

I paused to take breath, I could not

turn my head to look back, but I

judged that I had come over a third

of the way. I was coming up to the

walst that I had feared, but I could

inch counted, and I had lots of time,

was the main thing. Another good

push or two, and I should be at the

I gave the good push or two, and

suddenly the arms of the rock were

around me. Tight and close, this time,

they hugged me. They held me fast,

like a rude lover, and would not let

me go. My knees and feet were fast,

and the walls on each side pressed my

could not move an inch forward-and

Panic swept over me. I felt that

my hair must be turning white. Pres-

ently I ceased to struggle. But the

rocks held me in their giant embrace.

There was no need for me to do any-

thing. I could go on resting there-

And then I felt something touching

my feet, running away and then touch-

ing them again. O God! It was the

was light-headed, with the strain and

panic, I found myself dreamlly, almost

uxuriously, making pictures of how

brave men had died in the past-brave

It would soon be up to my knees-

It was up to my knees-it was creep-

me that had seemed so kind to me

relax; perhaps I dozed, or perhaps I

that aroused me, summoned me back

to life? It seemed a short, sharp

so!" and it seemed as though a giant's

with one desperate wriggle, I had my

head through the narrow space. To

was comparatively easy, and, in a mo-

But let me tell what I had seen, as

CHAPTER IX.

Action.

masted schooner under full sull sweep-

I had seen, close in shore, a two-

which her dress had been torn in the struggle, gleamed white in the sun-

splendid scornful fires at her captors;

and her laughter of defiance came

then that I had cried "Calypso!" and

wrenched myself free.

light.

Yet her eyes were flashing

modly boward-

tion

I prepared myself to die. I suppose

cheeks. My head too was fast.

It was too late to go back!

It was very comfortable-till-

waist-should know my fate,

CHAPTER VIII.

In Which I Understand the Feelings of

a Ghost. So, I surmised, I had been underground a whole day and two nights, and this was the morning of the second day after Calypso's disappearance. What had been happening to her all this time! My flesh crept at the thought, and, with that daylight stealing in like a living presence, and the sound and breath of the sea, my angulah returned a hundredfold.

As I stood on the little rocky plat form outside the door through which I had burned my way, and looked down into the glimmering chasm beneath and heard the fresh voice of the se huskily rumbling and reverberation about hidden grottoes and channels all that Calypso was to me came back with the keenness of a sword through my heart. Ah! there was my treasure —as I had known when my eyes first beheld her—compared with which that gold and silver in there, whose glean had made me momentarily distraught. was but so much dust and ashes Argently as I had sought it, what was It compared to one glance of her eyes What if in the same hour, I had lost my true treasure, and found the false? At the thought, that glittering heap became abhorrent to me, and, without looking back, I sought for some way by which I could descend.

As my eyes grew accustomed to the dim light. I saw that there were some shallow steps cut diagonally in the rock, and down these I had soon made my way, to find myself in a roomy cor ridor, so much like that in which I had seen Calypso standing in the moonlight that, for a moment, I dreamed it was the same, and started to run down it. thinking, Indeed, that my troubles were over-that in another moment 1 could emerge through that enchanted

door and face the sea But alas! instead of a broad shining doorway, and open arms of freedom widespread for me to leap into, I came at last to a mere long narrow slitthrough which I could gaze as a man gazes through a prison window at the

The entrance had once been wide and free, but a mass of rock had fallen from above and blocked it up, leaving only a long crack through which the tides passed to and fro,

I was still in my trap; it seemed more terrible than ever, now that I could see freedom so close, her very voice calling to me, singing the morning song of the sen. But in the caverns behind me, I heard another macking mong, and I felt a cold breath on my cheek, for death stood by my side

need you to guard that. The treasure ure for which you have lost-your treasure! You cannot escape. Go back I could move forward again, and, hand, and count your gold. It is all road Ha! ha! 'It is all good money I'm

The Blusion seemed so real to me that I cried aloud "I will not die: I will not die!"-cried it so loud, that anyone in a passing boat might have heard me, and shuddered, wondering the rocks.

