By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

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Captain Trigger commands the steamer Doraine, whose disappear-once while bound from a South American port to the United States with 750 passengers was a mystery, After the vessel leaves port, Algernon Adonis Percival is brought bifore Captain Trigger as a stowaway. The captain questions him as to how he boarded the vessel and learns he came aboard as a coal passer. He cants to return to the United States, and explains that robbers have taken all his money. The captain also learns that two deckhands have leaped from the ship and he suspects a plot to werek the vessel. Percival is put to work under guard. Next morning the veireless operator reports his transmitter out of order. Passengers are nervous and some carry around their jenels for safety. While at work Percival is recognized by Ruth Clinton. Shortly after he is recognized a series of explosions occur, killing forty-six of the crew and passengers. The ship remains afloat. Both the captain and Percival ware among the injured. Ruth Clinton dresses Percival's wounded hands. The ship weathers one of the terrific storms of the southern Atlantic, but eprings a leak. Mms. Obosky, a beautiful young Russian, is very frank in her admiration of Percival Just as the situation is critical land is eighted, and the Doraine grounds in a narrow channel between two small islands. There is a crists as the steerage passengers in their excitiment to leave the ship threaten entity. Percival again proves himself the man for the emergency and quells the outbreak.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES THIS STARTS THE STORY

AND HERE IT CONTINUES CHAPTER IX EARLY the next morning, Percival turned out long before there were ny sounds from the galley or diningm. The sun had not yet cleared the rectops to the east; the decks of the Doraine were still wet with dew. A few sallors were abroad; a dull-eyed junior officer mordily picked his way through the debris on the forward deck. Birds were singing and chattering in the trees that lined the shore; down at the water's edge, like sentinels on duty, with an eye always upon the strange, gigantie intruder, strutted a number of stately, bright-plumaged birds of the flamingo variety-(doubtless they were flamingoes); the blue surface of the basin was sprinkled with the myriad white, gleaming backs of winged fishermen living, flapping, swirling; on high, far above the hills, goared two or three huge birds with wings outspread and rigid, nonarchs of all that they surveyed. The stowaway leaned on the port rail and fixed his gaze upon the crest of the severed hill, apparently the tallest of

the half dozen or so that were visible With powerful glasses he studied the wooded slope. This hill was probably twelve or fourteen hundred feet high. He thought of it as a hill, for he had lived long in the heart of the towering Andes. Behind him lay the belt of spedland that separated the basin from he open sea, a scant league away. The claft through the h'll lay almost directly ahead. Its walls apparently were perpendicular; a hundred feet or less rom the pinnacle, the opening spread out considerably indicating landslides at ome remote period, the natural sloughing off of earth and stone in the formaion of this narrow, unnatural passage through the very center of the little unta'n. For at least a thousand feet, wever, the sides of the passage rose as straight as a wall. That the mountain was of solid rock could not be doubted after a single glance at those sturdy nflinching walls, black and sheer

"Well, what do you make of it?" inmired a voice at his elbow. He turned to find Mr. Mott standing beside him. "Earthquake," he replied. "Thousands of years ago, of course. Split the island completely in two.'

"Sounds plausible," mused the first officer. "But if that is the case, how do you account for the shallowness of the water in the passage and out here in the basin? An earthquake violent enough to split that hill would make a crack in the earth a thousand fathoms

"I have an idea that if we took sound ings in this basin we'd find a section twenty or thirty feet wide in the center of it where we couldn't touch bottom The same would be true of the passage if we plumbed the middle. When we mme through it the ship scraped bottem time and again. As a matter of fact—the way I figure it out—she was simply bumping against the upper edges of a crevice that reaches down God nows how far. We took no soundings, ou will remember, until we swung out ato this pool, I'll bet my head that that cut through the hill yonder is a mile deep. Earthquake fissures seldom to deeper than that, I've heard. Generally they are mere surface cracks, a hundred feet deep at the outside. But this one-My God, it gives me the

reeps, that crack in the earth does." "Umph!" said Mr. Mott, his elbows on the rall beside the young man, his hin in his hands. He was looking down at the water. "Captain Trigger is planning to send a couple of boats outside to survey the coast. I dare say he'll e asking you to go out in one of them. You're a civil engineer and so he

of brushwood with your hands unpro-tected," she declared, obstinately shak-ng her head in response to his objec-tions. "Don't be foolish, Mr. Percival, it won't take me five minutes to wrap them up, Sit down—I insist. You are still one of my patients. Hold out your hand!"

