

1st Part

Lost In Madagascar

CHAPTER I

CAST AWAY UPON A WONDERFUL LAND

THE sun beat down with a red-hot glare, no signs of animal life or human presence manifested from the deep, impenetrable forest, no brilliant plumage of birds fluttered among the tops of the great acacias and gigantic baobabs. All was one vast, sun-baked, shimmering and pined. The wind was a mere zephyr, and the sweltering heat almost insupportable. The shimmering tar oozed from the deck planks, and the rigging, what remnants were left of it, snapped and cracked as though it was alive. The glassy ocean reflected the intense heat tenfold, and even the tiny wavelets that lapped the sides of the stranded vessel seemed hot and uninviting.

This was the picture that greeted me upon the morning following the stranding of the *Arago*. Miss Cleo Dismore, the captain's daughter, and myself, upon the dangerous coast of western Madagascar. Not uninteresting may prove the events leading up to this singular and calamitous situation.

At the time of which I write I was a trifle over twenty-two, an ardent collector of botanical specimens, being, as well, a fairly good taxidermist. An opportunity of enlarging my collection offered itself and I had secured a berth with an old-time friend of my father, Captain Dismore, owner of several sailing vessels, and master of the *Arago*.

On my first day out from Boston I made the acquaintance of Cleo Dismore, to be more explicit, Deopatra Dismore, the captain's daughter. We were the only young persons aboard, and each being intensely interested in the new things about us, soon became warm friends.

The *Arago* first touched at Rio Janeiro, where I learned from Miss Cleo that our destination, in place of ending at Capetown, as Captain Dismore had originally intended, would extend to Calcutta by way of the Mozambique channel.

I was highly elated at the news, especially as I was pretty sure to secure some interesting specimens in India and from the eastern coast



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By J. O. CURWOOD

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upward into the deathlike vault above. Thus rescued the ship recovered her position and dashed onward with a velocity that was simply appalling.

It would be impossible for me, untutored in the ways of ships and storms on the seas, to describe the tempest which now hurried the *Arago* on through the Mozambique. The sea, that had at first been vanquished by the wind, now rose in all the ocean's grandeur. The overwhelming masses of water dashed in mountain waves before the hurricane, their curling crests blowing off into misty spray as their tips became exposed to the force of the wind.

All the hours that followed I thought of the captain's daughter below, and was fearful that some accident had befallen her. One by one, as I had chum in safety, I saw the fighting crew swept overboard, but from the moment the storm struck us I had not caught a glimpse of the poor girl's father.

Night came on, and the vivid flashes of lightning illuminated the waterswept deck with a white glare. Clinging to the helm I could fairly feel the heat of the livid tongues of flame playing about me. I wished then that one would strike me dead and end my misery, for only too well did I know that I was alone upon the puffy sea. Hour after hour I maintained my silent vigil. Toward midnight I could see that

a little surprise when she called a short time after from the cabin that dinner was ready.

"Don't you think providence was kind in casting us upon such a beautiful shore," she cried, quite cheerfully. "It's hard to imagine we are castaways, with everything so pretty and bright and fresh around us."

"It certainly is," I replied, "but things in reality may not be quite so bright and pretty as they look. This is certainly Madagascar, and a part of it that is likely to be filled with some peril. There is little doubt but that many miles of forest and swamplie between us and civilization."

"And perhaps other things less consoling to think of," added the captain's daughter. "I've heard papa and the men talk about wild and savage tribes in the interior, and you remember how Joe filled our heads with such weird and bloody stories just before we got into the channel?"

"And to be candid, I think Joe must be relied upon," I said. "If the mate were here I think he would say we were not far from Bemba-toka Bay, or in other words on the edge of Mahabo Land. That's what Joe called it, though I never saw such a name on the maps. It is probable that he meant the country along the Mahabo River."

"But Frank," said Cleo with sudden excite-

want to take with you I will make a list of them in this book."

Cleo pondered for some time. "Well, there is my gun and pistols, soap and needles, foot-wear, a toilet-set, and a pair of gloves, I guess. Isn't that enough?"

"Heavy enough burden for you, though you might add a few extra dresses and a summer cap or two," I laughed.

"You needn't laugh, because they are useful things, especially the toilet-set," and Cleo rubbed her hair with both hands to verify her statement.

"Now," I continued, "if you are satisfied I will complete the list. First we will stow away the ship's papers and all the money on board. Footwear, as you have suggested, will come second; then a compass, a telescope, and the rifle and compass will be the most important of all, and I shall take great pains to select one of the best guns on board. I'll also take a heavy revolver, with plenty of ammunition. As a protection against fever we will take a supply of quinine; in case of thorn-wounds or bruises of any kind liniment and bandages would come in handy."

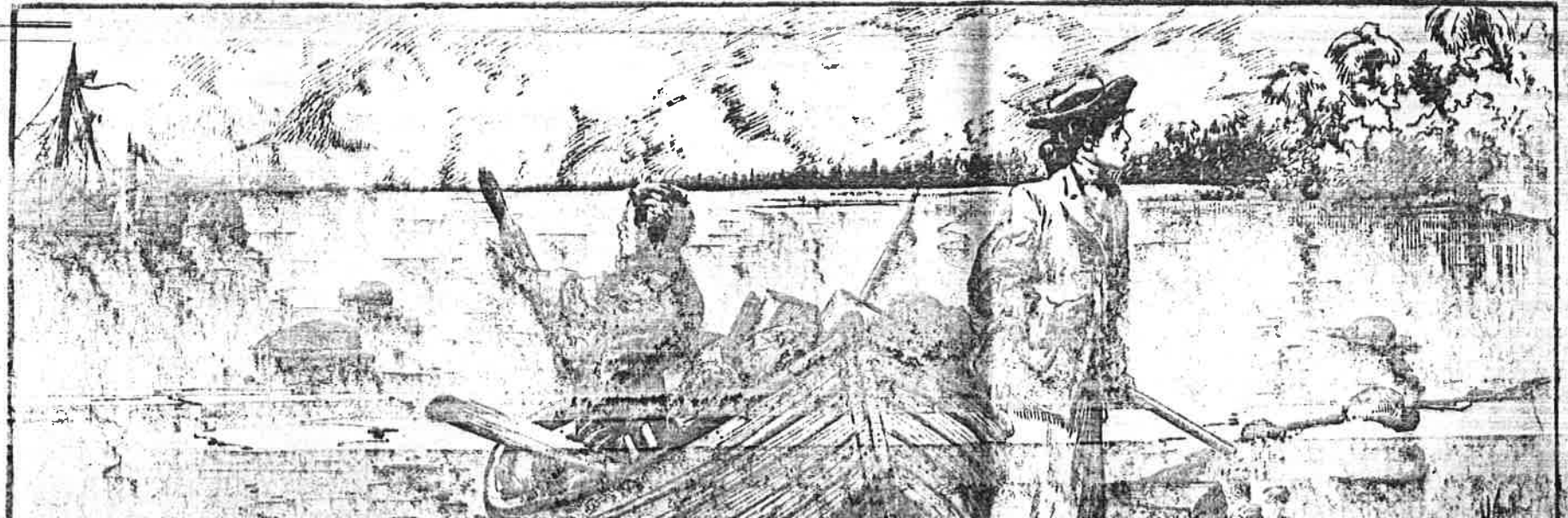
"You have omitted one thing at least, and that is a hatchet. If we made a raft or built a boat some sharp tool would be necessary."

"I have thought of that, and if it is possible for us to float the carpenter's chest we will take it ashore with us. We ought to begin putting up some sort of a shelter at once, this very afternoon if possible, in the grove of palms we saw from the deck. It is the hurricane season now, and I've heard hurricanes are pretty capricious in these localities."

"Is our position so perilous as that?" "Not at present, but we are so situated that a storm would make quick work of the *Arago* upon the reefs."

I rose from the table and accompanied by Cleo repaired to the captain's cabin. My companion was acquainted with the place where her father secreted his valuables, and it was not long before we were in possession of the ship's papers and quite a large sum of money.

I next secured the captain's rifle, pistols, and



of Africa. We remained in the South American port two weeks, then set sail for Africa with a steady breeze on our quarter which enabled us to touch the log briskly at a little better than nine knots an hour. The voyage was an exceedingly fortunate one and we all thoroughly enjoyed the long trip through the tropical seas. On the twenty-third of March we sighted Cape Town.

Our stay here was as brief as possible, Captain Dunsmore remaining only long enough to transact the business relative to his cargo, refusing the home shipment he had intended to carry in view of the better opportunity he anticipated at Zanzibar and Calcutta. We then set our course up the coast. Cleo and I were filled with every promise and expectation of a joyous cruise through the strange and interesting waters of the Indian Ocean.

For eight successive days fortune smiled upon us. Then the wind suddenly dropped and we lay motionless under the brooding tropical sun, making no headway at all. Day after day the mate would ascend to the masthead and peer anxiously to the southward, hoping and expecting to see at any moment a long, white line that would mark the approach of a breeze.

On the fourteenth of April the barometer fell in an alarming manner, and continued to sink with startling rapidity, although the sky was perfectly clear. At about an hour after noon white, dense clouds, like mountains of frozen snow, rose upon all quarters of the horizon, and were it not for the oppressive heat the scene might have been imagined in the Arctic regions.

Quickly ascending from the sea, and darkening as they rose, the clouds massed together, and in about an hour formed a dense canopy that totally concealed the heavens. The sky was of inky blackness, interspersed with patches of dusky gray, and I thought that if there was such a place as the infernal regions it was not far distant. It was the hurricane season in this particular latitude, and from the captain's language there was not the shadow of a doubt in my mind but that we were about to encounter a storm of the most fearful description.

To me, who had never known the life of the sea, the storm was appalling in its suddenness. Just before it broke I felt a painful stiffness in my joints, and the ship pitched and heeled in long, jerky, and irregular motions, which, I thought, would break my back. I was not a little surprised when, after a few minutes, the ship returned to her normal position, and the wind died away.

the storm was perceptibly abating, and was soon able, with the greatest of caution, to creep below.

I went immediately to Miss Cleo's room and knocked loudly upon the door. Receiving no answer I opened it and was about to enter when I was interrupted by a terrific crash. My limbs tottered, and I seemed falling—down—down—then lost all consciousness.

I must have remained insensible for many hours, for when I again opened my eyes the sun was streaming across my cot, and I could distinguish the sound of breakers as they surged upon the beach.

Cleo's haggard face was bending anxiously over me, and as I half-rose to my elbow she whispered:

"Thank God, you will live! But you and I are all that are left, Frank. Does your head hurt you badly now?"

To assure my companion that I was still very much alive I arose to my feet, staggered about for a few moments as I regained my sense of equilibrium, then led the way to the deck of the stranded ship.

CHAPTER II.

THE COAST FROM THE SHIP.

It was a wonderful panorama of stretching palm groves and dazzling white seashore that we looked upon, and not until I was suddenly recalled to my duty by a half-smothered little sob at my side, did I take my eyes from it.

In the bottom of my heart I believed that Captain Dunsmore was dead. Notwithstanding this, I proceeded to comfort my companion by assuring her that there might be chances of finding her father alive.

I am afraid that my charm of reasoning was very fragile, and had Cleo been fairly well versed in nautical affairs she could have easily seen the fallacy of my arguments. According to my calculations, we were not less than seventy-five or a hundred miles from the coast of Madagascar when the captain and his men were

Cleo Was the First Ashore, Carrying Her Gun

ment, "how do we know this is Madagascar? Why mightn't it be Africa, or —"

"Because the sun rose over the land this morning, and if we were wrecked upon the coast of Africa it would have risen out of the ocean. No, this must be Madagascar, and I'll trust to Joe that we're near Mahabo Land or the Mahabo River."

"Are they dangerous?"

"The Mahabos?"

"Yes."

"That is a difficult question to answer, but if we are to rely much upon the mate's stories they certainly cannot be very friendly. If they see we are always prepared to defend ourselves they will not be likely to undertake anything in the way of an open attack; but if they find we are careless it would be no fault of ours if they did not take advantage of our negligence. We must bear in mind that the natives of Madagascar have no reason to be specially friendly to the white man. Beyond the suppression of the slave trade the visits of the stranger have generally been to the disadvantage of the negro, and the latter knows it. As he has a great deal of wickedness to the credit of our race we need not be surprised if he seeks revenge when the opportunity is afforded for it."

"We must go fully armed then and be prepared to meet the worst. I'm going to take the target rifle and papa's pistols. You will not object, will you?"

"It isn't a bad idea, by any means," I replied, not attempting to restrain my delight at her pretty eagerness to be of service. "There are other things necessary, too, though our food will depend mainly upon the game we procure along the route. You, for instance, will need a stout pair of leggings to protect you from sharp thorns and possible snake bites."

"I'm not afraid of thorns," she returned, with just the faintest sign of a tremor in her voice, "but I don't like snakes."

For a moment a look of dismay clouded her face, but it vanished instantly, and one of our companions took its place.

"If you're not of much consequence, you need not be able to harm me when I have the target rifle on me, will they?"

compass. Then we turned our attention to the galley.

A sack of biscuits, a dozen cans of preserved meats, salt and other things, were heaped under a canvas awning erected as a protection against the terrible heat. Two hundred cartridges, to the weight of several pounds, were packed securely in a buckskin bag, and Cleo's rifle with a small amount of ammunition added to the assortment.

When I tested the weight of the carpenter's chest I realized that it would be a very difficult matter to transfer it to land, and as there were only a few tools that would be of use to me I determined to make a choice of the best and leave the rest to the mercy of the sea.

