



"BREATHES THERE THE MAN——"

By George C. Hull

DRAWINGS BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS



HERBERT CHARLES SAINT GEORGE, fifth Earl of Blenton, unshaven of face, unclean of clothes, sat on the beach of Tafofu. A tuft of sunburnt yellow hair protruding through a break in his coarse palm-leaf hat matched the unkempt patches on his cheeks. One of his legs, visible through a rent in his linen trousers, disclosed a like hirsute covering. Between the soles of his bare feet, marked with the scars of half-healed bruises, stood an empty gin bottle. Into this receptacle the fifth earl of Blenton was abstractedly trickling sand, while his bloodshot eyes seemed to follow the movements of Lehua, his South Sea wife, who, nude save for a short grass skirt, and armed with a three-pronged spear, was waddling along the coral reef exposed by the low tide.

The woman was hunting squid, blissfully unconscious of the fact that neither her costume nor her occupation was that of a countess of Blenton. The anxiety expressed by her flat brown features was that no crevice in the coral should afford a safe hiding-place for the prey she sought, and also that there would be sufficient

squid caught to enable her to replenish the gin supply of her liege lord, for whom she toiled far more in fear than love—the fifth earl of Blenton, known to her and the Tafofuans as Keoki the beach-comber.

Lacking the drink, she feared he would beat her and perhaps go visiting at the grass hut under the three palms farther down the beach, where lived Keala, the pretty half-white whose ancient profession necessitated the keeping of a supply of drink on hand.

But Herbert Charles Saint George, otherwise Keoki the beach-comber, was not thinking of gin at the moment. He was meditating on the unpalatable knowledge, but recently acquired, that he *was* the fifth earl of Blenton and that the woman paddling in the surf was his countess. A wry smile on his thin, blistered lips indicated that the knowledge was not pleasant. Far from it, for it resurrected memories of the past—memories which he had deemed buried in the sands of the Tafofuan beach. He had killed them one by one with the contents of many brown bottles and believed that he had even laid their ghosts.

For months it had seemed as if he had

always lived on Tafofu, in the one-room grass hut, facing the harbor's white beach on which the lazy surges of the South Pacific crept up and receded in an endless monotone. Green mountains, wet with the rain-clouds which ever floated about their peaks, were visible from behind his hut. Waterfalls, in narrow silver ribbons, coursed down their sides, forming finally a river which flowed sluggishly to the sea, emptying into the half-moon of the quiet, land-locked harbor at a point almost opposite its portal. There had been nights when the mountains, with the stars above the clouds, painfully reminded Keoki the beach-comber of a familiar coat of arms bearing the legend "*Ad astra per aspera*"; so now he rarely looked at them.

Lehua pattered out of the surf, shaking herself like a wet spaniel. The grass net slung over her back was heavy with squid, their tentacles waving blindly through the interstices. She laid the writhing catch at his feet. "Go catch 'em gin?" she questioned sullenly.

"Ar-ar," he shuddered. "Go!"

The outcast watched her with dull eyes until she disappeared in the strip of vegetation which lay between the beach and the village. He sighed, and his gaze wandered across the harbor to its sheltering arm of land, which ended in a beetling cliff capped by a ramshackle lighthouse. Once the beach-comber had been keeper of the light, maintained jointly by two powers to safeguard the entrance to the finest harbor in the South Seas. He had been appointed because there was no one else on the island who knew anything of machinery. He had done little but draw his meagre pay, depending on a native helper, but the money so gained had made him independent of the squid catch so far as his liquor supply was concerned.

But for six months the light had been dark because the supply of oil and petrol had ended with the outbreak of the great war. Ah, the war! It was that which had brought him that other discomfort. With nervous fingers he drew from within his shirt a copy of an illustrated London weekly, months old, brought to Tafofu a few days before by a little trading steamer. A tattered leaf fell away, disclosing a

black-bordered page with the title: "For King and Country." Below were a score of photographs of men in uniform who had fallen in France, and among these was one of a broad-browed man with fearless eyes and features written over with the lines of high purpose. Hubert, fourth Earl of Blenton, had been killed at the head of his regiment, read the letter-press under the picture.

