EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1918.

MANY items bearing upon those ad centures which have lately befallen me have found publica-tion in the newspa-

from friends, induce me now to write out the tale while the incidents remain fresh in memory. Indeed, I owe the truth not only to myself but even more to her who so bravely shared with me those days and nights of peril. In doing this, which I now no knowledge of literary art, for all I

need tell is the simple truth in plain, direct need tell is the simple truth in plain, direct language, just as I might relate it to com-panions at the club. The story, unusual as it may appear to those whose lives have ever been bounded by the commonplace, was natural enough under the circum-stances, and the telling of it should be equally unartificial. I have nothing to com-pand my one desire is to record the ceal, and my one desire is to record the

The earlier passion of my life was the eea, and, when others of my age were grinding away through their courses in col-lege, I was apprenticed to the merchant in a fleet largely owned by my trading between New York and northern European ports. Loving the work, ossibly assisted by the fact that I was father's son, I rose rapidly, until used as captain of steam, and assigned to command the Vulcan, a freighter of 2000 tons. At thirty, however, the novelty and fascination of a sea life ceased its attrac-tion, and when my father died sufficient property became my share from the estate my resigning this command, and retiring permanently from the service. Circumstances, unnecessary now to relate, caused me to make permahent home in Chicago, where I soon became engrossed in business, finding my sole recreation in yachting upon the Great Lakes. My interest in this sport, and my ownership of steam yacht of unusual power, greatly widened my circle of acquaintance. Such were the rather commonplace surroundings of my life, when, at thirty-seven, adventure

idenly called me out into the unknown. Nothing could have been more unexpected than the occasion which took me to New York. Carrington-Gerald Carrington, the Copper King—had just placed his new steam yacht, the Esmeralda, in commission, and was eager to christen it by a run across and was eager to christen it by a run across to the ports of Spain. He wrote urging me to become one of the party. The temptation was irresistible, for, as I knew Mrs. Car-rington was in Europe, the guests on board would undoubtedly all be men, and probably congenial fellows.

A bachelor myself, the long hours at sea A bachelor myself, the long hours at sea had left me unaccustomed to the society of women, whose presence I avoided when-ever possible. Hence, I accepted Carring-ton's invitation immediately by wire, hastily

collected from strange tribes throughout the seven sens. Forward, an open pas-sage, guarded only by silently swinging doors, led to the steward's pantry, and various storerooms beyond, while beside this opening a broad, brass-railed stairway led casily to the upper deck. Sunlight touched the edge of the companionway and flickered down through a half-opened skylight above, yielding cheerfulness to the scene, yet in-viting to the open air. I would meet those with whom I was destined to companion on this years. this voyage across summer seas.

I paused in the shelter of the companion. feeling now more decidedly the movement of the vessel and realizing that we were encountering a strong head wind, with a fairly heavy sea. This but contributed to my enjoyment of the scene, and at first my whole attention was concentrated on the wide expanse of green water, white-capped and shimmering beneath the sun's rays. To the right extended the beautiful Long Island shore, so plainly visible I could perceive all the houses of a village. while on the other hand the broad expanse of the Sound appeared deserted, except for a single distant sail showing white against the water.

Before me, the spotlessly clean deck of the Esmeralda extended almost to the butt of the foremast, the emergency boom strapped tightly out of the way and protected by tarpaulin, every rope's end care-fully colled, three white boats locked in the davits at either side, their canvas coverbuttoned down firmly. The white paint shone in the sunshine and the brasswork glittered dazzlingly. The vessel was, in-deed, a picture of rare beauty as she raced bravely forward, rising buoyantly to the bravely forward, rising brough the taut rigging aloft. My eyes followed the grace-ful sweep of the low, open rail to the very peak of the forecastle, where a group of sallors, in uniforms of white duck, were gathered beside the windlass. Above them, his hand on the butt of the bowsprit, stood

a s litary figure, the lookout, as clearly out-ened against the blue of the sky as though chiseled from marble. The deck, amidships, was clear, not ever so much as a closed hatch disfiguring the level surface. Beyond was the bridge, with

