The ISLAND of REGENERATION

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

Illustrations by Rayborne Wilcox and Arthur Cahoon

SYNOPSIS:

A young woman card sharper on a train, Katherine Langford, a military inhabitant of a young white man, dressed like a savage, and a Chinaman, are left stranded on a desolate island by a wreck. Katherine decides that she could be happy on such a place, and the Chinaman, who is a Mr. Charnock, of Virginia, and that he was cast ashore from a pirate ship. Katherine finds a lagoon in the island and sets up a lodge for herself. Her feelings on the sea prove her attempted seduction. Katherine is much embarrassed, unable to get her the island, and Charnock, who is a gentleman, offers to go to the other side of the island. A few days later they meet, Langford recognizes Katherine, and Katherine is surprised to see her. Langford, an American, offers to take Katherine back to civilization, but she refuses, fearing a crisis. Langford discovers that she will marry no one but for love. Katherine, in a moment of weakness, forces her to promise that she will make a change. Katherine declares her independence of Langford, and he leaves her. Katherine's mind is filled with the idea of escape. Repentance comes to Charnock after he is cast ashore on the island, and he returns from the opposite side. Katherine, in a moment of weakness, forces Langford to promise that he will not go. Katherine clothes, to the effect that she is given up for dead. Langford, in a fit of despair, leaves the island, and Katherine finds herself in a new life and awaits a promise that he will not go. Katherine finds herself in a new life and is adopted by the uncle in Virginia.

CHAPTER XXIII—*Continued.*

Which was the stronger, he love for the woman or his hatred for the man? He spoke at all. It would be for her sake, sought clue. Would the man understand that, would she? Whatever happened, he had possessed her; she had been his for brief hours. Did he have the strength now to give her to someone else even though he were dead? Being dead, would he know?

The struggle racked and tore him in his heart. He could come to no decision, at least not then. What he would do later would depend upon circumstances. One thing he could do and that was to go and find the man. Attending to such matters as were most pressing and taking the precaution to make his will, a strange will, at which his attorney ventured to remonstrate unavailingly, at last he started on that journey across the continent in his private car. He left the car at Suffolk, Virginia, and, with a pouch which had been transported with him he ran up the west side of the inlet until he came to the manor house which a local guide, picked up by the way, pointed out to him.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A Promise Broken.

It was that same late spring morning when John Charnock sat on the porch overlooking the pale waters of Hampton Roads past Newport News and Old Point Comfort and the blue waters of the Chesapeake and the blue ocean beyond. The motor car was stopped outside the great gate at the end of the long avenue of trees which led to the river road. It could have been driven in, but as he approached the house more nearly with his mind still in a state of indecision, in order further to collect his thoughts and because he was tired from the long ride and because he would not trespass on Charnock more than was absolutely necessary, Langford decided to walk.

Now the sight of a motor car was not unusual and Charnock glanced at it indifferently enough until it stopped at the gate. He did not recognize the tall, slender figure which came slowly up the path by the side of the drive under the great arch of trees. Still as the man drew nearer, he came and with the true Virginia hospitality, a hospitality he had vainly hunted since it was in his blood, he descended the steps to the terrace and would have descended further to the roadway but that he suddenly recognized the visitor. He stopped dead still, surprised, amazed. Langford started, hesitated, threw back his head and came resolutely on. He mounted the first flight of steps and as he did so, Charnock turned, drew back a little to make way for him and the two men faced each other upon the terrace.

"Great God!" cried the Virginian, at last, "you of all men. What are you doing here?"

His brow was dark, his hands clenched.

"Why not I?" answered Langford coolly, a bitter smile on his lips.

"You say that to me after all that you have done?"

"Man," said the other, "didn't I do everything under heaven that man could do to undo it. Isbe forgave me, can't you?"

"No!" answered Charnock, moving toward him.

"Hoop!" cried Langford. "Is your own record so clear? Have you nothing with which to reproach yourself? I ruined her life; yes, I grant it, but you drove her to suicide. Why have I not the right to fault you even as you seem to claim the right to fault me? We have both sinned against that woman, but at least in those four hours I did my best for her. Did you?"

Charnock faltered. No one had ever spoken to him like that. He had said these things to himself many times, but no one else had ever ventured or presumed to do so, and had anyone but this man **ventured upon** such words, he would have met with short shrift indeed. But there was so much justice and so much truth in what Langford said that, resentful though he was, hating the man as he did, he could not be blind to it.

