The ISLAND of REGENERATION

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

Illustrations by Pryor Fitz-Randolph

SYNOPSIS.

A young woman cast ashore on a lonely island, finds a society inhabited by young white men, dressed in the savage garb of the South Sea Islanders. She decides to educate him and mold his mind to her own ideals. She discovers that he is a young man of wealth that she goes to Java Herself Charmoth of Virginia, and that he was cast ashore while on a yachting cruise with his father, a famous conchologist, and a leading authority on the sea grape. Langford, who is a young man of high intellectual attainments, becomes infatuated with her and they decide to get her the Pacific Islands, for fear he could not be faithful to her if she should be lost. While they are in the Pacific Islands, they decide to develop this island, and leave him alone science and escapes in the darkness in a canoe and succeeds in reaching the island and discovers a village of Kanaka Kanakas, who have a splendid education. Their love for such other is revealed when he rescues her from a cave where she has been imprisoned by a jealous native. A ship is signaled and they fight a fleeness to embrace it. Langford on his side, and Charmoth on the other, are both paid in. The woman recognizes the yacht and tells her companion that a man is on board who she knows, and Langford, who has called himself Kalkatchka, tells the man that she had been his mistress and that he intends to make her his wife. An American cruiser appears off the shore, the whole story and Langford sees that he has lost the woman he loves, realizes that she will marry no one but the island companion. The latter says he will make a change, but the revelation comes too late.

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

"Is the present Charnock married?"

"No," returned the chaplain, "he is an old bachelor."

"That will make it easier for our friend here," said Mr. Whittaker, who divided the evidence in thought concerning

"The best evidence that he could present," returned the chaplain, "is in his face. He is the living image of his father as I knew him, and he has family characteristics which I think would enable almost anyone to identify him without question."

"Sir," said the islander addressing the chaplain, "did you know his mother?"

"That I did," returned the old minister name was Mary Page Thornton, and she was one of the sweetest girls in Virginia."

"And will you tell me about her, and about my father and my people?"

"With the greatest pleasure," said the chaplain, kindly. "Meanwhile, Capt. Ashby and these gentlemen will wish to hear your story."

"Take him to your cabin," said the captain promptly, "and tell him the things he wants to know. We can wait."

"No," returned the islander, "I can wait. I have waited all these years and a few hours more or less will make little difference. You have it right to know my story, and here it is."

Rapidly, concisely, with a fine dramatic touch, he told the story as he knew it of his life on the island. He was so entirely unconventional that he interwove the bare details of the strange relation which he gave them with personal touches. He made no secret of his love and worship for the girl, of the belief he her which he had cherished, of the reverence in which he had held her. He exhibited that strange commixture of feeling with which he regarded her as a human woman and as a demi-goddess. He showed that he was at once her master and her creature, yet through it all there ran such a thread of historic truth of grief, of resentment, of shame, that his auditors, at first unpossessed of the key to his feelings, listened to him with amazement and could scarcely realize or comprehend. He made the story of the two lives up to the sailing of the ship upon the island, and then, his heart failing him, he turned to Whittaker and bade him take up the relation.

It was a delicate matter of which to speak, but the simplicity with which the first part of the tale had been presented gave the officer his cue. He was a man of retentive memory, of quick apprehensive power, and with a nice sense of discrimination, a gentleman. Indeed, he had told the rest of the tale with a subtle sympathy for the situation and the actors that enabled him so to present it to the interested little group of officers that he almost made them see it as it transpired.

"And what," asked the captain, when the final word had been said, "do you propose to do now, Mr. Charnock?"

It was the first time that he had been so addressed and the man started. He had heard Mr. Whittaker's words as one in a dream. He had been going over that dreadful scene on the sands. His heart was lacerated and torn again. He was blind to every thing but the past. He saw her face clinic in the present. He could see nothing of happiness in the future.

"I don't know," he answered.

"But surely this has not made any difference in your feelings?"

"I can't tell. The difference is in her, not in me.

"She made a frightful mistake," said the captain, impressively, "but she has amply atoned, and—"

"She's not what I thought she was," said the man, "and if I love her, I love her now not because, but in spite, of what she is, and there is a difference."

"Miss Preston," interposed Whittaker at this juncture, "has settled the matter herself. She says that she will serve no man's pity, no man's contempt, that no man shall marry her who suffers, and that—"

"Right," said the surgeon, who was a man of very few words and generally good ones.