No passengers, however, were visible, ye

JOLLY GOOD FELLOWS

wind.

tern.

and besides was far enough ad-

its rails of gleaming brass, and below, an open door facing aft, revealed the chart I could see enough of its interior from

There, clearly outlined in the starglimmer, was plainly revealed the figure of a woman.

perfection, and the chef guite evidently a We lingered over the wine and genius. cigars, the conversation drifting where it McCann played and sang; several vould. of the younger men joining him, and when we finally retired again to the deck night had settled quietly down over the waters.

CHAPTER II A Woman on Board

T BELIEVE I was among the first to I leave the table and return outside, and as my inclination was to remain alone and enjoy the calm of the night, I ventured forth along the deserted deck, until I found

and when he finally came out again, 1

nor did I awaken until the steward an-nounced the last breakfast call by a vigor-ous rapping on my door. call by a vigor-with this affair? At least I would I

mers far below deck, where work was progressing on the recalcitrant machinery. Car-rington was seated alone at the table when I entered the cabin, lingering over his coffee, and he remained to keep me company, seem-ingly in a genial mood in spite of the delay. "Don't hurry, Hollis," he said, as the

at anchor?

place now.

"Rather nice bunch of fellows for a cruise, don't you think?"

in stocks?"

different school." I said quietly, ignoring his lead. "My father never speculated."

The Esmeralda still swung motionless,

"There was more damage done than Gault

adjusted; they are puting it back into

Carrington knew or suspected and I could hear a faint tapping of hamon board. "By the way," I spoke with an assi tion of carelessness, "Mrs. Carringto understand, is at present in Europe?"

"Yes, in Switzerland; I have cab that she had better return as far as La at once." "You seem very confident as to the

waiter brought me grapefruit as a first course. "We have all the time in the world. I suppose you have observed we are lying

"Yes," I answered, not quite ready at that moment to spring the important ques-tion. "The stopping of the engine awoke me last night and I went on deck to learn the cause. Once a sallor, always a sailor, you know. That was soon after midnight and Mr. Seeley said everything would be fixed right in a few hours."

supposed. I had my doubts of those en-sines. However, we shall be off now in another hour-I was below myself before coming to breakfast.

"No job then your force cannot handle?" "Oh, no; Gault is a perfectly capable fellow; one of the crank shafts was wrong-

He lit a cigar and leaned comfortably back in his chair, looking amiably across at me through the blue haze of smoke.

"Quite so, although I only knew two previously." "Yes—Fosdick and McCann. The others

are either bankers or brokers; fellows I meet every day or so in my business, you know. We cut each other's throats on the strept, but sometimes it is worth our while to get together. You have never done much

stocks " I shook my head. "My business education was in an entirely

"I know his feelings on that subject," and Carrington chuckled, as though at a pleasant memory. "Your father was a fine man. Robert, a gentleman of the old school, but a bit puritanical in his notions. I never advocate speculation myself, but have never

> ton did not know, possessed no suspicion nevertheless I remained convinced there wa a woman on board the Esmeralda. CHAPTER III I Meet the Mystery THE repair job required longer than any one anticipated, as the captain was finally obliged to send a launch ashore to have some welding done, and it was quite late in the afternoon before the boat re-turned. McCann.

of your advices." "I am; I know the men who

"I see; and, consequently, there are "Women on board?" "Women?" he made a swift, expre-gesture, "Certainly not. I wrote you

that effect, I believe; at least I so instru-ed my secretary. This voyage is primar a business affair. Why should you ask to

I hesitated, yet determined to put

fully to the test. If he knew, either his fa or manner would betray him, irrespect

"I imagined I saw a woman on the last night, when I ventured out to is why the engine had stopped. No doub was an illusion."