"You are right," he admitted at last but with great reluctance. "There is more guilt on my soul than yours, for no other man under heaven should have told me so."

"Nor should I have told it to any other man," returned Langford.

"But that doesn't explain why you came here."

"Why?" exclaimed the other. "I don't really know."

In that instant the tension under which he held himself gave way and he reeled slightly, put his hand to his heart. For the first time Charnock noticed how white he was, how sick and wretched he looked. Although he could not bear to touch the man, there was unconscious appeal in his weakness which the stronger man could not resist. He sprang instantly to his side. He caught him by the arm.

"What's the matter?" he asked almost roughly. "You look ill, weak, suffering."

"It is nothing," answered Langford, struggling manfully to control himself and to fight back the ever increasing pain about his heart. "My time's about up. If I could sit down somewhere—"

"Come," cried Charnock.

He half led, half carried the man, supporting him with his powerful arm to a seat on the terrace across which the shadows of the house fell in the morning.

"Thank you," said Langford. "Now," he fumbled in his pocket and pulled out a little phial with shaking fingers. "If you will be kind enough to open that and give me one of these," he gasped, "I am hardly up to it."

Quickly, deftly, Charnock took the phial, opened it, placed one of the tablets in the other's hand and waited anxiously a moment on the porch a servant appeared and him Charnock bade bring water, who restorative. Presently Langford recovered himself, the powerful medicine acted, the tearing pain at his heart abated. If left him master, body and broken but his own master.

"Well," he said with cynical bitterness, "you see."

"Yes," answered Charnock gravely, "I see."

"I am going in one of those some day and mighty soon now, and it is because of that that I came to see you. I wanted to talk to you about her."

"No man speaks to me about her."

"But you can't refuse the dying, you know. You can't go away and leave me here. You can't stop me by force. When I am weak, I am strong." he quoted almost sardonically.

"I shall not leave you," said Charnock. "You are pretty for what you did. My God, I could carry you your going. Do you think life is sweet and pleasant to me with the memory of what I did rankling?"

"No, I suppose not," said Langford, "but I didn't really come so much to talk about her as to talk about you."

"I can't conceive that I am proper subject for your conversation."

He said it firmly but not unkindly. Langford was too pitiable a spectacle for that.

"It's about your project," went on the other. "Will you tell me about it?"

"Haven't you read the papers?"

"Yes, but I want to hear from your own lips what you propose to do. I want to know what I am entrusted to large affairs. I want to hear with my own ears all about it."

Charnock hesitated. After all, why not? Standing before the other, he outlined all his plans. Rapidly, drawing upon his memory, he builded before the other's eyes the castle of his dreams.

"It is to be for her, a memorial to her, a place where her name shall be remembered and prayers and blessings called down upon her head by generations yet unborn."

"It is a practicable scheme," said Langford when he had finished. "Who has it in charge?"

"Why you know," answered Charnock, rapidly naming them.

"I know that it is in hands of anybody can. I congratulate you upon it. It is a worthy one, I believe," he laughed bitterly, "you have got ahead of me. Suppose I come and with you for a long time two years, I have been lilting of late. But I will make some amends at least. You will see prestige. Now I must go."

He rose unsteadily to his feet.

"Stay and dine with us," said Charnock. "I never thought to do this. I never thought to speak to you again. But you can't go now. You are in no state to travel even in an automobile. You must come to the house until you recover yourself, get a rest over night, let me send for a physician. I don't mean that there can be friendship between us, but I want to make up for what I have done. I have never been long enough in your presence for you when I held you in my arms upon the deck of the ship. She forgave me, you, I can do it. Maybe by that I can win some forgiveness myself. We were both fools and you were knave, but you were cure at last. I wasn't. Stay here. I won't disturb you."

"By heaven!" said Langford, faltering, "you are man now. No, I won't stay. But I thank you for your offer, and I will pay you for it."

Charnock put up his hand

"I want no pay."

"Nevertheless, you shall have it. I insisted the other. "I will give you a word of advice, although to do it I blush. Marry Langford."

He paused, laid his hand upon his heart again, clutched the clothing about his breast as if he would fain tear it off. He was white once more, the sudden flush had gone, but his lips set determinedly.

