olid

lue

nerve. For

f the neck

of want of

breathing

afterward

egion. Con-

a deep

in the

lose con-

, amount

iting, may

or, lowness

gradually

pations re-

bending of

es, are ex-

and tight

not be di-

rves of the

Y-THE-SEA.

A party of

entertain-

beach to a

H. A. Mc

camp fire

potatoes

were added

he appetite

d time was

and then

the novel

S. S. class.

Tuesday

would be

he station

ere present.

of rapid

and Ligne

a number

feature

ited in the

AGAIN.

rn on Dunlan

-Affairs at

airing next

a hearing

ardian of

who with

ral years

ally filed in

the same

andson, Er-

her Dunlap, ling the de-

his property,

under the

ich provide

waste their

suffering on

nlap, senior,

ep the prop-

F. Duniap

inlap by H.

Skin.

er Prepar-

ase's Oint

ons, and of

ted skin, 18

salt rheum

possible to

use of Dr.

hborhood in

hase's Oint

me remark

ghbors about

not happen

to you per-

nences Dr.

plied then

skin or a

60 cents

nson, Bates

d heals the

unity, and

pending.

nunity.

burn on th

the best.

erous to

The shaft of the arrow, made of some extremely hard wood, was about ten inches in length. Affixed to it was a pointed fish bone, sharp, but not barbed and not fastened in a manner suggestive of much strength. The arrow was neither feathered nor grooved for a bowstring. Altogether it seemed to be a childish weapon to be used by men equipped with lead and steel.

Jenks could not understand the appearance of this toy. Evidently the Dyaks believed in its efficacy or they would not keep on pertinaciously dropping an arrow on the ledge. How do they fire it?" asked Iris.

"Do they throw it?" "I will soon tell you," he replied, aching for a rifle.

"Do not go out yet," she entreated him. "They cannot harm us. Perhaps



The last arrow fell, and he sprang to the right of the ledge.

we may learn more by keeping quiet. They will not continue shooting these things all day."

Again a tiny arrow traveled toward them in a graceful parabola. This one fell short. Missing the tarpaulin, it almost dropped on the girl's outstretched hand. She picked it up. The fish bone point had snapped by contact with the found the small tip.

"See," she said. "It seems to have been dipped in something. It is quite

Jenks frowned peculiarly. A startling explanation had suggested itself to him. Fragments of forgotten lore were taking cohesion in his mind.

"Put it down. Quick!" he cried. Iris obeyed him, with wonder in her eyes. He spilled a teaspoonful of champagne into a small hollow of the rock and steeped one of the fish bones in the liquid. Within a few seconds the champagne assumed a greenish tinge and the bone became white. Then he knew.

"Good heavens," he exclaimed, "these are poisoned arrows shot through a blowpipe! I have never before seen one, but I have often read about them. The bamboos the Dyaks carried were sumpitans. These fish bones have been steeped in the juice of the upas tree. Iris, my dear girl, if one of them had so much as scratched your finger nothing on earth could save you."

She paled and drew back in sudden horror. Another tap sounded on their thrice welcome covering. Evidently the Dyaks would persist in their efforts to get one of those poisoned darts

Jenks debated silently whether it would be better to create a commotion, thus inducing the savages to believe they had succeeded in inflicting a mortal wound, or to wait until the next arrow fell, rush out and try conclusions with dumdum bullets against the sumpitan blowers.

He decided in favor of the latter course. He wished to dishearten his assailants, to cram down their throats the belief that he was invulnerable and could visit their every effort with a deadly reprisal.

Iris, of course, protested when he explained his project. But the fighting spirit prevailed. Their love idyll must yield to the needs of the hour. He had not long to wait. The last

arrow fell, and he sprang to the extreme right of the ledge. First he looked through that invaluable screen of grass. Three Dyaks were on the ground and a fourth in the fork of a tree. They were each armed with a blowpipe. He in the tree was just fitting an arrow into the bamboo tube. The others were watching him.

Jenks raised his rifle, fired, and the warrior in the tree pitched headlong to the ground. A second shot stretched companion on top of him. One man jumped into the bushes and got away. but the fourth tripped over his unwieldy sumpitan, and a bullet tore a large section from his skull. The sailor then amused himself with breaking the bamboos by firing at them. He came back to the white faced girl.