was an illusion." "It surely must have been," his voice evidencing surprise, "for I give you my

word there is not a woman on this yae I was on board twenty-four hours before a sailed, and kept my eyes open. What, your mind, did the creature look like?" "Nothing at all definite, a mere outline

the gleam of the stars. The vision of h vanished before I could approach clo

enough to assure myself even of her really I searched the deck later, but found a trace. It may have been an odd combin

Carrington laughed heartily

tion of shadow, but at the time I felt cou-vinced the vision was actually fiesh and

"Dismiss it, my boy," he said, his hand gripping the brass rail. "We may indeed

have ghost women on board, but no and blood ones. Better join us on

and let the sun and wind clear your

"Hardly," I answered, adopting his

as I did not touch any. However, I wi

I watched him disappear through the com-

stirring my coffee nonchalant Yet I was not satisfied ; Carring

-perhaps the champagne caused

question, Hollis. You have met

ported to me.

guests."

hlef ?"

enough.

oin you presently."

of his words.

women on board?"

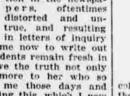
turned. McCann accompanied the shore party, but the others of us remained of board, amusing ourselves as best we mit through a rather hot and tiresome day. C rington received several messages by we less, but exhibited no disposition to retheir contents to his guests, and the shore boat brought back to us the New Yar morning papers. Although nothing definite in the way of war news had accrued previ-ous to their going to press, the editorials afforded us ample material for discus Before the evening meal had ended-the party still lingering in the cozy quarters below over their coffee and cigars-the yacht once again got under way. and steamed slowly eastward down the Sound Evidently the officers were trying out the newly repaired machinery with some cab-tion, anxious to learn its exact condition before venturing out to sea. It was already dusk when we returned to the deok and resumed card playing beneath the awning. electric lights sparkling overhead.



CONTRABAND

A ROMANCE OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC BY RANDALL PARRISH

UART



packed a few things necessary for the trip and unaccompanied by even a valet caught the Twentieth Century for New York. I arrived there July 28, 1914, registering at the Biltmore, with no thought of adventure in mind, but only anticipations of a pleasant, uneventful outing amid men of my class, and an opportunity to view a which I had never before visited.

YACHT READY FOR SEA

this mystery was sooon explained as I stepped to one side and glanced aft. The Carrington lived on Long Island, and I liked with him on the phone. There were cabin projection was not high, yet suffi-ciently so to break the force of the head to be twelve in the party, the names of two, who were former acquaintances, alone be-ing mentioned in our brief conversation. vanced to give ample deck space at the stern. Here an awning had been erected, The yacht was bying at Tompkinsville, pro-visioned, and ready for the sea. I must be on board by 3 o'clock the following day. stern. Here an awning had been erected, and beneath its shelter were gathered the vessel's guests. All visible were men and their occupation, as well as their careless-ness of dress, assured me instantly there were no women aboard. The trip, as I nat-urally inferred, was to be strictly informal, an outing of good fellows. I recognized but three in the group—Carrington, red-faced and white-haired, a cigar gripped in his teeth, giving some instructions to the stew-ard; Fosdick, tall, slim, thin-lipped, a law-yer well known to corporations who desired and he gave me quite explicit instructions as to the best mode of reaching the vessel. The remainder of the day was passed in calling upon certain old acquaintances in the city, and the reading of special newspaeditions, depicting the prospect of war Europe. As Spain was in no way likely become involved. I merely perused these orts with languid interest.