It was nearly two o'clock when Cleo finally appeared on deck with the few things she was taking with her tied up in a small bundle.

"Isn't it awfully sultry?" she asked. "It seems to me we had just such a calm before the storm."

"It is very close, and the barometer is falling slightly. I should not be surprised if we had rough weather before nightfall," I replied, glancing around the horizon for signs of it.

While the captain's daughter had been preparing herself for the trip ashore I had launched the only boat that had escaped the fury of the hurricane and had our stock of provisions, arms and ammunition already over the side, as well as a large roll of canvas. As I helped Cleo into the boat I glanced northward and discerned a faint bank of snowy clouds just within my vision. A moment before I had noticed that the barometer was sinking rapidly.

CHAPTER III.

DON.

The ominous approach of the storm served to accelerate my exertions two-fold, as the one thing I decided above all others was to be caught unsheltered in another such hurricane as had driven the Arago ashore. The ocean appeared so tranquil and the beautiful shore before us so peaceful under the rays of the brilliant sun above that I was half disposed to believe the barometer was lying to me. Regarding the safe side as the best side, however, I pulled out might and main.

The grove of palms toward which I was pulling the boat was less than a third of a mile from the wreck, and when I had reached our craft upon the beach I saw that the boat was springing lightly ashore, carrying her load with a grace that would have done credit to a windmill.

To all appearance we had landed in a rather

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Beauty Seeker

upper and lower eyelids, they are "sensitive" and hands, feet, and hands. The North American woman has 17 layers of skin, while the Chinese has only 7. The Chinese woman's skin is so soft and delicate that it is almost impossible to see the pores. The Chinese woman's skin is so soft and delicate that it is almost impossible to see the pores. The Chinese woman's skin is so soft and delicate that it is almost impossible to see the pores.

A woman who has learned deep breathing and is always in a good sleeper, for nerves and mind are kept in healthy condition by the good chest expansion. Then, too, there is an absence of facial wrinkles and lines, and she is apt to keep her freshness long after the time that most women lose it.

A plain woman can be made pretty and a pretty one can keep her beauty if a little care and attention are given to the details of the daily toilet. A fresh, clear complexion, well kept hair, teeth, hands and nails will do much to enhance a woman's good looks.

No one can ever have a good-looking hand if the fingers are broad at the tips. Get into the habit of pressing down on the ends of the fingers from the first joint to the tip, several times a day and you will be surprised how the shape of your fingers improves.

An excellent remedy for dandruff is to use the following: Take equal quantities of green soap and cologne, bottle, shake and let stand all night. Rub this over the scalp and through the hair when shampooing.

Hot Milk Compress Good for the Skin.

Milk is a cosmetic that women of today should do well to include in their list of cosmetics, if they are honest.

For example, when a woman is very tired and her face has been exposed to the sun and wind, one of the best lotions she can use is a hot milk compress. For this purpose the milk should be put into a basin, and then two or three pieces of muslin, large enough to cover the face, should be placed in the liquid. When the cloths are saturated with milk that is as hot as the hand can endure, the woman should sit down and spread the compresses over her face. These should remain on until the cloths have become dry. The muslin should not be wrung out, but allowed to drip, and as it dries, another warm compress must be applied. This treatment should continue for ten minutes, the final cloth being left on as long as she has time to spare.

On getting up the face should be wiped with a soft cloth.

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Lost in Madagascar

(Continued from page 1)

side Eden. The waving palms stretched along the beach for a mile or more, and directly before us was an immense spice tree, emitting the fragrant scent of its fruit and flowers, a cable's length out to sea. A tiny stream of pure, sparkling water ran through the grove, and a wild bird tree, its branches laden with the ripening fruit, extended its arms toward us, bidding us welcome to its hospitality.

When our surprise had somewhat abated, we looked about for a suitable site for our tent, and decided that a giant baobab (a large African tree) would afford the best shelter. We made several trips to the boat, and soon had our few possessions in a heap beneath the tree.

I now threw off my jacket, unrolled the canvas, and settled down to business in great style, while Cleo stood by and eyed me curiously, wondering, I suppose, how I was going to begin. It was a great pleasure to have her near, and I knew that she was depending solely upon me. I braced my nerves and gave me an unwonted confidence in myself.

The spreading limbs of the baobab reached nearly to the ground, and instructing Cleo how to hand me the strips of canvas, I swung myself up among the branches. With the aid of a hatchet and a ball of strong twine, I soon had the first section of the roof stretched across a number of supporting limbs. Three other strips were quickly bound alongside, and when I reached the ground, it was with the satisfaction of knowing that we at least had a roof that was waterproof.

The baobab is the largest tree in the world in every respect but height, and the great spreading branches that nearly swept the ground would certainly afford us a shelter impervious to hurricanes.

The hour hand of my watch pointed to four when the tent was at length completed. All this time the clouds had been gradually darkening in the north, and the wind had risen to a stiff breeze. There was not a doubt but that a storm was approaching. It might possibly blow to the westward over the Continent, but the chances were few.

I resolved to make one more trip to the Arago before the wind destroyed her and bring off a larger quantity of ammunition, for I took into consideration the fact that we might meet with some obstacle that would compel us to return to the coast again. In such a case we would undoubtedly find use for a few extra cartridges, easily hidden beneath the baobab.

In place of the dead calm of noon a steady wind was blowing from the north, and the surf beat upon the sides of the stranded ship in short, choppy waves. It alarmed me considerably to be at such a distance from the shore with a storm approaching which might burst upon me at any

The space beneath the canopy was not free from wet, and spreading on a blanket I tried to forget my troubles in slumber. But sleep utterly refused to close my eyes, and I lay there hour after hour, listening to the monotonous wash of the waves and the dull patter of the rain in the upper foliage of the tree.

Soon even these sounds ceased and an uncanny stillness crept over the land, broken only by the rasping cry of nocturnal birds and the soft hum of insects. The clouds gradually broke away, allowing the resplendent moon to cast her white mantle of light over the grove and sea.

Becoming tired of inactivity I shouldered my rifle and paced to and fro beneath the baobab, and then scampered out into the moon-lit grove and down close to the sea. In vain I scanned the clear expanse of the ocean for some sign of the stranded ship. The Arago was gone. I strayed up the beach in search of the wreckage which I knew must drift upon the shore, and was rewarded by finding a number of casks, several bales of cloth, and then—Don!

For a moment my heart seemed to leap into my mouth as I saw the dog lying there, his great shaggy head toward me, just out of the reach of the waves. I dropped my gun upon the sand and was about to drag the body farther up the beach when a low, piteous whine stayed my hand. In a few moments I had the poor fellow back at our camp, and within half an hour he was on his feet again. When I left to regain the rifle I had dropped he followed me, and his company greatly added to my courage.

By the time I had again returned to camp the night was far advanced, and the moon was growing lower. Rolling up in a blanket I determined to pass the remainder of the night in sleep, but had barely passed off into a restless slumber when something aroused me. What it was I did not know. Then I was standing by my side, his forehead toward me, growling ominously.

I noticed instantly. The low, chuckling note of the night-hawk sounded soft and melancholy in the darkness; then a harsh cry rang through the forest, "Did he do it? Did he do it?" followed a moment later by the long, tremulous howl of an owl.

"What is it, Don?" The dog's muscles were as rigid as steel, as his eyes gazed into the darkness. Then it came again.

(Continued in June number.)

THE \$430 INCOME.

The income of the average American family is something less than \$430 per year. It is about \$430 per year.

Now if the average man and his family live on \$430 per year, the problem of living on \$1,400 should be an easy one, says a writer in the April American magazine. The bank teller, the professor and the minister have a problem only because they choose to live on more than \$430 per year.



Milwaukee
Land there is cheap, homes are
and markets are nearby, railroad &

...happy exclamations and Don's dejected face... I found him half-dead... I found him half-dead... I found him half-dead...

...I found him half-dead... I found him half-dead... I found him half-dead... I found him half-dead...

...I found him half-dead... I found him half-dead... I found him half-dead... I found him half-dead...

...I found him half-dead... I found him half-dead... I found him half-dead... I found him half-dead...

...I found him half-dead... I found him half-dead... I found him half-dead... I found him half-dead...

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...I found him half-dead... I found him half-dead... I found him half-dead... I found him half-dead...

...I found him half-dead... I found him half-dead... I found him half-dead... I found him half-dead...

...great building that appeared upon a hill in front of us—the exact counterpart of the capitol at Boston.

...I don't know what to do, Chic, I cannot commend the former, and—and—papa would choose the latter, I know.

...I agreed that we would, and placing the map in my pocket, shouldered our pack. The sun was just streaming above the forest and the birds were at their merriest when we bade goodbye to the grove and the Avas's grave.

CHAPTER V.

SUNSHINE OUT OF DARKNESS.

The sun, which poured down its vast light... I felt as fresh as a daisy... I felt as fresh as a daisy...

...I felt as fresh as a daisy... I felt as fresh as a daisy... I felt as fresh as a daisy...

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...unwholesome odor, not unlike the smell of coal gas. I could see at a glance that the oppressive fumes affected Cleo considerably, for her cheeks, usually so prettily colored, were now as pale as alabaster.

...I don't know what to do, Chic, I cannot commend the former, and—and—papa would choose the latter, I know.

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...Less to my own remembrance, a possession over our former situation. In vain I tried to solve the mystery that enshrouded us. But the strange city was heard no more.

...I don't know what to do, Chic, I cannot commend the former, and—and—papa would choose the latter, I know.

...I agreed that we would, and placing the map in my pocket, shouldered our pack. The sun was just streaming above the forest and the birds were at their merriest when we bade goodbye to the grove and the Avas's grave.

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...small bundle for yourself, those... you think will be most useful to... long journey."

A second one occurred to me by which we could carry the reserve cartridges, and selecting a long strip of canvas I proceeded to put my plan into execution. This was nothing more than making a neat collar for Don, into which I securely packed seventy-five shells. The shells as well as ourselves, was now "loaded to the brim."

As yet I had no positive idea where our camp-site lay, but the one deeply impressed on my mind was that we must hasten to the interior. I was aware that the inland country was little known, and harbored many hostile tribes and marauding dangers. But three hundred miles seemed a short distance to bar one from civilization.

Antananarivo or Tamative, was the question that perplexed me. The former was the favored civilization, the latter the nearest port. At length I concluded to let the matter rest until I had interviewed Cleo.

During the previous day, the birds were around us in great numbers; parrots, pigeons, crows, and many other kinds hovered about the rippling pool. The scream of a hawk, and the hollow whistling occasionally came from the forest.

The wilderness that had appeared so desolate a few days before, was now faintly teeming with life. I imagined that a copious shower of rain would be passed very agreeably were it not for the destroying fevers. The climates were not so favor here, too, as many vessels took this route to India and Ceylon. But under the circumstances, with the fever on one side, and the mosquitoes on the other, our choice was limited.

Using the last knot in my bundle, I hoisted up a tree and spread out the map of Madagascar on the grass. The time for our final decision had arrived. Cleo came soon and sat beside me, trying hard to appear cheerful, but displaying faint signs of suppressed grief and excitement, notwithstanding.

"Here we are, Cleo, packed and ready to start on our journey within a quarter of an hour, yet the most important question of all has been neglected—where are we bound for?"

"Where, anywhere, Chic?"

"Where? I suppose, signifies Tamative or Antananarivo?"

"I don't think papa would prefer the latter. I know it is a ridiculous idea, this business of mine in dreams, but I had such a vision last night that I have been tempted to follow it. Will you tell me about it, but was afraid to tell you. Would you think me foolish?"

"I don't know your faith in me is very limited, but it is so very strange, I dream that you and I were in the midst of a big forest, and that the savages were at our heels. When we had lost all hope of escaping, a man appeared before us and spoke in a native tongue, and the man was black. He pointed us to a place of safety, and gave us food, and said the man was white."

"What has this to do with Antananarivo, or Tamative?"

"I don't know, but you will see. The man was so startling that I awakened after an hour or more I was listening to the sounds outside. Then I must have fallen into another daze, for the same man appeared to me again—but this time the man was *papa*, and he beckoned toward a

...I had now penetrated to where solitude reigned supreme, and Cleo's hand occasionally sought mine in silent fear. It is impossible to imagine the utter stillness that pervaded these gloomy shades. A mysterious effect was produced by the now total absence of animal life and I stood listening for some sound until my ears tingled. I knew that Cleo's thoughts were following my own, and her pretty eyes gazed in a wondering, half-startled way upon the strange scene about her. But she stood the best well, and every little while would stoop to pick some wandering blossom to place in my button-hole, just as though I could not detect the trembling lips and hands as she did so.

The farther we advanced the more hopelessly we became entangled in the logs and jungles. It was apparent that we were heading toward some great swamp, and were already caught in the outskirts. The fact had now grown so evident that we halted upon a slight knoll and pondered for some time over the situation.

"Chic," observed my companion, as we seated ourselves, tired out limb and body, upon the knoll. "If I should make a suggestion it would be to work toward the south until we find higher ground. It is certain that the swamp is between us and the river."

"You are probably right, but are those poor little feet and anxious to push onward? Aren't you very tired, Cleo?"

"Well, yes, but it would be very unpleasant to spend the night here. If we could only find some elevation out of the swamp and bog."

"We will have something to eat while we are here at my rate, and here is a bottle of cold tea I saved from the remains of our breakfast. We will be clear of this beastly hole by nightfall, and I will have had a brush wigwag to sleep in." I replied.