"I fancy that further practice with owpipes will be at a discount on Rainbow island," he cried cheerfully.

But Iris was anxious and distrait. "It is very sad," she said, "that we are obliged to secure our own safety by the ceaseless slaughter of human beings. Is there no offer we can make them, no promise of future gain, to tempt them to abandon hostilities?"

"None whatever. These Borneo Dyaks are bred from infancy to prey on their fellow creatures. To be strangers and defenseless is to court pillage and massacre at their hands. I think no more of shooting them than of smashing a clay pigeon. Killing a mad dog is perhaps a better simile."

But, Robert dear, how long can we hold out?" "What! Are you growing tired of

He hoped to divert her thoughts from this constantly recurring topic. Twice within the hour had it been broached and dismissed, but Iris would not permit him to shirk it again. She made no reply, simply regarding him with a

So Jenks sat down by her side and rehearsed the hopes and fears which perplexed him. He determined that there should be no further concealment between them. If they failed to secure water that night, if the Dyaks maintained a strict siege of the rock throughout the whole of next day, well -they might survive-it was problematical. Best leave matters in God's

With feminine persistency she clung to the subject, detecting his unwillingness to discuss a possible final stage in "Robert," she whispered fearfully.

"you will never let me fall into the power of the chief, will you?" "Not while I live."

"You must live. Don't you understand? I would go with them to save you. But I would have died by my own hand. Robert, my love, you must do this thing before the end. I must be the first to die."

The sailor wrestled with the great problem. He may be pardoned if his heart quailed and he groaned aloud. "Iris," he said solemnly, "whatever happens, unless I am struck dead at your feet, I promise you that we shall pass the boundary hand in hand. Be mine the punishment if we have decided wrongly. And now," he cried, tossing his head in a defiant access of energy, "let us have done with the morgue. For my part I refuse to acknowledge I am inside until the gates

clang behind me." They chatted in lighter vein with such pendulum swing back to nonchalance that none would have deemed it possible for these two to have already letermined the momentous issue of the pending struggle should it go against

And so the sun sank to rest in the sea, and the stars pierced the deepenman and the woman awaited patiently the verdict of the fates.

Before the light failed Jenks gathered all the poisoned arrows and ground their venomed points to powder beneath his heel. Gladly would Iris and he have dispensed with the friendly protection of the tarpaulin when the cool evening breeze came from the south. But such a thing might not be even considered. Several hours of darkness must elapse before the moon rose, and during that period, were their foes so minded, they would be absolutely at the mercy of the sumpitan shafts if not

covered by their impenetrable buckler. The sailor looked long and earnestly at the well. Their own bucket, improvised out of a dish cover and a rope. lay close to the brink. A stealthy crawl across the sandy valley, half a minute of grave danger, and he would be up the ladder again with enough water to serve their imperative needs for days

to come. There was little or no risk in descending the rock. Soon after sunset it was wrapped in deepest gloom, for night succeeds day in the tropics with wondrous speed. The hazard lay in twice crossing the white sand, were any of the Dyaks hiding behind the

house or among the trees. He held no foolbardy view of his own powers. The one sided nature of the conflict thus far was due solely to his possession of modern rifles as opposed to muzzle loaders. Let him be surrounded on the level at close quarters by a dozen determined men and ne must surely succump.

Were it not for the presence of Iris e would have given no second thought to the peril. To act without consulting her was impossible, so they discussed the project. Naturally she

"The Mohammedan may be able to help us," she pointed out. "In any event let us wait until the moon wanes. That is the darkest hour. We do not know what may happen meanwhile." The words had hardly left her mouth when an irregular volley was fired at them from the right flank of the enemy's position. Every bullet struck yards above their heads, the common failing of musketry at night being to take too high an aim. But the impact of the missiles on a rock so highly impregnated with minerals caused sparks to fly, and Jenks saw that the Dyaks would obtain by this means a most dangerous index of their faulty practice. Telling Iris to at once occupy her safe corner, he rapidly adjusted a rifle on the wooden rests already prepared in anticipation of an attack from that quarter and fired three shots at the opposing crest whence came the

majority of gun flashes. One at least of the three found a human billet. There was a shout of surprise and pain, and the next volley spurted from the ground level. This could do no damage owing to the angle. but he endeavored to disconcert the marksmen by keeping up a steady fire in their direction. He did not dream of attaining other than a moral effect, as there is a lot of room to miss when

aiming in the dark. Soon he imagined that the burst of flame from his rifle helped the Dyaks, because several bulwhizzed close to his head, and about this time firing recommenced

from the crest. Notwithstanding all his skill and manipulation of the wooden supports be failed to dislodge the occupants. Every minute one or more ounces of lead pitched right into the ledge, damaging the stores and tearing the tarpaulin, while those which struck the wall of rock were dangerous to Iris by reason of the molten spray. He could guess what had happened.