"My young friend," broke in the chaplain, "I might advise—"

"But that," returned the islander, with firmness, "is not a matter for advice. I don't know the world or its customs. I must appear strange to you men. But I take it that a man's choice of a wife, a man's settlement of his future is not a thing that he breaks counsel over. At any rate, I want none of it."

"Come with me," said the chaplain. "we will talk it over. I am a fair hand in the world," he went on, gently "Perhaps I can help you. Come, your companion is waiting to withdraw, Capt. Ashby."

"Certainly," said the captain.

"Pardon me a moment," said Mr. Interposed Whittaker, "but the young lady has asked that none of us adhere to her wishes. Her decisions as to the matters that have been alleged concerning our friend where Capt. Ashby, will you?"

"Certainly, Mr. Whittaker, I will go. And if you will accompany me, doctor, and you, chaplain, I shall be glad. Mr. Whittaker, you are a notary public and can attest the affidavits and oaths."

"Very good, sir," returned Mr. Whittaker. The other gentlemen bowed their acquiescence. The lady said she would like to be undisturbed until dinner.

"At two bells in the second dog watch then, sir," said the officer called to the steward the captain.

"Dog pardon, captain," said the surgeon, "I'm a bit rusty on sea terms, but I know the lady to be Miss Preston."

"Yes," said the captain. "I don't know her. Do you, Mr. Whittaker, or you, chaplain?"

"Well, then," said the surgeon, as both the gentlemen shook their heads, "it will be necessary to have some one who knows who she is and who is interested in her identity to make her deposition under oath."

"There is Langford," said Whittaker. "he knows her."

"Very good," said the captain, "send Langford to me for a time and present my compliments to Mr. Langford. Ask him if he will meet us aboard the yacht after five o'clock. Say to him also that I should be glad to have his company to-night at seven. Chaplin, will you and Mr. Charnock take luncheon with me in my cabin?"

"Now, to go back to the island. The woman stood and looked at him steadily, resolutely, sternly erect, without a word, without a gesture, until the boat reached the sides of the two ships. Even then she kept her eyes on the bonds of a control of steel. She turned slowly, as soon as ever she was on the grove of palms mechanically found the path and plodded along it, still erect and unbending, until the windings of the path and the thickening of the grove hid her from any chance watchers on the ship.

Then, and not until then, did she give way completely. She threw herself down upon the sand in the cool shadow of the great rocks in what to her had suddenly become a weary land, and outstretched her arms as if to clasp the earth to her breast in default of the man she had dreamed of and trusted, she had lived and lived for, and lay there a silent, shuddering, wretched heap.

Her crushing disappointment at his failure to rise to the measure of her ideal of him, the total end of her dream of happiness, the breaking of all her hopes, the closing of all her ambitions, the restless sounder of her heartstrings wheelmed her in agony. She had thought that never could humanity experience more than the pain inflicted by the horror of her position upon the ship, but that pain to the present was like a caress to the pain of that dreadful hour added a new sense of loss, of disappointment and despair. Like Philoh of old, dismayed, disheartened, broken, she prayed that she might die on the sands.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Man's Failure.

At five o'clock a boat put off from the ship and, carrying the chaplain, the islander, the captain, the other officers and the surgeon, rowed to the island and met them on the sand. She had disappeared. This ceremony over, Whittaker assumed charge of all the stores which had been landed and deployed and all the little formalities of government. Little by little, she came around in awkward silence wondering what had happened.

"Miss Preston," said the captain at last, breaking the pause, "it seems a shame. For God's sake, reconsider your decision and come off to the ship."

"No," returned the woman, quietly, "I am not to be taken."

"Katharine!" exclaimed Langford, extending his hand in one final appeal.

"Not with you, either," said the woman.

"My dear young lady," began the old chaplain, "think what it is you do—"

"I do it," interrupted the woman, "deliberately, completely, knowingly. I don't even think that I love you now. You have been tried and found wanting. Gentlemen, will you take him away?"

"Let me stay," said the man, huntily, drawing apart from the others.

"I will, if you insist," said the woman who lays a finger upon me."

"Let me explain," this land, I take it, is the United States. As the ranking officer present, I represent its law. It is under my rule. As to your case, I have nothing to say, but as far as regards other things, you will have to obey me here as any other citizen of our country."

"And I have nothing of the United States or its laws," answered the man, "I am a law unto myself."

