



D ID you ever risk your life and come within a breath of feeling it while trying to save a friend? There is a mighty thrilling episode pictured in this installment.

Taking up the thread of the story, you will recall that Hugh Whitaker, returning to New York five years after his supposed death, finds his wife, now a famous actress known as Sara Law, engaged to marry Drummond, his old partner. Drummond supposedly committed suicide. Sara Law disappears. Whitaker, assailed mysteriously, goes to the country place of Martin Ebmer.

He becomes acquainted with charming Miss Fiske, living nearby, and discovers she is watching her. One night she is abducted in a motor boat when Whitaker starts to make a call. He follows the kidnappers in another launch and sees their boat wrecked on a reef.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Trouble, meantime, was closing in upon the scene of tragedy with little less than locomotive speed. Whitaker applied the reversing gear; then, while the engine reversed with a heavy and resounding pounding in the cylinder heads, he began to strip off his coat. The boat, moving forward despite the resistance of the propeller, drove heavily against the wreck, broadside to its stern. As this happened Whitaker leaped to the wreck just in time to grasp the coming and hold on against the onslaught of a hurtling, lumbering, thundering hunched bulk, and he began to struggle before it passed.

He found himself filling his lungs with free air and fighting his way toward the cabin doors through the water waist deep. In another breath he had torn them open, wide, discovering the woman, her head and shoulders showing above the flood as she stood upon a transom, near the doorway, grasping a stanchion for support. Her eyes met his, black and blank with terror. He snatched through sheer instinct at a circular life preserver that floated out toward him, and simultaneously managed to crook an arm round her neck.

Again the sea buried them beneath tons of raging dark water. Green lightning flashed before his eyes, and in his ears there was a crashing like the crack of doom. His head was splitting, his heart on the point of breaking. The wave passed on, roaring. He could breathe. Now it ever . . .

As if stupefied before his responsibility, the woman was passive to his handling and he managed somehow to drag her from the cabin to the cockpit and to jam the life ring over her head and under one arm before the next wave broke down upon them.

They came to the surface in the hollow of a deep, gray wave, fully fifty feet from the wreck. Whitaker retained his grasp of the life preserver. The woman floated easily in the support. He fancied a gleam of livelier consciousness in her staring eyes, and noticed with a curious keen feeling of satisfaction that she was not only keeping her mouth closed, but had done so, apparently, while under water.

Then suddenly, the lift of a wave discovered to him the contour of the shore. Instead of being carried in the rock-strewn beach, they were in the grip of a backwash which was bearing them not only out of immediate danger, but at the same time along shore toward a point under whose shadow he hoped to find some turbulent condition.

Three times he essayed to speak before he could wring articulate sounds from his cracked lips and burning throat.

"You . . . all right?" She replied with as much difficulty. "Yes . . . you may . . . let go."

To relax the swollen fingers that grasped the lifeline was pure torture. He attempted no further communication. None, indeed, was needed. It was plain that she understood their situation.

Some minutes passed before he became aware that they were closing in quickly to the shelving beach. He glanced over as she shivered. They were in the line of breakers. Behind them a heavy comb was surging in, crested with snow, its concave belly resembling a vast sheet of emerald. In another moment it would be upon them. It was with the woman a seasoned swimmer would seize.

His eye sought the girl's. In hers he read understanding and assent. Of one mind, they struck out with all their strength. The comb overtook them,

clashed them to its bosom, tossed them high upon its great glassy shoulder. They fought madly to retain that place, and to such purpose that they rode it over a dozen yards before it crashed upon the beach, annihilating itself in a furious welter of creaming waters. Whitaker felt itself beneath his feet. The rest was like the crisis of a nightmare drawn out to the limit of human endurance. The undertow tore at Whitaker's legs as with a hundred murderous hands. He came out of it eventually to find himself well up on the beach leaning against the carped bulk of a dismantled catboat with a gaping rent in its side. At a little distance the woman was sitting in the sand, bosom and shoulders heaving convulsively, damp-matted hair falling like a curtain of snail's shell.

He moved with painful effort toward her. She turned up to him her pitiful, swollen face, white as parchment.

"Are you hurt?" he managed to ask. "I mean—injured?"

She moved her head from side to side, as if she could not speak for panting.

"I'm glad," he said dully. "You stay—here . . . I'll go get help."

He raised his eyes, peering inland. Back of the beach the land rose in long, sweeping hillocks, treeless but green. His curiously befogged vision made out a number of shapes that resembled dwellings.

"Go . . . get . . . help . . ."

He started off with a brave, staggering rush that carried him a dozen feet inland. Then his knees turned to water, and the blackness of night shut down upon his senses.

When Whitaker awoke the afternoon was cloudy-warm and bright, so that his eyes were grateful for the shade of a white parasol that a girl was holding over him. He grew suspicious of his senses; and when the parasol was transformed into the shape of a woman wearing a clumsy jacket of soiled covert cloth over a nondescript garment of weirdly printed calico—then he was sure that something was wrong with him.

