THE MYSTERY

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE
And SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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"This is the little devil," he said, indicating his delicate burden. "Fulminate of mercury. This is the stuff that'll remove your hand with neatness and dispatch. It's the quickest tempered little article in the business. Just give it one hard look and it's off."

"Here," said Trendon, "I resign. From now on I'm a spectator."

Barnett swung the fulminate in his handkerchief and gave it to a sailor to hold. The man dandled it like a newborn infant. Back to his rock went Barnett. Producing some cord he let down an end.

"Tie the handkerchief on and get out of the way," he directed.

With painful slowness the man carried out the first part of the order. The latter half he obeyed with sprightly alacrity. Very slowly, very delicately, the expert drew in his dangerous burden. Once a current of air puffed it against the face of the rock, and the operator's head was hastily withdrawn. Nothing happened. Another

"Get out of the way," directed Barnett.

minute and he had the tiny shell in hand. A fuse was fixed to it and it was shoved under the mud cap. Barnett stood up.

"Will you kindly order the boat ready, Captain Parkinson?" he called.

The order was given.

"As soon as I light the fuse I will come down and we'll pull out fifty yards. Leave the rest of the Joveite where it is. All ready? Here goes."

He touched a match to the fuse. It caught. For a moment he watched it.

"Going all right," he reported as he struck the water. "Plenty of time."

Some seventy yards out they rested on their oars. They waited and waited and waited.

"It's out," grunted Trendon.

From the face of the cliff puffed a cloud of dust. A thudding report boomed over the water. Just a wisp of whitish gray smoke arose, and beneath it the great rock with a gaping seam across its top rolled majestically outward, sending a shower of spray on all sides and opening to their eager view a black chasm into the heart of the headland. The experiment had worked out with the accuracy of a geometric problem.

"That's all, sir," Barnett reported officially.

"Magic! Modern magic!" said the captain. He stared at the open door. For the moment the object of the undertaking was forgotten in the wonder of its exact accomplishment.

"Darrow'll think an earthquake's come after him," remarked Trendon.

"Give way," ordered the captain.

The boat grated on the sand. Captain Parkinson would have entered, but Barnett restrained him.

"It's best to wait a minute or two," he advised. "Occasionally slides follow an explosion tardily, and the gases don't always dissipate quickly."

Where they stood they could see but a short way into the cave. Trendon squatted and funneled his hands to one eye.

"There's a fire inside," he said.

In a moment they all saw it, a single pin point glow far back in the blackness, a cyclopean eye that swayed as it approached. Alternately it waned and brightened. Suddenly it illuminated the dim lineaments of a face. The face neared them. It joined itself to reality by a very solid pair of shoulders, and a man sauntered into the twilit mouth of the cavern, removed a cigarette from his lips and gave them greeting.

"Sorry not to have met you at the door," he said courteously. "It was you that knocked, was it not? Yes? It roused me from my siesta."

They stared at him in silence. He blinked in the light with unaccustomed eyes.

"You will pardon me for not asking you in at once. Past circumstances have rendered me—well—perhaps suspicious is not too strong a word."

They noticed that he held a revolver in his hand.

Captain Parkinson came forward a step. The host half raised his weapon. Then he dropped it abruptly.

"Navy men!" he said in an altered voice. "I beg your pardon. I could not see at first. My name is Percy Darrow."

"I am Captain Parkinson of the United States cruiser Wolverine," said the commander. "This is Mr. Barnett, Mr. Darrow. Dr. Trendon, Mr. Darrow."

They shook hands all around.

"Like some silly afternoon tea," Trendon said later in retailing it to the mess. A pause followed.

"Won't you step in, gentlemen?" said Darrow. "May I offer you the makings of a cigarette?"

"Wouldn't you be robbing yourself?" inquired the captain, with a twinkle.

"Oh, you found the diary, then?" said Darrow easily. "Rather silly of me to complain so. But really in conditions like these tobacco becomes a serious problem."

"So one might imagine," said Trendon drily. He looked closely at Darrow. The man's eyes were light and dancing. From the nostrils two livid lines ran diagonally. Such lines one might make with a hard blue pencil pressed strongly into the flesh. The surgeon moved a little nearer.

