

The Wings of the Morning

BY LOUIS TRACY.

The girl choked back her emotion, and sadly essayed the task of providing a meal which was hateful to her. In doing so she saw her Bible, lying where she had placed it that morning, the leaves still open at the 91st Psalm. She had indeed forgotten the promise it contained—

"For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

A few tears fell now and made little furrows down her soiled cheeks. But they were helpful tears, tears of resignation, not of despair. Although the "destruction that wasteth at noon-day" was trying her sorely she again felt strong and sustained.

She even smiled on detecting an involuntary effort to clear her stained face. She was about to carry a biscuit and some thinned meat to the sailor when a sharp exclamation from him caused her to hasten to his side. The Dyaks had broken cover. Running in scattered sections across the sands, they were risking such loss as the defenders might be able to inflict upon them during a brief race to the shelter and food to be obtained in the other part of the island.

Jenks did not fire at the scurrying gang. He was waiting for one man, Taung Sah. But that redoubtable person, having probably suggested this dash for liberty, had fully realized the enervating share of attention he would attract during the passage. He therefore discarded his vivid attire, and by borrowing odd garments, made himself sufficiently like unto the remainder of his yet expected guests. Among them ran the Mohammedan, who did not look up the valley but waved his hand.

When all had quieted down again Jenks understood how he had been fooled. He laughed so heartily that Iris, not knowing either the cause of his merriment or the reason of his unlooked-for clemency to the flying foe, feared the sun had affected him.

He at once quitted the post occupied during so protracted a vigil.

"Now," he cried, "we can eat in peace. I have stripped the chief of his fury. His men can twilt him on being forced to shed his gorgeous plumage in order to save his life. Anyhow they will leave us in peace until night falls, so we must make the best of a hot afternoon."

But he was mistaken. A greater danger than any yet experienced threatened them, though Iris, after perusing that wonderful psalm, might have warned him of it had she known the purpose of those long bamboos carried by some of the savages.

For Taung Sah, furious and unrelenting, resolved that if he could not obtain the girl he would slay the pair of them; and he had terrible weapons in his possession—weapons that could send silent death even to the place where they stood.

CHAPTER XIII.

Really vs. Romance—The Case for the Defendant.

Residents in tropical countries know that the heat is great, but certainly not bearable, between two and four o'clock in the afternoon.

At the conclusion of a not very luscious repast, Jenks suggested that they should not yet expecter the sun in such wise as to gain protection from the sun and yet enable him to cast a watchful eye over the valley. Iris helped to raise the great canvas sheet on the supports he had prepared. Once shut off from the scorching rays, the hot breeze then springing into full existence cooled their blistered but perspiring skin and made life somewhat tolerable.

Still adhering to his policy of combating the first fervor of the day, the sailor, the sailor sanctioned the consumption of the remaining water. As a last desperate expedient, to be resorted to only in case of sheer necessity, he uncorked a bottle of champagne and filled the tin cup. The sparkling wine, with its volume of creamy foam, looked so tempting that Iris would then and there have risked its potency were she not promptly withheld.

Jenks explained to her that when he wine became quite flat and insipid they might use it to moisten their parched lips. Even so, in their present super-heated state, the liquor was unquestionably dangerous, but he hoped it would not harm them if taken in minute quantities.

Accustomed now to implicitly accept his advice, she fought and steadily conquered within her. Obedient enough, the "thawing" of their scorched bodies beneath the tarpaulin brought a certain degree of relief. They were supremely uncomfortable, but that was as naught compared with the relaxation from the torments previously borne.

For a long time—the best part of an hour perhaps—they remained silent. The sailor was reviewing the pros and cons of their precarious condition. "A would, of course, be a matter of supreme importance were the Indian to be faithful to his promise. Here the prospect was decidedly hopeful. The man was an old sower, and the ex-officer of native cavalry knew how enduring was the attachment of this poor convict to home and military service. Probably at that moment the Mohammedan was praying to the prophet and his nephews to aid him in rescuing the shah and the woman whom the shah held so dear, for the all-wise and all-powerful Sir-kah is very merciful to offending natives who thus condone their former crimes."

But, however, willing he might be, what could one man do among so many? The Dyaks were hostile to him in race and creed, and assuredly he was not a foreign devil who had killed or wounded in round numbers, one-fifth of their total force. Very likely the hapless Mussulman would lose his life that night in attempting to bring water to the foot of the rock.

Well, he, Jenks, might have something to say in that regard. By midnight the moon would illumine nearly the whole of Prospect Park. If the Mohammedan were slain in front of the cavern his soul would travel to the next world attended by a Nizam's cohort of slaughtered slaves.

