The Wings of the Morning

BY LOUIS TRACY.

CHAPTER IV.

Across the parched bones lay the stick discarded by Jenks in his alarm. He picked it up and resumed his progress along the pathway. So closely did he now examine the ground that he hardly noted his direction. The track led straight towards the wall of rock. The distance was not great—about forty yards. At first the brushwood impeded him, but soon even this hindrance disappeared, and a well-defined passage meandered through a belt of trees, some strong and lofty, others quite immature.

More bushes gathered at the foot of the cliff. Behind them he could see the mouth of a cave; the six months' old growth of vegetation about the entrance gave clear indication as to the time which had elapsed since a human foot last disturbed the solitude.

A few vigorous blows with the stick cleared away obstructing plants and leafy branches. The sailor stooped and looked into the cavern, for the opening was barely five feet high. He perceived instantly that the excavation was man's handiwork, applied to a fault in the hard rock. A sort of natural shaft existed, and this had been extended by manual labor. Beyond the entrance the cave became more lofty. Owing to its position with refernce to the sun at that hour Jenks imagined that sufficient light would be obtainable when the tropical luxuriance of foliage outside was dispenced with.

At present the interior was dark. With the stick he tapped the walls and roof. A startled cluck and the rush of wings heralded the flight of two birds, alarmed by the noise. Soon his eyes, more accustomed to the gloom, made out that the place was about thirty feet deep, ten feet wide in the centre, and seven or eight feet high.

At the further end was a collection of objects inviting prompt attention. Each moment he could see with greater distinctness. Kneeling on one side of the little pile he discerned that on a large stone, serving as a rude bench, were some tin utensils, some knives, a sextant, and a quantity of empty cartridge cases. Between the stone and what a miner terms the "face" of the rock was a four-foot space. Here, half imbedded in the sand which covered the floor, were two pickaxes, a shovel, a sledge-hammer, a fine timber-felling axe and three crowbars.

In the darkest corner of the cave's extremity the "wall" appeared to be very smooth. He prodded with the stick, and there was a sharp clang of tin. He discovered six square kerosene oil cases carefully stacked up. Three were empty, one seemed to be half full, and the contents of two were untouched. With almost feverish haste he ascertained that the half-filled tin did really contain oil.

"What a find!" he ejaculated aloud. Another pair of birds dashed from a ledge near the roof.

"Confound you!" shouted the sailor. He sprang back and whacked the walls viciously, but all the feathered intruders had gone.

So far as he could judge the cave harbored no further surprises. Returning towards the exit his boots dislodged more empty cartridges from the sand. They were shells adapted to a revolver of heavy calibre. At a short distance from the doorway they were present in dozens.

"The remnants of a fight," he thought. "The man was attacked, and defended himself here. Not expecting the arrival of enemies he provided no store of food or water. He was killed whilst trying to reach the well, probably at night."

He vividly pictured the scene—a brave, hardy European keeping at bay a boatload of Dyak savages, enduring manfully the agonies of hunger, thirst, perhaps wounds. Then the siege, followed by a wild effort to gain the life-giving well, the hiss of a Malay parang wielded by a lurking foe, and the last despairing struggle before death came.

He might be mistaken. Perchance there was a less dramatic explanation. But he could not shake off his first impressions. They were garnered from dumb evidence and developed by some occult but overwhelming sense of certainty.

"What was the poor devil doing here?" he asked. "Why did he bury himself in this rock, with mining utensils and a few rough stores? He could not be a castaway. There is the indication of purpose, of preparation, of method combined with ignorance, for none who knew the ways of Dyaks and Chinese pirates would venture to live here alone, if he could help it, and if he really were alone." The thing was a mystery, would probably remain a mystery forever.

"Be it steel or be it lead,
Anyhow the man is dead."

There was relief in hearing his own voice. He could hum, and think, and act. Arming himself with the axe he attacked the bushes and branches of trees in front of the cave. He cut a fresh approach to the well, and threw the litter over the skeleton. At first he was inclined to bury it where it lay, but he disliked the idea of Iris walking unconsciously over the place. No time could be wasted that day. He would seize an early opportunity to act as grave-digger.