But the fright had done me good. and I nerved myself for another effort. I hung there, so helpless, in that crev-If only I could wriggle past that con- ice in the rocks. traction in the middle, I should be sufe. And if I stuck fast midway! But the more I measured the width with my eye, the less the narrowing seemed to be. To be so slightly percentible, it might be enough to make the difference between liter and geath. But all ready my choice of those two august allowed a choice of those two august and one of the negroes rolled over. It is always much easier to be called a choice. On the one house the called a choice. On the negroes rolled over, house the called a choice. On the negroes rolled over, the called a choice. On the one house two august and one of the negroes rolled over. Another short, and the negroe rolled over, the called a choice. On the one house two august and one of the negroes rolled over. Another short, and the negroe rolled over. Another short are time, other matters that there and whether the same time of the world, to the huge delight there are simple boarted Chartie.

But after or the times are short to the world to me; whether it is going to be female figure than the long straight there and the negroe was time of the world, to the huge delight there are simple bearing the course of the world to me; the call the same than the negroe was time of the world, to the huge delight there are simple bearing the course of the world to me; the call the same time of the world to me; the course of the world to me; the course of the world to the same of the world to me; the course of the world to me; the cours could hardly be enough to make much which I had passed, and try my luck again at the other end.

"With half a dozen matches!" sneered a voice that sounded like Tobias - Precisely" . . . and the horson of it was more than I dared face again anyway. So there was nothing for it but this aperture, hardly wider than one of those deep stone slits that stood for windows in a Norman castle. It was my last chance, and I meant to take it like a man.

I stood for a moment nerving myself and taking deep breaths, as though I expected to take but few more. Then, my left arm extended, I entered side se, and began to edge myself along. It was easy enough for a yard or two, after which it was plain that it was heginalog to narrow. Very slightly indeed, but still a little. However, I could will go on, and I could still go back. I went on-more slowly it is true, yet

"You-coward!" I heard his voice roar across the rapidly diminishing distance between the two boats, for the sloop was running with power as well as sails.

man's eyes on Toblas-for, of course,

it was he.

Meanwhile, the men had lashed Calypso to the mast, and even in my agony my eyes recorded the glory of her beauty as she stood proudly there -the great salls spread above her, and the sea for her background.

"Now, do your worst," cried Tobias, his evil face white as wax in the sun-

"Fire, fire-don't be afraid," rang egt Calvpso's voice, like singing gold. At the same instant, as she called To-

blas sprang toward her with raised re-"Another word, and I fire," shouted

the voice of the brute. But the rifle that never missed its mark spoke again. Tobias' arm fell shattered, and he staggered away screaming. Still once more, Charlie Webster's gun spoke, and the staggering figure fell with a crash on the

still go on-very slowly, scarce more "Now, boys, ready," I heard Charlle's than an inch at every effort; yet every voice roar out again, as the sloop tore alongside the schooner-where My feet and head were free-which the rest of the negro crew with raised arms had fallen on their knees, crying

> All this I saw from the water, as I swam wildly toward the two boats, which now had closed on each other, a mass of thundering canvas, and screaming and cursing men-and Calypso there, like a beautiful statue, still lashed to the mast, a proud smile on her lovely lips.

Another moment, and Charlie had sprung aboard, and, seizing a knife from one of the screaming negroes, he

cut her free. His deep calm voice came to me over the water.

"That's what I call courage," he said. "I could never have done it." The "king" had been right, He knew

By this I was nearing the boats. though as yet no one had seen me. They were all too busy with the conincoming tide! It would- And then fusion on deck, where four men lay dead, and three others still kept up the lack of food, for, after the first

their gibberish of fear.

I saw Calypso and Charlie Webster stand a moment looking down at the ing the settlement, they had taken the figure of Tobias, prostrate at their

women too. I fancied myself in one and another situation. But the picture heard Charlie's deep growt. "I meant zical smile on me, which no one, of that persisted was that of the Conto keep blm for the hangman." clergerie during the French revolu-

Then the picture vanished, as I felt "No, you don't," I heard him ronrthe swish of the tide round my ankles.

and I learned afterward that Tobias, though mortally wounded, was not yet dead, and that, as the two had stood ing past them-and it was making looking down on him, they had seen that hollow song in the caves behind his hand furtively moving toward the fallen revolver that lay a few inches mark," that very morning, the song it had from him on the deck. Just as he had made to Calypso . . . that far-off night under the moon. grasped It, Charlie's heavy boot had come down on his wrist. But Tobias I turned my eyes over the sea-I was still game.