"I sincerely hope we shall. How uneasy Don has been this morning."

"This lonely wilderness is so awfully depressing to even an animal's spirit," cried Don, old boy, here's some meat," and I passed the faithful animal some canned beef. "By the way," I continued, covering the base of my rifle, more a habit of mine than an act of caution; "in case of some deception would not come tonight, I cannot mean in the tropics aren't they agreeable to the palate?"

"I will eat anything, you know. Papa taught me how to eat a bowl of rice, then cover it with soda and bake it. I can turn one to perfection. Just shoot something and try me."

"I will. I'll shoot a monkey. How would you like to make a meal of monkey steak?"

"Horrible! But we have seen none yet."

"We will before we have traveled far, and—"

here Cleo jumped to her feet and swung her light knapsack over her shoulder, while I followed more leisurely—"dig over, too," I concluded.

I took the lead, directly south by the compass, picking over the smoother paths for my companion to follow in. A wide detour was made which cleared us of the bog on our left, only to be confronted in turn by a somewhat swollen stream.

I directed Cleo to seat herself upon a log while I searched for a shallow place where the creek could be easily forded. This particular spot being at length found, I waded across with the bundles and then returned for Cleo—by the most agreeable fording job I had ever undertaken.

Soon after crossing this, we could see that the country was gradually becoming more elevated, and that the swamps were smaller and not so numerous. The ground underneath, of course, was still quite damp, and bred a nauseating and

...I was very probably upon a high knoll, and another day's journey directly east, if successful, will rid us of the fever district."

"And bring us to the river?"

"Very nearly, if not quite. At the utmost you can not make more than fifteen or twenty miles a day, and taking into consideration the obstacles we will be likely to encounter, it would be a very long day's journey."

We soon discovered a capital site for our camp, and after lighting a cheerful fire—it was nearly five o'clock and we were ravenously hungry—I began erecting a bush hut, while Cleo prepared our supper.

The stimulating odor of steaming coffee, and Cleo's sweet voice humming a familiar tune caused me to break forth into a lively whistling, and for the first time since the wreck I felt really light-hearted.

I never tasted anything in my life so delicious as the sweetened coffee and toasted ship's biscuits we had that evening; assuredly I never more thoroughly enjoyed a meal.

The sunlight faded away rapidly, and upon its disappearance long shadows began to envelope the forest. A fitful breeze stirred the tree-tops for a moment, concentrated itself in one impulsive gust, then disappeared in a long, wavering sigh. Under its influence for a brief spell the towering giants bent their heads—for thousands of years the only power to which they had bowed.

Absolute stillness reigned, peace undisturbed by the faintest sound. It was that brief hour between sunset and darkness when in every tropical wilderness all nature is hushed. It is that hour when the day workers' tasks are completed and the night carnival is about to begin.

"Once more the strange harsh alarm—"did he do it? Did he do it?"—hoated up from the swamp, wild and despairing. Then the tremulous hood of an owl cut the night with a shudder, mingled with the harsh cries of flights of waterfowl, which doubtless some prowler had disturbed from the bottoms. Again all was still except the tiny hum of mosquitoes.

I led Cleo to the hut, and after bidding her good night, spread my blankets a few feet from the door and was soon lost in slumber.

CHAPTER VI A VOICE FROM THE WILDERNESS.

It must have been something after midnight that I awoke with a start to find myself sitting bolt upright, my blanket hanging loosely over my shoulders. Something had awakened me. My dazed faculties felt as though they had received an electric shock, and perspiration rolled off my face in great drops though the air was comparatively cool.

"Whew, a nightmare," I grumbled, and rose to replenish the fire, which had burned to a mere handful of smoldering embers. "I'm glad I place no confidence in dreams, like superstitious little Cleo."

The bright blaze shot upward, throwing a dull, ruddy glow among the trees, and as I piled the fuel still higher I held my breath in something nearly akin to fear.

Once more I resumed my seat when a low, mournful cry of indistinguishable pain and suffering sent the chills creeping up my back.

"Well, well, Chic," I mentally observed, "someone is in trouble, and unless you hurry it sounds as though murder would be done."

Jumping quickly to my feet, my rifle clutched nervously in both hands, I edged slowly into the forest.

Just then a singular, dissonant, abrupt laugh, even more startling than the piercing cry that had awakened me, came from the dark mass of creepers on my right. My sword, what little

...of the creeping vines were missing, low wood-capped hills very often confronted us, and in place of the low malarious swamps of the coast were swift-running creeks of pure water.

At noon we halted near one of these streams and prepared a brace of the plover that I had shot on our morning tonic. These, with the contents of our haversack, made a very comfortable meal.

The afternoon was hot and sultry, with scarcely a breath of air stirring, and on Cleo's account I recommended a halt until the cooler part of the day when we could again resume our journey under pleasanter conditions.

The country about us was quite clear of large woods, except to the southeast, where the great Maneriverina forest, a jungle of the most absolute density, stretched for five hundred miles to the southwest. A little to our right was a grove of palms, bare of fruit, but almost at our feet was a large fig-tree laden with that most luscious of all tropical fruits.

It was indeed a grand contrast to our former desolate surroundings. In some unaccountable way Cleo had lost her hat, and for the last day her dark curls had been at the mercy of the wind, and now she buried herself in making a palm leaf protection for her head.

Leaving her at work I wandered through the grove, keeping a bright lookout for fruits or game. I was at length rewarded by finding a large bowl of plover feeding in the creek bottom, and was about to give them a shot when I was interrupted by a piercing scream from the direction of the camp.

With only one thought in mind, the safety of my dear companion, I rushed through the grove with the speed of a locomotive, and arrived ten seconds later to find her perched upon the top of the fig-tree, with her dress drawn closely about her.

"A snake! A snake!" she screamed, immediately on catching sight of me. "O dear, Chic, don't let it get me!"

It was an innocent little thing, perhaps a foot long, but my anxiety toward all serpents, big or little, asserted itself and I killed it with a club.

Toward the latter part of the afternoon dark clouds began making in the sky to the north-west, but not their being accompanied with the fierce and sudden hurricanes of inland Madagascar I did not think it necessary to postpone our journey.

Thirty minutes afterward I found time to repent. The heavens became suddenly overshadowed with great black clouds and a struggle of quivering lightning shot down from the sombre ramparts like flashes of great guns.

For a moment we paused, and as a dark twilight was falling about us, I drew Cleo's trembling hand in mine. At least I would try to protect her from the blast of the storm.

"Dark! What was that?"

From out the gathering gloom came a voice:

"Beware of the Timba-men—beware of de Vazimba. Yo are slaves—white slaves, and if yo scape de Hicera de Timba-men wait to offer yo to Rapeto. White boy—white girl, wharfo' am yo heah?"

"Great Jupiter!" I exclaimed. "Cleo, your dream."

CHAPTER VII MR. COTTONSEED PUDDENTOWN, OF GAWGEE.

To say that I was surprised would be a very mild expression, indeed. I was simply dumb-founded—astounded—confounded, if those three synonymous words represent my condition forcibly enough.

"Answer me, white people, wharfo' am yo heah?"

The voice was undoubtedly that of a negro,

yet it was not harsh or unpleasant to the ear; moreover it did not sound unfriendly, and I determined to challenge him.

"Whoever you are," I cried, drawing my revolver and cocking it with an audible click; "show yourself or I shall shoot."

I had no idea where the stranger was, but the threat had its effect, and instantly a dark form loomed up before us.

"At yo' service, sah, and thiz, the little missy! Chum! yo, sah, with Mister Cottonseed Puddentown of Gagger!"

My heart gave a great bound of thankfulness as I realized that Providence had cast a typical representative of the American negro in our path, probably a runaway like ourselves, such an opportunity, thought I, is of priceless value.

"Are you a friend, then?" I asked, still holding the pistol in my hand.

"Frien'," answered the singular black. "Come, little missy is tired, and Cotton's camp is near."

Nothing both we followed him. The storm was now very near us and we expected the outbreak at any minute. The negro, too, seemed alive to the situation, and paced onward with a speed that taxed Cleo's strength to the utmost.

At length the mysterious guide paused, and peering through the gloom we beheld a large shanty which was illumined by some bright blaze, for streams of light issued from the chinks and the open door.

Everything prepared supper, little missy's room, white boy's room, an' Cotton's room. Cotton know his friends, come saw 'em when dey started two days ago from de grove where de big jump lay wrecked. Cotton know all, no need tell 'em."

This unexpected assertion aroused my companion, and she turned like a flash.

"And you did not come to our aid?" she cried.

"Cotton had his reason, little missy. Cotton loves the dear old marse and de big plantation."

Now, for the first time, as we came within the circle of light, we ascertained that our opportune guide was but a boy, perhaps a little older than myself, taller and with a more powerful frame. His skin was as black as a polished stove pipe, and the vast cavity beneath his nose was just now open, displaying two rows of glistening ivory-tusks. His costume was singular and picturesque.

erly styled, was simply a grain sack with arm-holes and a belt about the middle in which the negro carried a big hatchet. On the top of his head was the remains of a dilapidated silk hat. In a word, he was a curious character.

But Cotton's place of residence was in strange contrast to its owner's vestments. Everything was neat and cleanly. In one corner lay Cotton's arms, an old musket, a very small but powerful bow, and a quiver full of arrows, very short and with peculiarly shaped heads, which we subsequently found were destined to carry poison. Two soft beds, one in either corner, appeared extremely attractive. But strangest, and the happiest vision of all, was the supper which awaited us. Without exaggeration it was fit for a king.

We were not long in preparing for the feast, and as we seated ourselves, Cleo beside me and the negro opposite, I asked for Cotton's explanation.

After a minute of calm deliberation, our mysterious benefactor began thus:

"What old marse used to say when I was hoeing co'n on de old plantation was 'w'en yo begin a thing allus begin at de fust, meanin' I s'pose, de row of co'n; but seeing dat dis story is summin' like a crooked row, I se gwine to begin at de fust."

"What now makes Cotton a' oureast 'mong de Timbamen and de wil' foret, was all due to a girl! Yars, marse, a hand-some mulatto girl. It came bout like dis. Cotton was visiting his dew-drop, an' she was a-setten on his knee kinder loving like, when she ups an' sez:

"'Cotton, I se done hearn tell you a berry brave man."

"I told her so how I reckoned I was pow'ful brave in some things, especially w'en im comes ter shooting possums. Then he ups ag'in an' sez:

"'Den Cotton, we don't you go to sea an' make yo' fortune! I se hearn tell dat's lots ob money on de sea, an' de mon' white marmies me 'as got to 'ave money, an' he brave, too; so you'd better go to sea, Cotton."

"I reckoned as how I se noughty feared o' de water, an' didn't like de sea nohow. Den she called at me, an' talked at me, an' scorned me till poor Cotton promised he'd fin away from his marse, an' de marse, an' go to sea."

"Cotton didn't lie, but hid in de hole ob a big

he'sposened it his chile didn'tough starve from eating later feelings an' atmosphere.

"One day dar was a feilish way up in de sheets yelled down a cat's paw was arround. Darn ef I se wasn't sprized to see how dem men could git so skeered at a cat's paw, or a whole cat ter dar matter."

"But blamed ef it wa'n't de strongest cat I se ever see. W'en de paw struck de boat, ober she went, ker-top. An' I se went with de cat, I reckon, fur de nex' day I se found Cotton heah 'mong de Timbamen."

"At last dey wanted to kill 'im, but dey changed their minds an' kept 'im fur a slave, Dar was four years ago, an' now Cotton is one ob de tribe."

"Four years," I ejaculated.

"Yes, and during all ob dat time I se had no chance to 'scape from de Timbamen ob Madagascar; but now de time 'as come, an' Cotton will guide his friends through."

"But what were your motives in dodging us so long?"

"Him, Cotton was dar when de ship was dashed upon de beach. Dar was Timbamen about, an' ef dey see Cotton with yo dey kill 'im," then lowering his voice to an almost inaudible whisper, he bent toward me and continued, "De Timbamen know yo ar' heah, marse, but don't let de little missy hear ob it."

I could have hugged the half-wild negro for his thoughtfulness.

"And we will start tomorrow," I asked cheerfully, as if I had just been told the path before us was light and smooth.

"We will."

The black arose, bolted the door, and then made a quick sign to me. I understood him and stepped to his side.

"I don't mean dat de Timbamen know yo ar' heah with Cotton," he explained; "but dat yo ar' on de island, an' makin' toward de ribber."

"Ah!" I ejaculated with a sigh of relief. "Then it's not as bad as I supposed it was."

Then we resumed our positions near the table and continued the conversation with Cleo.

"That gun," said Cotton, pointing toward the ancient musket, "the chief of the Selmas giv me, an' dat bow, de chief of de Timbamen."

"How far can you shoot with the bow?" I inquired, as I examined the curious weapon.

"I can hit and kill a wild cow at a hun-

drates he converted in perfect English, and in cases he could employ a dialect very common to understand.

"And the poisoned arrows?" "Dey ar' sure death to de thing dey hit. It's de wourah that kills a scorpion, an' yo ar' gone."

After that I respected the thing, looking arrows and handled them gingerly. It was meanwhile engaged in feeding one of her Don.

"Cotton," I whispered softly, "will you run ter much danger between here and your anarivo, dangers that will imperil your life, glanced significantly over my shoulder."

"Only de natives, marse, an' we 'ave guns. De Timbamen ar' armed with bows, an' only one in de whole count. How to cure de wound, an' dat one 'ave gun. We'll save de little missy, marse."