By lying flat on the sloping plateau or eezing close to the projecting shoulder of the cliff the Dyaks were so little exposed that idle chance alone would enable him to hit one of them. But they must be shifted, or this night bombardment would prove the most serious development yet encountered. "Are you all right, Iris?" he called

"Yes, dear," she answered "Well, I want you to keep yourself covered by the canvas for a little while, especially your head and shoulders. I am going to stop these chaps.

They have found our weak point, but

I can baffle them." She did not ask what he proposed to do. He heard the rustling of the tarpaulin as she pulled it. Instantly he cast loose the rope ladder and, armed only with a revolver, dropped down the rock. He was quite invisible to the enemy. On reaching the ground he listened for a moment. There was no sound save the occasional reports ninety yards away. He hitched up the lower rungs of the ladder until they were six feet from the level and then crept noiselessly close to the rock for some

forty yards. He halted beside a small poon tree and stooped to find something imbedded near its roots. At this distance he could plainly hear the muttered conversation of the Dyaks and could see several of them prone on the sand. The latter fact proved how fatal would be an attempt on his part to reach the well. They must discover him instantly once he quitted the somber shadows of the cliff. He waited perhaps a few seconds longer than was necessary, endeavoring to pierce the dim atmosphere and learn something of their dis-

A vigorous outburst of firing sent him back with haste. Iris was up there alone. He knew not what might happen. He was now feverishly anxious to be with her again, to hear her voice and be sure that all was well.

To his horror he found the ladder swaying gently against the rock. Some one was using it. He sprang forward, careless of consequence, and seized the swinging end, which had fallen free again. He had his foot on the bottom rung when Iris' voice, close at hand and shrill with terror, shricked:

"Robert, where are you?" "Here!" he shouted. The next intant she dropped into his arms. A startled exclamation from the vicinity of the house and some loud cries from the more distant Dyaks on the other side of Prospect park showed that they had been overheard.

"Up!" he whispered. "Hold tight "Not without you!" "Up, for God's sake! I follow at

your heels!" She began to climb. He took some article from between his teeth, a string apparently, and drew it toward him, ounting the ladder at the same time. The end tightened. He was then about ten feet from the ground. Two Dyaks, yelling fiercely, rushed from the cover of the house.

"Go on," he said to Iris. "Don't lese your nerve, whatever happens. I am close behind you."

"I am quite safe," she gasped. Turning and clinging on with one hand, he drew his revolver and fired at the pair beneath, who could now faintly discern them, and were almost within reach of the ladder. The shooting made them halt. He did not know or care if they were hit. To frighten them was sufficient. Several others



A tremendous explosion.

were running across the sands to the cave, attracted by the noise and the

cries of the foremost pursuers. Then he gave a steady pull to the cord. The sharp crack of a rifle came from the vicinity of the old quarry. He saw the flash among the trees Almost simultaneously a bright light leaped from the opposite ledge, illuminating the vicinity like a meteor. It lit up the rock, showed Iris just vanishing into the safety of the ledge and revealed Jenks and the Dyaks to each other. There followed instantly a tremendous explosion that shook earth and air, dislodging every loose stone in the southwest pile of rocks, hurling from the plateau some of its occupants and wounding the remainder with a shower of lead and debris. The

sailor, unmolested further, reached the

In a tall tree near the valley of death he had tightly fixed a loaded rifle which pointed at a loose stone in the rock overhanging the ledge held by the Dyaks. This stone rested against a number of precussion caps extracted from cartridges, and these were in direct communication with a train of powder leading to a blasting charge placed at the end of a twenty-four inch hole drilled with a crowbar. The impact of the bullet against the stone could not fail to explode some of the caps. He had used the contents of 300 cartridges to secure a sufficiency of powder, and the bullets were crammed into the orifice, being tamped with clay and wet sand. The rifle was fired by means of the string, the loose coils of which were secreted at the foot of the poen. By springing this novel mine he had effectually removed every Dyak from the ledge, over which its contents would spread like a fan. Further, it would probably deter the survivors from again venturing near the fatal

Iris listened, only half comprehending. Her mind was filled with one thought to the exclusion of all others. Robert had left her, had done thi thing without telling her. She forgave knowing he acted for the best but he must never, never deceive her again in such a manner. She could not bear it.