could move them, at all events; how "Not alive, you English brute!" he gloriously it was shining out there! was heard to groan out, and, snatch-And here was I, helpless, with arms extended, as one crucified. I closed ing free his wrist too swiftly to be prevented, he had gathered up all his my eyes in anguish, and let my body remaining strength, and hurled himself over the side into the sea. fainted-bat, suddenly, what was that

I was but a dozen yards away from him, as he fell; and, as he rose again, sound of firing! I opened my eyes and It was for his dying eyes to fix with a looked out to sea, and then I gave a glare upon me. They dilated with terror, as though he had seen asghost-"Calypso! Calypso!" I cried, "Calyp- down and sobbed like a child,

"Thank God you are safe-my treas-

All of which-particularly my reference to "my treasure"-must have wrench my shoulders and legs after It | been much to the bewilderment of the | the morrow. good simple-hearted Charlie, towering, ment, I was safe on the outer side, innocent-eyed, above us. I believe I where, as I had surmised, the aperture stayed a little longer at her feet than did widen out again. Within a I really had need to, for the comfort few moments, I was on the edge of the of her being so near and kind; but, what poor ghost it was walling among sen, had dived, and was swimming presently, we were all aroused by a voice from the cliffs above. It was the Harkaway' go to Nassau?" "king," with his bodyguard, Erebus and the crew of the Flamingo-no Samson, alas! The sound of the firing had reached them in the woods, and

-were dragging her toward the main his sense of wonder was quite another mast. Her head was bare, her hair matter, and the boyish delight with and looked down at the closed lotuses in disorder, and one shoulder from which he listened to our several

ringing to me over the sea. It was then that I had cried "Calypso!" and "And now," he added, "we will be-

The next moment there came dash- Slave and the Stolen Lady." ing in sight a sloop also under full | Calypso told her story simply and canvas, and at its bow, a huge white in a few words. The first part of it. man, with a leveled rifle that still of which the poor murdored Samson snoked. At a giance, I knew him for had been the eloquent witness, need-

and bound and carried in a sort of improvised sedan chair; Tobias had done the thing with a certain style andshe had to admit-with absolute cour-

When they had gone a mile or two from the house, he had had the gag taken from her mouth, and, on her promise not to attempt to escape (which was, of course, quite impossible) he had also had her unbound, so that her hurried tourney through the woods was made as comfortable as his dear, absurd soul.

They were making, she had gathered -and as we had surmised-for the northern shore, and, after about a three hours' march, she heard the sound of the sea. On the schooner she had found a cabin all nicely prepared for her-even dainty tollet necessaries and an excellent dinner was served, on some quite pretty china, to her alone. Poor Tobias had seemed bent on showing-as he had said to Tomthat he was not the "carrion" we had

After dinner, Tobias had respectfully asked leave for a few words with her. He had apologized for his action, but explained that it was necessarythe only way he had left, he said, of protecting his own interests, and safeguarding a treasure which belonged to him and no one else, if it belonged to any living man. It had seemed to her that it was a monomania with him,

thought him.

While he had been talking, she had made up her mind what she would do. She would tell him the plain truth about her doubloons, and offer him what remained of them as a ransom. This she did, and was able at last half to persuade him that, so far as any-one knew, that was all the treasure there was, and then the digging among the ruins of the old house was a mere fancy of her father's. There might be something there or not-and she went so far as to give her word of honor that, if anything was found, he should have his share of it.

Tobias had seemed impressed, and promised his answer in the morning, leaving her to sleep-with a sentry at her cabin door. She had slept soundly, and awakened only at dawn. As soon as she was up, Tobias had come to her, saying that he had accepted her offer, and asking her to direct him to her treasure.

This she had done, and, to avoid passcourse round the eastern end of the island. As they had approached the "I am sorry I had to kill him," I cave (and here Calypso turned a quizcourse, understood but ourselves), a But suddenly I saw him start for sloop was seen approaching them from ward and stamp heavily on something.