Besides, the woman suddenly turned and bent over him in anxious face, exclaiming in accents of consternation: "O dear! It he's delicious!"

His voice, when he strove to answer, rustled and rattled so that he barely managed to say: "What nonsense! I just thirst!"

"I thought you would be," said the woman, calmly; "so I brought water. Here."

She offered a tin vessel to his lips. He sat up suddenly, seized the vessel and buried his face in it, gradually lifting it, while its cool, delicious sweetness irrigated his arid tissues, until every blessed drop was drawn from him, and not till then, he lowered the pail and with sane vision began to renew acquaintance with the world.

He was sitting in the lee of the beached catboat. The woman he had rescued sat just over his head. The gate was still booming overhead, but now with less force (or so he fancied); and the surf still crashed in thunder on the beach a hundred feet away.

But now, the haze was lighter, and the blue of the sky was visible, if tarnished.

The sands curved off in a wide elegant, ending in a jag, sandy ridge. There was a low, ragged, earthy bulging from the beach and where the heavy uplands lifted their blurred profile against the faded sky, stood a commonplace farmhouse, in good repair, strongly constructed and neatly painted; with a brood of out buildings. Here and there, in scattered groups and singly, sheep foraged about the green pastures, and the cattle were bunched and grazed beyond better, upon her feet the rusty wrecks that once had been shoes.

As for himself, his once white flannel trousers were now a brownish green, and though the cloth had contracted to an alarming extent—uncomfortable as well; while his tennis shoes remained tolerably intact, and the canvas brace had shrunk upon his ankles until it gripped it like a vice.

But these details he absorbed rather than studied, in the first few moments subsequent to his awakening. His chiefest and most direct interest was the warm color in the cheeks that he had just seen livid, there was the wonted play of light and shadow in her fascinating eyes; there was the rounded curves where had been sunken surfaces, hollowed out by fatigue and

strain and there remained the ineluctable allurement of her tremendous vitality.

"You are not hurt?" he demanded. "You are—all right?"

"Quite," she told him with a smile significant of her appreciation of his generous feeling. "But you? Haven't you slept at all?"

"Oh, surely—a great deal. But I've been awake for some time—a few hours."

"But I—! What time is it?"

"I haven't a watch, but late afternoon, I should think—going by the sun. It's nearly down."

"Good heavens!" he muttered, dashed. "I have slept!"

"You earned your right to it. You needed it far more than I." Her eyes shone, warm with kindness. She swayed almost imperceptibly toward him. Her voice was low pitched and a trifle broken with emotion:

"You saved my life—"

"—Oh, that was only what any other man—"

"None other did!"

"Please don't speak of it—I mean, consider it that way," he stammered. "What I want to know is, where are we?"

Her reply was more distant. "On an island, somewhere. It's uninhabited, I think."

He could only echo in bewilderment: "An island . . . Uninhabited . . . Disney assailed him. He got up, after a little struggle overcoming the resistance of stiff and sore limbs, and stood with a hand on the coaming of the dismantled catboat, taking the island with an incredulous stare!

She stirred from her place and offered him a hand. "Please help me up."

He turned eagerly, with a feeling of chagrin that she had needed to ask him. For an instant he had both her hands, warm and womanly, in his grasp, while she posed by his aid, and for an instant longer, possibly by way of reward, then she disengaged them with gentle firmness.

She stood beside him so tall and fair, so serenely invested with the flawless dignity of her womanhood that he no longer thought of the incongruity of her grotesque garb.

"You've been up there?" he asked, far too keenly interested to scorn the self-evident.

She gave a comprehensive gesture, embracing the visible prospect. "All over . . . When I woke, I thought surely . . . I went to see, found some chickens and turkeys in the farmyard. And the farmhouse—apparently it's ordinarily inhabited. Evidently the people have gone away for a visit somewhere. It gives the impression of



The Backwash of the Surf Had Them In Its Grip.

being a home the year round. There isn't any?"

"No boat!"

"Not a sign of one, that I can find—except this wreck." She indicated the catboat.

"But you can't do anything with this," he expostulated.

The deep, wide break in its side placed it beyond consideration, even if it should prove possible to jenny it into other uses.

"No. The people who live here must have a boat—I saw a mooring buoy out there—with a gesture toward the water. Of course. How else could they get away?"

"You'll find the way," she told him with quiet confidence.

"If I'll find the way? How?"

"I don't know—only you must. There must be some way of signaling the mainland, some means of communication. Surely people wouldn't live here, cut off from all the world."

"Perhaps we'll find something in the farmhouse to tell us what to do. I don't have much time to look round. I wanted clothing, mostly—and found these awful things hanging behind the kitchen door. And then I wanted something to eat, and I found that some bread, not too stale, and plenty of eggs in the henhouse."

And you—you must be famished!"