er well known to corporations who desired An accident to the ferry caused me to yer well known to corporations who desired to keep just within legal restrictions, sat at a table, his hand fingering a half-filled glass, while he talked to the men opposite; and McCann, fat, good-natured, born to his father's millions, who amused himself by hiss the local train which I had anticipated aking the next morning, and I was conently the last of our yachting party arrive at Tompkinsville. The others were already safely aboard when I hurried the pretense of being a broker, interrupting across the gangplank, to receive the cor-dial welcome of Carrington, who imme-liately ordered the vessel underway. The mests must have been gathered on the the pretense of being a broker, interrupting the game of cards in which he was engaged with three others to tell the latest story of the street. Personally, I cared little for either of these men, yet had known both, upper deck, enjoying the excitement of dein a way, for some time. The others, judg-ing from outward appearances, had been arture, for I caught no glimpse of any on board, excepting some members of crew, as the steward led me to the ecruited from about the same class-busi recruited from another of Carrington, no doubt; men whose friendship he might need, and who' would naturally appreciate his courassigned to my use during the voy-Age. It was a sea parlor, evidently ex-dusively mine, as no other luggage was who' would naturally appreciate his cour-tesy; perchance a copper pool was planned, and this pleasant opportunity taken to get them all together. This was, indeed, quite possible, and might account for my invicontaining a brass bed securely inchored to the desk, and every imaginable wenience. As I stood, gazing out through the open port at the Long Island shore slipping swiftly past, I could not but con-trast the comfort and luxury of the present with my old quarters on the freighter. It ation as well, for Carrington was aware had idle money. The vague suspicion caused me to smile as I went forward, greeting those whom I knew, and being tas like a leap into fairyland.

duly presented to the others. Even the brief view I had obtained of

boat impressed me strongly, both with beauty, and seagoing qualities. I was lor enough to appreciate all this at a ance. The Esmeraida was quite evi-Whatever they might have been in a business way, and for that I cared abso-lutely nothing, they proved themselves a most companionable bunch of fellows to illy the last word in marine construca plaything to a man to whom ex-meant little. I was aboard a steam most companionable bunch of fellows to meet, two of them mentioning pleasantly that they had known my father, and onethat they had known my father, and one-to somewhat younger man named Shaw-claiming to have chumimed with me the year before at a banquet in Chicago. Fos-dick clung to me like a long-lost brother, seating me next the rail, our conversation defining toward the prospect of war in scht, schooner-rigged aloft, of over 1500 constructed for deep-water cruising, manned, and able to combat the storms of any ocean. Within, the furnishings were and tasteful, while the manner in which dick clung to into the rail, our conversation drifting toward the prospect of war in Europe: a number of others soon became interested and gathered about us in a group. Fosdick cynically sneered at the whole matter, arguing that it was merely a newspaper sensation; that civilization had advanced altogether too far to even permit of another great war. I contended otherwise, feeling assured that human na-ture had not vitally changed within the space of a few years, and that the world was still far from the end of combat. slipped through the waters evidenced mighty power of the engines. Within stateroom the vibrations of the screw Scarcely perceptible, yet already we thave been traveling seaward at fifteen stater

CABIN DESERTED

opened the door and emerged into the in cabin. It was deserted, except for a lier or two attired in white jackets who d covered a long table suspended by acchions from the deck beams above, and the spreading it with snowy linen in sparation for the 6 o'clock meal. Never d I seen a more cogy, homelike interior. nished in Circassian walnut, the side slis, botween stateroom doors, decorated the original paintings, by artists of reputa-to ornamented by numerous casy chairs Distored in leather. Others joined in the discussion Shaw and Schwab, the latter, evidently of German ancestry, becoming rather bitter in review ing the causes of the trouble.

ing the causes of the trouble. The memory of that first meal in the snug aftercabin of the Esmeralda remains a most pleasant recollection. Whatever animosity had, been engendered on deck seemed to vanish instantly as we took our places about the hospitable table. The cabin had been darkened and the anti light of a. ged along either side some ranged along timer, were sidently somewhat larger, were

fancied security from observation in the cross shadow of a small boat. The others, as eral chairs, with the outlines of a map they emerged later from the companion, anging against the further wall. Above outlined a moment against the light, turned arose the wheelhouse, while on the narrow bridge two officers, uniformed in dark-blue, once again aft and resumed their old places I could hear the murmur of their voice with white caps, moved back and forth, o stood motionless, binoculars to their eyes. and the chink of poker chips, but was con tent myself to lean above the rail and stare out across the dark waters. It was MYSTERY EXPLAINED

a still, starry night, with here and there a flickering distant light visible. The sea had gone down somewhat, and the wind was no longer strong.