Further, it stated that the death of the fourth earl recalled the strange disappearance, eight years before, of his younger brother, who, if living, was heir to the title—Herbert Charles Saint George, an officer in the royal navy and the brother in question, was supposed to have fallen overboard at night during a cruise in the South Seas and while temporarily deranged, according to the report to the admiralty. Failing his appearance, the title and estates would pass to the youngest brother Rupert, now holding the rank of commander in the royal navy.

The outcast shivered slightly as he replaced the paper. His nerves were in a bad state and Lehua was long in coming. "Strange disappearance!" His twitching lips mouthed the words. He wondered how many were still living of the men who had sat on that court of honor in the cruiser's ward-room and passed sentence upon him.

The trial had been weirdly brief. He had no defense to offer, and there was nothing of mercy in the grim faces of his brother officers. He had lied, and he had stolen, and they judged him secretly for the honor of the service and his ancient name, that his black shame should not be published abroad through a court martial.

A whispered conference and a loaded pistol had been placed on the table before him, and he had been left alone. He had failed to use it. That night he had been placed ashore at Tafofu from a boat manned by four officers. The senior had struck him in the face as he landed. "You are dead!" he had whispered sternly. "Dead to honor, therefore dead to your king, dead to your country, dead to your family and friends, dead to every honest man. Stay here and rot!" Then they departed, leaving him grovelling in the sand of lonely Tafofu.

With that bitter memory upon him, the



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"Blood is blood, my poor Keeki."—Page 52.

wreck shook his bony fists at the burning sky. With blasting blasphemy he cursed the men who sat in judgment, his country, his flag, and his king. Lastly, sobbing, he cursed himself.

As the last imprecation was shaken from his passion-wracked body a timid hand rested on his shoulder. He did not move. "Poor Keoki," murmured a voice, "he is not well." Slowly he raised his eyes to the face of Keala, the half-white. "Thou wilt wait long for thy morning drink to-day," she continued, slipping down to the sand beside him, "for that fat porpoise, thy wahine, has taken the money she had for the squid from Loo Chan, the *Pake* merchant, and has fled to the windward side with the young chief—the *Alii*—who had her love before thee. Wilt thou pursue?"

The outcast groaned.

"Why shouldst thou?" pursued the woman, cuddling closer. "Am I not fairer than she? And I love thee because of me half is English, for such was my father, and my blood cries out for thee, who art also English."

"No!" exclaimed the man hoarsely, shaking off the half-white as he struggled to his feet. "I am not English. Damn the English! I am nothing!"

"Ay," replied the woman softly, placing a supporting arm about him. "Curse the English with thy damns and be nothing as thou wilt, but it will not change thy blood, which is English, and so all-sufficient. It runs but feebly now, for thou art feeble, but the time may come when it will speak despite thy purpose."

"Now, come with me and thou shalt eat, for yesterday there was a *luau* at my hut of the palms, and there is yet left pig and chicken of which I shall make thee a broth. Drink, too, thou shalt have, but in moderation, and then sleep in a quiet room, for thou art dead for lack of slumber. Come!"

Unresistingly, blindly, the broken beach-comber accompanied the half-white woman of the town.

II

WAKING from a broken slumber tortured with dreams, the beach waif stared at the whitewashed rafters of the hut of

the three palms, his mind busy with its problem. Divorced of his dusky countess by her flight, through the primitive law of Taofu, he was not free of himself, and now he knew that he could never be free. Nothing he could do would prevent the past from blotting out the future. "Dead, I must remain dead," he exclaimed, bitterly. "God's curse on England and on Englishmen!" Keala glided into the room. "Still thou givest of thy curses to England," she laughed, "but blood is blood, my poor Keoki, and"—her face grew sober—"I have news. While sleep held thee this afternoon, behold a small war-boat, making much smoke and flying the flag of the Germans, entered our harbor, stopping first to place eight large vessels of iron beneath the water within the gate."

"Mines!" exclaimed the sick man, rising to his elbow.

"I know not what they be called, for I am simple in the ways of war, but this I do know, that I suspected mischief to those of English blood, and so—but, O la, what a fool I made of him."

"What's that? What have you done, Keala?" cried the outcast impatiently. "Who is your fool?"