After an absence of little more than an hour he rejoined the girl. She saw him from afar, and wondered whence he obtained the axe he shouldered.

"You are a successful explorer," she cried when he drew near.

"Yes, Miss Deane. I have found water, implements, a shelter, even light."

"What sort of light—spiritual, or material?"

"Oil."

"Oh!"

Iris could not remain serious for many consecutive minutes, but she gathered that he was in no mood for frivolity.

"And the shelter—is it a house?" she continued.

"No, a cave. If you are sufficiently rested you might come and take possession."

Her eyes danced with excitement. He told her what he had seen, with reservations, and she ran on before him to witness these marvels.

"Why did you make a new path to the well," she inquired after a rapid survey.

"A new path!" The pertinent question staggered him.

"Yes, the people who lived here must have had some sort of free passage."

He lied easily. "I have only cleared away recent growth," he said.

"And why did they dig a cave? It surely would be much more simple to build a house from all these trees."

"There you puzzle me," he said frankly.

They had entered the cavern but a little way and now came out.

"These empty cartridges are funny. They suggest a fort, a battle." Womanlike, her words were carelessly chosen, but they were crammed with inductive force.

Emarked on the toboggan slope of untruth the sailor slid smoothly downwards.

"Events have colored your imagination, Miss Deane. Even in England men often preserve such things for future use. They can be reloaded."

"Yes, I have seen keepers do that. This is different. There is an air of ——"

"There is a lot to be done," broke in Jenks emphatically. "We must climb the hill and get back here in time to light another fire before the sun goes down. I want to prop a canvas sheet in front of the cave, and try to devise a lamp."

"Must I sleep inside?" demanded Iris.

"Yes. Where else?"

There was a pause, a mere whiff of awkwardness.

"I will mount guard outside," went on Jenks. He was trying to improve the edge of the axe by grinding it on a soft stone.

The girl went into the cave again. She was inquisitive, uneasy.

"That arrangement——" she began but ended in a sharp cry of terror. The dispossessed birds had returned during the sailor's absence.

"I will kill them," he shouted in anger.

"Please don't. There has been enough of death in this place already."

The words jarred on his ears. Then he felt that she could only allude to the victims of the wreck.

"I was going to say," she explained, "that we must devise a partition. There is no help for it until you construct a sort of house. Candidly, I do not like this hole in the rock. It is a vault, a tomb."

"You told me that I was in command, yet you dispute my orders." He strove hard to appear brusquely good-humored, indifferent, though for one of his mould he was absurdly irritable The cause was over-strain, but that explanation escaped him.

"Quite true. But if sleeping in the cold, in dew or rain, is bad for me, it must be equally bad for you. And without you I am helpless, you know."

His arms twitched to give her a reassuring hug. In some respects she was so childlike; her big blue eyes were so ingenuous. He laughed sardonically, and the harsh note clashed with her frank candor. Here, at least, she was utterly deceived. His changeful moods were incomprehensible.

"I will serve you to the best of my ability, Miss Deane," he exclaimed. "We must hope for a speedy rescue, and I am inured to exposure. It is otherwise with you. Are you ready for the climb,"

Mechanically she picked up a stick at her feet. It was the sailor's wand of investigation. He snatched it from her hands and threw it away among the trees.

"That is a dangerosus alpenstock," he said. "The wood is unreliable. It might break. I will cut you a better one," and he swung the axe against a tall sapling.

Iris mentally described him as "funny." She followed him in the upward curve of the ascent, for the grade was not difficult and the ground smooth enough, the storms of years having pulverized the rock and driven sand into its clefts. The persistent inroads of the trees had done the rest. Beyond the flight of birds and the scampering of some tiny monkeys overhead, they did not disturb a living creature.

The crest of the hill was tree-covered, and they could see nothing beyond their immediate locality until the sailor found a point higher than the rest, where a rugged collection of hard basalt and the uprooting of some poon trees provided an open space elevated above the ridge.