CHAPTER XIV.

OU are a dear unreasonable little girl," he said. "Have you breath enough to tell me why you came down the ladder? When I discovered you were gone I became wild with fright. Don't you see, I imagined you were wounded and had fallen from the ledge. What else could I do but follow, either to help you, or, if that were not pos-

He found her hand and pressed it to

"I humbly crave your pardon," he said. "That explanation is more than ample. It was I who behaved unreasonably. Of course I should have warned you.'

"May I ask how many more wild adventures you undertook without my knowledge?" "One other, of great magnitude. I

fell in love with you." "Nonsense!" she retorted. "I knew that long before you admitted it to yourself.

"Date, please?" "Well, to begin at the very beginning, you thought I was nice on board the Sirdar. Now, didn't you?" And they were safely embarked on a

conversation of no interest to any other person in the wide world, but which provided them with the most delightful topic imaginable.

Thus the time sped until the rising moon silhouetted the cliff on the white carpet of coral strewn sand. The black shadow line traveled slowly closer to the base of the cliff, and Jenks, guided also by the stars, told Iris that midnight was at hand.

They knelt on the parapet of the ledge, alert to catch any unusual sound and watching for any indication of human movement. But Rainbow island was now still as the grave. The wounded Dyaks had seemingly been removed from but and beach. The dead lay where they had fallen. The sea sang a lullaby to the reef, and the fresh breeze whispered among the palm fronds-that was all.

If the Mussulman kept his compact the hour was at hand. Then the light hiss of a snake rose to them from the depths. That is a sound never forgotten when once heard. It is like unto no other. Indeed the term "hiss" is a misnomer for the quick sibilant expulsion of the breath by an alarmed or

angered serpent. Iris paid no heed to it; but Jenks, who knew there was not a reptile of the snake variety on the island, leaned over the ledge and emitted a tolerably good imitation. The native was beneath. "Sahih!"

The girl started at the unexpected call from the depths. "Yes," said Jenks quietly. "A rope, sahib."

The sailor lowered a rope. Some-thing was tied to it beneath. The Mohammedan apparently had little fear of being detected. "Pull, sahih."

"Usually it is the sahib who says 'pull,' but circumstances alter cases," communed Jenks. He hauled steadily at a heavy weight, a goatskin filled with cold water. He emptied the hot and sour wine out of the tin cup and was about to hand the thrice welcomed draft to Iris when a suspicious thought caused him to withhold it. "Let me taste first," he said.

The Indian might have betrayed them to the Dyaks. More unlikely things had happened. What if the water were poisoned or drugged?

He placed the tin to his lips. liquid was musty, having been in the skin nearly two days. Otherwise it seemed to be all right. With a sigh of profound relief he gave Iris the cup and smiled at the most unladylike haste with which she emptied it.

"Drink yourself and give me some "No more for you at present, madam. In a few minutes, yes."

"Oh, why not now?" "Do not fret, dear one. You can have all you want in a little while. But to drink much now would make you very ill." Iris waited until he could speak

again. "Why did you"- she began. But he bent over the parapet.

"You have not been followed?" "I think not, sahib. Do not talk too loud. They are foxes in cunning. You

HALIFAX, Aug. 15.-The annual shooting of the Provincial Rifle Asso-ciation began today with one hundred and forty-five competitors. The lieutenant governor's match at five hundred yards was fired, Corp. R. Mc-Rae. Light Horse, making first prize with thirty-three points followed by three thirty-twos. Weather conditions

have a ladder, they say, sahib. Will not your honor descend? I have much

to relate.' Iris made no protest when Jenks explained the man's request. She only stipulated that he should not leave the ladder, while she would remain within easy earshot. The sailor, of course, carried his revolver. He also picked up a crowbar, a most useful and silent weapon. Then he went quietly downward Nearing the ground, he saw the lative, who salaamed deeply and was unarmed. The poor fellow seemed to be very anxious to help them.