"Can you give me any news of my friend Thrackles?" asked Darrow lightly. "Or the esteemed Pulz? Or the scholarly and urbane Robinson of Ethiopian extraction?"

"Dead," said the captain.

"Ah, a pity!" said the other. He put his hand to his forehead. "I had thought it probable." His face twitched. "Dead? Very good. In fact—really—er—amusing."

He began to laugh, quite to himself. It was not a pleasant laugh to hear. Trendon caught and shook him by the shoulder.

"Drop it!" he said.

Darrow seemed not to hear him. "Dead! All dead!" he repeated. "And I've outlasted 'em! I've outlasted 'em!" And his mirth broke forth in a strangely shocking spasm.

Trendon lifted a hand and struck him so powerfully between the shoulder blades that he all but plunged forward on his face.

"Quit it!" he ordered again. "Get hold of yourself."

Darrow turned and gripped him. The surgeon winced with the pain of the grasp. "I can't," gasped the maroon, between paroxysms. "I've been living in hell—a black, shaking, shivering hell, for God knows how long! What do you know? Have you ever been buried alive?" And again the agony of laughter shook him.

"This, then," muttered the doctor, and the hypodermic needle shot home.

During the return Darrow lay like a log in the bottom of the gig. The opiate had done its work. Consciousness was mercifully dead within him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

REST and good food quickly brought Percy Darrow back to his normal poise. One inspection satisfied Dr. Trendon that all was well with him. He asked to see the captain, and that gentleman came to Ives' room, which had been assigned to the rescued man.

"I hope you have been able to make yourself comfortable," said the commander courteously.

"It would be strange indeed if I could not," returned Darrow, smiling. "You forget that you have set a savage down in the midst of luxury."

"Make yourself free of Ives' things," invited Captain Parkinson. "Poor fellow! He will not use them again, I fear."

"One of your men lost?" asked Darrow. "Ah! The young officer whose body I found on the beach perhaps?"

"No. But we have to thank you for that burial," said the captain.

Darrow made a swift gesture. "Oh, if thanks are going," he cried, and paused in hopelessness of adequate expression.

"This has been a bitter cruise for us," continued the captain. He sighed and was silent for a moment. "There is much to tell and to be told," he resumed.

"Much," agreed the other gravely.

"You will want to see Slade first, I presume?" said the captain.

"One of your officers whom I have not yet had the pleasure of meeting?"

The captain stared. "Slade," he said. "Ralph Slade."

"Apparently there's a missing link. Or—I fear I was not wholly myself yesterday for a time. Possibly something occurred that I did not quite take in."

"Perhaps we'd better wait," said Captain Parkinson, with obvious misgiving. "You're not quite rested. You will feel more like"—

"If you don't mind," said Darrow composedly. "I'd like to get at this thing now. I'm in excellent understanding, I assure you."

"Very well. I am speaking of the man who acted as mate in the Laughing Lass. The journalist who— Good heavens! What arrant stupidity! I have to beg your pardon, Mr. Darrow. It has just occurred to me. He called himself Eagen with you."

"Eagen! What is this? Is Eagen alive?"

"And on this ship. We picked him up in an open boat."

"And you say he calls himself Slade?"

"He is Ralph Slade, adventurer and journalist. Mr. Barnett knows him and vouches for him."

"And he was on our island under an assumed name," said Darrow in tones that had the smoothness and the rasp of silk. "Rather annoying. Not good form quite, even for a pirate."

"Yet I believe he saved your life," suggested the captain.

Darrow looked up sharply. "Why, yes," he admitted, "so he did. I had hoped"— He checked himself. "I had thought that all of the crew went the same way. You didn't find any of the others?"

"None."

Darrow got to his feet. "I think I'd like to see Eagen—Slade—whatever he calls himself."

"I don't know," began the captain. "It might not be"— He hesitated and stopped.

Darrow drew back a little, misinterpreting the other's attitude. "Do I understand that I am under restraint?" he asked stiffly.

"Certainly not. Why should you be?"