"Listen well to what I tell you," he said slowly. "I brought my work to do I. I am false to my oath to **what I** say. Terrible!I was I say! It. Go back to the island!"

"What?" cried Charnock.

"Don't you hear me?" asked the man, intense bitterness in his voice. Now that he had made the plunge, he realized more keenly than ever what it meant to his own life and the sacrifices of death to think of the woman. "Go back to the island!"

"There is a spring horseshoe," said the man, "on the other side of the hill."

I will fetch the water," said the chaplain.

He was wearing a tightly woven straw hat in which he could easily carry it.

Mr. Whittaker turned and ran to the beach whence he sent the boat off to the ship. The surveyor's wife had bound up the woman's ankle, and bathed it with water and whisky, and had forced some of the spirits down the woman's throat, and the man's touch, his presence, would have suffered to call her back to life.

"Do you suffer?" he asked tenderly as she opened her eyes at last.

"Not since you are here," she said. "I was in a terrible ship and fell and hurt my ankle."

The woman has fired it up for you. We have sent to the ship for hand saws."

"Man," she said, "whose ship is it?"

"Mine."

"Did you see my signal?"

"Yes, and we were glad because it was not the pirates. Indeed we were coming directly here."

"And did you come for me?"

"For you only."

"How do you know that I was here?"

"Didn't know it."

"Why did you come then?"

"Was sent to you."

"Who sent you?"

"Langford."

"Did he tell you I was here?"

"He said I was to go back to the island, that was all."

"Nothing more?"

"He gave me a letter which I was to open when I got foot upon it."

"Have you it with you?" the woman asked.

She had risen to a sitting position and was leaning heavily upon her supporting her. He carried the letter in his pocket. He had slipped it there as he started for the shore. He took it and handed it to her.

"You may open it," he said.

With trembling fingers she tore the envelope. Inside there was nothing but a small envelope addressed or dressed to her. The chaplain held the light close to each stitch to see.

"It is for me," she said, "not for you."

"Yes," said Charnock gravely, stifling a spasm of jealousy in his heart.

"You may open it."

"Not I," returned the man touched by this confidence. "It is for you."

Without more ado she tore the second envelope. A little slip of paper fell from it. His message was action enough. The chaplain had quietly inverted his head, she read these words:

"I broke my word once to your sorrow; I have not broken it to your joy. Won't you try to remember now that one good deed does not make atonement and that I gave him back to you?"

She looked at the paper and then she read the simple words aloud.

Charnock understood the vagueness that in some way Langford had known that the woman was alive—he had to ascertain later—and that she had made him promise not to tell that he had broken his promise and died—"I don't understand the last sentence," said the woman.

Charnock was in her words, I take it," answered the man. "He looked like a dead man when he came to me at my ship. He said he was going back to the island."

"Man," said Langford," the woman. "May God have mercy on him." added the woman, a moment later. "I knew the story, too. "Do you forgive him, my child?" asked the man, speaking low, too, turned away to leave them alone.

"With all my heart," answered the woman.

"And do you forgive me?" asked Charnock softly.

"With all my heart," again answered the woman, but with a change in the intonation that made all the difference in the world between the two statements.

She turned her face toward him reaching her arms up to his neck, for getting the pain in her foot in the joy of kisses he pressed upon her up turned lips while he held her close there in their arms and carry sight on that ganilke island of regeneration in the far Pacific sea.

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Mrs. Thomas Haggener, Carterville, Ill., says: "For over ten years I suffered from a severe pain with backache and kidney trouble. My nerves and digestive organs were deranged and I could not sleep. The kidney secretions were irregular and gave me great trouble. One day I suddenly fell to the floor, where I lay for a long time unconscious. Three doctors who treated me diagnosed my case as paralysis and said they could do nothing more for me. As a last resort, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and was permanently cured. I am stronger than before in years."

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Doll House Library.

A search for a child's short story, "The Gifted and Benjamin Cabish," in a volume all by itself revealed to a persistent city shopper the thought and money that are expended on the furnishing of the Christmas Book stores had not the story in a single volume, but in a department store one young woman interviewed had recently been transferred chiefly to her department and was able to contribute a helpful hint.

"I think," she said, "you can find it in one of the doll house libraries." Naturally had by that time become a sauce to literature, so the shopper carried about with her the doll house libraries. Three of the most expensive were contained libraries consisting of a score of diminutive books and upon each shelf stood the stands, complete. One of them was "The Griffin and the Minor."