What do you suppose I am? asked Miss Fiske. I will find on the island a solution of the whole mystery!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

No "SPECIAL SALES" at Bonds But You Get Your Money's Worth—Always

We are primarily manufacturers—but we sell direct to the wearer and eliminate the cost of road salesmen and big forces of bookkeepers and shipping clerks. We have no losses through cancellation of orders by dealers, no figure into the cost of our merchandise. There are no retailers' profits and expenses to be added to the wholesale cost before the clothes reach you—the consumer. That is how a \$25 value for \$15 is possible, here at Bond's.

Bond's, Clothes

Never More! **15** Never Less!

The Style You Want Is Here

That's an advantage you have in buying Bond's Clothes. Fifth Avenue's most approved fashions can be found at Bond's, always. You are not expected to choose from four or five different models; we have dozens of them—some for men of conservative ideas; others for the fellow who wants "something different." But all are correct—and new.

Every Day---New Shipments

—Another advantage in buying Bond's Clothes. We receive new shipments nearly every day, to take the place of merchandise sold the day before. This means complete assortments always. You can come to Bond's any day in the year—and find a suit or overcoat to please you—at \$10 less than the retailer charges for merchandise of like value.

BOND'S

A Daylight Store

Between Detroit Opera House and Temple Theater

New York Cleveland Detroit Akron Toledo Pittsburgh and Other Cities Soon

Prosperity of Michigan Demands More Business Trained Young Men and Women Than Commercial Schools Can Turn Out

One of the most striking examples of Michigan prosperity during the past year, (and indications for the coming year point to even greater activities,) is the inability on the part of employers to secure sufficient business-trained young men and women.

The largest and best equipped business school in the state of Michigan, The Business Institute of Detroit reports that in one month alone over two hundred and ninety-five calls were registered at the free employment department maintained by the school for the benefit of their graduates.

When interviewed by a special representative of this paper, A. F. Tull, president of the school, said: "While every year, since the Business Institute began its advent into the educational field of the state, we have marked a decided annual growth, the past year has been a record breaker. One needs only to think of the existing conditions in the commercial world today to easily see why the demand for efficient stenographers, bookkeepers, secretaries, special accountants and the like are so

much in demand. And one has only to look back upon the records of this institution and see the thoroughness of the training of the thousands of young men and women who have studied with us to realize why the graduates of the Business Institute are so much in demand. And the same conditions that exist in Detroit are also true of our schools in Pontiac and St. Clair. There the growth and the demand for Business Institute graduates have been just as remarkable."

"In order to cope with the increasing business conditions, we have augmented our typewriting equipment so that today we have three hundred machines. The equipment of the schools of Pontiac and St. Clair has also been increased."

"The demand for efficient stenographers and bookkeepers is so unprecedented that business and professional men are offering salaries upwards of twenty-five dollars per week. Salaries of \$18 per week are common while beginners are being offered as high as fifteen dollars."

Preserving Frescos.
A novel method of preserving frescoes, recently discovered by a Japanese, consists in coating them with thin glass, which is made to adhere through the agency of specially prepared chemicals. The new method is said to make frescoes proof against the injurious action of the atmosphere. It is stated that chemicals used to make the glass adhere are an alkali element and caustic nitrogen combined at a heat of about 300 degrees C. The inventor has applied to the authorities to have his method used for the preservation of the frescoes in the Horyu-ji temple, the oldest in Japan.

Only Comes by Experience.
The woman who knows how to speak a baby properly didn't acquire the knowledge through a correspondence school.

New Use for Electricity.
According to English scientists, electricity passed through timber when freshly cut makes it more resistant against decay and fungous growth.

Wood Alcohol.
Pure wood alcohol is the only substance which can be converted commercially into formaldehyde, which is universally used for disinfection against such contagious diseases as smallpox, scarlet fever and tuberculosis. The experts at the Forest Products Laboratory have conducted extensive experiments on the production of wood or chyl alcohol from wood and have been successful in experimental work in raising the yield and lowering the cost of production.

Attitude Not Uncommon.
"Some folks," said Uncle Eben, "is so anxious to give thanks dat dey don't want to leave nobody else any less-ns to give thanks foh."

Secret of His Success.
"He is a splendid workman. One secret of it, outside of his skill, is the good care he gives his tools. He keeps every one in the best condition, ready for instant use. Another secret is the care he takes of his best tools—saws, planes and muscles. He never jabs them with liquor or tobacco, foolish or harmful pleasures, dissipation or carelessness. He gets the best service out of them and the tools which perform their bidding."—Exchange.

Widespread Use of English.
Of all the letters that pass through the post offices of the world two-thirds are written by and sent to people who speak English.

Saved Off Sermon.
The surer a girl is about a man being in love with her the less sure she is about being in love with him.—Indianapolis Star.

Oil-Bearing State.
It is claimed that in Colorado there is enough oil-bearing shale to supply 2,000,000 barrels of gasoline.

Epithet.
"Millionaire" used to be a title, but now it is generally an epithet.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Worthy Prayer.
Prayer for worldly goods is worse than fruitless, but prayer for strength of soul is that passion of the soul which catches the gift it seeks.—George Meredith.