"What is your name?" demanded the "Mir Jan, sahib, formerly corporal in

the Kumaon regiment." "When did you leave the regiment?" "Two years ago, sahib. I killed"-"What was the name of your colo-

"Kurnal I-shpence-sahib, a brave man, but of no account on a horse." Jenks well remembered Colonel Spence-a fat, short legged warrior, who rolled off his charger if the animal so much as looked sideways. Mir Jan was telling the truth. "You are right, Mir Jan. What is

Tuang illi doing now?"
"Cure ag, sahib, for the most part. His men are frightened. He wanted them to try once more with the tubes that shoot poison, but they refused. He could not come alone, for he could not use his right hand, and he was wounded by the blowing up of the rock. You nearly killed me, too, sahib. I was there with the bazaar-born whelps. By the prophet's beard, it was a fine stroke.'

"Are they going away, then?" "No, sahib. The dogs have been whipped so sore that they snarl for revenge. They say there is no use in firing at you, but they are resolved to kill you and the miss sahib or carry her off if she escapes the assault."

"What assault?" "Protector of the poor, they are building scaling ladders-four in all. Soon after dawn they intend to rush your position. You may slay some, they say, but you cannot slay threescore. Taung S'Ali has promised gold to every man who survives if they succeed They have pulled down your signal on the high rocks and are using the poles for the ladders. They think you have a charm, sahib, and they want to use

your own work against you." This was serious news. A combined attack might indeed be dangerous, though it had the excellent feature that if it failed the Dyaks would certainly leave the island. But his sky sign destroyed! That was bad. Had a vessel chanced to pass the swinging letters would surely have attracted attention. Now even that faint hope was dispelled

"Sahib, there is a worse thing to tell," said Mir Jan.

"Say on, then." "Before they place the ladders against the cliff they will build a fire of green wood so that the smoke will be blown by the wind into your eyes. This will help to blind your aim. Otherwise you never miss.

That will assuredly be awkward, Mir Jan."

"It will, sahib. Soul of my father, if we had but half a troop with us"-But they had not, and they were both so intent on the conversation that they were momentarily off their guard. Iris was more watchful. She fancled there was a light rustling amid the undergrowth beneath the trees on the right. And she could hiss, too, if that were

the correct thing to do. So she hissed. Jenks swarmed halfway up the lad-

"Yes, Iris," he said. "I am not sure, but I imagine some thing moved among the bushes behind

"All right, dear. I will keep a sharp lookout. Can you hear us talking?" "Hardly. Will you be long?"

"Another minute." He descended and told Mir Jan what the miss sahib said. The native was about to make a search when Jenks

"Here"-he handed the man his re volver—"I suppose you can use this?" Mir Jan took it without a word, and Jenks felt that the incident atoned for previous unworthy doubts of his dark friend's honesty. The Mohammedan cautiously examined the back of the house, the neighboring shrubs and the open beach. After a brief absence he reported all safe, yet no man has ever been nearer death and escaped it than he during that reconnoissance. He, too, forgot that the Dyaks were foxes, and foxes can lie close when hounds are a trifle stale.

Mir Jan returned the revolver. "Sahib," he said, with another sa laam, "I am a disgraced man, but if you will take me up there with you I will fight by your side until both my arms are hacked off. I am weary of these thieves. Ill chance threw me into their company. I will have no more of them. If you will not have me on the rock, give me a gun. I will hide among the trees, and I promise that some of them shall die tonight before they find me. For the honor of the regiment, sahib, do not refuse this thing. All I ask is if your honor escapes that you will write to Kurnal I-shpence-sahib and tell him the last act of Mir Jan, corporal in B troop.

Jenks was profoundly moved. He reflected how best to utilize the services of this willing volunteer without exposing him to certain death in the manner suggested. The native misinterpreted his silence. "I am not a rascal, sahib," he ex-

claimed proudly. "I only killed a man because"-"Listen, Mir Jan. You cannot well mend what you have said. The Dyaks, you are sure, will not come before morning?"

"They have carried the wounded to the boats and are making the led

ne manufacturers have guaranteed it. See tes-monials in the daily press and ask your neigh-ors what they think of it. You can use it and Dr. Chase's Ointment deavored to allay her settation and

"Will they not miss you?" "They will miss the goatskin, sahib.