"The first lesson that the world will teach you, sir," returned the captain, pointedly, "is that that position cannot be maintained. On the whole question of allisiation depends upon concession of individuals of natural rights and upon the enforcement of those concessions by other individuals delegated to them by the people."

"I don't wish to learn it, and that is why I will not leave this island." pursued the man.

It was the woman who interrupted the cryegant cross to the man and laid her hand upon his arm.

"You said that in some fashion you loved me," she urged.

"In some fashion I do," he replied.

"It grows late. Captain, can your ship lie by the island until morning?"

"If you wish, madam, I can lie by the captain.

"Well, Man, will you then go aboard the ship with these gentlemen and leave me alone for this one night?"

"Alone, madam!" exclaimed the captain.

"Certainly, sir," returned the woman. "There is not a harmful thing upon the island. You can come back in the morning and we will discuss this what is to be done. Finally, gentlemen," she went on, with a pitiesome trouble of her lip, for one moment losing her control, "I have been tried beyond the strength of my soul to-day. If I can have a quiet rest, if in the morning—

"That is reasonable," said the surgeon. "The lady is in no state for this discussion now, Indeed, are you, sir?" he continued, looking hard at the man.

"Very well," said the captain. "Come, Mr. Charnock, you accompany me at request; gentlemen. Madam, good night."

He turned away, followed by the others. Charnock lingered a moment, stated.

"I give you one more chance," whispered the woman in his ear. "I think myself for the last time, wife of any man. you think so? Do you love me? Do you want me? Do you need me? Can you think of me as all that is sweet and noble and pure and true and worthy of any man's affection?"

She took a step closer toward him, the intensity of her feelings. The words rushed from her. The man passed his arm over her shoulder.

"I can only say what I said before. I love you more than I ever did, more you, and that you ought to be—"

"That is enough," interrupted the woman. "Good by."

She drew him gently apart from him. "Mr. Charnock," rang the captain's clear, imperious voice.

Slowly the islander turned and made his way to the boat, with the others.

The woman, thus left alone upon the island, was face to face with a crisis which could only be met in two ways. Either she must go away with the man, or they must both remain on the island. It was possible that the captain might be induced to use force to take the man away, but that was not likely, and if it were attempted, she believed, with much foundation for her belief, that the man who had never been conquered by a human being greatly about him.

She had given him a final chance. He did not love her as she would be loved. He could not love her. It was evident to her that he never would be able to love her, never had been able to hope for, nothing to dream about. There was one way of ending the Gordian knot; she could die. And yet, somehow, the thought of life was strong in her heart.

She crossed the island to her side, where she was hidden from the ship, and gazed upon the ship with a heart as cold as ever. She had slipped off the garments of civilization and waded out a little way into the lagoon. She stood for a moment and she was in the screen of the darkness. She could easily swim out to the barrier reef, surmount it, and then plunge into the blue Pacific and end the agony. The woman had fought until the last vestige of her strength was gone. She had fallen down, bearing him free and setting the question, and he had been stepping about her feet hold her back. Death was the easiest, the best, the advance.

Could she do it? Should she do it? At least she would not give up the fate for which she was born, she would try set herself to wade into the deep—or to—no, she would not give evidence of her indecision. Under other circumstances she would have gone back in her mind as to her course, a quick run, a spring, a splash, and she would have been in the midst of the lagoon. She went slowly, and as the water grew deeper, she went more slowly. It was warm and pleasant in the lagoon, and the water was of the same temperature between the water and the air, and she felt no chill upon her skin. And yet the sea had never seemed so cold to her as it felt to her to-day.

Fly and by she stopped, the water rose to her breast. The wind blew gently toward the land, and the waves rolled in gently and held her back. She stopped dead still and thought and thought, searching anxious problem, full of passionate disappointment, with regret, despair, and serious that life held nothing for her, and yet clinging to it, unknowing what would be the outcome of the struggle raging in her breast between the passions, love of life and love of man!

CHAPTER XX.

The Repentance That Came Too Late.

For the first time in her life the heart of the island played the coward. He was afraid to be alone. The others, the officers of the ship, that is, not the standing, were on board the handsome yacht, declining the captain's invitation to dinner—would have to come back to the islander's hound and later left him to himself, but it was evident that he craved their company. Whittaker and the old chaplain suggested that it would be well for him to they know that sooner or later his fate would force him to return to them, or sooner he would be alone.