"Well," remarked the other contemplatively, "it really might be regarded as a subject for investigation. Of course I know only a small part of it. But there have certainly been suspicious circumstances. Piracy there has been, no doubt of that; murder, too, if my intuitions are not at fault, or at least a disappearance to be accounted for. Robbery can't be denied. And there's a dead body or two to be properly accredited." He looked the captain in the eye.

"Well?"

"You'll find my story highly unsatisfactory in detail, I fancy. I merely want to know whether I'm to present it as a defense or only an explanation."

"We shall be glad to hear your story when you are ready to tell it—after you have seen Mr. Slade."

"Thank you," said Darrow simply. "You have heard his?"

"Yes. It needs filling in."

"When may I see him?"

"That's for Dr. Trendon to say. He came to us almost dead. I'll find out."

The surgeon reported Slade much better, but all a-quiver with excitement.

"Hate to put the strain on him," said he. "But he'll be in a fever till he gets this thing off his mind. Send Mr. Darrow to him."

After a moment's consideration Darrow said, "I should like to have you and Dr. Trendon present, Captain Parkinson, while I ask Eagen one or two questions."

"Understand one thing, Mr. Darrow," said Trendon briefly, "this is not to be an inquisition."

"Ah!" said Darrow, unmoved. "I'm to be neither defendant nor prosecutor."

"You are to respect the condition of Dr. Trendon's patient, sir," said Captain Parkinson, with emphasis. "Outside of that your attitude toward a man who has twice thought of your life before his own is for you to determine."

No little cynicism lurked in Darrow's tones as he said:

"You have confidence in Mr. Slade, alias Eagen?"

"Yes," replied Captain Parkinson in a tone that closed that topic.

"Still, I should be glad to have you gentlemen present if only for a moment," insisted Darrow presently.

"Perhaps it would be as well—on account of the patient," said the surgeon significantly.

"Very well," assented the captain.

The three went to Slade's cabin. He was lying propped up in his bunk. Trendon entered first, followed by the captain, then Darrow.

"Here's your prize, Slade," said the surgeon.

Darrow halted just inside the door. With an eager light in his face Slade leaned forward and stretched out his hand.

"I couldn't believe it until I saw you, old man," he cried.

Darrow's eyebrows went up. Before Slade had time to note that there was

"Here's your prize, Slade," said the surgeon.

no response to his outstretched hand the surgeon had jumped in and pushed him roughly back upon his pillow.

"What did you promise?" he growled. "You were to lie still, weren't you? And you'll do it or out we go."

"How are you, Eagen?" drawled Darrow.

"Not Eagen. I'm done with that. They've told you, haven't they?"

Darrow nodded. "Are you the only survivor?" he inquired.

"Except yourself."

"The nigger? Pulz? Thrackles? The captain? All drowned?"

"Not the captain. They murdered him."

"Ah," said Darrow softly. "And you—I beg your pardon—your—er—friends disposed of the doctor in the same way?"

"Handy Solomon," replied Slade with shaking lips. "Hell's got that fiend, if there's a hell for human fiends. They threw the doctor's body in the surf."

"You didn't notice whether there were any papers?"

"If there were they must have been destroyed with the body when the lava poured down the valley into the sea."

"The lava, of course," assented Darrow, with elaborate nonchalance. "Well, he was a kind old boy—a cheerful, simple, wise old child."

"I would have given my right hand to save him," cried Slade. "It was so sudden—so damnable"—

"Better to have saved him than me."

said Darrow. He spoke with the first touch of feeling that he exhibited. "I have to thank you for my life, Eagen—I beg your pardon—Slade. It's hard to remember."

Dr. Trendon arose and Captain Parkinson with him.

"Give you two hours, Mr. Darrow," said the surgeon. "No more. If he seems exhausted give him one of these powders. I'll look in in an hour."

At the end of an hour he returned. Slade was lying back on his pillow. Darrow was talking eagerly, confidentially. In another hour he came out.

"The whole thing is clear," he said to Captain Parkinson. "I am ready to report to you."

"This evening," said the captain. "The mess will want to hear."