Even if the man succeeded in elud-

ing the vigilance of his present associates, where was the water to come from? There was none on the island save that in the well. In all likelihood the Dyaks had a store in the remaining sampans, but the native ally of the beleaguered pair would have a task of exceeding difficulty in obtaining one of the jars or skins containing it. Again, granting all things went well that night, what would be the final outcome of the struggle? How long could Iris withstand the exposure, the strain, the heart-breaking misery of the rock? The future was blurred, crowded with ugly and affrighting fiends passing in fantastic array before his vision, and moulting dumb threats of madness and death.

He shook restlessly, not aware that the girl's sorrowful glance, luminous with love and pain, was fixed upon him. Summarily dismissing these grisly phantoms of the mind, he asked himself what the Mohammedan expected of him. Was he to win him against the trees on the right and the "silent death" that might come from them? He was about to crawl forth to the lip of the rock and investigate matters in that locality when Iris, who also was busy with her thoughts, restrained him.

"Wait a little while," she said. "None of the Dyaks will venture into the open until night falls. And I have something to say to you."

There was a quiet solemnity in her voice that Jenks had never heard before. It chilled him. His heart acknowledged a quick sense of evil omen. He raised himself slightly and turned toward her. Her face, beautiful and serene beneath its disfigurements, wore an expression of settled purpose. For the life of him he dared not question her.

"The man, the interpreter," she said, "told you that if I were given up to the chief, he and his followers would go away and molest you no more."

His forehead seemed with sudden anger.

"A mere bait," he protested. "In any event it is hardly worth discussion."

And the answer came, clear and resolute—"I think I will agree to those terms."

At first he regarded her with undisguised and wordless amazement. Then the appalling thought darted through his brain that she contemplated this supreme sacrifice in order to save him. A clammy sweat beaded his brow, but by sheer will power he contrived to say—

"You must be mad to even dream of such a thing. Don't you understand what it means to you—and to me? It is a ruse to trap us. They are ungoverned savages. Once they had you in their power they would laugh at a promise made to me."

"I have some sense of fair dealing. Even assuming that such was their intention, they may depart from it. They have already slain a great many men. The chief having gained his main object, might not be able to persuade them to take further risks. I will make it a part of the bargain that they first supply you with plenty of water. Then you, unaided, could keep them at bay for many days. We lose nothing; we can gain a great deal by endeavoring to pacify them."

"Iris!" he gasped, "what are you saying?"

The unexpected sound of her name on his lips almost unnerved her. But no martyr ever went to the stake with more settled purpose than this pure woman, resolved to immolate herself for the sake of the man she loved. He had dared all for her, faced death in many shapes. Now it was his turn. Her eyes were lit with a seraphic fire, her sweet face resigned as that of an angel.

"I have thought it out," she murmured, gazing at him steadily yet scarce seeing him. It is worth trying as a last expedient. We are abandoned by all, save the Lord; and it does not appear to be his holy will to help us on earth. We can struggle here until we die. Is that right, when one of us may live?"

Her very candor had betrayed her. She would go away with these monstrous captors, endure them, even batter them, until she and they were far removed from the island. And then—she would kill herself. In her innocence she imagined that self-destruction, under such circumstances was a pardonable offence. She only wished to save a life, and greater love than this is not known to God or man.

The sailor, in a tempest of wrath and wild emotion, had it in his mind to compel her into reason, to shake her, as one shakes a wayward child.

He rose to his knees with this half-formed notion in his fevered brain. Then he looked at her, and a mist seemed to shut her out from his sight. Was she lost to him already? Was all that had gone before an idle dream of joy and grief, a wizard's glimpse of mirrored happiness and vague perils? Was Iris, the crystal-voiced, thrown to him by the storm-lashed waves to be snatched away by some irresistible and malign influence?

In the mere physical effort to assure himself that she was still near to him he gathered her up in his strong hands. Yes, she was there, breathing, working, pulsating. He folded her closely to his breast and yielding to the passionate longings of his tired heart, whispered to her—

"My darling, do you think I can survive your loss? You are life itself to me. If we have to die sweet one, let us die together."

Then Iris flung her arms around his neck.

"I am quite, quite happy now," she sobbed brokenly. "I didn't imagine it would come this way, but—I am thankful—it has come."

For a little while they yielded to the glamour of the divine knowledge that amidst the chaos of eternity each soul had found its mate. There was no need for words. Love, tremendous in its power, unfathomable in its mystery, had cast its spell over them. They were garbed in light, throned in a palace built by fairy hands. On all sides squatted the ghoul of privation, misery, danger, even grim death; but they heeded not the Inferno; they

had created a paradise in an earthly hell.

Then Iris withdrew herself from the man's embrace. She was delightfully shy and timid now.

