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AS A CONVALESCENT FOOD. Mr. Wyman N. Thomas, Ompah, Adlington Co., Ont., writes: "My wife had ngestion of the lungs along with other troubles, and became very weak and run down. By the use of Dr. Chase's eve Food she was made as strong and well as ever. Of course I had a

The Wings of the By LOUIS TRACY

the ledge, already gratefully warm. There was a good deal of sustained shouting going on. Jenks thought he recognized the chief's voice giving instructions to those who had come from Smugglers' cove and were now standing on the beach near the quarry. "I wonder if he is hungry," he thought. "If so, I will interfere with

Iris peeped forth at him. "Mr. Jenks!"

"Yes," without turning his head. He knew it was an ordinary question. "May I come too?"
"What, expose yourself on the ledge!"

"Yes, even that. I am so tired of sitting here alone." Well, there is no danger at present. But they might chance to see you, and you remember what I"\_

"Yes, I remember quite well. If that is all"- There was a rustle of garments. "I am very mannish in appearance. If you promise not to look at me I will join you.

Iris stepped forth. She was flushed a little, and, to cover her confusion, maybe, she picked up a rifle. 'Now there are two guns," she said

as she stood near him. He could see through the tail of his eye that a slight but elegantly proportioned young gentleman of the seafaring profession had suddenly appeared from nowhere. He was glad she had taken this course. It might better the position were the Dyaks to see her

"The moment I tell you you must fall flat," he warned her. "No ceremony, about it. Just flop!"

"I don't know anything better calculated to make one flop than a bullet." she laughed. Not yet did the tragedy of the broken kegs appeal to her. "Yes, but it achieves its purpose in two ways. I want you to adopt the

precautionary method. "Trust me for that. Good gracious!" The sailor's rifle went off with an unexpected bang that froze the exclamation on her lips. Three Dyaks were attempting to run the gantlet to their beleaguered comrades. They carried a jar and two wicker baskets. He with the jar fell and broke it. The others doubled back like hares, and the first man dragged himself after them. Jenks did not fire again.

Iris, watched the wounded wretch crawling along the ground. Her eyes



grew moist, and she paled somewhat. When he vanished she looked into the valley and at the opposing ledge; three mea lay dead within twenty yards of her Two others dangled from the rocks. It took her some time to control her quavering utterance sufficiently to say:

"I hope I may not have to use a gun know it cannot be helped, but if I were to kill a human being I do not think I would ever rest again."

"In that case I have indeed murdered sleep today," was the unfeeling reply. "No, no! 'A man must be made sterner stuff. We have a right to defend ourselves. If need be, I will exercise that right. Still, it is horrid, oh,

so horrid!" She could not see the sailor's grim smile. It would materially affect his rest for the better were he able to slay every Dyak on the island with a single shot. Let her gentle protest pleased him. She could not at the same time be callous to human suffering and be Iris. But he declined the

discussion of such sentiments. "You were going to say something when a brief disturbance took place," he inquired.

"Yes. I was surprised to find how hot the ledge has become." "You notice it more because you are

the man was vouchsafed a shred of luck. Before he could frame a feeble pretext for his too sanguine pre a sampan appeared 800 yards from Turtle beach, strenuously paddled by

The Dyaks, though to the m doctor, but she was weak, and it was born, were weary of sun scorched by. Chase's Nerve Food which built rocks and salt water. The boat was

the sight inspired Jenks with fresh hope. Like a lightning flash came the reflection that if he could keep them away from the well and destroy the sampan now hastening to their assistance, perhaps conveying the bulk of their stores, they would soon tire of staking their thirst on the few pitcher plants growing on the north shore.