Apparently we were considerably furthe off shore, and the flashing of a red and white beacon far away to the right gave me some knowledge of our position-of Eaton's Point. By dawn then we should be breasting the long swells of the broad Atlantic. The old love of the sea came back as I breathed in gratefully once more the sait air, and stared out over the black water. The rumbling of the screw, the trembling of the deck underfoot, the splash of waves alongside, were old, famil-iar music. I was indeed glad to be there; to dream of the long, delightful voyage ahead, and drink in once more the fascinat ing mystery of the sea.

I know not how long I stood there, smok-ing and dreaming of the past; once I crossed over to port, watching a great Sound steamer glide silently past us, ever opening a blaze of light, her decks, crowde with people; and once we barely escaped collision with a little fishing smack, flying before the wind for some Long Island haven, with not even a lantern strung at her masthead. I heard the sharp cry of the officer on our bridge, and leaned over to catch a glimpse of frightened faces peer ing upward at me, as the little craft wen tearing past, as instantly lost in the smother astern. The incident gave me a thrill such as I had not experienced in years, and I could understand the injured feelings of the mate, as he leaned far out over the bridge rail, and cursed into the black night Nothing else occurred, however, to break the monotony, and finally wearying of it all. I went below, being in no mind to at games with the others. I met Car-rington at the companion, where we exchanged a few words, mine largely in ex cuse for retiring so early. Even as rested on my bed, McCann's kigh-pitche

voice reached me through the open port with an occasional burst of laughter. Nevertheless I was soon asleep.

SHIP STOPS

Some dormant sense of seamanship aroused to new life perhaps by my brief watch on deck, must have awakened me For I sat straight up in bed, conscious tha the vessel's motion had ceased. All was silent; no jar shook the keel, no footsteps sounded on the deck above. I switched on the electric light, and glanced at my watch; sounded on the deck above. I switched on the electric light, and glanced at my watch; it was slightly after midnight. Through the open port nothing was visible but the dark waters and the far-off gleam of a light, altering in flashes of white. I did not know enough of this coast line to identify the signal, yet it was plainly evi-dent we were some distance from land. Why the Esmeralda had stopped her engines was no special concern of mine, and I hay down again. But sleep would not return. I tossed and turned, and finally arising in sheer desperation hastily donned my clothes. The after cabin was deserted, dimly lighted by one shaded electric globe, beneath which the brass stair-rails shone dully. I emerged on to the deck, grate-fully breathing in the fresh night air. At first I could perceive no signs of the watch on duty; not a moving figure was visible, and I crossed over to, the port rail to obtain a better view forward. As I stood there, a man descended the ladies from the bridge.

"Anything going wrong, Mr. Seeley?" asked. "You have stopped the engines." asked. He stared at me through the dark, blinded still perhaps by the \$2.re of the chart-room, and unable to recognize my strange voice. Yet he was a yatchtsman, trained above all to courtesy.

"Nothing serious, sir," he announced, civilly enough. "The engines are new, and not well adjusted yet; a bit of shaft went wrong, and has to be repaired."

"The captain is on deck?"

"Not now, sir. It was at his orders we heaved to, but he has just gone below. We are out of the trade lines here, and safe enough with a good lookout."

"Are we liable to be lying here for se time, then?" "Five or six hours, the engineer said."

He turned away, but at that instant my eyes caught the flashing of a beacon away ff to the southeast. "What light is that out yonder, Mr.

Seeley? We must be well beyond Eaton? He glanced in the direction indicated. "Those white flashes? That is Oldfield Point, sir. Are you acquainted with these waters?