"God bless you, Cotton. Tell me how I can counteract the wourah, perhaps I shall be able to use it."

The negro handed me a small vial containing a dark red liquid.

"Is poison, marse, keep it. Yo can use yo 'er, but if Cotton or de little missy get strick, say it to 'em, den breathe, breathe, breathe, breathe, but don't stop."

I pocketed the vial with a prayer that I never be called upon to practice its virtues. Nevertheless, I was glad to secure a remedy as dangerous a wound as the wourah would produce.

"How much farther have we to go before we reach the river, the Bitiboka I mean?"

"Ten or twelve miles. Cotton will go to de Timbamen above an' get a canoe; den ten days journey take us to de big city."

"Cotton," suddenly exclaimed Cleo, "where she was feeding Don; what was your master's name?"

"Little missy, de marse' name an' de mi's was Dugray."

"My father's brother!" I cried.

"My dream!" exclaimed Cleo.

Then the storm burst upon us, and for a moment it seemed as though the shanty would not withstand the tempest.

(To Be Continued.)

Twentieth Century readers who missed the details of this interesting story, "Lut Is Marse," secure same in May number by sending 5 cents.

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These goos," I mentally ejaculated, leveling my gun. Then aloud: "Cotton count how many I killed at the first shot."

I had once or twice hunted deer in the woods of Maine, but the finest animal that ever swam the Chesapeake could not have produced the nit of "black fever" that now took possession of me. I calmed myself with an effort, and glancing carefully through the peep-sight, pressed the trigger.

The first shot was fired. I pulled back the trigger as it rose to my feet, and a fresh cartridge slipped into the breech.

In response to the shot one of the natives leaped high into the air and fell back among his comrades, a signal illustration of the power of the "thunder spirit." With loud cries the remainder stampeded for the grove.

"N'yt," howled Cotton. "Naow, ole 'Mandy' 'em 'em 'em a shake."

The next twenty seconds it was a hard matter to tell which end of "Ole Mandy" went off. A terrific roar, more like the explosion of a bomb than anything else, sent the negro reeling and kicking back into a nest of thorns. The effects of the shot I could not discern, but I had good reasons to believe that someone got it.

"I wounded you at least. See. They think they're beyond range, and the entire village is depending about the wounded man. Watch his foot."

My nerves were steadier this time, and ranging my Winchester at three hundred yards I put them another dose of lead. The result may have been fatal for the women, set up a wail and began to retreat.

"I could soon whip the whole aggregation," I roared, throwing back the ejector.

"Don't heal," ventured Cotton, "but not from a gun."

"See yonder cow. I'll astonish the natives this time, sure."

I linger having cooled down, somewhat, I was loath to wreak my vengeance upon an unoffending cow standing within a few yards of the natives. At the report of my rifle the cow stumbled to her knees and with a few convulsive efforts expired.

The blacks were dumbfounded, and after satisfying themselves that the death of the cow was due to the terrible "thunder spirit," began a precipitate retreat, and halted not until they were half a mile out upon the plains.

"Now, Cotton," I said, "I will range my gun at a thousand yards, and you take this glass and mark where the shot strikes. Get the entire herd within vision and watch closely."

"You mean to shoot at 'em way off dar, 'dey 'narse?"

"Yes, the gun is good for twice that distance." The negro gazed at me curiously for a moment, then leveled his glass.

"I've got 'um, narse, fire away."

As he neared me, I noticed that he was not accustomed to guns of heavy caliber. For instance, would be greatly surprised to find how accurately a bullet will speed for a half, or even three-quarters of a mile. The natives were, perhaps, somewhat less than half a mile distant, and though without likelihood of hitting them, the shot, I knew, would warn the blacks of our power. I fired and waited eagerly for the result.

"You rols dis side," he cried, "dey're scattering."

me from a taxidermist and enthusiastic sportsman into an epicurian or a sea-captain, it was, nevertheless, destined to reappear in a most unexpected manner.

The remainder of our first day and the two following passed without any occurrence worthy of note, but on the third of our confinement an event that materially characterized our future proceedings transpired.

As yet we had struck on no feasible plan of escape, and with a feeling of disappointment, almost despair, I determined once more to reconnoiter our stronghold, and accompanied only by Don set up the left-hand of the shore.

The island was quite narrow for its length, and for half a mile or more we went straight upstream, very often with both channels in view. The current was much stronger than we had yet encountered, and although the water had a dirty white color, something like that of the Nile, when taken into a glass the color entirely disappeared and the liquid was perfectly good and sweet.

The farther we progressed the more open became the island until at length it terminated in a barren promontory several acres in extent. At the very extremity of this promontory was a mass of white, curiously resembling a large stone, but which, under closer inspection, proved to be a description of calcareous earth, very soft and of an opaque white color. I knew at once that if it was not chalk it was very closely allied to it.

Placing a small piece of it in my pocket I called to Don and began to follow the course of the western channel. The country on the east and south of us was not heavily timbered, but quite hilly with here and there the smoke of some savage wigwam rising to break the monotony of the scene.

It was now evident that I was an object of interest to at least half a hundred pairs of eyes. A small body of natives followed me at a respectful distance on the opposite shore, and another, much larger and stronger, was ensconced behind trees in the grove.

These people did not seem disposed to take the aggressive, undoubtedly through fear of the weapon I held in my hand, and only when they took up the fire-brand would I fan it into flame.

As we came opposite the promontory where the blacks had experienced their first defeat I was struck with the shape and position of a huge tree that overhung the water.

The trunk for the first twenty-five feet slanted outward and was without branches. Then the body curved again, almost parallel with the water, only to change a few feet farther out to another upward growth. At the very top the trunk twisted again, flat, white, and with only one dead stub sticking upward like an oak pin. This brought the dead stub, which was about four feet high, forty feet above the channel of the river and sixty feet over the water.

My heart beat high with a new-found hope as I noted carefully the many curvatures and general appearance of the tree.

The sun was just setting behind the great forests in the west and long shadows began to fall from the trees partially enveloping me in their somber shades. Clouds of many varied hues gathered above it like heavy drapery, as if to conceal its flight; while others, taking the shape of long ranges of mountains, with here and there a tall peak towering up in clear firmament, presented a panorama of exquisite beauty and grandeur.

When my eyes again rested upon the promontory a tall figure as motionless as though hewn of stone stood gazing intently toward the island.

The necessity of his straps was apparent. Should he overcome the struggles of his more daring companions our fate would be sealed; moreover, I was fairly entitled to one more shot, and taking careful aim I pressed the trigger and the chief fell to the ground with a single cry.

Creeping back within the gloomy shades of the grove, I unrolled the mysterious package, and could not restrain a cry of amazement as the long, silken pennant of the Arago fluttered to and fro in the soft breeze.

(To be continued.)

Twentieth Century Review readers who missed the opening chapters of this interesting story, "Lost in Madagascar," may secure same in May and June-July numbers by sending 10 cents for the copies.

What the Men Chosen for the Nation's Highest Honor Did Before Entering the White House.

There has been much variety in the occupations and business of former presidents of the United States in their youth, but, strange to say, many of them, as soon as they reached their majority, have entered the legal profession, says the Washington Post. Out of twenty-five presidents, seventeen of them have studied and practiced law, and the president Democratic and Republican nominees, Hon. William J. Bryan and Judge Taft, are members of the legal profession. But, while Mr. Bryan gave up the law to become a journalist and lecturer, Judge Taft has practiced his profession as much as his various government appointments would allow.

When a youth William McKinley taught in the public schools, but on the breaking out of the civil war he enlisted and served with distinction until mustered out in 1865. Then he began studying law, and in 1867 was admitted to the Ohio bar, but he soon gave up his private practice to enter politics.

Jacks of All Trades.

President Garfield and Abraham Lincoln were regular jacks of all trades. Garfield when very young wished to be a sailor, and he went to Cleveland to ship before the mast on board a lake schooner, but he found the life was not all his fancy painted it, so he compromised matter by becoming a canal boy for four months. After that experience he became a carpenter, and finally made money enough to go to college. In the six years after his graduation from Williams College he became successively a college president, a state senator, a major-general in the United States army, and a representative to the United States congress—a wonderful record in such a short time.

Lincoln as a youth had various occupations, such as rail-splitter, flat-boatsman, clerk in a country store, and he also saw military service during the Black Hawk war.

Other presidents who practiced law successfully and gave it up to enter the political world were Chester A. Arthur, Benjamin Harrison, James Buchanan, Rutherford B. Hayes, Franklin Pierce, John Tyler, Martin Van Buren, James K. Polk, John Adams and his son, John Quincy Adams, James Monroe, James Madison and Thomas Jefferson.

Millard Fillmore was apprenticed for a few months when fourteen years old to the business of carding wool and dressing cloth. In 1815 he continued this business, but four years later he decided to become a lawyer. While studying that profession he taught school, and after being admitted to the New York bar he became a very successful lawyer. He was elected

Shelbyville was sterile. At the end of six months "Uncle Joe" approached his landlord, and presented him with a dazzling financial proposition.

"I want to go to Tuscola," he said, "and make another start. I owe you for my board; but I'm young and strong, and, if you'll back me financially in my present place, you'll never be sorry."

"Well," said the landlord, "I'm willing. I'll take out some of my savings and back you. How much do you want?"

"Two dollars and forty-eight cents," said Mr. Cannon, "the fare to Tuscola."

He got it, and, after a year in Tuscola, he was elected prosecuting attorney for the judicial district in which Tuscola was situated.

Here he sent for "Bill" (who was still back in Indiana), and his kindness in remembering "Bill" was the happiest act of his life.

"Bill" was an albino, with white hair and pinky eyes. "You must always look after 'Bill,'" old Mrs. Cannon had told "Joe." "He is so unfortunate."

Poor, unfortunate "Bill" had been in Tuscola just about three years when he organized a bank and gave "Joe" a minority interest. "Joe" had saved a little stack of nickels from his income as prosecuting attorney, but he hadn't thought of organizing banks. That was one of "Bill's" unfortunate frailties.

Having got a bank in Tuscola "Bill" went to Danville and organized another bank there, again admitting his elder brother as a minority partner.

The two brothers were inseparable, or, rather, identical. Their two lives were really one life. Country banks are all in politics. Country politics all leads to banks. "Bill" did the banks. "Joe" did the politics.

"Bill" got bigger than "Joe." In Danville he continued to be so unfortunate that he soon owned a street car company, then a gas company, and then an electric light company. He was the local magnate, and, for all practical purposes, he was a much greater man than his brother. He was business. His brother was only Statesmanship.

"But whenever 'Bill' started a new enterprise he left an opening into which 'Joe' could throw his accumulating unproductive dividends and change them into fresh, profitable investments. And that is all there is to 'Joe' Cannon's million. Thrift and 'Bill'!"—From an article in Collier's Weekly.

A MILLAIS CRITIC.
Sir John Millais tells this story on himself. He was down by the banks of the Tay, painting in the russet of his famous landscape, "Chill October," which has thrilled us all with the ineffable sadness and mystery of the dying summer. He worked on so steadily that he failed to observe a watcher, until a voice said: "Eh, mon, did ye ever try photography?"

"No," said the artist, "I never have."

"It's a deal quicker," quoth his friendly critic, eyeing the picture doubtfully.

Millais was not flattered, so he waited a minute before replying, "I dare say it is." His lack of enthusiasm displeased the Scot, who took another look and then marched off with the Parthian shot:

"Ay, and photography's a ruckle sight wair like the place, too."

Firemen on Atlantic Liners.
One hundred and fifty firemen are required on some of the Atlantic liners.

"Let the canoe rest in this dead water a minute, Cotton, and advise me. The blame is all with me for leaving her alone, and if she is dead—I don't know what I shall do," I said brokenly, the scalding tears pouring down my face.

"Hit's my 'pinion, Marse, dat do little missy ben't harmed a bit, fo' Cotton looks at hit reason'ble like. Pears tew me dat circumstanses pint totter way. Now yo' see dat 'air dog Don be a pow'ful critter an' could carry little missy clean 'cross de ribber. But s'posin' little missy drowned, der; he swim ashore an' bark an' make a big racket to bring we-uns dar, an' when we can't cum, he swim back to island. Naow ef de Timba-men got little missy Don not cum back. No, sah. He stick rite dar an' talk care ob her."

"Perhaps they have killed the dog and maybe he was not near when Cleo jumped into the river," I argued stoutly, to see if my companion's confidence was honest.

"No, sah. Timba-men not big fools 'nough to kill white man's dog. Ketch 'im alive. All de native dogs air little 'frad pups no good for huntin'. Don stick by his missy, too, kase why it's dark and both air fearsome."

The negro was now slowly paddling upstream, pausing at short intervals to listen. Looming up ahead like a great somber cloud was the island.

"If she has been captured," I whispered, "it is worse than death for her."

"What yo' 'tought de Timba-men do?" questioned the negro.

"Leave with their prisoners, for Cleo will be the most valuable in the eyes of the chief Malagasy."

"Yo' don't know be brack rascals. True, dey'll shout ober de little missy, but dey ain't gwine to leave. Dey'll hang on tew capture we-uns. An' ef de little missy be in dey're han's can't we-uns frustrate dey're plans to-morrow nite?"

"It sounds reasonable. Nevertheless, there are chances that our scheme will prove a failure, several chances in fact. If a white man is chief of the natives it is certain."