"Come quick!" he shouted, adjusting the back sight of a rifle. "Lie down and aim at the front of that boat, a little short if anything. It doesn't matter if the bullets strike the sea first." He placed the weapon in reading

for her and commenced operations himself before Iris could reach his side. Soon both rifles were pitching twenty shots a minute at the sampan. The resuit of their long range practice was not long in doubt. The Dyaks danced from seat to seat in a state of wild exeftement. One man was hurled overboard. Then the craft lurched seaward in the strong current, and Jenks

told Iris to leave the rest to him. Before he could empty a second maghe rejoined. He preferred the unfair azine a fortunate bullet ripped a plank out and the sampan filled and went down amid a shrill yell of execration from the back of the cliff. The two Dyaks yet living endeavored to swim ashore, half a mile through shark invested reefs. The sailor did not even rouble about them. After a few frantie struggles each doomed wretch flung up his arms and vanished. In the clear atmosphere the onlookers could see

black fins cutting the pellucid sea. They were quieting down-the thirst end was again slowly salting their veins-when something of a dirty white color fluttered into sight from behind the base of the opposite cliff. It was rapidly withdrawn, to reappear after an interval. Now it was held more steadily and a brown arm became visible. As Jenks did not fire, a turbaned head popped into sight. It was the Mohammedan

"No shoot it," he roared. "Me English speak it." "Don't you speak Hindoostanee?" shouted Jenks in Urdu of the higher

"Yes, sir!" was the joyful response. "Will your honor permit his servant to come and talk with him?" "Yes, if you come unarmed." "And the chief, too, sahib?"

"Yes, but listen! On the first sign of treachery I will shoot both of you!" "We will keep faith, sahib. May kites pick our bones if we fail!"

Then there stepped into full view the renegade Mussulman and his leader. They carried no guns; the chief wore "Tell him to leave that dagger be-

hind!" cried the sailor imperiously. As the enemy demanded a parley he resolved to adopt the conqueror's tone His hands shook somewhat. It was from the outset. The chief obeyed, with well there was no call for accurate a scowl, and the two advanced to the foot of the rock "Stand close to me," said Jenks to

Iris. "Let them see you plainly, but pull your hat well down over your "At least drink your share to please She silently followed his instructions. Now that the very crisis of their fate had arrived she was nervous, shaken, conscious only of a desire to sink on

her knees and paay. The two halted some ten paces in front of the cavern, and the belligerents surveyed each other. It was a fascinating spectacle, this drama in real life. The yellow faced Dyak, gaudily attired in a crimson jacket and sky blue pantaloons of Chinese silk, a man young and powerfully built, and the brown skinned, white clothed Mohammedan, bony, tall and gray with hardship, looked up at the occupants of the edge. Iris, slim and boyish in her male garments, was dwarfed by the six foot sailor, but her face was blood stained, and Jenks were a six weeks' stubble of beard. Holding their rifles with alert ease, with revolvers strapped to their sides, they presented a warlike and imposing tableau in their inaccessible perch. In the path of the emissaries lay the bodies of the slain. The Dyak leader scowled again as he pass-

ed them! "Sahib," began the Indian, "my chief, Taung S'Ali, does not wish to have any more of his men killed in a foolish quarrel about a woman. Give her up, he says, and he will either leave you here in peace or carry you safely to some place where you can find a ship manned by white men."

"A woman!" said Jenks scornfully. "That is idle talk! What woman is

This question nonplused the native. "The woman whom the chief saw half a month back, sahib."

"Taung S'Ali was bewitched. I slew his men so quickly that he saw spirits." The chief caught his name and broke in with a question. A volley of talk between the two was enlivened with expressive gestures by Taung S'Ali, who several times pointed to Iris, and Jenks now anathematized his thoughtless felly in permitting the Dyak to approach so near. The Mohammedan, of course, had never seen her and might have persuaded the other that in truth there were two men only on the rock. His fears were only too well founded.