"They are ever so much better," he protested, but he obeyed her.
"Of course they are," she agreed, in a matter-of-fact tone. "You did not give me a chance last night to tell you how splendid you were in tackling that crazy mob. I witnessed it all, you knew. Madame Obosky and I."
"Then, you didn't beat it when I told."

dame Obosky and I."
"Then, you didn't beat it when I told you to, eh?"
"Certainly not. What are you going to do about it?"
"What can I do? I can only say this: I'm glad Captain Trigger's opinion of me is based on my ability to reason with mi ignorant mob and not on my power to intimidate a couple of very intelligent young women."
"I wouldn't have missed it for worlds."

intimidate a couple of very intelligent young women."

"I wouldn't have missed it for worlda," she said cocily. She looked up into his eyes, a slight frown puckering her brow. "Do you know, Madame Chosky had the impertinence to say that you would have turned tall and fied if those people had shown fight."

He grinned. "She's an amazing person, isn't she? Wonderful faculty for sizing the most of us up."

"You would have run?"

"Like a rabbit," he answered, unabashed. "That's a little too tight, I think, Miss Clinton. Would you mind consening it up a bit?"

"Oh. I'm sorry. Is that better? Now the other one, please."

"Yee, I'm an awful coward," he said, after a long silence.

She looked up quickly. Something in his eyes brought a faint flush to her check. For a second or two she met his gaze steadily and then her eyes fell, but not before he had caught the shy, wondering expression that suddenly filled them. He experienced an almost uncontrollable desire to lay his clumsy hand upon the soft, smooth brown nair. Through his mind flashed a queer rush of comparison. He recalled the dark, knowing eyes of the Russian dancer, mysterious and seductive—man-reading eyes from which nothing was concealed—and contrasted them with the clear, honest, blue-gray orbs that still could fall in sweet confusion His heart began to pound furlously, he felt a queer tightening of the throat. He was afraid to trust his voice. How white and soft and gentle were her hands—and how beautiful they were.

Suddenly she stroked the bandaged hand—as an amiable manicurist might

Suddenly she stroked the bandaged hand—as an amiable manleurist night have done—and arose.
"There" she said, composedly. Her cheek was cool and unflushed, her eyes serete and smiling. "Now you may go, Mr. Percival. Good luck! Bring back good news to us. I dreamed last night that we were unarconed that we would Mr. Percival. Good luck! Bring back good news to us. I dreamed last night that we were marconed, that we would have to stay here forever."

"All of us?" he asked, a triffe thickly, "Certainly" she replied, after the moment required for comprehension Hereyes were suddenly cold and uncompromising.

mising.
"If I never come back," he began, somewhat dashed, "I'd like you to remember always, M'ss Clinton, that I—"eil, that I am the most grateful dog alive, You've been corking."
"But it isn't ressible you won't come

"But it isn't possible you won't come back," she cried, and he was happy to see a flicker of alarm in her eyes. "What—what could happen to you? It isn't—" "Oh, all sorts of things," he broke in much in the same spirit as that which dominates the boy who wishes he could die in order to punish his parents for correcting him.

"Are—are you really in earnest?"
"Would you care—very much?"
She hesitated, "Haven't I wished you ood luck, Mr. Fercival?"
"Would you mind answering my ques-

tion?"
"Of course I should care—very much indeed," she replied calmly, "I am sure that everybody would be terribly grieved if anything were to happen to you out there."

there."

"Well—good-by, Miss Clinton. I guess there,"

"Good-by, Oh, how I wish I were in your place! Just to put my foot on the blessed, green earth once mora. Good-by! And—and good luck, again."

"If you will take a pair of glasses and watch the top of that hill—there is a bare knob up there, you see—you will know long before we come back whether that iskuid is inhabited or not. I and the iskind is inhabited or not. I am taking an American flag with me. If we do not see another flag floating any-where on this island, I intend to plant the Stars and Stripes on that hill—just for luck!"

for luck!"

She walked a few steps at his side, their bodies aslant against the slope of

She walked a few steps at his side, their bodies asiant against the slope of the deck.

"And if you do not raise the flag, we shall know at once that—that there are other people here?" she said, her voice eager with suppressed excitement. "It will mean that ships——" Her voice falled her.