"Fo' de Lawd, Marse, yo' doan't mean to say de bracks who had woss'uped de hully God Rapeto an' de old Vazimba fo' generations an' generations, an' whose superstitions an' de only religion dey hab, will give in to a white man? No, sah. Ef a white man jines 'em, he has to 'gree wid dey're ideas."

"That point seems to be settled, then, Cotton, but now comes the most critical piece of our plot. Standing in a certain spot the natives will be very liable to discover the fraud. If they recognize a little in the south of the island, they will suspect the cause of it, and will use the powder."

"Then our success is reasonably assured, and if they are watching it will only be held in check for a few days. It is a bold scheme, but it is a bold scheme, and it is a bold scheme."

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form from the hole, beseeching her to open her clear eyes and speak to me.

"Water—water!" I cried loudly. "Cotton, where are you?"

"Heah, Marse. Cotton git hit in jes' a minute."

I could hear the negro's footsteps as he ran toward the river, but could see nothing as the moon had hidden itself behind the Manerina forest and the land was in total darkness, save for the flickering signal-fires scattered like single stars far out on the plains and swamps.

The negro soon returned with his sleeveless coat soaked with water and I offered grateful thanks to Heaven and the God above as the eyelids of the unconscious girl began to quiver, and her blood to circulate freely once more.

Very tenderly we wrapped her in my coat and between us carried her to camp. When her dark eyes opened to life again she beheld a neat room and a cheerful fire burning in our improvised grate.

"What hurt you, dear? Where does it hurt you?" I asked softly, as her pale, sweet face quivered with pain.

"My foot. O, Chic, alive—alive—and papa?"

"Is living and well, little girl," I answered, but my words fell upon deaf ears, for she had fainted again.

"The attack is not dangerous, Cotton," I said. "Hurry with water and bandages, and we will dress her wounded foot while she is unconscious of pain and embarrassment."

A single glance at the swollen joint showed it to be a badly sprained ankle. Now, happily for the first time, our ammonia and soft lint came into active requisition, and before the unnatural sleep had passed away Cleo had outlived the ordeal.

Just as dawn broke, and the misty clouds dispersed in a shower of crimson and gold, she sank into a refreshing slumber from which she awoke several hours later fresh as a lark and happy as a fairy; for I had told her the story of the preceding night, and of my conversation with her father.

Cleo's story was told in a few words. After my assertion that we would return in two hours, she had waited patiently until the specified time had expired, when she hastened to the upper point on the island and fired her gun several times, hoping, foolishly as she soon realized, to receive an answer. A few minutes later our firing was heard off on the plain, and to gain a clearer view in our direction Cleo had climbed to the top of the chalk rock where she had the misfortune to fall, spraining her foot very badly. Hours of exposure and terrible pain at length caused her to faint, in which state we found her in the early hours of the morning.

Don, she said in conclusion, had swam the Betsiboka about midnight, probably in search of help.

As the day advanced we began preparations for the night's work. A long dark mantle and my vest were made of the dark materials I had among us. The latter was stained a bright red, a small streamer being found among the things in great abundance. According to my good supply of cloth was brought from the dark mass and scrubbed in the presence of the natives, and the result was a very clean and presentable garment. The natives were very much interested in the work, and we were very much interested in their work.

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had not been for the generous shade of the trees. At last, towards evening, the old familiar black heads of thunder clouds rose fast above the horizon, and a deep muttering of thunder, that was to become the ordinary accompaniment of afternoons hereafter, rolled hoarsely over the prairie. Only a few minutes elapsed before the whole sky was shrouded and the plains and woods assumed a purple hue beneath the inky shadows. A cool wind filled with the smell of rain sprang up, leveling the tall grass on the river banks.

"The rain will be upon us in a very few minutes, Cleo," I said. "I think we had better return to the cabin. This storm is undoubtedly the beginning of the rainy season. I have been expecting it for some time."

"Will the storm spoil our plans?"

"It is doubtful. If it ceases before the moon rises we are all right."

A moment later we had reached the cabin.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Old Tree Sends Forth Its Message.

Just as the storm broke we were prepared to receive it. It came upon us almost with the darkness of night, although the time was two hours before sunset. The tall trees about us bent before the first fierce gust of the gale like slender reeds. The thunder burst with a terrific crash directly over our heads, then seemed to roll around the whole firmament with a peculiar and awful reverberation, while the vivid lightning played in chains, zigzagged over the native camp and far out on the plains.

Our cabin was none of the best defense against such a cataclysm. The rain could not enter boldly but leaked through the cracks and boughs in fine drops, so that soon half the floor was completely saturated. One corner, however, remained dry, and here we brought the provisions and ammunition we had taken from the canoe.

Luckily the stove was in a dry nook, and a cheerful fire materially aided to mitigate the discomfort of the hour. A boiling pot of strong coffee, and the appetizing fragrance of frying fowl, also served to give an aspect of cheerfulness strangely in contrast to the outside elements.

Cleo's apartment above was thoroughly drenched throughout, and it was lucky that she had fortified herself with sleep late that morning. After disposing of a hearty supper, I lay down in one of the bunks and fell fast asleep.

When I awoke the cabin was empty and the pattering of rain had ceased. Hastening to the door I was greatly pleased with the appearance of the weather. A bright streak of red sky appeared above the western verge of the plains. The horizontal rays of the setting sun streamed through it and glittered in a thousand prismatic colors upon the dripping leaves and the prostrate grass. The pools of water were fast sinking into the saturated soil.

"Hurrah," I shouted. "It's clearing up Cleo, where are you?"

"Here I am, Chic. See what a beautiful flower I have found. Cotton is emptying the water out of the stove and making a coffee. We will have it, Marse, and we will have it."

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sky that would mark the approach of the night. The stars were shining brightly and were obscured by a few fleecy clouds sailing high in the heavens. The night was faultless.

About ten o'clock Cotton approached with welcome news that the moon was on the verge of appearing above the tree tops. Don was secured in the cabin and together the three of us hastened to the old tree.

The large flowing robe of sparkling white was fastened about me, and the red visor secured tied to my head. Powder and matches were stowed away in a pocket made for the occasion. Thus equipped with Cotton's aid I climbed the tree and stationed myself on the very end of a stub, just as the moon showed its upper edge above the forest.

It rose rapidly, and soon broad paths of very low light flooded the plains, flashing and scintillating in a thousand lights as it fell across the Betsiboka. A sentinel was outlined against the sky, and then the huts and the cattle far out on the level plain.

"Now, Marse," whispered Cotton from below, "remember de fust words. Timber-men know their God, Rapeto, say dat when he returns 'erth agin."

I stood erect and prepared for the task. I was deep, guttural tones as I could master, shouted the all-powerful words in the direction of the savage camp.

"Timber-men, arise and welcome your God returned from the dead. Rapeto has returned. Rapeto has returned to conquer the world."

The words rang out like a bugle note on the still night air.

(To be continued.)

A SWISS FARM COLONY.

An interesting story of prospective farm development comes from Mason county, Washington, according to the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, which relates the following particulars: A colony of Swiss farmers has secured title to 200,000 acres of logged-off lands, which will be cleared and converted into modern farms. The plan is to bring the colonists direct from Switzerland, and allot a tract of 20 acres to each family. They will come with farming implements, home furnishings and native stock and with enough money to enter upon the logged-off lands and carve farms and gardens from the forests of fertility. In addition to planting and cultivating the crops native to Puget Sound, they will introduce several new ideas from their old homes in the country of the Alps.

Colonization is one of the successful plans adopted by the Swiss people for establishing prosperous farmers and dairymen. There are several colonies in California, and a few on the Atlantic coast. They were created by sending out cruisers and prospectors in advance to spy over the country proposed for settlement. When the preliminary reports were made new men would be sent to the scene of the future colony. After all had been said as to the advisability of making the location the colonists would sail for America. The chartered vessels and brought all their household furniture, and in that manner entire families were packed up and transported to a new country without any disappointments.

The prospecting lands of this coast presented ideal spots for such a colony as proposed by the Swiss people. The country is well provided with water for all purposes. Its transportation facilities are good and will be increased every year for many years in the future by the construction of new railroads and planting of more boats on the navigable waters. Every plan and every native in the Puget Sound country appears to participate in the scheme. The farmers can work every day in the year, because there are no extensive periods of heat or cold. The country has an area of 90,000 square miles, much of it remains in its native condition. It was formerly one dense forest and the logging industry is the great field of labor in that district today.

Reprinted from

"It sounds reasonable. Nevertheless, there are chances that our scheme will prove a failure, several chances in fact. If a white man is chief of the natives it is certain."

"Fo de lawd, Marso, yo' don't mean to say de blacks who had worshipped de bully God Rapeto an' de old Vaamba to generations an' generations, an' whose sup-altimus am de only religion dey hab, will give in to a white man? No, suh. Ef a white man injes 'em, he has to agree wid dey're ideas."

"That point seems to be settled, then, Cotton, but now comes the most critical piece of our plot. Standing in a certain spot the natives will be very liable to discover the fraud. If they congregate a little to the south of the signal tree they will detect the cheat as I place and fire the powder."

"Not at a large tree, shets off de light at yo' back."

"Then our success is reasonably assured, and if Cleo is a captive it will only be until another sun hides itself in the darkness of the west. One thing misfeters. If I could master the Malagasy language I could give the frightened blacks such a speech as they never heard before in their lives."

"Cotton will fix dat. Yo' write hit in English, he write hit in de Timbamen's tongue. Then yo' learn hit by heart."

Now the island was almost reached and we ceased our conversation. As a view of the southern country was gained numerous signal fires were observed dotting the open plains and swamps for miles around. Occasionally the barking of dogs sounded from the village, and the soft lowing of the scattered cattle from the plains; but gradually the noises ceased, and soon even the dripping of the negro's paddle was silenced as we ground softly upon the sand bar.

Raising my gun slowly from the bottom of the canoe I wandered off into the grove, trusting Cotton to care for the boat and desolate camp. I walked slowly, listening for any sound that might chance to come from the plains or forest—a signal from poor little Cleo, or the deep baying of Don. Three times that night had I made the circuit of the island, and I was just about to begin it for the fourth time when a wild yell that raised my hair on end emanated from the direction of the camp.

It was Cotton, and without an instant's loss of time I dashed in the direction whence the loud cries came but had not gone ten rods when a large animal leaped across the open in front of me. In the semidarkness I recognized it as Don.

For a moment the dog paused in his flight, then whined pitifully and sped on.

Throwing away my heavy gun I followed, it necessitating the greatest speed to keep the flying animal in view. Five minutes later we arrived at the promontory where the signal was placed. Don ran on a few steps ahead of me, while the natives gathered about me with their eyes fixed upon the signal tree.

The moment was just passing when the signal tree burst into flames, and the natives began to congregate about the signal tree, and to

variation with her father. Cleo's story was told in a few words. After my assertion that we would return in two hours, she had waited patiently until the specified time had expired, when she hastened to the upper point on the island and fired her gun several times, hoping foolishly as she soon realized, to receive an answer. A few minutes later our firing was heard off on the plain, and to gain a clearer view in our direction Cleo had climbed to the top of the chalk rock where she had the misfortune to fall, spraining her foot very badly. Hours of exposure and terrible pain at length caused her to faint, in which state we found her in the early hours of the morning.

Don, she said in conclusion, had swam the Betaboka about midnight, probably in search of help.

As the day advanced we began preparations for the night work. A long dark mantle and heavy visor were made of the dark materials we had among us. The latter was stained a bright red, a small crimson berry found upon the island in great abundance affording the dye.

A good supply of chalk was brought from the chalk bank and crushed to a fine powder, a task not very easily accomplished as the surface layer of the calcareous stones was very hard and necessitated a great deal of pounding before it was reduced fine enough for use. Then the black mantle was thoroughly sprinkled with the sticky sap of the fig tree and before it was dried showed with the white substance, which remained firmly attached to the cloth.

Arrayed in these habiliments I presented quite a ghastly appearance. On the top of the visor was attached a cone-shaped cup in which powder could be held without danger to the eyes, and still, for a brief moment, illumine the false face with a blood-red effulgence. This was to bring vividly before the startled eyes of the natives the terrible countenance of their god, Rapeto.

Twenty cartridges were unloaded in order to secure a sufficient quantity of powder, for this was to form the greatest feature of the plot.

Then I composed my speech, Cotton giving me the words and pronunciation in Malagasy. It was undoubtedly the severest task I had ever undertaken and long hours were spent in committing the piece to memory.

Cleo's story was much improved in the afternoon and with my help the poor girl managed to limp into the grove, where we seated ourselves comfortably and I related our plans and their chances of success.

Cleo listened attentively, for it was the first explanation of our proceedings she had received, and though she had guessed at many things her keen sense of modesty and unwavering confidence in me forbade her questioning us. But now her unbridled curiosity burst forth in a series of questions.

"And you're really alive, and you talked with him? Was he alone, and did he mention me?"

"I was surrounded by enemies—two sentries were only a few yards distant—yet I managed only to get enough to inform you of our plans, and put him on his guard against our party, waiting the coming of our friends."

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"Hurrah!" I shouted. "It's clearing up Cleo, where are you?"

"Here I am, Chic. See what a beautiful flower I have found. Cotton is emptying the water from our canoe and making an extra seat. He says six, including Don, will load the canoe pretty heavily."

"You are wet through, little girl. I am afraid it will do your sprained foot no good. Where have you been?"

"Oh, it looked so pretty out after the shower I could not resist walking up to the chalk mass to see what hurt me last night. I really think it did me good. My ankle doesn't pain me nearly as much as it did." While Cleo was speaking she pinned the pretty flower she held in her hand to the lapel of my jacket.