A Five-Cent Washwoman.

In Evanston, Illinois, washwomen get from $1 to $1.50 a day. Some live in and some live at work. Five years ago they got $1.25 a day. Naturally all this is an expensive day there. But now women everywhere are learning of a wash-day saver that only costs a nickel. Easy Task laundry starch, half the size of a lump of starch, saves time, saves fuel, saves clothing. Many women say it solves the servant problem.

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The Struggle Racked and Tore Him in His Heart.

again." he went on. "Go back to the island."

His voice rose until he almost cried the five words in Charnock's face. The Virginian stood absolutely appalled. Langford looked at him a moment, laughed bitterly, turned, and went slowly down the steps. More than ever he hated him. In one hand Charnock was by his side.

"You have said too much or too little," he cried, laying his hand upon the other. "What do you mean? Why should I go back to the island? Is she there?"

In his agitation, he even shook the frailer, slighter, darker form of the man who had lost uttered these words.

"Unless," said Langford coolly, "you want me to die on your threshold, you would better take off your hand. The doctors told me that the least physical violence or exertion would be fatal to me."

Releasing him, Charnock spoke again.

"But won't you tell me what you mean? Great God, man, think what your words convey?"

"I will tell you nothing, nothing further. This is my last effort and testament to you. Though I die here, I have nothing further to say to you than this: Go back to the island. Damn you!"

He turned away again and went down the leaving Charnock standing staring after him. He reled slightly as he went, but he caught himself and marched on with as great resolution as ever any soldier marched forted in the point of danger. He had displayed weakness once in the presence of his enemy. He would not do it again, and while Charnock stared at him, he stepped out through the gate from out the trees, entered the car and was whirled away.

Left to himself Charnock sat down upon the bench and pressed his head in his hands, his thoughts in a wild whirl. Go back to the island! What had he said that? Who was there? Did some fantastic spirit of revenge send him half way round the world on some fool's errand? Hatred spoke in the man's voice. He had coupled his injunction with a curse which was sufficient attest to the bitterness of his feelings. And yet truth spoke therein too. Go back to the island! What did it mean?

A long time he sat resolving in his mind his course, considering, he knew what it would be from the very moment that the words had fallen from Langford's lips. He must go back. It was no idle or mere whim he so strike the doubt, to answer the question, to satisfy the wild clamor of his soul, to kill the fancy that flashed into his breast at the other's words.

Meditation was interrupted by the arrival of a strange negro. Langford had engaged at a village twenty. It appeared, where he had procured without asking, the boat had paid the boy liberally to bring the note to Charnock. The envelope was sealed. The death his name was written these words:

"As you are a gentleman and respect the request of a dead man, you will not open the envelope until you land upon the island."

Never was there such a prohibition Never was there such a consuming desire in the man's heart to defy anyone obedient. Yet that vague intangible thing we call honor, backed by a fitness bit of paper and pasted behind Charnock with letters of steel held him in check. He took the boat to his fort, entered the house, sent for his uncle, told him the story and bade him get ready to start for San Francisco that night. Whittaker and the chaplain, summoned hough he knew the great undertaking, joined them at Washington, and the **Jim party was** rushing **westward in a private car on a special train as fast as steam and steel could take them.** And yet to the heart of the man their progress was so slow that every hour he became more frantic with impatience.

Back in the little village inn by the sea-shore Langford, alone, lay dying. A strange lawyer wrote a few letters for him confirming a will made in San Francisco leaving ever dollar he possessed to Charnock's great undertaking on condition that his name be set

Morning and Evening with Unvarying Routine She Had Scanned the Horizon Vainly.

mentioned in it and that those who cared for him might regard it as the end of a great expiation. And so, alone, insteed one by a strange clergyman, he passed out of earth, having made what atonement he could. He loved much in the end, only in the end much would be forgiven him! Poor Langford!

CHAPTER XXV.

United.

How long had been those two years of Mrs. Charnock's life that had been consistently insupportable had it not been for the distraction of her adopted child. The books were not such as she would have chosen, but they were books, at any rate, and she read them. The days had gone by, but she had fashioned for herself a routine which was endurable in her situation, rejoicing that she was no longer compelled to wear the mask, chafing, grass tufted of the pain.