The Mussulman salaamed respectfully and said: "Protector of the poor, I cannot gainay your word, but Taung S'Ali says that the maid stands by your side and is none the less the woman he seeks in

that she wears a man's clothing." "He has sharp eyes, but his brain is addled," retorted the sailor. "Why does he come here to seek a woman who is not of his race? Not only has he brought death to his people and narrowly escaped it himself, but he must know that any violence offered to us will mean the extermination of his whole tribe by an English warship. Tell him to take away his boats and never visit this isle again. Perhaps I will then forget his treacherous attempt to murder us while we slept last

The chief glared defiantly, while the Mohammedan said:

"Sahib, it is best not to anger him too much. He says he means to have the girl. He saw her beauty that day, and she inflamed his heart. She has cost him many lives, but she is worth a sultan's ransom. He cares not for warships. They cannot reach his yil-

Use Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) to wash woolens and flannels,-you'll like

lage in the hills. By the tomb of n-ud-din, sahib, he will not harm you if you give her up, but if you re-tuse he will kill you both. And what woman more or less in the world that she should cause strife and odletting?"

The sailor knew the eastern character too well not to understand the man's amazement that he should be so tous about the fate of one of the weaker sex. It was seemingly useless to offer terms, yet the native was clearly so anxious for an amicable settle-

"You come from Delhi?" he asked. "Honored one, you have great wis-

"None but a Delhi man swears by the tomb on the road to the Kutub. You have escaped from the Anda-"Sahib, I did but slay a man in self

again see India. Nevertheless you would give many years of your life to mix once more with the bazaar folk." The brown skin assumed a sallow

"Then help me and my friend to escape. Compel your chief to leave the



The belligerents surveyed each other. Indian government."

dered and annoyed by this passionate many. A word from me, and they I suppose you will not give up the

miss sahib. Pretend to argue with me. I will help in any way possible." Jenks' heart bounded when this unlooked for offer reached his ears. The unfortunate Mohammedan was evidently eager to get away from the pifallen. But the chief was impatient, if not suspicious, of these long speeches. Angrily holding forth a rifle, the sail-

him and all his men ere tomorrow's ing from the rock. Tie thereto a vessel forget your services. I am Anstruther Sahib of the Belgaum regiment."

The native translated his words into a fierce defiance of Taung S'Ali and his Dyaks. The chief glanced at Jenks and Iris with an ominous smile. He

even to the place where you stand. And I will not fail you tenight, on my life," cried the interpreter.

"I believe you. Go! But inform your chief that once you have disappeared round the rock whence you came I will talk to him only with a

the Englishman's emphatic motions. Waving his hand defiantly, the Dyak turned, and, with one parting glance of mute assurance, the Indian followed

her all that had taken place. Iris became very downcast when she grasped the exact state of affairs. She was almost certain when the Dyaks proposed a parley that reasonable terms would result. It horrified her beyond measure to find that she was the rock on which negotiations were wrecked. Hope died within her. The bitterness of death was in her breast.

"What an unlucky influence I havehad on your existence!" she exclaimed. "If It were not for me this trouble at least would be spared you. Because I am here you are condemned. Again, because I stopped you from shooting that wretched chief and his companions they are now demanding your life as a forfeit. It is all my fault. I can-

Piles To prove to you that Da. Chase's Cintment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, alecding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. See a box, at all dealers or EDMAMSON, BATES & Cc., Toronto,

She was on the verge of tears. The strain had become too great for her. After indulging in a wild dream of freedom, to be told that they must again endure the irksome confinement. the active suffering, the slow horrors of a siege in that rocky prison, almost distracted her. Jenks was very stern and curt in his

business," he said. "If we are in a tight place the Dyaks are not much

better off, and eighteen of their num-ber are dead or wounded. You forget, too, that Providence has sent us a most useful ally in the Mohammedan. When all is said and done, things might be far worse than they are."

Never before had his tone been so cold, his manner so abrupt, not even in the old days when he purposely endeavored to make her dislike him. She walked along the ledge and tim-

idly bent over him. "Forgive me!" she whispered. did forget for the moment not only the goodness of Providence, but also your self sacrificing devotion. I am only a woman, and I don't want to die yet, but I will not live unless you, too, are

Once already that day she had expressed this thought in other words. Was some shadowy design flitting through her brain? Suppose they were faced with the alternatives of dying from thirst or yielding to the Dyaks. Was there another way out? Jenks shivered, though the rock was grilling him. He must divert her mind from this dreadful brooding.