THE WOMAN APPEARS

"Not intimately, although I retain some memory of the charts. I saw merchants service on the old Atlas Line."

"A fine line that," he acknowledged heartily. "I made my first voyage, as cabin-boy, on the Mohawk. You are Mr. Hoilis, I presume, sir. I overheard Mr. Carrington tell Captain Turner you were to be one of the party aboard. Well, good night, sir; I must make certain the watch s awake."

He touched his cap courteously and disappeared beneath the shadow of the bridge, leaving me again alone, undecided whether to return below or endeavor to walk off my sleeplessness. I scarcely know what idle curiosity led me to stroll along the narrow deck space around the cabin to the lounging place at the stern. The rubber deck matting muffled my steps, while the light of the stars along the water surface re flected sufficient light to give me fair view beneath the awning, which had not been rolled up when the guests retired. I stopped suddenly in surprise, staring surprise, staring across at the opposite rail, questioning the evidence of my own eyes. There, clearly outlined in the star-glimmer, was plainly revealed the figure of a woman.

revealed the figure of a woman. Some in-stinct of fear, or, perchance, a slight sound erved and who fied in fright from discov-ery. I even felt a vague impression of her personality-she was young, slender of form, dressed in some shimmering gray stuff, a light, fluffy scarf concealing her hair. of approach, must have apprised her of my near presence, for she turned instantly toward me, bending slightly forward, her face visible in the shadow; and then, be-fore I could either move or speak, she fied along the port rail, vanishing imme-diately behind the protection of the cabin. I felt sure that her parted lips had uttered The picture of her grew more clearly defined as I stood there alone, staring about liately behind the protection of the cabin. felt sure that her parted lips had uttered to guick exclamation, and her startied effort at escape was sufficient to urge me to pur-tue. Who could she be? Why was she here on board the Esmeraida? above all, why should she be so eager to escape ob-ir ran forward across the deck, and I ran forward across the deck, and puckly explored the passage between the push and rail. It was clearly visible in the solution of the solution of the solution of the solution of the solution. I ran forward across the deck and puckly explored the passage between the post and rail. It was clearly visible in the solution of t a quick exclamation, and her startled effort at escape was sufficient to urge me to purat escape who could she be? Why was she here on board the Esmeraida? above all, why should she be so eager to escape observation?

I ran forward across the deck, and quickly explored the passage between the cabin and rail. It was clearly visible in the bright starlight, but the swiftly ficing figure had totally vanished. I reached the steps of the companion, and gased down through the glass doors. The light below revealed nothing, the cabin remained quiet, and deserted. Not a shadow rewarded my and deserted. Not a shadow rewarded my search, either on the open deck, or below. Yet surely this was no dream, no hallucina-tion, no.mere vision of the night. The woman had actually been there; I had seen her plainly enough; had even heard the scho of her voice. There was then a woman on board a woman who sought



discuss this later-before our voyage ends." "This then is more of a business than a pleasure trip, sir?"

He laughed, watching the smoke rings rise lazily in the air.

"Well, hardly that, my boy. My pitality is not to be so strictly limited. How ever, no doubt, we shall discuss some mat-ters of business in portance before our re-We are all more or less interested in the state of the market. By the way, you have some idle money. I hear?"

"Not a large sum at present, although it is true I control some capital." Carrington pushed back his chair and

"That is of no immediate importance." he said carelessly. "But in my judgment we are not far away from a great oppor be on the inside. It may interest you to know that a copper pool is being organized." "I suspected as much; you have some

Exceedingly important news, Listen Hollis, this is strictly confidential and worth your thinking it over. Only two men on board know the truth. There will be war in Europe-the biggest war ever known in history-within a month. I base my pre-diction on dispatches from confidential agents in Berlin, Paris, St. Petersburg and Vienna. They are in positions to know. Do you realize what that will mean for instance to copper?"