And they left him to his own devices in another letter. "I cannot speak too highly of Resinol Ointment and Soap. I have used it for eczema, for years. He had a very severe case. Numerous other remedies had been tried and failed to do any good. I would not be without them in the house."

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DESERVED IT.

Status—Playin' poker hands lar' night? accidentally throw five aces.

Sambo—What did de oddes do?

Status—Threw me outer de window.

EPIDEMIC OF ITCH IN WELSH VILLAGE

"In Dowlais, South Wales, about fifteen years ago, families were attacked with wholesale by a disease known as the Welsh itch. It is the most terrible disease I know of. It is a kind of itch, but it itches all through your body and make your life a torture. Sleep is out of the question and you feel as if a million mosquitoes were attacking you at the same time. I knew a dozen families that were so affected.

"The doctors did their best, but their remedies were of no avail whatever. Finally, the village fell a victim to the length of the voyage, be it six days or sixteen.

Sometimes, however, nausea does not develop, and this kind of sickness is described by the victims as much worse than that in which one gives up all within him. The sensations of sufferers say that their form is the worse, the question is left out for discussion.

At all events, no pang known to terrin firma equals in sheer terror and misery the despairing, lost sensation of the seasick. First, say those who know whereof they speak, the sailor barbors a horrible fear that he is going to die. In the next place he becomes apathetic and doesn't care a tinpenny damn for anything in life. In the third stage he hopes that he will die, and prays for surcease from his failing.

"Please throw me overboard." is the epitaph frequently urged upon sea captains by unhappy sufferers, and at the time they mean it.

Finally, the victim fears that he will not die, and hopes for strength to be able him to rush to the side and hurl himself into the glittering ocean.

Far from being a dangerous affliction, however, seasickness is beneficial in many cases, and a large majority of sufferers are benefited by it, rather than harmed, by the complete and total subjugation of their pride.

People who never are seasick invariably are those who have a good constitution, a strong stomach, and a good digestion. Nature, in the case of the seasick, is at war with the stomach, and the victim of sickness can eat, and an occasional fast is a mighty good thing for the system.

As far as is known, no one ever died of seasickness, although there have been instances in reports of shipwrecks where the victim of seasickness, in all such cases, however, some organic disease has been the real cause, and not the simple seasickness itself.

For example, a woman last summer died of seasickness on a voyage to Liverpool, unconscious and dying, after suffering from seasickness for the two weeks of the voyage. When the end came, her death was ascribed to exhaustion, following mal-de-mer, but the truth soon was demonstrated that she had been hopelessly ill with a heart malady when she had set sail.

Some veteran traveler once counted the thousand and one alleged remedies for seasickness, but as the end was not in sight he stopped counting and roughly guessed that there must be at least a thousand. And, and, as good as the other, as useless. Still, each satisfied the patient's wild desire to do something, rather than to cease his mind and contributes to the sum of human happiness. Some in some degree to a sort of faith cure, the place of water given to a various nausea relief remedies, the entire surrendered to the Almighty with the remark: 'My congratulations! It's quite plain I don't! Personally I do not care, but I trust Hodin will forgive you." Some, too, have to forgive his country, so he must be accustomed to it by now."

What he Wished to Know.

Stevens—Jones's wife is a great scientist. Jones—Yes, I understand she is entitled: "How to Meet Trouble." Mrs. Wedderly. "Shall I read it to you?"

"No, sir," replied his wife's husband. "How to dodge trouble is the brand of information I'm looking for."

Avoiding Attention.

"You look sweet enough to kiss." "Well, here is a railway station."

Three Acts and An Injunction.

"Has Mullet secured a copyright on his trusty comedy?"

"He gets the injunction first."

"What injunction?"

"The injunction to prevent the jokes from stopping the performance."

LEADING MISTAKES IN LIFE

Writer Has Recorded Ten, of Which Most of Us Assuredly Have Our Share.

Some of us may be glad to be told that there are only 10 life mistakes, for there seem to be so many more, but a recent writer has catalogued them. Perhaps there are only the 10 leading ones from which the smaller errors arise. Let's look over the list and see how many of them are ours: First, to set up our own standard of right and wrong and judge others accordingly; second, to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; third, to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; fourth, to look for judgment and experience in youth; fifth, to endeavor to mold all dispositions alike; sixth, to look for perfection in our friends; seventh, to worry ourselves and others with what can not be remedied; eighth, to refuse to yield in immaterial matters; ninth, to refuse to listen to others; tenth, to place too much faith in our own judgment.