"No, you don't." I heard him ronr—stopped and turned to Charlie Web-

ster. "Now," said the "king," "we shall hear the story of Apollo-or, let us say, rather Ajax-the Far-Darter-he of the arrow that never missed its

And Charlie Webster, more at home with deeds than words, blushed and blushed through his part of the story, Calypso had been brought on deck, but she had given him courage-he paused to beam on her, a broad-faced admiration, for which he could find no words -and, as he had never yet missed a flying duck at-I forget how many yards Chartie mentioned-well . . perhaps he oughtn't to have risked it.

amid reassuring applause.

and the Lighted Lantern." strength were in me—that I could ure my treasure!" was all I could say, ready known to the reader, and I have the Astronomical society, is back of the "The treasure!" he whispered, "I rend the rocks upart, I made a mighty after they had lifted me aboard, and I to confess that, when I came to the movement to have Big Bertha trans ready known to the reader, and I have the Astronomical society, is back of the effort, and, whether or not my retax- lay face down on the deck, at her feet. chestful of doubloons and pleces of formed from an instrument of war into you have risked all to win-the trens ing had made a readjustment of my Swiftly she knell by my side, and eight, I had a very attentive audience, one of scientific progress. caressed my shoulder with her dear The "king" was for starting off that ficult seclusion in which the treasure still lay, he was persuaded to wait lill astronomers for higher atmospheric in-

"At dawn then," he said, "tomorrow given at least the Big Berthas, -what time, the rosy-footed dawn constitution of the atmosphere at mitso be it. And now I am going

duck shooting. "But wait!" I erled. "Why did 'Jack

Calvoso blushed, The

they had come hurrying to discover they some of my business has to be out that the Big Bertha gan, pointed convex where they should be according to discover they had come hurrying to discover they had come hurrying to discover done there. Nor is it safe for beauty the like Calypso's to go unprotected. So we deferred asking our questions, and telling our several stories, till we were putted ashore.

So we deferred asking our questions to go unprotected. So we do not know what the status of the convex where they should be according to Nature will once again be according to Pashion also.

The curving new particle convex where they should be according to Nature will once again be according to Pashion also.

The curving new particle convex where they should be according to Nature will once again be according to Pashion also.

The curving new particle convex where they should be according to Nature will once again be according to Pashion also.

The curving new particle convex where they should be according to Nature will once again be according to Pashion also.

The curving new particle convex where they should be according to Nature will once again be according to Pashion also.

The curving new particle convex where they should be according to Nature will once again be according to Nature

ad pride of my heart.

To perceived that we were forgotten—
"And where on earth have you been,
so, by an hopulse that seemed to be At that moment, two other negroes emerged from the cabin hatchway, half dragging and half carrying a worm. She was struggling bravely, but in vain. The negroes—evidently acting under orders of a white man, who stood over them with a revolver. walked softly out into the moonlight. in the little pool. And then we took

POSTSCRIPT.

told what lay behind those other locked doors in the underground gallery where I so nearly laid my bones.

Those caverns, we afterward discovered, did actually communicate with Blackbeard's ruined mansion, and the "king." who has now rebuilt that

are yet in doubt, though we prefer to believe that they were. At all events, we never found any evidence to con-

As for the sinister and ill-fated Henry P. Tobias, Jr., we have since learned—through Charlie Webster, with sailors from his sloop and carries John W. Todd; "What We Owe Pri- Prayer meeting Thursday 8 p. m. his real name was quite different; he pressions of France," Harry A. Mills; R. L. Putnam, pastor. must have assumed, as a nom de must have assumed, as a nom de l'Did the Army Y. M. C. A. Make guerre, the name we knew him by, to good?" James Elvin; "The Churches give color to his claim. I am afraid, Welcome to the Boys," Carl G. Doney; have been visiting in the Dakota's and therefore, that he was a plain scoun- 'Reil Call and Demobilizing the Serv other places have returned home again drel, after all, though it seemed to me ice Flag,' R. N. Avison; 'The Star and will take up the work in the charch. that I saw gleams in him of something Spangled Banner." better, and I shall always feel a sort of kindness toward him for the saving grace of gallant courtesy with which

store, and, when she has made her ing service, sermon subject, "depurchases, she draws up from her Christ and the Thirst of the Soul." bosom a little bag, and, looking softly evening service. at me, lays down on the counter-a golden doubloon; and Sweeney-who, doubtless, thinks us all a little crazy-

come upon Tom in the plantations, su-perintending a gang of the "king's" Obediance of Mint and Heart." The iny my hand significantly on my left by the pastor. side—to his huge delight.- He flashes his white teeth and wags his head from side to side with inarticulate en-joyment of the ailusion. For who Moose hall, corner High and Court by m. Wednesday evening pasyer meeting Moose hall, corner High and Court by m. All are cordially invited to at-knows? He may be right. In so mysterious a world the smallest cause may lead up to the most august results and there is nothing too wonderful to hat-

(THE END.)