"It will mean home—some day," he returned solemnly.

The one remaining portside boat was lowered a few minutes later and to the accompaniment of cheers from the throng that lined the rails, the men pulled away, heading for a tiny cove in the far side of the basin. The shore at that point was sloping and practically clear of undergrowth.

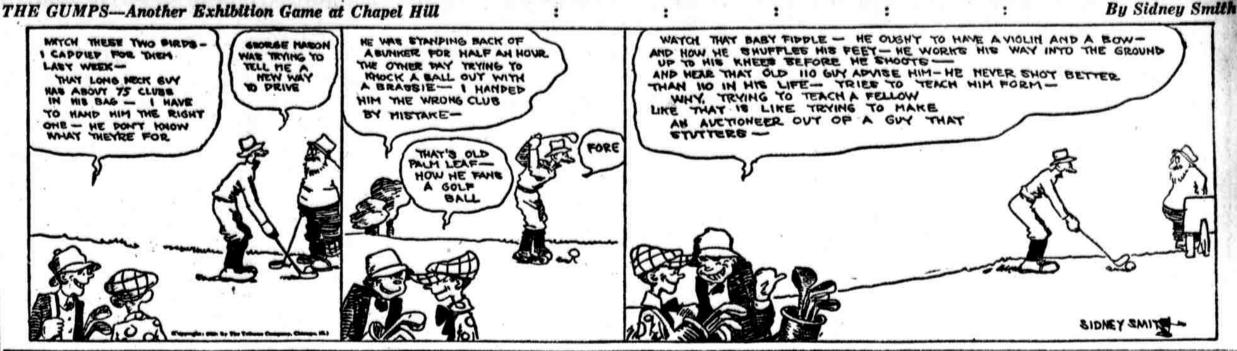
It was while Percival was waiting to take his place in the boat that Olga Obosky hurried up to him.

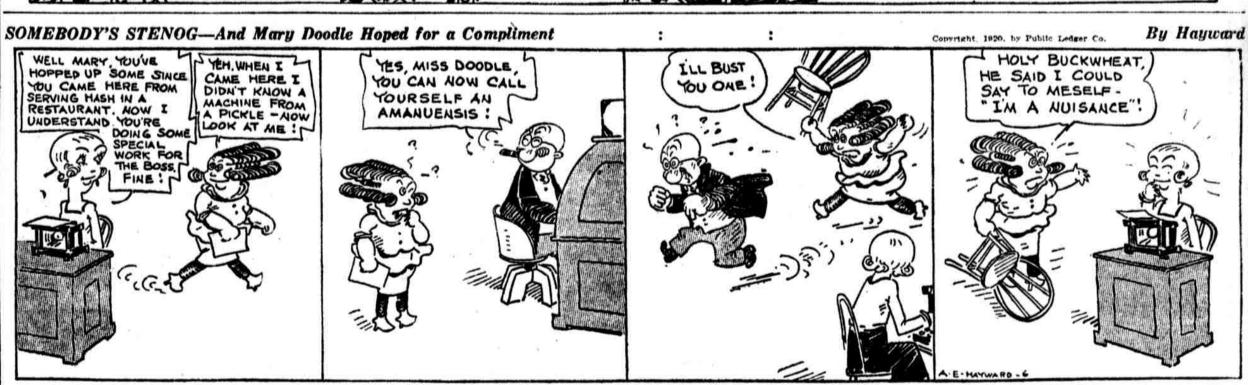
"I have brought my luck plece for you," she said, and revealed in her open naim a small gold coin, worn smooth with age and handling. "Carry it, my friend. Nothing will happen to you while it is in your possession. It was given me by the son of a grand duke. It was his lucky plece It brought me luck, for he was killed zat very same day, and so I was saved from him. Keep it in your rocket till you come safely back and then—then you shall return it to me, because I would not be without my luck, no." She slinned her hand deep into his trousers pocket.

"There is no hole. That is good. I have placed it there. It is safe. Au revoir! You will have good luck, my friend."

Withdrawing her warm hand from his pocket she turned and walked swiftly away.

The throng on board the Doraine watched the party land; hats and hand, watched the party land; hats and hand.





The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says some people never seem to realize the danger of writing letters. and she notices that in almost every divorce suit a correspondent is mentioned.