For a short distance the foothold was precarious. Jenks helped the girl in this part of the climb. His strong, gentle grasp gave her confidence. She was flushed with exertion when they stood together on the summit of this elevated perch. They could look to every point of the compass except a small section on the southwest. Here the trees rose behind them until the brow of the precipice was reached.

The emergence into a sunlit panorama of land and sea, though expected, was profoundly enthralling. They appeared to stand almost exactly in the centre of the island, which was crescent-shaped. It was no longer than the sailor had estimated. The new slopes now revealed were covered with verdure down to the very edge of the water which, for nearly a mile seawards, broke over jagged reefs. The sea looked strangely calm from this height. Irregular blue patches on the horizon to south and east caught the man's first glance. He unslung the binoculars he still carried and focused them eagerly.

"Islands!" he cried, "and big ones, too!"

"How odd!" whispered Iris, more concerned in the scrutiny of her immediate surroundings. Jenks glanced at her sharply. She was not looking at the islands, but at a curious hollow, a quarrylike depression beneath them to the right, distant about three hundred yards and not far removed from the small plateau containing the well, though isolated from it by the south angle of the main cliff.

Here, in a great circle, there was not a vestige of grass, shrub, or tree, nothing save brown rock and sand. At first the sailor deemed it to be the dried-up bed of a small lake. This hypothesis would not serve, else it would be choked with verdure. The pit stared up at them like an ominous eye, though neither paid further attention to it, for the glorious prospect mapped at their feet momentarily swept aside all other considerations.

"What a beautiful place!" murmured Iris. "I wonder what it is called."

"Limbo."

The word came instantly. The sailor's gaze was again fixed on those distant blue outlines. Miss Deane was dissatisfied.

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed. "We are not dead yet. You must find a better name than that."

"Well, suppose we christen it Rainbow Island?"

"Why 'Rainbow'?"

(To Be Continued.)

LET MOTHERS READ THIS!

You know it's impossible in the summer for the whole family to escape from cramps, diarrhea and summer complaint. Better be prepared with a good remedy like Nerviline. It cures cramps in ten seconds, stops diarrhea quickly, tones the stomach, aids digestion. For protection against all summer ills use Polson's Nerviline.

WOMAN CAPTURES MASKED THIEF

Burglar Glad To Be Rescued From Her by a Policeman.

New York, Aug. 11.—When Mrs. Selmanshek put her five children to bed in their room in the big double-decker tenement, No. 129 Henry street, last night she remarked that she would take every precaution to keep burglars out. It was the first time Mr. Selmanshek had been away from home over night, he having had to go out of town on business, so she locked all the doors and windows and looked carefully under the bed.

At 1:30 o'clock Mrs. Selmanshek was awakened by one of the children, who said there was a noise at the window.

"It is the cat," said Mrs. Selmanshek, "but don't let it in. If you open the window maybe a burglar will come."

She fell asleep again, but in a little while she was awakened once more by the noise at the window and was too scared to move. She lay there catching every sound of a man climbing into the room, and it was not until a lantern flashed in her face that she was able to scream.

The sight of a big man in a mask standing over her, gave her new strength and she flew right at him and got a clutch on his collar. He tried to choke her and also to strike her, but she clung on, dodging his blows, while they swayed and struggled all over the room, the children squalling and trying to get out of the door, which was locked.

Other tenants came and broke in the door, and Policeman Hugh Watterson, hearing the screams from the street, rushed up and got the man. Even then Mrs. Selmanshek could scarcely be restrained from scratching his eyes out, and the prisoner, who is a six-footer, seemed glad of the policeman's protection.

The man gave his name as Bosalesky, twenty-five years old. He says he is a tailor and lives at No. 1600 Rockaway avenue, Brooklyn.

WEMYSS NINETY YEARS OLD

Aged Aristocrat Comments on the Advances He Has Seen.

London, Aug. 11.—Earl Wemyss celebrated on Tuesday his ninetieth birthday. Tall, erect, his fine head of silvered hair and beard whitened, but his eye still keen and his voice resonant, to see him in his study overlooking St James park, surrounded by his books, pictures, and works of art, busy correcting proofs from the printer, was to have a glimpse of old age at its best.