"The fact is," he said, with a feeble attempt at cheerfulness, "we are both hungry and consequently grumpy. Now, suppose you prepare lunch. We will feel ever so much better after we

have eaten." The girl choked back her emotion and sadly essayed the task of providing a meal which was hateful to her. 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 noonday" 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 tinned meat to the sailor when a sharp exclamation from him caused her to hasten to his side.

The Dyaks had broken cover. Run ning 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 S'Ali. But that redoubtable person, having probably suggested this dash for liberty, had fully realized the enviable 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 crew to deceive the sailor until the rush of men was over. 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 heartly 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 finery. His men can twit 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 denger than any yet experienced new threatened them, for Taung S'Ali, 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.

DESIDENTS in tropical countries know that the heat is greatest, or certainly least bearable, between 2 and 4 o'clock in the

At the conclusion of a not very luscious repast Jenks suggested that they should rig up the tarpaulin 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 devouring rays, the hot breeze then springing into fitful existence cooled their blistered but perspiring skin and made life somewhat

Still adhering to his policy of combatting the first enervating attacks of thirst, 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 the wine became quite flat and insipid they might use it to moisten their parched lips. Even so, in their present superheated state, the liquor was unques tionably dangerous, but he hoped it would not harm them if taken in mi-

Accustomed now to implicitly accept his advice, she fought and steadily conquered the craving within her. Oddly enough, the "thawing" of their scorched bodies beneath the tarpaulin brought a certain degree of relief. They were supremeir uncomfortable, but that was

No man has more trouble in finding the right kind of patrons than the manwho has money to loan. There are men to whom a loan is an inviolate obligation; with whom your money would be as safe as in a bank, and return a greater rate of interest. These kind of as naught compared with the relaxation from the torments previously

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. It 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 soldier, and the exofficer 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 two nephews to aid him in rescuing the sahib and the woman whom the sahib held so dear, for the all wise and all powerful Indian government is very merciful to offending natives who thus

condone their former crimes. But, howsoever willing he might be, what could one man do among so many? The Dyaks were hostile to him in race and creed, and assuredly infuriated against the 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. Even if the man succeeded in eluding 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 heartbreaking misery of the rock?

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 exactly meant by warning 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 some thing 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

"That 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 seamed with sudden

event it is hardly worth dis And the answer came, clear and res-

"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 bedewed his brow. but by sheer will power he contrived

"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."

"You may be mistaken. They must have some sense of fair dealing. Even assuming that such was their intention, they may depart from it. They have already lost a great many men Their 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 lese nothing; we can gain a great deal by endeavoring

"Iris," he gasped, "what are you saying?" The unexpected sound of her name on his fips almost unnerved her. But no martyr ever went to the stake with more settled purpose than this pure woman, resolved to immelate herself for the sake of the man she loved. He had dared all for her, faced death in many shapes. Now it was her turn, Her eyes were lit with a scraphic fire, her sweet face resigned as that of an

"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 on here until we die. Is that right when one

of us may live?"
Her very cander had betrayed her. She would go away with these monstrous captors, endure them, even flatter them, until she and they were far removed from the island, and thenshe would kill herself. In her innocence she imagined that self destruction under such circumstances was a pardonable offense. She only gave a life 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

TRAFALGAR CELEBRATION.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug 9.—The Victorian Club of Boston, is arranging a monster celebration for Trafalgar cen-The most noted British and American naval efficers have accepted

that had gone before an fille dream of joy and grief, a wizard's glimpse of nirrored happiness and vague perils? Was Iris, the crystal souled, thrown to him by the storm lashed wave, 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, wondering, palpitating. He folded her closely, to his breast and, yielding to the passionate longings of his tired heart.

"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

"I am quite, quite happy now," she sobbed brokenly. "I didn't-imagineit 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 amid 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 ghouls of privation, misery, danger, even grim death; but they eded 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 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 bewildered him to find Iris nestling close, clinging to him in utter confidence and trust.