"Marso Chic," said Cotton, who had just come up, "Spects we'll have to 'ave moh paddles. Foh men in de canoe."

Taking this delicate hint, I set to, and in the course of an hour whittled out two extra blades. By that time the sun had disappeared in the west and the long shadows of night began to fall, obscuring the farther grove and the river channel on either side. For a while after night-fall a low, moaning wind followed the path of the storm, and talked in weird whisperings among the tall tree-tops, the self-same song that haunts the house corners on a windy, wintry night.

As the night progressed it died away, until nothing but the hum of insects and the soft drip of water from the boughs above murred the imposing stillness of the tropical night. It was then, as we sat in front of the cabin, that we again heard that long, mournful cry, swelling across the plains and into the forest beyond, now rising into a shrill shriek, and then falling to a plaintive, heart-rending sob.

Cleo clutched my arm and shuddered.

"The same thing, Chic. Don't you remember? We heard it in the forest that awful night we left the ship, and we were both so frightened—I mean I was. What is it, Chic? I think you know."

"I don't know, men, Cleo," I laughed, "and I don't know what it is either."

"Chic, I don't know what it is either, but I

be cleared and converted into modern farms. The plan is to bring the colonists direct from Switzerland, and allot a tract of 20 acres for each family. They will come with farming implements, home furnishings and native stock, and with enough money to enter upon the logged-off lands and carve farms and gardens from the forests of fertility. In addition to planting and cultivating the crops native to Puget Sound, they will introduce several new ideas from their old homes in the country of the Alps.

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Recognized Him.

Blinks, after inviting his friend Jinks, who has just returned from abroad, to dinner, is telling him what a fine memory his little son Bobby has.

"And do you suppose he will remember me?" said Jinks.

"Remember you? Why, he remembers every face he ever saw."

"And do you remember me, my little man?" "Course I do. You're the same fellow that you brought home last summer, and me was so wild about it that she didn't speak to me for a whole week."

Not Responsible for It.

"Tommy" said the teacher, reproachfully, "why didn't you take your hat off to me when you passed me yesterday?"

"I didn't have me hat on, too ah," said the boy.

"Don't tell me that; I saw your hat."

"I know you see me, but you didn't see my hat. Dat wuz me brudder's hat, too."

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Lost In Madagascar

CHAPTER XIX

Gathering of the Tribesmen.

As the last words left my mouth I touched off the powder in the cone-shaped cup, and the momentary flash illuminated my flaming face and sparkling mantle in all their terrible fantasy to the gaze of the affrighted sentinels. They stood for a moment dumbfounded, as though suddenly transformed to stone, then with one accord turned and flew wildly and excitedly toward the village, shouting loudly as they went.

Fear lent them wings, and they sped across the plains like a fleeting shadow. A long, loud shout, a single torch flitting among the huts like a fire-fly, the howling of many dogs—and the camp was awakened.

Torches flared up in all parts of the village, and the hoarse cries of men and the screaming of women and children mingled discordantly as the wild procession began to move.

The march soon turned into a furious stampede for the river, the younger men leading, their elders following in close order with the women and children. It was a strange and weird assemblage, lit up by a hundred torches which, as the soft breeze fanned them into a bright blaze, disclosed the black, bushy heads and sinewy limbs of a hundred warriors, a crowd of hideous-looking women, and scores of old men.

As they stood on the river's edge, nearly crowding one another in their their violent, wave-like surging, I called aloud a second time, repeating the words in a deep, pulsating voice, and flashing a fierce charge of powder at the same time.

The effect was instantaneous, and far beyond our fondest expectations. A low murmuring, like the sighing of a wind blowing through a forest of pines swept through the grove and rapidly changed into a dull roar. Then a shout which started a wild chant and with one loud cry the whole tribe prostrated themselves.

I had become so intensely interested in the savage spectacle before me that I entirely forgot my part, and was awakened to my sense of duty by the low voice of Cotton below.

"Now your time, Mars." "But it is I."



WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR THE TWENTIETH CENTURY REVIEW

By J. O. CURWOOD

CHAPTER XX

Antananarivo or Die.

The dancing torches rapidly receded over the plains, and soon their dusky bearers were only an indistinct mass in the distance. Watching them until they entirely disappeared, I slid down the trunk of the old tree and gained the ground.

My first congratulations were received of Cleo, who laughed, talked and cried all in the same breath, and vowed she never heard such a beautiful speech. "It seemed so nice to hear those funny words from you and know that the natives understood them," she said.

"Marse did fust numbah one on dat, he sut'y did. Only one little mistook dat was no 'count," said Cotton.

"I feared that I would make many wrongs. What did the savages say, Cotton? Were they satisfied?"

"Plin' so, Mars. Duzay, Dez said, 'Yes, yes—an den dey jagged 'at' for kindness. I sut'y flah dey did.'"

"I had a 'shah' case spontaneously from the tribe of a thousand people. My people, you already have in your possession two white men, prisoners, fast upon the occasion. They are planning to escape, and will make the attempt tonight, when the moon is low in the heavens. They know that the white man has fled, and they mean to save him from the island, and even now the indig's dance is packed with provisions and arms, ready to be launched upon the river. Will the warriors and people of the tribe obey the commands of Rapieto, their leader who has risen from the dead?"

"A mubly, Mars, dey dived the waistling of the rusty steel that had suddenly come out of the earth, and awakened a million echoes of the white man's

through the grove and safely encircled ourselves behind a fallen tree near the channel. A number of dusky figures were silently flitting about on the opposite shore, and beneath the big forked tree were two motionless bodies, which we rightly guessed to be the prisoners.

A few minutes and all was deserted as before, except for the two mysterious bodies. No time was lost in informing Cleo of our readiness to depart, and while she was making her final arrangements Cotton and I carried the canoe to the water.

When, at last, we slowly crept away from the shores of the island I felt as though I were leaving a friend behind, one that had safely shielded us from the fury of the savages.

It is beyond the power of pen to describe the meeting of Cleo and her father. Not a word was spoken on either side, but the long, passionate embrace spoke volumes. The poor girl sobbed on her father's shoulder for many minutes, while he caressed her hair and kissed her alternately.

"My poor darling," he said, breaking the silence for the first time. "God is indeed merciful, and his graciousness is our blessing. Chic, your hand, my boy; you are a noble lad."

I blushed with pleasure to hear him speak so kindly of me before his daughter.

"Thank you, Mr. Dinsmore. But let me tell you I would have been dead long ago had it not been for Miss Cleo. And then, there's Cotton, sir."

"Yes, sah; heah's Cotton, sah. Cottoned Puddertown, at Gawden. Ise pow'ful glad to see 'em, Mars. Dinsmore kase why. Ise been five yars 'mong de bracks, an' yo' ar de brudder of my marse, who pah big 'aveen plan for an nobel march, 'Gawden'."

"What a splendid Mr. Dinsmore in assignment. Are you really from my father's plantation? Thank him, my noble fellow."

Cotton was immensely pleased. "Ise pow'ful glad to see yo', Mars; sah, but by am, 'tis repeated. 'Kase de little Missy was a ch' heartbroken as I think of yo'."

"I know deeming it time to interrupt them, as every minute of was precious and meant life or death to us. Before

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"Now's yo'r time, Marse. Guv it to 'em."

"People of the Timber-land," I began in Malagasy, "upon the self-same spot where a thousand years ago your God was slain by an infidel tribe of the Vazimba, Rapeto fulfills his promise, and returns from the land of Peace to drive the white man from his home. Ambohimangara, the mountain that lifts its head to the clouds, is no longer his tomb, and the sacrifices that are burning there are now offered to a living God. Rapeto has returned."

Having delivered so much of my address I clutched my throat frantically to keep from coughing, the deep tones used to disguise my voice causing a tickling sensation very hard to overcome. Taking a pinch of powder, I swallowed it.

The savages still lay, face downward, upon the ground, and continued to repeat a single word, which I was unable to understand. I was about to proceed when Cotton called my attention, and pronounced several short words. I took my cap and threw it in a loud voice, the entire tribe rose to their feet with a mighty cheer.

"Dugrags," I began, "are you prepared to welcome Rapeto? Is the feast spread that he may not be hungry, and the payment ready that he may not be naked? No? I can see your answer. You are not prepared, and when Rapeto returns he must be welcomed. The chief of the world and the old Vazimba will give you warning, that the young men with their weapons, and the old men with their wisdom, may meet their deliverer with dirty breathing and bloodstained fingers. When shall Rapeto appear?"

A deep roar of voices answered. Men waved their arms frantically above their heads and shouted their battle cry, while the women, led in a led-

upon the plains because of the white boy with the infidel's weapon. That white boy has found a refuge upon this island, no longer cursed, because Rapeto lives. Timber-men, shall he not grace the feast?"

A long "kolah" rose spontaneously from the throats of a thousand people.

"My people, you already have in your possession two white men, prisoners, cast upon the seashore. They are planning to escape, and will make the attempt tonight, when the moon is low in the heavens. They know that the white boy and girl with the negro slave are upon the island, and even now the infidel's canoe is packed with provisions and arms, ready to be launched upon the river. Will the warriors and wise men of the tribe obey the command of Rapeto, their leader who has risen from the dead?"

A mighty roar drowned the whistling of the gusty wind that had suddenly come out of the north, and awakened a million echoes on the plains and in the forest. I clung to the single old limb with an unrelaxing tenacity, and with my free hand flashed a charge of powder in the cone-shaped cup. The disguise was perfect, the fraud complete; not a shadow of suspicion clouded the simple minds of the Malagasy.

"Then heed well his words that you may know better how to obey them. You are anxious to capture the white people upon the island, and Rapeto will aid you. Tonight, when the moon is at its zenith, bring you the infidel prisoners now in the prison-hut, to the Betsiboka, bound and fettered, and lay them beside the tall tree with the dead forks, and no man harm them, for if he does, the Ulat will turn. Then let the preparations for the feast proceed, and no one of my people shall come within

eye-sight of any part of the Betsiboka until the sun appears above the forest in the east, when instead of two, five will be found beneath the tall tree. Will the people do this, or shall Rapeto return for another preparation into the cold bosom of Ambohimangara?"

To my surprise and consternation not a single voice returned an answer. The tribe was as silent as death itself. Happily I had foreseen such a predicament and prepared myself for just such an emergency.

"Cotton!" I called in a voice of anger. "Come here—there is a score of you are dumbing. Harken ye to the words of Rapeto, God of Gods! Warriors, who know ye that doubt shall perish!"

I accompanied my words with a triple charge of powder, and a steady, war-like nod of my head. It was enough, and with a wild shriek half of the tribe fell to earth.

"Timber-men, what power is it that stills the band of the brave, that

fearful that I would make many serious ones. What did the savages say, Cotton? Were they satisfied?"

"Fink so, Marse Dugray. Dey said, 'Yes, yes—an den dey begged yo' forgiveness. I sutny fink dey did.'"

"Oh look, Chic. They've fired the prairie away off yonder," cried Cleo, pointing to the southwest.

"De Vazimba," yelled Cotton, excitedly. "Yo's successful, Marse, fo' suah. Dey nobber burn Vazimba like dat on'y on great 'casons.'"

"There are large fires flaring up all about us, Cotton. You can see them springing into existence far to the south of us like so many stars. Are they signal fires?"

"Dey sut'ny is, Marse. De blacks am telling de people out in de big swamps dat sumfin' 'as 'appened. I cyant read signal fires, Marse, but dem means sumfin'."

"Why, you read the ones we passed while coming up the river, Cotton," said Cleo.

"Diffunt, little Missy. Cotton cyant make nothin' out ob dese. I'se jes' read what smoke fires say; dat's all."

"Well, let's prepare to abandon the island, for I think our ruse has proved successful. As a memento I shall carry away one of the poisoned arrows shot upon the island by the natives. Is there anything in particular which you wish to take with you, Cleo?" I asked.

"Nothing, Chic—unless—yes, a piece of this old tree. Never shall I forget the drama in which you played such a vital part tonight."

I broke off several pieces of the old tree, and tonight, as the soft pattering rain outside stills my pen for a moment, my mind reverts to the lone white tree with startling vividness.

"De canu am all ready to be lugged to de watah, Marse; paddles, per-wissas, and all ammunition."

"Very well. We are in a hurry. It will be full two hours before the moon is at the zenith, and ye may as well return to the cabin and make yourselves comfortable. We are all more or less wet, and the mosquitoes are becoming a nuisance," said I, leading the way to the hut.

"Hush, such a fascinating mind!" laughed Cleo. "You were but a medical man, Marse Cotton is had in his preparation."

Notwithstanding I induced my companions to retire for an hour's sleep before starting, while I passed the time over climbing my mistletoe.

As I sat there and listened to the low drip, drip, drip of the water upon the roof, I took a retrospective glance of our strange adventures. On the great day of March the Arago had left Boston. It was now the twenty-third of

March, and I was now the twenty-third of

March. "Thank you, Mr. Dinsmore. But let me tell you I would have been dead long ago had it not been for Miss Cleo. And, then, there's Cotton, sir."

"Yes, sah, heah's Cotton, sah. Cottonseed Puddentown, of Gawgee. I'se pow'ful glad to see yo', Marse Dinsmore; kase why, I'se been five yars 'mong de bracks, an' yo' ar' de brudder ob my marse, who hab big 'bacca plantation near Macon, Gawgee."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Dinsmore in astonishment. "Are you really from my brother's plantation? Shake hands, my noble fellow."