"So you really do love me?" she whispered, crimson-faced, with shining eyes and parted lips.

He drew her to him again and kissed her tenderly. For he had cast all doubt to the winds. No matter what the future had in store she was his, his only; it was not in man's power to part them. A glorious effulgence dazzled his brain. Her love had given him the strength of Goliath, the confidence of David. He would pluck her from the perils that environed her. The Dyak was not yet born who should rend her from him.

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(To be Continued.)

GREAT SHOOTING BY SERG'T SMITH

Some Fine Marksmanship in Second Range of Governor-General's Match.

Ottawa, Sept. 4.—When shooting was to have opened on the Rocklife range this morning, a dense fog over the range caused a delay of half an hour, as the targets were almost invisible. There was very little doing when the extra series opened at the 800 yards in the second stage of the Governor-General's, as the holders of extra series tickets shot them off in conjunction with the regular match, the weather being clearing all the time, and two slights being allowed. When the match did start the weather was clear, with little or no wind, and what there was a rear, steady one. The first ranges were shot before luncheon, and they started early to show the breaks in the ranks. Lieut. C. D. Spittal, the winner of N. R. A. medal in the first range, only made 12 points. Sgt. T. W. A. Smith, of Ottawa, put on a possible, and followed it with a possible at 900, extra series 30 in the match. He then made a wonderful performance, 30, in the regular match, bringing his total up to 160 with a range to shoot. Capt. J. McVittie leads at present, with 165. Gordon Highlanders trophy went to Third Victorias and Toronto Forty-eighth Highlanders, and the Tenth R. G. captured the next two places, only a point dividing them. Ottawa won the last range, with 165. Sgt. J. P. White, Q. O. R., was second.

The Moroccan Muddle

Germany Believes France is Endeavoring To Break Influence.

Berlin, Sept. 4.—The French policy in Morocco has been interpreted in this city as designed to manoeuvre Germany out of any direct part in Moroccan affairs, with the ultimate purpose, supported by Great Britain, of acquiring that paramount position which was the object of France previous to the Algeiras conference. The French aims are regarded today as being precisely what they were before the conference, namely the independence of Morocco politically and commercially, with no superior position for France or any other power.

Germany declines to recognize the theory of the French foreign office that France and Spain, being the mandatories of the power in Morocco, have the right to initiate the suggestions, and is not disposed to allow Moula Hadid to be compelled to take over large and indefinite French pecuniary claims, the one of which at the outbreak of his reign would be to reduce him to the position of a French vassal.

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No More Headaches

SUFFERED FROM CONSTANT HEADACHES — CURED BY "FRUIT-A-TIVES" WHEN DOCTORS FAILED.

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He fondled her hair and gently rubbed her cheek with his rough fingers. The sudden sense of ownership of this fair woman was entrancing. It almost bewitched him. His first instinct was, clinging to him in utter confidence and trust.

"I was a sufferer from fearful headaches for over two years, sometimes they were so bad that I was unable to work for days at a time. I took all kinds of medicines, was treated by physicians, and yet the headaches persisted. I was rarely free from headache. A short time ago I was advised to try 'Fruit-a-tives,' and I did so with, I must confess very little faith, but after I had taken them for three days my headaches were easier and in a week they left me. After I had taken a box of the tablets my headaches were quite cured. My appetite was always poor and my stomach bad, and now my appetite is splendid and my digestion is excellent. I had become thin and weak now not only have I been cured of all these awful headaches, but my strength is growing up once more, and I feel like a new man. I have taken in all three boxes of 'Fruit-a-tives.' I am exceedingly grateful to 'Fruit-a-tives' for curing me, and I give this unsolicited testimonial as a great pleasure, as I hope thereby some other sufferer of headaches will be induced to try 'Fruit-a-tives' and will be cured."

(Sgt.) B. CORNELL, Taylorsville, Ont.

"Fruit-a-tives" is now put up in the new 25c trial size as well as the regular 50c boxes. Write Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa, if your dealer will not supply you.

MELBOURNE'S CARNIVAL

American Fleet Sails From Australian Capital Today.

Melbourne, Sept. 4.—This is the last day of the series of entertainments in honor of the men and officers of the American battleship fleet which brought the people of Melbourne into such pleasant and personal contact with their visitors. It dawned bright and beautiful in which it was the inclement weather of the early part of the week, and the programme was carried out without hitch or interruption.

Tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock the fleet sails away for Albany, West Australia, where it will remain for a week taking coal. It has been a busy few days for Melbourne, as well as for the visitors, and the city has found accommodation for vast throngs from the provinces, and the last of the week, and the programme was carried out without hitch or interruption.

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