"But I knew, I knew," she murmur "You betrayed yourself so many times. You wrote your secret to me, and, though you did not tell me, I found your dear words on the sands and have treasured them next my

What girlish romance was this? He held her away gingerly, just so far that he could look into her eyes.

"Oh, it is true, quite true," she cried. drawing the locket from her neck. 'Don't you recognize your own handwriting, or were you not certain, just then, that you really did love me?"

Dear, dear! How often would she reeat that wondrous phrase! Together they bent over the tiny slips of paper. There it was again, "I love you," twice blazoned in magic symbols. blushing eagerness she told him how, by mere accident, of course, she caught sight of her own name. It was not ery wrong, was it, to pick up that tiny scrap or those others, which she could not help seeing and which unfolded their simple tale so truthfully? Wrong! It was so delightfully right that he must kiss her again to empha-

size his convictions. "A mere bait," he protested. "In any They grew calmer, more sedate. It another that the fact was becoming venerable with age. Iris was perhaps the first to recognize its quiet certain

"As I cannot get you to talk reasonably," she protested, "I must appeal to your sympathy. I am hungry, and,

The girl had hardly eaten a morsel for her midday meal. Then she was despondent, utterly broken hearted. Now she was filled with new hope, There was a fresh motive in existence. Whether destined to live an hour or half a century she would never, never leave him, nor, of course, could he ever, ever leave her. Some things were quite impossible—for example, that

they should part. Jenks brought her a biscuit a tin of meat and that most doleful cup of champagne.

"It is not exactly frappe," he said, handing her the insipid beverage, "but, under other conditions, it is a wine almost worthy to toast you in." She fancied she had never before noticed what a charming smile he had.

word," she cried. "I am simply frizsling. In these warm clothes"-She stopped. For the first time since that prehistoric period when she was "Miss Deane" and he "Mr. Jenks" she remembered the manner of her gar-

"'Toast,' is a peculiarly suitable

"It is not the warm clothing you feel so much as the want of air," explained the sailor readily. "This tarpaulin has made the place very stuffy, but we must put up with it until sundown. By the way, what is that?" A light tap on the tarred canvas di-

rectly over his head had caught his ear. Iris, glad of the diversion, told him she had heard the noise three or four times, but fancied it was caused by the occasional rustling of the sheet on the uprights. Jenks had not allowed his attention

to wander altogether from external events. Since the Dyaks' last escapade there was no sign of them in the valley or on either beach. Not for trivial cause would they come again within range of Jenks' rifle They waited and listened silently.

Another tap sounded on the tarpaulin in a different place, and they both concurred in the belief that something had darted in curved flight over the ledge and fallen on top of their protecting

"Let us see what the game is," exclaimed the sailor. He crept to the back of the ledge and drew himself up. until he could reach over the she He returned, carrying in his hand a couple of tiny arrows.

"There are no less than seven of these things sticking in the canvas." he said. "They don't look very terrible. I suppose that is what my Indian friend meant by warning me against

the trees on the right." He did not tell Iris all the Mohammedan said. There was no need to alarm her causelessly. Even while they examined the curious little missile another flew up from the valley an odged on the roof of their shelter

(To be continued.)

obliged to remain here." N, N. B.

Morning (Continued.) After a pause she said: He grasped a rifle and lay down on "I think I understand now why you

were so upset by the loss of our wa ter supply. Before the day ends we will be in great straits, enduring agonies from thirst!" "Let us not meet the devil halfway,"

retort to a confession which could only foster dismay. "But, please, I am thirsty now." He moved uneasily. He was only too conscious of the impish weakness, common to all mankind, which creates a

desire out of sheer inability to satisfy Already his own throat was parched The excitement of the early struggle was in itself enough to engender an acute thirst. He thought it best to meet their absolute needs as far as possible. "Bring the tin cup," he said. "Let us take half our store and use the re-

mainder when we eat. Try to avoid oreathing through your mouth. The hot air quickly affects the palate and causes an artificial dryness. We cannot yet be in real need of water. It is largely imagination." Iris needed no second bidding. She

carefully measured out balf a pint of the unsavory fluid-the dregs of the casks and the scourings of the ledge. "I will drink first," she cried. "No, no," he interrupted impatiently. "Give it to me."