"Yes, they will want to hear," assented Darrow. "You've had Slade's story. I'll take up where he left off, and he'll check me. Mine's as incredible as—as Slade's was. And it's as true."

(To be Continued).

Thirty "Mock" Marriages Are Legal.

New York, Feb. 28.—The "joke" marriage performed by Notary Philip Perry at the "affinity" ball held at Stauch's pavilion, Coney Island, on Wednesday night, have been taken out of the "joke" class. Two lawyers have given their opinions that the marriages are legal, although the notary is liable to a heavy penalty for marrying couples without licenses. Consequently about thirty girls who participated as brides in the weddings are worried half to death. Many, however, persist in regarding the whole affair as a joke.

Roads Ask Delay Under Nine Hour Law

Washington, Feb. 28.—Operating officials of railways from all parts of the country were in attendance upon the hearing given by the interstate commerce commission of applications for an extension of the time of the going into effect of the nine hour law. In all thirty-seven applications were received by the commission asking for the extension on the ground of loss of revenue and scarcity of operators.

Eloping Pastor's Pulpit to Be Filled.

Hempstead, N. Y., Feb. 28.—The pulpit left vacant ten months ago at Hempstead by Rev. Jere Knode Cook when he eloped with Floretta Whaley, a seventeen-year-old Sunday school scholar, promises to be filled next Sunday. The wardens and vestrymen of St. George's Episcopal church have decided to call the Rev. C. H. Snedeker, formerly of the Cincinnati Episcopal church, to the rectorship.

Fowler Currency Bill Adopted.

Washington, Feb. 28.—The Fowler currency bill was adopted by the house committee on banking and currency in practically the form in which it was introduced and as a result of weeks of public hearings and consideration in executive session. Several of the thirty-nine sections of the bill were amended by committee vote, but no changes of a substantive character were made.

Woman Dead at 101 Years.

Wilmington, Del., Feb. 28.—Mrs. Margaret Smith, 101 years and 6 days old, died in the home of her granddaughter in this city. Mrs. Smith was born in London Grove, Pa. She distinctly remembered incidents of the war of 1812, when she saw soldiers sharpen their swords on her father's grindstone.

Killed While Sleeping on Track.

Canandaigua, N. Y., Feb. 28.—While asleep on the tracks of the Rochester and Eastern trolley railroad Richard Conroy, a farm hand, was run over and killed.

Ciborium Brings $30,000.

London, Feb. 28.—A thirteenth century copper and gilt ciborium supposed to have come from Malmesbury abbey was sold at auction in London for $30,000.

General Markets.

New York, Feb. 27.

FLOUR—Steady to firm with moderate inquiry; Minnesota patents, $5.15a5.45; winter patents, $4.50a4.90; winter straights, $4.25a4.45; winter extras, $3.65a4.15.

RYE FLOUR—Steady; fair to good, $4.60a4.90; choice to fancy, $5a5.25.

WHEAT—Opening lower in response to rumors of big Argentine shipments and lower cables, wheat rallied sharply on covering and the bullishness of domestic cash conditions; May, $1.02 9-16a1.03 7-16; July, 97 11-16a98¼c.

BUTTER — Creamery, specials, per pound, 30½c.; extras, 30c.; firsts, 28a29c.; seconds, 26a27c.; thirds, 25c.; held, specials, 26½c.; extras, 30c.; firsts, 28a29c.; seconds, 26a27c.; thirds, 25c.; state, dairy, common to fair, 23a25c.; process, specials, 25½c.; extras, 25c.; firsts, 23½a24c.; seconds, 22c.; imitation creamery, firsts, 24a25c.

CHEESE — Full cream, specials, 16c.; state, full cream, small, colored and white, and large, colored, fancy, 15¾c.; large, white, fancy, 15½c.; good to prime, 14½a15¼c.; late October and early November made, 13½a14¼c.; winter made, 12a13c.; common to fair, 10a11¼c.; skims, 1½ pound specials, 11c.; fine, 8½a9½c.; fair to good, 6a8c.; common, 5½a6½c.; full skims, 1a2c.