Cotton was immensely pleased. "I'se pow'ful glad to see yo', Marse. I'se sut'ny am," he repeated. "Kase de little Missy was nigh heartbroke a-thinkin' ob yo'."

I now deemed it time to interrupt them, as every moment was precious and meant life or death to us. Before entering the canoe, however, we all heartily congratulated the mate on his and the captain's miraculous escape from a watery grave. Then we began our journey.

For the first mile or so our guide cautioned every one to be silent, but at the end of that the captain was requested to relate his story, after which he was to hear ours.

"There's not much to relate, Pct," he said, addressing Cleo. "It came about this way: Bill and I were standing close beside one another, his hand clasped about my arm, when a big wave took us broadside and over we went. We clung to each other like leeches, and though we knew we were doomed, we fought desperately to keep above water."

"Bill is a younger and stronger man than I, and my preservation is mainly due to him. Just as I was about to succumb and fell a dead weight on his hands, he hoisted me atop a broken spar, where I soon regained my senses. We reckoned we were between sixty and seventy miles off Madagascar, and had small hopes of ever reaching its shores. But the storm, as you remember, Chic, drove directly toward the island and carried us along at a good rate. After nearly dying of starvation, we drifted one dark night upon the coast, three days after having been washed overboard."

"An' a durned bad plumb was we in!" interrupted the mate. "All the night jes' daze, an' our stomachs is empty as salt in a comb. Hang me on the yard-arm, let I whate' jes' I can do, but the cap'n dissell."

"Bill was rather sorry," said Mr. Dinsmore, "and hunted about until he came across a little bunch of sorrel, which

used to disguise my voice causing a tickling sensation very hard to overcome. Taking a pinch of powder, I swallowed it.

The savages still lay face downward upon the ground, and continued to repeat a single word, which I was unable to understand. I was about to proceed when Cotton called my attention, and pronounced several short words. Upon my repeating them in a loud voice, the entire tribe rose to their feet with a mighty shout.

"Brothers," I began, "are you prepared to welcome Rapeto? Is the feast spread that he may not be hungry, and the raiment ready that he may not go naked? No. I can see your answer. You are not prepared, and when Rapeto returns he must be welcomed. The chief of the world and the old Vazimba will give you warning, that the young men with their weapons and the old men with their wisdom, may meet their deliverance with dignity becoming your Phoenecian forefathers. When shall Rapeto appear?"

A deep roar of voices answered. Men waved their arms frantically above their heads and shouted their battle cry, while the women set up a prolonged howl, probably all as a demonstration of joy, but to me a rather unmelodious way of expressing it. Meanwhile I flashed the powder at regular intervals and gave my arms a tiresome, oscillating motion in order to appear as ethereal as possible.

"Tribesmen, I will tell you," I continued: "tonight you may prepare for the great feast. I see cattle off on the plains, deer in the forest, water-fowl sleeping upon the ponds, grain in your huts, and the darting fish in the bosom of the river. All may be caught tonight, for Rapeto has lifted the mount of Am-

boka, bound and fettered, and lay them beside the tall tree with the dead forks, and no man harm them, for if he does, the Ulat will turn. Then let the preparations for the feast proceed, and no one of my people shall come within eyesight or ear-shot of the Betsiboka until the sun appears above the big forest in the east, when instead of two, five will be found beneath the old tree. Will the people do this, or shall Rapeto return for another generation into the cold bosom of Ambohimiangara?"

To my surprise and consternation not a single voice returned an answer. The tribe was as silent as death itself. Happily I had foreseen such a predicament and prepared myself for just such an emergency.

"People!" I cried in a voice of anger, "One—two—yea, a score of you are doubting. Hearken yet to the words of Rapeto, God of Gods! Warriors, wise-men, ye that doubt shall perish."

I accompanied my words with a triple charge of powder, and a steady, wave-like motion of my body. It was enough, and with a wild shriek half of the tribe fell to earth.

"Timbermen, what power is it that stills the hand of the white boy tonight and keeps the big thunder within its nest? What power that causes his ears to close so tightly, and those of the white girl and the traitor slave? Remember the words of Rapeto, and when the sun rises above the forest come to the old tree. Now, brothers, away that you may have time to prepare the feast and welcome Rapeto at the setting of the sun tomorrow."

The crowd surged backward, and with a low chant swept toward the village, while I watched them, wondering at the time if ever white man had witnessed such a spectacle before.

I broke off several pieces of the old tree, and tonight, as the soft pattering rain outside stills my pen for a moment, my mind reverts to the lone white tree with startling vividness.

"De canu am all ready to be lugged to de watah. Marse; paddles, provisions, guns and ammunition."

"Very well. We are in no hurry. It will be full two hours before the moon is at its zenith, and we may as well return to the cabin and make ourselves comfortable. We are all more or less wet, and the mosquitoes are becoming a nuisance," said I, leading the way to the hut.

"Oh, such a vacillating mind," laughed Cleo. You were but a moment ago urging Cotton to hasten his preparations."

Notwithstanding, I induced my companions to retire for an hour's sleep before starting, while I passed the time away cleaning my pistols.

As I sat there and listened to the lazy drip, drip, drip of the water upon the roof, I took a retrospective glance of our strange adventures. On the first day of March the Arago had left Boston; it was now the twenty-third of April. Fifty-three days absent. I was confident that news of the disaster had at least arrived at Zanzibar, for we were overdue there by nearly a week.

"Faint long afore we start, Marse," said Cotton, peering out the door. "De moon am a long ways up."

"So it is," I answered, joining him. "A few minutes and we begin our long journey toward civilization. Three hundred miles of wildest Madagascar is the obstacle which we have to overcome."

"Whist! Dey's comin', Marse; dey's comin'. Creep low and foller me."

Like spectres we sped noiselessly

stepped about my arm, when a big wave took us broadside and over we went. We clung to each other like leeches, and though we knew we were doomed, we fought desperately to keep above water.

"Bill is a younger and stronger man than I, and my preservation is mainly due to him. Just as I was about to succumb and fell a dead weight on his hands, he hoisted me atop a broken spar, where I soon regained my senses. We reckoned we were between sixty and seventy miles off Madagascar, and had small hopes of ever reaching its shores. But the storm, as you remember, Chic, drove directly toward the island and carried us along at a good rate. After nearly dying of starvation, we drifted one dark night upon the coast, three days after having been washed overboard."

"An' a durned bad plight wus we in," interrupted the mate. "Wi' the night jes' begun an' our stummicks as empty as sails in a ca'm. Hang me on the yardarm, ef I wusn't jes' ready tew eat the capen hisself."

"Bill was rather sorry," said Mr. Dinmore, "and hunted about until he came across a little bunch of ~~fruit~~ ^{fruit}, which to a small extent ~~appeased~~ ^{appeased} our hunger. Then we crept up under a tree that grew near the beach, and fell asleep. When I awoke I found Bill gesticulating wildly to impress something upon the blank minds of the numerous blacks that surrounded us. Our efforts availed us nothing, and we were brought to the interior."

"Whar, shiver my timbers, ef we wusn't goin' tew be offered to some heathenish God when you hove in sight," added the mate.

Cleo brushed over our experiences from beginning to end, dwelling lingeringly upon our discovery of Don, and

the light upon the plains. During the latter part of her narration I could see that Cotton was very uneasy, and wished to speak with me.

"Cotton, what is it?" I asked in a low voice.

"Marse," he blurted out, loud enough for all to hear. "We-uns is on dangerous groun' an' mus' not talk 'bove a whisper. Yo' reckmember de signal fires? Dey was to call de tribes in to partispate in de feast, an' de warriors will be comin' in de big canus from up de ribber. We-uns mu' hab our guns ready, fo' if we'se not keerful we'se have to fite de big wah-canus."

His warning put a stop to further conversation.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Mate Makes a Discovery.

The soft, gurgling noise of our paddles as they swept through the water was the only sound heard for some time. The distant savage camp was strangely silent, and the fires that were burning so brightly an hour before were now low heaps of smoldering embers. The flames of the great Vazimba were growing fainter and fainter, and soon the whole plain melted into the softening light of the radiant moon. The water-rates plashed among the tall reeds, and their queer little whistling cry cut the still air like a knife. Every one, even Don, realized the oppressive awesomeness of the hour.

Occasionally some nocturnal bird would utter a few shrill notes and relapse into silence again, or a flock of disturbed water-fowl would rise with a thunderous flapping of wings and soar skyward in their noisy flight.

After an hour's oppressive silence the captain could restrain himself no longer.

"I think if we use a good deal of caution, boys, it will do no harm if we do talk. There are so many things which we wish to say, and the night is lonesome enough as it is. For one, I wote that we scatter this oppressive mood with a little conversation."

"There is little or no danger now of being heard," I replied. "The torches of a war-canoe would give us ample warning. What is your opinion, Cotton?"

"I'se reckon dat if we-uns am sharp ahead, we see de bracks 'foh dey git nigh us."

"I'm just bubbling over with things to say," said Cleo, turning to her father. "What did you suppose had become of

not been for this brave young lady and my friend here, I would have died."

Mr. Dinsmore laughed pleasantly. "My dear little girl, you haven't got papa's consent yet, and—"

"Why, er—er—I—she—" I began confusedly, while Cleo hid her face on her father's shoulder.

"Yes, young man, I understand. You've been thrown together a great deal of late, and have found each other's company—"

"Whist!" interrupted Cotton. "Listen to dat. Quick, Marse, into de shore. Shut up, yo' fool dog yo'," this to Don, who had begun to growl ominously.

I was glad of the interruption, though it might prove a dangerous one. Our conversation was drifting into a peculiarly embarrassing channel.

Gliding within the shadow of the tall reeds, we paused and listened. Faintly, very faintly at first, we could hear muffled sounds proceeding from up-stream. They were regular and grew more distinct at every moment, until at length there appeared in the moonlit stream a large canoe containing a dozen armed warriors.

Their eyes were riveted directly ahead of them, and they worked their paddles with a smooth, rythmetic motion similar to that of the Mohawks, and with scarcely less skill. Their strokes were hardly as powerful, it being unnecessary, perhaps, for each individual of the large crew to exert himself.

Don bristled up and began to growl, but was quieted by Cleo, who had only to lay her hand on his shaggy head.

A few moments and our way was clear. We displayed more caution now, and spoke only in whispers. Our great danger, if discovered by a passing canoe, was apparent to all. Behind a single group of swift canoes would have been in pursuit.

Mr. Dinsmore and his daughter were very quiet, but Cotton and the mate had struck up a conversation in a low monotone. Don raised the tail of his moccasins and occasionally rested his massive head upon his knees.

For three hours we paddled steadily upstream without encountering a single foe. We were now comparatively safe for the time being, as we were at least twenty-five miles above the island, and the light of the Vazimba could be distinguished scarcely ten. If messengers had not been sent out ahead of us to carry the news to the country above, our chances of escape were

Our suspicions and fears were at once aroused, for the gloom of the early morning was very deceiving, and perhaps the savages had drawn within bow-shot without our realizing the fact. I whispered to the mate and we glanced carefully along our gun-barrels.

Two shots rolled over the dark waters as one, and then began a fusillade which would have discomfited a small army.

We continued our fire until darkness and distance hid our assailants.

As it became lighter we saw that the war-boat had not yet abandoned the chase.

An occasional shaft circled over the water in our direction, as though the natives were measuring the distance. They soon began to drop so close beside us that water was splashed into the canoe, and realizing that a mere scratch signified death, I determined to expend a part of our ammunition in forcing the Timber-men to retreat beyond range.

The warrior crouching in the prow of the foremost canoe held before him a broad shield, or rather wall, which served as a bulwark for the dozen or more occupants, and from behind which the archers could direct their poisoned arrows.

Aiming as nearly as possible at the center of this I fired four shots, and the shield-bearer tumbled into the river. The mate directed the contents of Cleo's rifle with such effect that the savages were again compelled to fall back.

This was our last skirmish with the hostile blacks. Nearly all the hours of day and night we now passed in the canoe, and on the seventh day after our departure from the island the welcome mud-hats and towlapped houses of Anlancharivo were reached.

From Madagascar's capital we speedily journeyed to Tamatave, and one beautiful morning we left that harbor in a home-bound ship, Cleo and I gazing for the last time upon the low shoreline that encircled the strange land where we had found so many exciting days. Nearly six years have passed since then, and as I flash this tale Cleo looks over my shoulder, and says: "I'm glad you're home, Cleo, for dinner has been getting cold this last half hour."

The End.

GREATEST DIAMONDS OF HISTORY.

Famous Gems That Are Held Priceless

in excess, \$650,000—no less. Today it is easily worth double the latter sum. It took two years to cut it, and the diamond powder used in the process cost not less than \$4,200.

You wouldn't think you could buy for half a dollar a diamond weighing 139 carats, would you? And you can't ordinarily. But a certain priest of long ago made such a bargain, paying the then equivalent of fifty cents for the stone known as the Florentine, or Austrian diamond, which had been lost by Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, at the battle of Granson, in 1476. A Swiss peasant picked up the precious sparkler from the ground and was glad to take the small piece of money the priest gave him. The priest, in turn, considered himself lucky to get \$1,000 for it from Bartholomew May, of Berne, and so it passed from hand to hand until it fell into the possession of Pope Julius II., who made a present of it to the Austrian emperor.

A poor negro of Brazil found a diamond weighing in the rough 2544 carats, in the year 1853, and it received the name of the Star of the South. What the finder got is not on record. At all events, the Star of the South was sent to Amsterdam and cut until its weight was reduced to 126 carats, when it was bought by the Earl of Dudley and became known as the Dudley diamond.