"Why, Schmidt, the fat trader. Long has he borne great *aloha* for me, even proffering marriage, but I would not, for he is cruel to the Kanakas and so would he be to me. But now, when the war-boat comes, I am verree nice to him, for he has been talking to the chiefs of the war-boat, and so the fool told me of their plans. Was I not wise, O Keoki?"

"Yes, yes, my dear Keala, but go on. What of the plans?"

"Have patience, my poor Keoki. Know, then, that three days ago this war-boat of the Germans met in battle one of the English and sunk it, and many of our blood were killed and drowned. Ah, when he told me that, scarce could I keep from striking him in his pig face; but, instead, I kissed him, for I would hear all. So he continued, with vile laughter, and tells me that yesterday the people on this boat heard a message from the wires which hang on the masts, and it was from a great English war-boat, which is not far distant, seeking the boat which was sunk."

"Then these Germans, who are *kahu*—



"Not to-night, my Keoki," she murmured. "There is work for thee to do."—Page 54.

nas for cunning, replying through a book which held the secrets of the English message, pretend to be this lost boat and make answer that in distress they had entered this harbor and, seeking safety from the enemy by hiding within the mouth of the river, had run aground. Also, they called loudly for help. Then the big boat replied that she would come hither swiftly.

"Now, the German war-boat has hidden in the river's mouth behind the trees, and when the big ship comes into the harbor, seeking the smaller, it will strike one of those iron vessels, and Schmidt says it will then be torn in pieces, although why this should be only Pele knows. Then the German war-boat will come out, firing her guns, and again many of our blood will die."

"Damn them! Let them die!" snarled the outcast. "And, Keala, if you love me, say not 'our blood' any more. Often

have I told you that I hate the English and renounce their blood, but"—as tears appeared in the girl's eyes—"if it will please you, I do not love the Germans, the treacherous hounds," and he groaned as he turned his face to the wall.

"That, too, is well," murmured Keala. Kissing him softly on the forehead, she left the room.

III

SCHMIDT, the trader, was apologetic as he entered the house of Keala of the three palms at dusk. Not so his companion, a German naval officer, stiffly hostile, with his starched white uniform and bristling blonde hair. "The lighthouse tender? We learn he is here," ventured the trader, cowering under the angry eyes of the woman.

"And we find him," flashed the other unceremoniously as he shook the man on

the bed. "Is not this the scum we seek?"

"Yah," sneered Schmidt, "this is the lighthouse tender—the renegade Englishman who hates his country. Get up, you! Keala, bring him some clothes."

"He cannot go," cried the girl, pushing the trader aside. "Indeed, Keoki is sick. This will kill him, what you plan."

"Silence, and obey!" thundered the officer. "If it kills him it will not matter. Why should he care to live? If he has been wronged by his country this is his opportunity to win revenge."

"If it offers that I will go," broke in the outcast suddenly. "What do you wish me to do?"

"It is well," growled the lieutenant. "Schmidt, explain."

The trader chuckled grimly as the beach-comber drew on his ragged clothes. "Just a little jest we are going to play on your late friends and hated countrymen," he said. "A battle-cruiser is on its way to Tafotu, seeking something which is hidden forever. We wish to surprise her with a warm welcome, and to do this without causing suspicion we must have the lighthouse in operation, for she comes to-night. You have been the keeper and understand its machinery. Therefore we seek you."

"I see," cried the outcast eagerly; "you wish me to operate the light as a decoy, but"—and his face fell—"we have no oil for the light or petrol for the engine, and there has been none for weeks. The rains have probably rusted the machinery, for it is poorly housed and has had no care of late. I fear it will not operate the light."

"We have oil and petrol," snapped the officer, "and the light must be shown. It is an order."

Keoki the beach-comber, otherwise the earl of Blenton, standing at attention in his rags, saluted stiffly. "Very well, sir. Shall I have an escort?"

"I alone will accompany you, my renegade," sneered the lieutenant. "I am to make certain that the light is shown. The oil and petrol supply has been sent ahead. Come!"

"Here, Keoki, is something that will give you strength," said Schmidt the trader, pressing forward with a bottle in

his hand. As the derelict reached for the liquor a soft touch fell on his arm and he looked into the misty eyes of Keala. "Not to-night, my Keoki," she murmured. "There is work for thee to do, and"—her voice sank to a whisper—"remember thou art English born."