EGGS—State, Pennsylvania and nearby, selected, white, fancy, 28a30c.; good to choice, 26a27c.; brown and mixed, fancy, 25a26c.; firsts, 24½a25c.; dirties, 17a19c.; checks, 14a16c.; refrigerators, 12a13½c.

TALLOW—Quiet; city, 5¼c.; country, 5a5½c.

HAY—Good trade; good to choice, 85c.a$1.

STRAW—Quiet at 45a70c.

BEANS—Quiet; marrow, $2.25a2.30; medium, $2.12½a2.20; peas, $2.27½a2.40; red kidney, $2.20.

HOPS—Easy; state, common to choice, 1907, 3a14c.; 1906, 4a8c.

POTATOES—Firm and in fair demand; Pennsylvania, choice, per bushel, 55a58c.; New York and western, 75a80c.; do., fair to good, 70a75c.

LIVE POULTRY — Steady; fowls, 13a14c.; old roosters, 9a10c.; chickens, 11a16c.; ducks, 12a13c.; geese, 12a14c.

DRESSED POULTRY — Firm and in good demand; fresh killed fowls, choice, 14½c.; do., fair to good, 13½a13c.; old roosters, 10c.; roasting chickens, nearby, 16a17c.; western, do., 15a15c.; turkeys, nearby, choice to fancy, 18a20c.; do., fair to good, 17a18c.; do., western, choice to fancy, 17a18c.; do., fair to good, 14a16c.; ducks, nearby, choice, 14a15c.; do., fair to good, 12a13c.; western, do., choice, 13a14c.; do., fair to good, 9a12c.

Live Stock Markets.

CATTLE—Supply light; market steady; choice, $5.65a5.75; prime, $5.35a5.60; veal calves, $6a6.50.

HOGS—Receipts light; market fair and active; prime, heavies, $4.65; mediums and heavy Yorkers, $4.50; light Yorkers, $4.65a4.75; pigs, $4.65a4.50; roughs, $3.50a4.30.

SHEEP AND LAMBS — Supply light; market slow; prime wethers, $5.15a5; culls and common, $3a3.50; lambs, $6a7.40.

OUR NAVAL SHOW IN CHINA

America Will Make Imposing Display In Asiatic Waters In April.

Washington, Feb. 28.—At the instigation of the state department Secretary Metcalf of the navy department will arrange for an American naval demonstration in China next April. Mr William W. Rockhill, United States minister to China, now returning to his post, will be accompanied by four or five American war vessels for his visit to the Chinese viceroys at Nankin Hankau and other cities on the Yangtse river. These vessels will probably be the Cleveland and the Denver, which left Manila Feb. 20 for Chinese waters, and the Concord, the Helena and the Wilmington.

The plans of the navy department are not completed, but it is said that the assemblage of American ships in Chinese waters will be the most important American naval demonstration held there for some time and will be a forerunner to the passing of Rear Admiral Evans' battleship fleet near these ports on the return cruise by way of the Suez canal.

Army Pay Increase Killed.

Washington, Feb. 28.—On the technicality of a point of order the proposed increase of the pay of enlisted men and noncommissioned officers in the army was stricken out of the army appropriation bill in the house.

To Deport Emma Goldman.

Chicago, Feb. 28.—If Emma Goldman, the anarchist, appears in Chicago next week, as it has been reported she intends to do, she will be arrested and deported by the government, according to local officers.

Southern Railway Cuts Wages.

Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 28.—A reduction of 10 per cent in the wages of all employees of the Southern railway except contract labor, such as engineers, firemen, etc., effective March 1, was announced.

WORLD'S MINING EXHIBIT.

International Exposition to Be Held In New York In May and June.

Under the management of a mining exposition company which was incorporated a little more than a year ago there will be held in Madison Square Garden, New York, from May 25 to June 30 the first exhibition of practical mining methods and of the products of mines in all parts of the world ever held in New York.

This international mining exposition is designed as an educational measure. The officers and those interested in the exposition company feel that the mining business suffers from the lack of knowledge which the general public has of it, and they believe that this and other exhibitions will eliminate certain popular but false ideas.