The Famous Kohinoor.

Probably the Kohinoor is the best, generally known diamond in the world, though it is not nearly the largest. It weighs in its present shape 106 carats, but its value is put in round figures at \$2,000,000. Nobody knows just how long ago the Kohinoor was found in the Gokandas mines, but if you take the Hindoo word for it, it belonged three thousand years ago to Kama, King of Anga. Others say the stone was stolen by a certain General Minizola, and by him given to the Great Mogul, the Shah Jehan, about the year 1640.

The Kohinoor in its rough weighed 800 carats, the record weight of any diamond in the world. The cutter who originally handled the stone appears not to have been the most expert, and it was reduced to 279 carats. For many years it was changing hands among the various princes of India, who were not always particular how they came to acquire it. Its history for the last hundred years is pretty well ascertainable. In the early part of the nineteenth century it was in the possession of the

ready, if we're not keener we've have to fite de big wah-canus."

His warning put a stop to further conversation.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Mate Makes a Discovery.

The soft, gurgling noise of our paddles as they swept through the water was the only sound heard for some time. The distant savage camp was strangely silent, and the fires that were burning so brightly an hour before were now low heaps of smoldering embers. The flames of the great Vazimba were growing fainter and fainter, and soon the whole plain melted into the softening light of the radiant moon. The water-rates plashed among the tall reeds, and their queer little whistling came out the still air like a knife. Every one, even Don, realized the oppressive gloominess of the hour.

Occasionally some nocturnal bird would utter a few shrill notes and re-lease into silence, or a group of disturbed water-fowl would flap their wings and sail skyward in their noisy flight.

After an hour's oppressive silence the captain could restrain himself no longer.

"Come on, boys, it will do no harm if we do talk. There are so many things which we wish to say, and the night is so quiet."

"What is your opinion, Captain?"

"I se reckon dat if we-uns am sharp ahead, we see de bracks 'foh dey git high us."

"I'm just bubbling over with things to say," said Cleo, turning to her father. "What did you suppose had become of Cleo and me? Did you think we were drowned?"

"Well, my pet, circumstances pointed that way. The ship was in a very disabled condition when Bill and I left her, and it was our opinion that she would sink before morning."

"An' the Flyin' Dutchman hisself wouldn't be happier now if we only had the ship's papers, Miss," interrupted the mate, with an involuntary imprecation at his hard luck.

Cleo was sitting just ahead of me and he poked my foot meaningly.

"The loss of the papers does trouble me considerably, besides, quite a large sum of money was on board. But we'll risk and bear it, Bill, for I am extremely glad to get away with a whole skin, and my darling little girl—"

"Shut up, yo' fool dog yo'," this to Don, who had begun to growl ominously.

I was glad of the interruption, though it might prove a dangerous one. Our conversation was drifting into a peculiarly embarrassing channel.

Gliding within the shadow of the tall reeds, we paused and listened. Faintly, very faintly at first, we could hear muffled sounds proceeding from up-stream. They were regular and grew more distinct at every moment, until at length there appeared in the moonlit stream a large canoe containing a dozen armed warriors.

Their eyes were riveted directly ahead of them, and they worked their paddles with a smooth, rhythmic motion similar to that of the Mohawks, and with scarcely less skill. Their strokes were hardly as powerful, it being unnecessary, perhaps, for each individual of the large crew to exert himself.

Don bristled up and began to growl, but was checked by Cleo's look.

A few moments more, and we spoke only in whispers. Our great danger, if discovered by a passing canoe, would have been in pursuit.

Mr. Dinsmore and his daughter were very quiet, but Cotton and the mate had struck up a conversation in a low

voice.

For the time being, as we were at least twenty-five miles above the island, and the light of the Vazimba could be distinguished scarcely ten. If messengers had not been sent out ahead of us to carry the news to the country above, our chances of escape were good.

We paused and rested for a few moments on one of the shores, then resumed our journey. Indications pointed to a speedy and safe arrival at Antanarivo, which now could not be more than two hundred and seventy miles distant. Such thoughts as these were passing in my mind when I was startled by the mate reaching over and whispering:

"God 'elp us, look behind!"

CHAPTER XXII.

Homeward Bound.

Glancing over my shoulder I beheld a sight that chilled my blood. Gliding silently after us, dusky and obscure in the faint twilight, were two canoes. Evidently none but the mate and myself were aware of their presence.

war-boat had not yet abandoned the chase.

An occasional shaft circled over the water in our direction, as though the natives were measuring the distance. They soon began to drop so close beside us that water was splashed into the canoe, and realizing that a mere scratch signified death, I determined to expend a part of our ammunition in forcing the Timber-men to retreat beyond range.

The warrior crouching in the prow of the foremost canoe held before him a broad shield, or rather wall, which served as a bulwark for the dozen or more occupants, and from behind which the archers could direct their poisoned arrows.

Aiming as nearly as possible at the center of this I fired four shots, and the shield-bearer tumbled into the river. The mate directed the contents of Cleo's rifle with such effect that the savages were again compelled to fall back.

This was our last skirmish with the hostile blacks. Nearly all the hours of the day were spent in the chase, and our departure from the island, the village and the houses of the natives were reached.

From Madagascar's capital we speedily journeyed to Tamatave, and one beautiful morning we left that harbor in a home-bound ship, Cleo and I gazing for the last time upon the low shore-

line of the strange land. How many exciting years have passed since that day. The End.

GREATEST DIAMONDS OF HISTORY.

Famous Gems That Are Held Priceless By Their Possessors.

A carat seems pretty large when it is the first diamond to come into one's possession, and it looks as big as the headlight of a locomotive to the wearer during the early days of its enjoyment. And it's only a carat. What would you say to a diamond weighing not less than 280 carats? What sort of gasp would you give if you heard that some diamonds—or one diamond, at least—is valued at two million dollars?

Well, these are facts. There are 280-carat diamonds, and \$2,000,000 diamonds, but not a great many of them. You could count them almost on the fingers of one hand, but you couldn't wear them there.

The biggest diamond in the world—the one that weighs the 280 carats—is the property of the Shah of Persia, and

Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, at the battle of Granson, in 1476. A Swiss peasant picked up the precious sparkler from the ground and was glad to take the small piece of money the priest gave him. The priest, in turn, considered himself lucky to get \$1,000 for it from Bartholomew May, of Berne, and so it passed from hand to hand until it fell into the possession of Pope Julius II, who made a present of it to the Austrian emperor.

A poor negro of Brazil found a diamond weighing in the rough 254 1/2 carats, in the year 1853, and it received the name of the Star of the South. What the finder got is not on record. At all events, the Star of the South was sent to Amsterdam and cut until its weight was reduced to 126 carats, when it was bought by the Earl of Dudley and became known as the Dudley diamond.

The Famous Kohinoor.

Probably the Kohinoor is the best, generally known diamond in the world, though it is by no means the largest. It weighs in the rough about 186 carats, but its value is put in round figures at \$2,000,000. Nobody knows just how long the Kohinoor was lying in the Golconda mines, but you know the Hindoo word for a million is three thousand years ago to Kama, King of Anga. Others say the stone was stolen by a certain General Minizola, and by him given to the Great Mogul, the Shah Jehan, about the year 1640.

The Kohinoor is said to be valued 800 carats, the heaviest of any diamond in the world. Any water which originally touches it soon becomes pure to drink, and it is said to have been getting cold this last half hour.

England got the Punjab in 1850, and the Kohinoor was one of the fruits of victory and was sent to Queen Victoria by special messengers, Colonel Mackes-son and Captain Ramsey. The court jeweler directed the cutting of the gem a second time, and as a courtesy to officialdom, the Duke of Wellington gave the first touch of work on the dainty job. The diamond was then brought down to 106 carats, but with its brilliance inestimably enhanced, and its price greatly advanced. It is one of the cherished possessions of the British empire.

CHAPTER XXII.

Homeward Bound.

Glancing over my shoulder I beheld a sight that chilled my blood. Gliding silently after us, dusky and obscure in the faint twilight, were two canoes. Evidently none but the mate and myself were aware of their presence.

"What do you intend to do," whispered the mate.

"Prepare your weapon, and when I give the word turn about and take the left hand boat. I'll attend to the other."

It was evident that the natives were trying to steal upon us quietly, and I feared that at any moment a flight of poisoned arrows would cut short our brief spell of freedom. The Timbermen were conscious of our power and probably would not attempt to recapture us, but would strike to kill.

"Cleo," I whispered.

"What is it, Chic?"

"There is room for you to lie down in the bottom of the canoe is there not?"

"Yes, but I'm not a bit sleepy, Chic."

"Cleo, listen quietly and obey. Crouch down as far as you can, and you, Mr. Dinmore, do the same. Do not cause any unnecessary commotion. Cotton, when I give the word, paddle for all you are worth. We are followed."

The words were scarcely out of my mouth when I poked the mate, and urged Cotton to impel the canoe with his whole skill and strength.

As yet the gloom was too heavy to disclose our movements to the pursuers, and as the canoe began to speed through the water with increased velocity, the sailor and I turned about and aimed at the savages.

The captain had drawn his daughter to the bottom of the canoe, but maintained an upright position himself. He was facing downstream, and whispered softly that he fancied he saw the natives making a general movement.

...of his three neck.

...was sitting just ahead of me and poked my foot meaningly. The loss of the papers does trouble considerably, besides, quite a large sum of money was on board. But we'll stand and bear it, Bill, for I am extremely glad to get away with a whole skin, and my darling little girl—"

Who has in her possession both papers and money," she replied laughing. The honor of bringing them with us is entirely with Chic. My sakes alive, I could never have thought of bringing PAPERS. What good are they after the ship is gone?"

"Well this is TOO good," ejaculated the captain. "First we are saved ourselves, then we run across my daughter and Chic, and lastly have regained possession of the ship's papers and the company's money. We'll pull through alright yet."

"By the great Horned Spoon, who cares we aint? Miss Dinmore have we me take her rifle as I'm more used to an an' the young cap'n an' 's sable brand both 'as guns, an' one of 'em'll and you a revolver, sir. Warrant we'll give the pesky critters 'nough ef they look us, less they slug us fust volley," declared the mate.

"A very unlikely thing, sah," assured Cotton. "Dey hab nothin' but spears, axes and arrows, de arrows being mostly fished, so dat ef dey scratch yo' yo' de mighty sudden, sah."

"Wait an' pickle me, sir, but that's 'sbeams," returned the mate. "Pan-ty an' arser hitting you, Mr. Dinmore, I fished wif snake-gall—a durned sight better nor a bullet planted squarely over the eye."

"Why you never have to pass the wifal orend, sir. I have experienced 's consolation," I said quietly.

"You young cap'n? But I thought it 's certain death."

"Rescued by a miracle. If it had

...of the diamond...
Well, there are 1418. There are two North diamonds, and 220,000 other kinds, but not a great many of them. You could count them almost on the fingers of one hand, but you couldn't wear them there.

The biggest diamond in the world—the one that weighs the 286 carats—is the property of the Shah of Persia, and is known as the Great Mogul, and there is only one in all the universe.

The Orloff Diamond.

Then comes the Orloff diamond, named after Count Orloff, who bought it in 1772 for the Empress Catherine of Russia. That's the stone a couple of our leading musical comedy writers used as a text for one of the most successful of modern musical entertainments. It had been the eye of an idol in India, and a Frenchman, who was impressed by its appearance, conceived the idea of making a glass eye that would look just as good to the ladies and substituting it for the diamond. He executed the plan, too, but he never thereafter included India in his itinerary. The "remover" disposed of his loot to a ship captain for \$10,000, and the captain got \$100,000 for it in Europe, and finally it landed in the hands of a diamond dealer, who told Count Orloff about it, and the count paid out \$450,000 in cash and agreed to give the dealer in addition \$20,000 a year for the rest of his natural life. The dealer was also ennobled by the empress because of putting her count to touch with the marvelous stone, shaped like half a pigeon's egg and weighing 185 carats. The diamond now serves as an adornment for the point of the sceptre of the Russian emperor.

Another wondrous diamond is the Regent, or Pitt stone, which was found in India and bought by Governor Pitt, of Madras, in 1702. The governor paid \$100,000, but the next price—that paid by the Duke of Orleans, acting as regent for King Louis XIV—was greatly

GO TO LAW ABOUT TRIFLES.

The Diamond Fields Advertiser, referring to the litigious nature of the natives of South Africa, gives the following as an instance: "A native had fought and lost an action in the magistrate's court in one of the small towns in Griqualand East, the articles in dispute being a slate and an alphabetical primer of the total value of sixpence. He immediately after the judgment was given against him, started on a journey on foot to the chief town, about thirty miles distant, in order to instruct an attorney there to appeal from the judgment given. The attorney laughed at the man and told him he should desist, as he would only be wasting his money over a trivial matter, but he tendered the costs of the appeal to the attorney and insisted, otherwise he would consult another lawyer. After a long consultation and endeavor to advise his client to act as was thought best, the attorney complied with the native's wishes. The native won his appeal."

MATRIMONIAL PROUD.

Two young city men, living in the suburbs, were watching rather quickly to catch a train, when one of them darted across the road to the local basket-maker's and ordered him to make as soon as possible an old-fashioned matrimonial fruit basket.

The basket-maker seemed astonished, saying that he had never heard of such a thing.

The young man said:

"Why, you must have made many of them in your basket. It's a cradle old boy I want—a cradle!"