It was the last full one." "Mir Jan, do as I bid and you shall see Delhi again. Have you ever used Lee-Metford?"

"I have seen them, sahib, but I better understand the Mahtini." "I will give you a siffe, with plenty

of ammunition. Do you go inside the cave, there, and"-Mir Jan was startled. "Where the ghost is, sahib?" he said.

"Ghost! That is a tale for children. There is no ghost, only a few bones of a man murdered by these scoundrels long ago. Have you any food?" "Some rice, sahib; sufficient for a day or two at a pinch."

"Good! We will get water from the well. When the fighting begins at dawn fire at every man you see from the back of the cave. On no account come out. Then they can never reach you if you keep a full magazine. Wait

"I thought you were never coming," protested Iris when Jenks reached the ledge. "I have been quite creepy. I am sure there is some one down there. And, please, may I have another drink?

The sailor had left the crowbar beneath. He secured a rifle, a spare clip and a dozen packets of cartridges, meanwhile briefly explaining to Iris the turn taken by events so far as Mir Jan was concerned. She was naturally delighted and forgot her fears in the excitement caused by the appearance of so useful an ally. She drank his health in a brimming beaker of

She heard her lover rejoin Mir Jan and saw the two step out into the moonlight, while Jenks explained the action of the rifle. Fortunately Iris was now much recovered from the fatigue and privation of the earlier hours. Her senses were sharpened to pitch little dreamed of by stay-athome young ladies of her age, and she deemed it her province to act as sentry while the two men conferred. Hence she was the first to detect, or, rather, to become conscious of, the steatthy crawl of several Dyaks along the bottom of the cliff from Turtle beach.

"Robert!" she screamed. "The Dyaks! On your left!" But Iris was rapidly gaining some

knowledge of strategy. Before she shricked her warning she grasped a rifle. Holding it at the "ready"-about the level of her waist-and depressing the muzzle sufficiently, she began firing down the side of the rock as fast as she could handle lever and trigger. Two of the nickel bullets struck a projection and splashed the leading savages with molten metal.

Unfortunately Jenks' rifle beneath was unloaded, being in Mir Jan's possession for purposes of instruction.

Jenks whipped out his revolver. "To the cave!" he roared, and Mir Jan's unwillingness to face a goblin could not withstand the combined impetus of the sahib's order and the onward rush of the enemy. He darted headlong for the entrance.

Jenks, shooting blindly as he, too, ran for the ladder, emptied the revolver just as his left hand clutched a rung. Three Dyaks were so close that it would be folly to attempt to climb. He threw the weapon into the face of the foremost man, effectually stopping his onward progress.

The sailor turned to dive into the cave and secure the rifle from Mir Jan, when his shin caught the heavy crowbar resting against the rock The pain of the blow lent emphasis to the swing with which the implement descended upon some portion of a Dyak anatomy. Jenks never knew where he hit the second assailant, but the place

cracked like an eggshell. He had not time to recover the bar for another blow, so he drove the point



He drove the point in the gullet. about to make a vicious sweep at him with a parang. The downfall of this worthy caused his immediate successor to stumble, and Jenks saw his op-

jumped up the ladder and reached the ledge without injury. These things happened with the speed of thought. Within forty seconds of Iris' shrill cry the sailor was breast high with the ledge and calling to her:

portunity. With the agility of a cat he

"All right, old girl! Keep it up!" But here he was close to her, unhurt and calmly jubilant, as was his way when a stiff fight went well. He was by her side now, firing and aiming, too, for the Dyaks broke cover recklessly in running for shelter, and one may do fair work by moonlight.

She had strength enough left to place the rifle out of harm's way before she broke down and sobbed not tearfully, but in a paroxysm of reaction. Soon all was quiet beneath save for the la-bored efforts of some wounded men to get far away from that accursed rock. Jenks was able to turn to Iris. He en-

flers. Such was their talk when I left succeeded somewhat, for tears came, and she clung to him. It was use to reproach him. The whole inciden was unforeseen. She was herself a party to it. But what an escape!