She pretended to be surprised.

"As a mere matter of politeness"\_ "I am sorry, but I must insist." She gave him the cup over his shoulder. He placed it to his lips and gulped steadily. "There," he said gruffly. "I was in a

hurry. The Dyaks may have another

rush at any moment."

Iris looked into the vessel.

"You have taken none at all," she "Mr. Jenks, be reasonable! You need it more than I. I d-dont want to-live w-without-you."

shooting just then. "I assure you I took all I required." he declared, with unnecessary vehe-

me," she murmured. "You wished to humbug me," he imbled. "If you will take the first half I will take the second." And they settled it that way. The few mouthfuls of tepid water gave them new life. Nevertheless by high noon they were suffering again. The time passed very slowly. The sun rose to the zenith and filled the earth and air with his ardor. It seemed to be a miracle - now appreciated for the first time in their lives—that the sea did not dry up and the leaves wither on the trees. The silence, the deathly inactivity of all things, became intolerable. The girl bravely tried to confine her thoughts to the task of the hour. She displayed alert watchfulness, an instant readiness to warn her

among the trees or by the rocks to the northwest, this being the arc of their periphery assigned to her. Looking at a sunlit space from cover and looking at the same place when sweltering in the direct rays of a tropical sun are kindred operations strangely diverse in achievement. Iris could not reconcile the physical sensitiveness of the hour with the careless hardihood of the preceding days. Her eyes ached somewhat, for she had tilted her sou'wester to the back of her head in the effort to cool her throbbing tem-She put up her right hand to shade the too vivid reflection of the glistening sea and was astounded to

companion of the slightest movement

find that in a few minutes the back of her hand was scorched. A faint sound of distant shouting disturbed her painful reverie.

"How is it," she asked, "that we feel the heat so much today? I had hardly noticed it before." "For two good reasons-forced idleness and radiation from this confounded rock. Moreover, this is the hottest day we have experienced on the island. There is not a breath of air, and the hot weather has just commenced." "Don't you think," she said huskily,

They were talking to each other sideways. The sailor never turned his gaze from the southern end of the val-"It is no more hopeless now than last

"that our position here is quite hope-

"But suppose we are kept here for several days?" "That was always an unpleasant probability." "We had water then. Bven with an ample supply it would be difficult to

night or this morning." he replied.

hold out. As things are, such a course ecomes simply impossible." Her despondency pierced his soul. A slow agony was consuming her. "It is hard, I admit," he said. "Nevertheless you must bear up until night

falls; then we will either obtain water. or leave this place." "Surely we can do neither." We may be compelled to do both."

"But how?" In this his hour of extremest need three men. The vague hallooing they had heard was explained.

ing in response to their signals, and

ment that he caught at a straw.

"Whatever the cause, you can never

"That is good speaking," he gurgled.

island, Kill him! Plot against him! I will promise you freedom and plenty of rupees. Do this, and I swear to you I will come in a ship and take you away. The miss sahib's father is pow-He has great influence with the Taung S'Ali was evidently bewil-

appeal which he did not understand. He demanded an explanation, and the ready witted native was obliged to invent some plausible excuse. Yet when he raised his face to Jenks there was nunted animal in his eyes. "Sahib," he said, endeavoring to conceal his agitation, "I am one among would cut my throat. If I were with you there on the rock I would die with you, for I was in the Kumaon regiment when the trouble befell me. It is of no avail to bargain with a tiger, sahib.

ratical gang into whose power he had

or shouted. "Tell Taung S'Ali that I will slay sun rises. He knows something of my power, but not all. Tonight at the twelfth hour you will find a rope hangof water. Fail not in this. I will not

muttered something. "Then, sahib, there is nothing more to be said. Beware of the trees on your right. They can send silent death

Taung S'Ali seemed to comprehend

Iris touched his arm and he told

not bear it"

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