The man looked at the woman sombrely, but there was something in his face that she had never seen there before. "Good-by, Keala, you have been very good to me," he said simply. "I will not drink. As for the other—" He bent and kissed her, and without another word passed into the night at the heels of the German.

And as the sound of footsteps died away the girl threw herself on the bed. "I know," she sobbed. "I know."

IV

TWICE on the way up the narrow, slippery jungle trail to the lighthouse the renegade fell in sheer exhaustion. The second time the German kicked him to his feet. "Stop your shirking," he commanded. "March!" And at last the pair emerged on the rock platform on top of the cliff where stood the corrugated iron structure housing the light.

The natives who had carried up the fuel had left it at the door of the hut and departed, and the sun had disappeared in the sea. The officer strode to the edge of the precipice and whistled softly as far below him he heard the waves washing the black volcanic rocks and the faint whisper of the trade-wind in the palm-trees on the beach. He shrugged his shoulders, and then curtly: "Start that engine—we have no time to lose."

Lighting a torch, the outcast entered the hut, from which, for several minutes, there came sounds of hammering and tapping. Then he emerged, mopping the perspiration from his forehead with the sleeve of his tattered shirt. "It is as I feared, sir," he stammered. "The engine is badly rusted, making its operation impossible, but——"

"Damnation!" exploded the German. "The engine must run—you must contrive it or——"

"As I was going on to say, sir," continued the other meekly, "there is a



"Stop your shirking," he commanded. "March!"—page 54.

gear, operated by a hand-lever, which opens and closes the shutter over the light, creating the flashes. I would have used it before had there been a supply of kerosene for the lamp."

The Prussian burst into a guttural laugh. "What an opportunity, my renegade! It is no soulless machine that shall woo the enemy to destruction, but you yourself, who have suffered. You shall toil at this lever and with your own hand reap vengeance. It is good. Now, fill the lamp and we shall see how the hand-gear does. The night is almost starless and

the foe may sight the light at any moment. As for me, I shall watch that you do not sleep."

The outcast saluted and set about his work with such speed that a broad beam of light was soon flashing out over the restless waters. "This is most excellent," observed the Teuton after a brief inspection. "Hard labor, my renegade, but what does it matter with revenge in sight, eh?"

"Nothing matters, considering the end in view, sir," replied the other. "Is it permitted to inquire the name of the vessel so soon to be destroyed?"



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A brief struggle on the brink—then, locked together, they fell.—Page 58.

"Battle-cruiser *Pallas*, on her way to join the British high-seas fleet," returned the officer gruffly.

"Ah, I do not know her." Save for the rhythmic click of the lever sliding back and forth, there was silence for a long time, and then the man in uniform stirred in his seat. "Why do you keep moving your lips?" he demanded suddenly.

The face of the outcast flushed. "Counting, to keep awake, sir," he muttered without turning his head.

"If you even nod you shall be beaten, and perhaps worse," threatened the German.

But the renegade made no reply. Through the strip of glass before him he was watching, with straining eyes, something like a star which had been rising and falling, far out in the darkness, for an hour past.

And out on the Pacific, under that heaving star on which the eyes of the renegade were fixed, an officer on the bridge of the battle-cruiser *Pallas* had, on sighting the Tafu light, regarded its apparent eccentric flashings, first, with muttered expressions of displeasure, then of amazement, turning swiftly into action. Sharp orders fluttered about the ship and men flitted through the gloom in orderly confusion. Presently a stabbing ray of light, with the cruiser as its pivot, swept twice across the sky from right to left and then rested for a second on the Tafu lighthouse, where the renegade, with pale, set face, his lips no longer moving, seemed but a part of the machinery as he moved the lever back and forth. The lieutenant shrank back as if he felt the beam was seeking him alone, then broke into fury. "Dolt! Fool!" he screamed as he struck the man at the lever in the face. "You have been asleep! Why did you not tell me the cruiser was in sight?" But the renegade had fainted even as the search-light's ray disappeared and the perfume of a tropic dawn filled the air.

V

WHEN the outcast opened his eyes the Teuton was standing over him smiling grimly. "I told you that I should beat you if you slept," he said. "Perhaps I

would have killed you if it hadn't happened just as the light was no longer required. However, the ship comes on to destruction, and all seems well save that I am troubled as to why her search-light swept the sky in the manner of a signal—but who could she signal?"