"I can imagine, sir. But if we are on the verge of such a sudden rise in the mar-ket value, why do you leave New York for long voyage?" Carrington smiled, stroking his gray

mustache.

mustache. "A natural question, perhaps, coming from one not acquainted with my methods," he answered good humoredly. "Because I prefer to be thought out of it. Everybody on the Street is aware that I.am at sea. I on the Street is an interviewed, importuned thus escape being interviewed, importuned for information. I am unsuspected of being where I can manipulate the market. I have with me, also, others, whose absence from New York will greatly tend to quiet

New York will greatly thin to unit suspicion." "Yes, but that is certainly a handicap." "Not in the least; the Exmeralda is equipped with a powerful wireless outfit, and we have on board the most expert operator to be procured in New York. I shall be in direct communication with my office every hour of the day and night. Moreover, I have with me men who possess and who control millions, and who are smart, shrewd speculators. Tomorrow, ones esfely beyond Point Judith. I shall explain to them my plans; meanwhile, Hollis, think it over."

A GAME OF CARDS

I took a hand for an hour or more at a table devoted to whist, having Fosdick for a partner, but finally, wearying of the sa found a comfortable steamer chair m the rail and let my thoughts drift h The engines moved steadily and we making better progress, as I could e e from the twinkling lights along shore. The sky was slightly overcast, wind from the south and light. I never, call a softer, sweeter air. The men behind me were again discussing the war news, their voices scarcely reached to my en Once I learned forward, observing the and green lights of an approaching stea ship as our siren spoke, but was altoget too negligent to cross the deck and was the stranger pass by.

the stranger pass by. The fact was, I could not banish entire from mind the recollection of that won whom I had seen in this very spot the ni-before. I had actually seen her—it was no vision, no dream. The reality only came more apparent as I reviewed all to circumstances. Carrington's contemptue disbelief had left not the slightest impr sion on my mind. No doubt he had fail in what he said, and possessed no suspice whatever of her presence on the yacht. I she was here nevertheless—why, how, what purpose, by whose belp, I could be that the said the she actually exist that the she actually exist the she actually exist that the she actually exist that the she actually exist the she a what purpose, by whose pelp, I con conjecture—but that she actually and was hidden somewhere aboard I not the slightest doubt, and I must not the slightest doubt, and I must the mystery alone. No one else had her, no one else would believe my mesides, I could not recall a single . vidual in the company to whom I can repeat my suspicion. They would tak as a joke-laugh me out of countenance Carrington had attempted to de. Yet I unconvinced; satisfied in my own mind I had not been mistaken.

But how could I prove the vision How establish, at least to my own faction, her identity and purpose? I th it all over again and again. If Carr it all over again and again. If Carrie was unaware of her presence—and of I really no longer felt any doubt—that must have slipped aboard unseen, or, chance, aided and abetted by one of crew. Somewhere below, where disco was not probable except through she was kept in hiding. There vacant staterooms forward-petty quarters-in which she might rema quarters—in which she might re-cealed. Yet to accomplish this need assistance. She must hav in getting aboard unseen; some knew of a vacant cabin and v supply her with food. Only an of hops to do this without arousing Except for the engineer, Gault, w not seen, but who was hardly in to render such service, there who might be accomplices — the Turner, and the first and secon-Hatch and Seeley. I dismissed a of the first two almost instantiff was an old sea-dog, a former as unapproachable and an extrem disoiplinarian, while Hatch way for

CONAL

pressed exactly, but plainly implied. Car-rington would surely know; it was his yacht. Very well, I would ask him in the morning about the young woman. Taere was bothing more to do then, how-ever, although I prowied about for som time, peering into dark corners and turn-

time, peering into dark corners and turn-ing the matter over and over in my mind. Some way the presence of the girl faci-nated me; I could not altogether cast aside the memory I possessed of her fleeting fig-ure. She seemed more spectral than real and yet I felt no longer the vertice of a south that the was lock and block it

serted and who fied in fright from disco