SCIENTIETS MAY USE **GERMAN BIG BERTHAS**

Use Cf Monster Guns In Making Atfospheric Tests Sought.

erhaps he oughtn't to have risked it. mers and scientists can have their way a. m. Wednesday evening testmonial Sunday services Sunday school, 10 dermany's Big Bertha gun that bom- meeting at 8 p. m. Reading room, 209 sunday services Sunday school, 10 sunday services Su Story of the Disappearing Gentleman pheric experiments at altitudes never 5 p. m. All are invited to our service o'clock; prayer meeting Thursday, 8 p. and to our rending room. before reached.

And then I told my story as it is al. M. de la Baume-Plavinel, president of

In fact M. de la Baume-Flavinel asks very night. But, reminded of the dir- that all of the heavy artiflery taken from the ermans be turned over to the vestigations. He insistes that they be

Up to the present time the precise tudes fifteen miles or such a matter is to talk to Ajax the Far-Darter of merely one of speculation, By saucrag merely one of speculation. By saucreag mechanically registering projectiles into these upper altitudes, M, de la Baume-Pluvinal points out that the most ne hour will reflect the hour glass figure pigeon effect of the high busted corset cornte and vacuable scientific informa- Not exactly the full hour-glass of pre- it not down among the rules and regution can be attained.

oligious and civil erremonies were held curve.

The reased fullness in the skirts as well which he bistoned to our several stories would have made it worth while to undergo tenfold the perils we had faced. Our stories, said the "King," were quite in the manner of "The Arabian Nights," dovetaifing one line to thor.

"And now," he added, "we will begin with the 'Story of the Murdered Save and the Stolen Lady."

Calypso told her story simply and in a few words. The first part of the of which the poor murdered Samson had been the eloqueat witness, need-

Church Notices

First Methodist Episcopal Church.

return. The program will consist of m. at the church. The Central Congre

First Congregational Church.

Liberty and Center streets, W. C. he invested his abduction of Calypso. Kantner, minister. Sunday school, 10 Calypso . . . She and I, just for a. m., with classes for all ages, W. L. fun, sometimes drop into Sweeney's Staley, superintendent; 11 a, in., preach-Jesus.

Leslie Methodist Episcopal.

Corner South Connereial and Moyers smiles indulgently on our make-be- streets. Horace N. Aidrich, pastor. 2 45 a. m. Sunony seh sol, A. A. Mhoten, supe-Sometimes, on our way home, we crintendent, if a n. public westing janissaries-among whom Erebus is third sermon in a series on this subject. still the blackest-for Tom is now the 7 p. m. desstrond meeting of the Eplord high steward of our estate. He worth League, Leslie Springer, presibeams on us in a fatherly way, and I dent, 7 p. m. long service and an address

Associated Bible Students

Associated Bible Students meet at the hour Sixth Vol.; second hour Tabernacle Shadows. Friends and public invited. First Christian Church.

Corner High and Center streets, two nd W. Porter, pastor.

St. Paul's Church. Tenth Sunday after Trinity: 7:30 a. , hely communion; 11 a, m., morning ornyer and sermon: No evening service Everybody welcome. Chas. H. Powell,

Church of Christ Scientist.

day service is held at 440 Chemeketh to all to come and worship with us. C.

(United Press Correspondent.

Paris (By Mail.)—If French astrono son, "Mind." Sonday school at 9:45

Free Methods of Press Methods of First Church of Christ Scientist, Sun

Court Street Christian Church.

mansion and lives in it in semifeudal state with Calypso and me, is able to pass from one to the other by underground passages which are an unfailing source of romantic satisfaction to his dear, absurd soul.