Just what the percentage of average travelers who succumb to seasickness cannot have neglected to figure, but a conservative may place it at about 90 per cent. So much for statistical stumbling agents, and you that probably only 10 persons travel by sea. Oh, Atlantic and Pacific, ah, the great lakes each year, you can easily enumerate the number of sick, seasick sufferers at 365,000 persons. And seasickness is no respecter of persons—prince and pauper, young and old, man and woman, all alike suffer from its pangs. Even animals feel it, and the sailor knows persons never outgrow it, no matter how often they go to sea.

Sailing out of port on regular trips we ask passengers to report to our known navigators who "pay tribute to Neptune," as is a conventional term at present, every time they strike deep water. The sick does not last long in these with these victims, but it is doubly conspicuous because of its violence.

As every one knows, seasickness is caused by the motion of a vessel at sea, but just how the motion affects the bodily organism is still an open question.

According to some authorities, the violent and unusual motion causes some of the stomach produce gastric disturbances, and the disturbances cause vomiting. By others the theory is advanced that the center of disturbance is the central nervous system, which becomes demoralized by the strange impressions striking the eyes.

Circulation in the medulla oblongata is impeded, say still others, with the result that a sort of apoplexy takes place in the brain, the result of which is that the nerves controlling the stomach, and, of course, the digestion, is much to blame. Still, each satisfies the patient's wild desire to do something, rather than to cease his mind and contributes to the sum of human happiness. Some in some degree to a sort of faith cure, the place of water given to a various nausea relief remedies, the entire surrendered to the Almighty with the remark: 'My congratulations! It's quite plain I don't! Personally I do not care, but I trust Hodin will forgive you." Some, too, have to forgive his country, so he must be accustomed to it by now."

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SKIN TROUBLES

A Healing Ointment With a Wide Range of Usefulness

A letter from Mrs. I. E. Ganson, Graduate Nurse, Augusta, Me., says: "I must write and tell you the good Resinol Ointment has done. I applied it to an ulcerated leg of six months' standing, and it healed it when nothing tried to heal it. Resinol was applied twice a day for four weeks, and the ulcer has healed. Resinol is now six months since the treatment and no sign of the ulcer has appeared. I have used Resinol for eruptions on children's faces, and for everything else it is recommended for, with satisfactory results in every case."

And this is just what it does in another letter: "I cannot speak too highly of Resinol Ointment and Soap. I have used it for eczema, for years. He had a very severe case. Numerous other remedies had been tried and failed to do any good. I would not be without them in the house."

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"Is the Present Charnock Married?"

She Resolutely Set Herself to Wade Into the Deeper Sea.

WHY HE WAS BEING WATCHED

Detective's Explanation Something of a Blur on the Quaint Old Dutch City.

During a period of political agitation a stranger arrived in Magdeburg, he was applying to the authorities. He obtained a permit to remain for a limited time. He had not been long in the town before he became aware that his movements were watched by one of the blue uniforms. He bore it for days, and at last said to the man, "Why do you wish to drive me mad? Why do you follow me everywhere?" "I am a detective, and my instructions are not to let you out of my sight," was the quiet answer. "Why, what fault have the police to find with me?" shouted the stranger in the greatest excitement; my passport is in order, here is my ticket of residence; I am a citizen of Berlin, why do you follow me about?" "It states in your passport," was the reply, "that you were going to reside here for pleasure; that looks suspicious, as if the first time anyone came to reside in Magdeburg for pleasure."

English Boys Want Easy Jobs.

Among English boys the long drudgery of learning a trade seem if the opportunity offers, which it seldom does, they would like to get a job of errand boy, shop boy, office boy, messenger boy, or boy of some kind preferred. The consequence is that it hops in every 100 leaving the elementary schools enter unskilled occupations, and the majority of them become errand, van or boat boys, 14 per cent. shop boys, 8 per cent. office boys and junior clerks. Unskilled work is the most popularly into trades.—Westminster Review.

Oh, That There Were Others.

"They have that old wine stored for a couple of years, they said. Why did the wine never drink it?"

"I used to once in a while," she answered, "but not any more after I met the two Brooklyn girls who had traveled all over the world. They cured me. It was 'When I was in China,' or 'When I was in Japan,' or 'When I went through the Black forest,' or 'When I took a sail down the Red sea,' until they just about bored me to death. I said to myself then that I would ever after spare my friends, and I have kept my word."

LIKED THEIR WEIGHT