The long dead blessing, number, of all that had been left to her was the sweetness of the child. Sometimes she had given her occupation, and at other things had fallen her, for the little thing was a mystery story of her. Not imagining that they would ever be seen by human eyes, she had begun to write down her impressions. Every incident had been set down, the impressions of herself had been franker in his "Confessions" than was ever sweetness and light. She had restricted her writing to a certain number of sheets in order to prolong the occupation as much as possible, and had carefully considered every thing she put it down.

Late she had gone to the beach to climb high in the center of the island where she had laboriously built another cove for another boat, and there in the past hour of her solitude she had scanned the horizon, this time with an excellent glass that Langford had left her. Not a sail had sighted a ship. He never came over came. Hope gradually died away in her heart.

Coming she climbed wearily to the top of the hill and listened, wondering why the boat never came, unbroken horizon, which she had scanned morning and evening with unvarying routine she expected nothing, but suddenly there sprang into the circle of the telescope a dark blur which she had never seen before. Her heart trembled as that she almost fainted at the sight. She had to sit down upon that object again and could not do it for nervous agitation. Finally she lay down upon the hill and rested her arms upon it and her head upon them, and so steadying the glass, managed to fix it on the object.

It was a sloop of a fair build. She had never seen such a thing before, which methodically and mechanically she had brought with them when she clinched up the crest of the hill to seek for a sail. She lifted the matches and approached the beacon. She remembered how once before she had lighted that beacon; she remembered how he came for him confirming a will made in San Francisco leaving ever dollar he possessed to Charnock's great undertaking on condition that his name be set

TOO LATE.

Dr. Pillen—There must be something radically wrong with your system to have your pulse fail at me. You will have to diet.

Patient—Doctor, I'm afraid, doc, there's not enough of it left to dye.

A New Version.

Lawyers have a peculiar system of abbreviation, such words as trustees, executors being cut down to trees, execs. and so on. This reminds us of an amusing slip on the part of a Scotch judge who, after a long career of dishonest practice and entered the bench, he was called upon to pronounce his sentence by delivering one of the passages as follows: "I am sorry to see you here."

Lets Lavish.

"I saw 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' played last night."

"Which I'll read the book."

"You may be disappointed. The dramatist has left out Eva and Little Lee Lawyer Marks"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Included Her.

"Why did she get angry at the marriage in Greek?"

"She asked him if he had seen her daughter and he answered that he had seen all the sights of the place."

Game.

The Creditor—Will you pay this bill now, or never?

The Debtor—Mighty nice of you to give me my choice, old scout. I choose never.

Kaiser Has Lady Dragon

She Guards Emperor William's Court against the Entry of Feminine Undesirables.

There is at Kaiser William's Berlin palace an Oberhofmeisterin, a lady who has been described as a court lady, who has the privilege, which to make personal acquaintance with the Emperor's wife, and who may attend a court.

A staff at the Berlin court is an affair of much ceremony, but, curious to relate, there are no footmen in the palace and all wraps have to be left in the hall by the visitors.

The imperial couple do not dance, but they watch with interest the promenting of their subjects in the ballroom, and they delight in the plaudit of the ballroom, for which there is no parallel in Berlin, these occasions past.

The court in Berlin are conducted with even more state than in London and the ladies wear no trains, it is said, to their court functions, but it is expected of them to spend lavishly on their clothes, to don magnificent jewels and never by any chance to wear black, and black, by the way, is also forbidden in the Berlin court.

At a Berlin court they have an odd way of separating married women and girls. Wives and daughters are marshaled in two separate rooms and the fun of the fair begins—Gentle woman.

Forces Fate of Play.

Emperor Francis Joseph and his empress once attended the performance of a play which abounded in political allusions. On leaving the theater he remarked, good-naturedly: "We may congratulate ourselves on having seen the piece at all, for I am sure that it will be speedily forbidden."

Joy.

Some people get married merely for the purpose of having a little company of their own.

Sky scraper City

THE mayor of Skyscraper City had been laboring the whole day with many of the problems that do not confront other municipalities. All these had been problems of a peculiarly local character. Suddenly he was called upon to make a decision of a far more general character, one which concerned the welfare of the whole municipality. In the first place, Skyscraper City was unlike the average American municipality. In the first place, it was a municipality of one single structure