As to whether or not the romanical state with the intermediates will be to the children by Dr. Avison, regular to the children by Dr. Avison, regular them. Be there and see what it is. Fine As to whether or not the mansion sermon by the Rev. Edwin L. Earp of attendance every Lord's day. Let's As to whether or not the mansion and the treasure were actually Black-beard's—that is, Edward Teach's—we service at the Old Peoples Home; at 7 the children by the paster as usual. The service has been in doubt, though we prefer to p. m., devotion hour for the Epworth morning sermon: "The Message of the p. m., devotion hour for the Epworth morning sermon: "The Message of the Leagues-juniors in Epworth hall and Hour." This will be one of the most we never found any evidence to con-nect them at all with Henry P. Tobias, seniors in the lecture room; at 8 p. m. a the hour now being given. Junior Chriswhose second treasure, we have every service in honor of the soldiers who tian Endeavor, 6 p. m. There will be a union Young People's meeting at 7 p. have returned and of those who will not union Young People's meeting at 7 p. solos and male quartet numbers by our gatienal society will join with us. An learned—through Charlie Webster, who every now and again drops in "The W. C. C. S. and Eduction," by "The Guide Post at the Cross Rends." with sallors from his sloop and carries. John W. Todd: "What We Core Poil interesting meeting is premised. Song service and sermon at 8 p. m. Sermon, "The W. C. C. S. and Eduction," by "The Guide Post at the Cross Rends." off the "king" for duck hunting-that vate," Walter C. Winslow; "My Im- invite all who will to worship with us.

> | Sunday school at 10 a. m. and preaching services at 11 a. m. Y. P. A. at 7 p. m., and preaching at 7:45 p. m.

> > Jason Lee Memorial Church.

Corner Winter and Jefferson streets. The program for Sunday, August 24th is as follows: Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Charles Hagerman, in charge, classes for all ages under the care of capable teachers, Public worship II a. m. Class Meeting 12:15. The Epworth league devotional meeting 7 p. m. Young Pcople of North Spiem cordially invited to attend. Evening service 8 o'clock. Special music under the leadership of Prof. Clark at both services. We cordially invite the public to worship with us T. Acheson, pastor.

Church of God.

Services at 1346 North Church street as follows: Sunday school at 19 n. m. Preaching service immediately followisg at 11. Young people's meeting at 7 and preaching service following at 8 p. tor.

Salvation Army.

Meeting on State street on Saturday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Meeting in the blocks north of court house. The pastor hall at 8 p. m. Sunday moraing open will occupy the pulpit both morning and air meeting at 10:30 o'clock; holiness evening after an absence of two Sun- meeting in the hall at 11 n. m.; Sunday days. The Bible school convenes at 9:45 school at 2 p. m. sharp: United Mission a. m. Sermon tooles, "The Hope of Hameeting at 3 p. m.; Y. P. L. at 6:15 p. m.; ity," and "Shall Right Ruler" Le m.; street meeting at 7:30 p. m.; in the hall at 8 p. m. Everyone cordially invited. Capt. and Mrs. Hunter, officers in charge.

Pirst United Brethren Church.

Yew Park. Bible school at 10 n. m.; public worship at 11 a. b.; Young Peo ples meeting at \$7:30 p. m., followed by a short talk by the postor; midweek prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. A cordial invitation

"Now," said the "king," "for the lines will be used in conducting atmost Sunday and holidays from 11,45 a. m. to preaching Wednesday evening at 8

************************* **FASHIONS FOR AUTUMN**

BY MARGARET ROHE

(Written for the United Press)

chemise frock days but at least a half latious for the new Fall figure. "I prefer not to be known in Nassau, The Freuch astronomer has figured hour glass. Curves both concave and striking changes in yet some of my business has to be out that the Big Bertlan gun, pointed convex where they should be according the corset models therefore will be a bit

Dingut Belgium, Aug. 23 .- Profound which way the new Fall figure tends to

corsets. Those weird high busted, short-

New York August 23,-Fashion's hips the absence of bones will give the

SO HE DIDN'T DIE

London .- (By Mnil.) - The housing problem is one that con-fronts not only Landoners but inhabitants even of smaller villages throughout Eng-

In one Midland village recently, when the news spread that one of the old inhabitants was likely to die, no less than six people went in one day to the landlord to "bespoke" the cot-

The old man heard what had happened and at once began to get better.