"Who?" echoed the renegade in a hollow voice.

"And the beam that entered this place," pursued the officer, "was as an eye prying into my heart; it roused me to anger."

"Perhaps it hurts your conscience to destroy a thousand men without giving them a sporting chance," suggested the beach-comber in a tone from which all trace of servility had strangely fled.

"Hah! but what do you mean?" exclaimed the German, noting the change. "Remember who is master here." Then mockingly: "Speak for yourself, my renegade. This is war, and I fight for my country while you betray yours."

"I have no country."

"Ay, the words are easy to say, but in the heart of hearts there are memories—is it not so, my renegade? And the end is near; and what a blow it will be to your England when a little German gunboat destroys an 18,000-ton cruiser!"

Rubbing his hands gleefully, the officer picked up his marine glasses. "Ach! I see her finely. She is slowing up but turning inward—not more than two miles out now, and abreast the harbor entrance—soon she will attempt to enter the harbor, and then, my renegade, we shall see the great surprise at which you have assisted—a sight which it is given but few men to witness. I trust we are ready below—but, hah! what is this? Her crew at battle stations! Her decks cleared! Outside, renegade! I fear something has gone wrong!" And he dashed out on the platform.

The light-tender followed. His carriage and the expression on his face was no longer that of Keoki the beach-comber, but of an earl of Blenton come into his own. On the edge of the precipice the lieutenant, with glasses glued to his eyes, was muttering wildly in his native tongue, but as the other joined him he broke into English. "Ah, her engines have stopped. What can it mean?" Dropping his

glasses, he turned with pale face and despairing eyes to the light-tender. "Will she come in?" he asked almost beseechingly.

"She will, but not just yet," returned the other, a stern note of triumph, a hint at hidden meaning in his voice.

"But, unless they suspect, why not now?" exclaimed the German fearfully. "It is daylight, the fairway is clear, the harbor is renowned for its safety—why do they hesitate?"

"Because," said the renegade gravely—"because of the 'memories in the heart of hearts' to which you alluded awhile ago. There was the light, and my hand at the lever controlled the flashes which told in the code of the navy in which I once had the honor to hold a commission the tale

of the trap. There is the rest of your answer." He motioned seaward.

From the forward turret of the *Pallas* burst a cloud of smoke split with a tongue of flame. A giant projectile rumbled over the harbor and dropped in the ambushade of trees at the river's mouth behind which the enemy lay. Followed an explosion and the cries of stricken men.

"And you've betrayed us, swine of hell!" screamed the German, tugging at his pistol.

"But not mine own country," said the fifth earl of Blenton, otherwise Keoki the beach-comber, and smiled as he grappled with the foeman. A brief struggle on the brink—then, locked together, they fell to the black volcanic rocks and the whispering palms far below.

ON THE HEADWATERS OF PEACE RIVER

A NARRATIVE OF A THOUSAND-MILE CANOE TRIP TO A LITTLE-KNOWN
RANGE OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

BY PAUL LELAND HAWORTH

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

II. HUNTING NORTH OF THE LONG CANYON

IX. WE TRY THE FOX RIVER RANGE



ONE of my main objects in making the long journey to the Finlay country was to get a chance at Northern caribou and mountain sheep. Our trip up the Quadacha, though it had resulted in the discovery of a great glacier, had been a distinct disappointment in the matter of finding either of these animals. Several times when in the Quadacha region we had obtained clear views of the range of mountains lying west of the Tochieca, or Fox, and we were impressed with a belief that this range would be a good hunting-country for the animals we sought.

The Fox River Range begins at the

gap through which the Finlay enters the great intermontane valley from the west, and its most southern height is the bare, precipitous elevation called Prairie Mountain by McConnell's party. From this mountain the range runs northwestward, gradually increasing in altitude, and culminates in some extremely ragged peaks that bear snow the year round. Ever since we first obtained a view of this range Lavoie had been anxious that we should try it, declaring that the tops appeared to be covered with bunch grass and that the summit of the range was so smooth that, once we were there, we could travel up the range with comparatively little effort. From the Quadacha country the ridge did, indeed, look level and inviting.