"I have no recipe for living to be 90," he told the correspondent. Parentage and moderation are the two most important things. Of course it is true, as some German said, that it is no easy matter to select one's parents, but the only thing to do at 90 or before it is to keep on the fight for what one believes to be right—that is the main thing—and remember that the world is ever in the infancy of discovery and invention

"I began life with tallow dips and am ending with electric light. Who knows what the next advance may be. Perhaps they may yet light London by rubbing radium on the dome of St. Paul's. When I first went to Oxford from Scotland, I traveled by stage coach and the journey occupied forty-eight hours in a stuffy box. We were let out two or three times a day to feed. Now I get into the train at King's Cross at 2:30 and am at my home in Scotland before 11. Further, we now have motor cars and the next thing will be wings."

Earl Wemyss for long has been in the forefront of the fight against socialism. Recently he proposed to the House of Lords to postpone the old age pension bill until a thorough inquiry should be made, and that unfortunate measure he describes as madness.

"The Government speakers call me reactionary," he said. "It is they who are reactionary, for in legislation we are fast going back to the days of Plantagenets, interfering with everybody in everything, until individualism and self-reliance will be lost. Both parties in England are more or less playing the socialist game. Curiously enough, it is thirty years since Fawcett said to me that the next division in English politics would be socialists and anti-socialists."

CURES DIZZY HEADACHES.

Dr. Hamilton says, look to the stomach and bowels—see if they are not sluggish and overloaded. System needs cleansing with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They cure headache, biliousness and dyspepsia. Twenty-five cents per box.

A QUIET SUNDAY AT PORT STANLEY

Minister's Advice Was Promptly Heeded—Addition to Fleet of Canoes.

Port Stanley, Aug. 11.—A London "Old Boy" wants to know where the old hot-water boilers that used to stand near the dancing shed on Invererie Heights have disappeared to. He says that the last time he visited Port a small pile of wood and a couple of boilers were always in readiness for anyone who wished to have a little hot water. It is true that on picnic days there is an abundance of hot water at the elevator, but on quiet days, when only small parties are enjoying the lake breezes, no hot water can be procured.

A man was found lathing a house in the vicinity of Hill Crest on Sunday morning. A minister from another town, who is holidaying here happened along, and warned the Sunday workman that he was breaking the Lord's Day act. Needless to say all hammering ceased.

Mr. Beauty Hodgson, of Chatham, registered at the White House over Sunday.

Mr. Thomas Purdom, London, spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Purdom, at Inglewood, near Orchard Beach.

Excursion to Port Burwell.

Miss Carrie Green, of Hill Crest, was the charming hostess of a most delightful launch party to Port Burwell on Sunday. The guests were few and select.

Cy Edy, of London, with his canoe, Dona, are booked for a week's stay at Hill Crest.

The Misses Florence and Eleanor Rowland, of London, are stopping at the Brunswick House on Hill Crest.

Miss Lottie Hammond has returned to London after visiting on Orchard Beach.

A party of cottagers from Hill Crest took in the Invererie dance on Saturday night and had a delightful time.

Billy Weston, of Hamilton, formerly of London, is staying at Hotel Loney for a week.

Addition to Canoe Fleet.

The brothers Youngs unloaded a fine new canoe from the steamer City of Ottawa on Sunday before an admiring crowd.

Mr. George Morley, of Chicago, is again seen around this burg.

The many friends of Miss Winnifred Robinson regret her absence from Hill Crest, and hope for her speedy return from Go Home Bay, Ont.

Miss Agnes Bake, of Locust Nook, left at noon today for St. Thomas.

On Saturday Mr. A. C. Pulver, of the Clifton, Hill Crest, was the happy recipient of a pup, the handsome gift of Mr. Teddy Banks, of London. All the girls are crazy over "doggie."

Miss Hazel Haight, of Indiana Cottage, Hill Crest, has returned from St. Thomas, where she has been spending a few days.

The figure eight on Stanley Beach is proving a source of great amusement, and is enjoyed by all both young and old, little and big.