The exposition has been divided into seven different departments. The first is that of mining machinery and the second that of minerals from the United States and foreign governments. Then there will be an exhibition of mining camps, which will illustrate the different methods of mining, including a miners' drilling contest. It is hoped that one mining company will install a mine in full operation. There are also to be on exhibition deposits of various kinds of metals, all sorts of precious stones, mineral jewelry and lapidary work.

One exhibit will be that of the mineral resources of the United States.

Annuity For a Greyhound.

Arthur Taylor Newbold of Bury, in England, left an estate of the value of £18,298 ($91,490). By his will, which has just been proved, he leaves an annuity of £26 ($130) for the benefit of his greyhound Wildfire II., whom the trustees are directed not to part with either by sale, gift or destruction or otherwise, but shall personally see that he is well kept, housed, fed and cared for until he shall die a natural death.

TAFT'S STAGE FRIGHT.

Secretary's Son Hears Father Make a Speech and Embarrasses Him.

Robert Alphonso Taft, son of Secretary Taft, heard his father speak in public for the first time the other night in Music hall at New Haven.

Young Mr. Taft is a sophomore in Yale, and he went to the banquet of the Young Men's Republican club at the invitation of a member.

When Secretary Taft arose to speak he caught his son's gaze as the young man proudly, but anxiously, watched and listened. Secretary Taft said afterward to a friend:

"It was the first time the boy had heard me make a speech. He looked so fearful that his father might break down that for a few moments I was quite embarrassed by his glances."

GERMAN GLEANINGS.

The remains of the philosopher Kant are to be transferred to the Furstengruft of the cathedral in Konigsberg.

In the town of Klugenberg, Germany, taxes are unknown, and last year $50 was paid to every citizen from the profits of the municipal brick works.

Health statistics of the German fleet indicate that the percentage of insanity is lowest in the engineering branch. The most common disease is eye trouble. Heart trouble comes next.

Move to Preserve the Eider Duck.

Through the efforts of William Dutcher of New York city, president of the National Audubon Societies, an attempt is being made to preserve and propagate the eider duck, now almost extinct. This bird was once found in large numbers all over New England. A bleak island near Grand Manan has been selected, and a hundred birds have been placed there to start the work in charge of Captain Frederick E. Small of the Cross Island life saving station.

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Does your back ache? Do you get up lame in the morning? Do you feel dull and tired? Does it hurt you to bend over, to lift anything, to get up from a chair? Do you have sudden "catches" or stitches of pain in the back? Does a dull, throbbing ache settle in the small of your back and bother you day and night? Do you sometimes feel that you simply cannot straighten up?

If you do have backache, be careful not to make the very common mistake of treating it as a muscular trouble. Do not rub the sore place with liniment, nor put on plasters, for the seat of the trouble is inside—in the kidneys, which lie just beneath the small of the back, on either side of the spine.

A cold, a chill, a fever, overwork, over-eating or over-drinking may start a slight congestion or inflammation in the kidneys that will at once interrupt the kidneys' work of filtering the blood. It is this condition that sets up the aching, and makes your back so bad.

You cannot make any mistake by treating the kidneys at once, for it is these small troubles that lead to dropsy, diabetes and Bright's disease. If there is any doubt in your mind that the kidneys are affected, notice the urine for a few days. If passages are irregular, painful, or too scanty, discolored, or full of sediment, the kidneys need help right away, and there is no other medicine more helpful than Doan's Kidney Pills, a simple remedy for the kidneys, yet so powerful that it quickly cures the cause and so ends all the painful and annoying symptoms. Home testimony proves the unfailing merit of Doan's Kidney Pills.

WATERBURY TESTIMONY.

Mrs James Dews of 32 Hospital avenue, Waterbury, Conn, says: "My husband made a statement for publication in August, 1901, in which he said that he had suffered considerably from pain in the loins and kidneys, especially during changeable weather or after taking cold, and that although he would often be so lame and sore that he could not do justice to his work, Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at the H. W. Lake Drug Co, relieved him entirely of the trouble. It gives me pleasure to confirm his testimony and to say that the cure has been permanent. He has never complained of his back since Doan's Kidney Pills cured him."

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