"You have been a very good little girl and have earned your supper," he said "Oh, how can you talk so callously

after such an awful experience?" she expostulated brokenly. "It is a small thing to trouble about, sweetheart," he explained. "You spotted the enemy so promptly and blazed away with such ferocity that they nev-

er got within yards of me." Are you sure?" "I vow and declare that after we have eaten something and sampled our remaining bottle of wine I will tell you exactly what happened."

"Why not now?" "Because I must first see to Mir Jan. bundled him neck and crop into the cave. I hope I did not hurt him."

"You are not going down there again?" "No need, I trust." He went to the side of the ledge, re-

covered the ladder which he had hastily hauled out of the Dyaks' reach after er his climb, and cried: "Mir Jan." "Ab, sahib! Praised be the name of the Most High, you are alive. I was

searching among the slain with a sorrowful heart." The Mohammedan's voice came from some little distance on the left. "The slain, you say. How many?"

"Five, sahib. "Impossible! I fired blindly with the revolver and only hit one man hard with the iron bar. One other dropped near the wood after I obtained a rifle." "Then there be six, sahib, not reckoning the wounded. I have accounted for one, so the miss sahib must have"—
"What is he saying about mer" mquired Iris, who had risen and joined

"He says you absolutely staggered the Dyaks by opening fire the moment they appeared."

"How did you come to slay one, Min Jan?" he continued. "A son of a black pig followed me into the cave. I waited for him in the darkness. I have just thrown his body

"Well done! Is Taung S'All dead by any lucky chance?" "No, sahib, if he be not the sixth. will go and see."

"You may be attacked." "I have found a sword, sahib. You left me no cartridges." Jenks told him that the clip and the twelve packets were lying at the foot of the rock, where Mir Jan speedily discovered them. The Mohammedan gave satisfactory assurance that he understood the mechanism of the rifle by

filling and adjusting the magazine. Then he went to examine the corpse of the man who lay in the open near the quarry path. The sailor stood in instant readiness to make a counter demonstration were the native assailed. But there was no sign of the Dyaks. Mir Jan returned with the news that the sixth victim of the brief yet fierce encounter was a renegade Malay. He was so confident the night that, after recovering Jenks'

revelver, he boldly went to the well and drew himself a supply of water. During supper Jenks told Iris so much of the story as was good for her

-that is to say, he cut down the casu-It was easy to see what had happened. The Dyaks, having missed the Mohammedan and their water bag, searched for him and heard the conversation at the foot of the rock. Knowing that their presence was suspected, they went back for re-enforcements and returned by the shorter and ore advantageous route along Turtle

Iris would have talked all night, but Jenks made her go to sleep by pillowing her head against his shoulder and smoothing her tangled tresses with his

He managed to lay her on a c

fortable pile of ragged clothing and then resumed his vigil. Mir Jan offered to mount guard beneath, but Jenks bade him go within the cave and remain there, for the dawn would soon be upon them. Left alone with his thoughts, he wo dered what the rising sun would bring in its train. He reviewed the events of the last twenty-four hours. Iris and he-Miss Deane, Mr. Jenks, to each other-were then undiscovered in their refuge, the Dyaks were gathered around a roaring fire in the valley, and Mir Jan was keen in the hunt as the keenest among them. Now Iris was his affianced bride, ever twenty of the

enemy were killed and many wounded,

and Mir Jan, a devoted adherent, was seated beside the skeleton in the gloom of the cavern. A period of reflection could hardly pass without a speculative dive into the future. If Iris and he were rescued, what would happen when they went forth once more into the busy world? Not for one instant did he doubt her faith. She was true as steel, knit to him now by bonds of triple brass. But what would Sir Arthur Deane think of his daughter's marriage to a discredited and cashiered officer? What was it that poor Mir Jan called himself-"a disgraced man?" Yes, that was it. Could that stain be removed? Mir Jan was doing it. Why not he-by other means, for his good name rested on the word of a perjured woman? Wealth was potent, but not all powerful. He would ask Iris to wait until he came to her unsoiled by slander, purged of this odium cast upon him unmerited.

To awake her he kissed her; he knew not, perchance it might be their fast kiss on earth. Not yet dawn, there was morning in the air, for the first faint shafts of light were not visible from their eyrie owing to its position. But

there was much to be done. The canvas awning was rolled back and the stores built into a barricade in tended to shelter Iris.

"What is that for?" she asked when

she discovered its nature. He told her. She definitely refused to avail herself of any such protection

(To be continued.)