, his eyes twinkling humorously behind his pince-nez. "Humph. What kind of ads is he writing?"

"Sausage ads," said the editor.

"Then," said the critic, "it's no come down. Noyes always did write doggerel."

Sincerity of True Forgiveness.

On the Chinese New Year old debts are paid, old enemies are reconciled. It is recorded in "The Memoirs of Li Yun Lung" that two notorious adversaries, Bu Nko and Chang Chong Hong, met formally on a New Year's day, shook their own hands—the artless custom of Cathay—and were profuse in their utterances of good will. The spectators were edified. Going out of the door, Bu, glaring, says to Chang, "I wish you the same you wish me." "You want to begin again, do you?" asks Chang, "Ivivid with rage." This anecdote teaches us the sincerity of true forgiveness.

Poor Outlook.

Cassidy (visiting sick friend)—Well, Mike, an' how are ye this mornin'?

O'Brien—Porely, Tim, porely. Shure I'm that wake ye'll be comin' to me wake before the end of the wake.—Boston Evening Transcript.

The Special Way.

"Talking about ships and men—"

"Well?"

"When opposing ships meet they hail. When opposing men meet they storm."

The Eternal Feminine.

Manager of "Bus Company"—And so you want to leave?

Conductorette—Not if you will put me on service 18. I'm tired of being asked if I'm 45!—London Opinion.



ROAD BUILDING

TO MAINTAIN GRAVEL ROADS

Never Hard and Smooth Enough to Prevent Immediate Rutting by Wheels of Wagons.

Gravel roads are never hard and smooth enough when opened to travel to prevent almost immediate rutting by the wheels of heavily loaded wagons. In fact, a gravel which contains enough clay to pack immediately under the roller or in a few days under travel will always prove to give a muddy road when the frost is going out in the spring and during prolonged wet spells at other seasons of the year. If such gravels are found on a road they can be greatly improved by covering the surface with a thin layer of sandy gravel, applied when the road is soft and allowed to mix under travel, the road being kept smooth by the frequent use of the road drag.

On any gravel road, dragging with a suitable road drag should begin after the first good rain following the completion of the road and be continued after each subsequent rain until the



Well-Kept Gravel Road.

road surface becomes so hard and smooth that heavily loaded wagons make no impression on the surface. But dragging must be frequent the first fall until winter sets in and the following spring until the middle of May or the first of June. After that the dragging will not be very effective, unless the rains are of long enough duration to soften the surface slightly, and may therefore be less frequent. But dragging will be found very effective and efficient in the late fall and in the spring when the frost is coming out and before the gravel is fully settled.

MUST MAINTAIN GOOD ROADS

Too Much Money Spent for Construction and Too Little for Proper Maintenance.

In many a county in the South the condition of the roads is the same as those which the editor of the Clinton Democrat describes as existing in his county. He says:

"We can't survive the impression that he have wasted a lot of money; that we have built a lot of roads that have gone back to their former condition, from neglect; that we have burdened our posterity with a debt that has proved to be a rather bad investment. We have burdened our children with the bonds that will be mighty hard to pay, and we will have to answer for a great deal, if for their \$150,000 we leave them a legacy of mud-holes, a heritage of sand and water. One of the main defects in our present program, we think, is the fact that we are spending all of our money on construction and are not taking proper thought for the maintenance of the roads."—The Progressive Farmer.

TO MAINTAIN CONCRETE ROAD

Observe Same Rules of Drainage as Apply for Earth Roads—New Surface for Concrete.

The maintenance of concrete roads consists of observing the rules of drainage as for earth roads, and in filling with tar any cracks that may develop. Nothing can be done for the surface when it begins to deteriorate and break down. It will serve as a base for some of the higher types of bituminous surface, and after the concrete has served its usefulness it should be resurfaced with a bituminous wearing surface.