The White House, Hill Crest, was filled over the week end.

Miss Mabel Steele, of Grand Rapids, Mich., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Steele, of Boxall.

DUTCH WARSHIP SAILS FOR THE CARIBBEAN

The Hague, Aug. 11.—The battleship Jacob Van Heemarkerk sailed today for Caribbean waters. The cruiser Friesland, which is under orders to prepare for foreign service, returned today from Norway. She probably will follow the Jacob Van Heemskerk as soon as she can be got away. The only warship the Netherlands now has in the Caribbean is the cruiser Gelderland. This vessel's term of service has expired and she will be relieved by Jacob Van Heemskerk.

DUE TO TIPS

Novel Questions Involved in a Liverpool Action.

London, Aug. 10.—A case interesting to traveling Americans because of the question as to tips was heard this week before a Liverpool court. Mr. Parke, an American who crossed from New York to Liverpool on the Carmania in August, 1906, distributed tips to the amount of $35 among stewards, but took all the money back again, owing to the annoyance he experienced over an incident connected with the distribution.

Parke also complained to the management of the line and one of the stewards was discharged. This was a man named Walter Roche, who brought suit against the company on the ground that he had been libelled, the superintendent of the Cunard Company having been sent to communicate to other steamship companies, saying Roche had been dismissed for soliciting tips from passengers. One communication was as follows:

"We beg to inform you the name of the person mentioned has been placed on the black list of this line for soliciting fees."

Refused His Application.

The White Star line was one of the companies which received the document and in consequence it refused Roche's application for employment. A second alleged libel was a circular to the chief steward of the Lucania relative to Roche's case. This circular continued:

"If any steward is found soliciting fees his career is absolutely ruined, for he will be reported to all shipping companies and will not be employed in the company afterwards."

This was published not only in the cabins, but in the New York messroom.

Roche's counsel urged that the practice of tipping certainly was winked at by shipping authorities. Counsel for the defense admitted the publication of the documents complained of and submitted that it was sufficient for him to show the truth of the statement that the plaintiff was dismissed for soliciting fees. There was no need to inquire whether or not the offense actually was committed.

Question of Privilege.

Counsel also contended the communications were privileged, arguing that the exchange black list was in the common interest of passengers and shipping companies. Soliciting tips was a most serious offense. Stewards were allowed to accept tips, but not ask for them.

The judge ruled the occasion was privilegel and the jury gave a verdict for the defendant company.

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Right now Fabric Gloves are right in style, and this sale comes at a most opportune time. We find our stock is heavy. We bought liberally and well. We have sold a big quantity of Gloves, and we are going to clear out the balance of the stock at greatly reduced prices.

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Long Black, Grey and Fawn Lisle Thread Gloves, in all sizes, 60c quality for ....37¢

Black, Grey, White and Fawn Gloves, short length, 25c quality for ...17¢

Skirt Specials

Ladies' Black Venetian Skirts, some are made with fold on bottom, others plaited, only fifty in the lot. These are all worth $5, for $2.50

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SURVEYS OUT FOR HUDSON'S BAY ROAD

Will Map Alternative Routes and Investigate Suitability of Land.

Ottawa, Aug. 10.—The first step towards the actual realization of the long-noted scheme of a railway to Hudson's Bay will be taken this week with the departure of a survey party, consisting of one hundred men, from Winnipeg to locate the route of the proposed railway. The survey is to be pushed with all possible speed, and it is expected that Parliament will receive the report of the surveyors early in January next. This will enable legislation to go through at once so that the work of construction may begin next year. The survey party is now ready to start. Mr. John Armstrong, a well-known railway surveyor, who has had a long experience in railway construction work in the west, will be in charge, with Messrs. Murphy and Law, engineers of the Railway Department at Ottawa, as his assistants. The hundred men will be divided into four parties. They will survey alternate routes via the Churchill and Nelson Rivers. One party will go straight through to Port Churchill and work eastward to the present terminus of the Canadian Northern at the Pas. Another party will follow the valley of the Nelson River to Port Nelson.

The ultimate choice of the route will depend upon the character of the reports brought back as to the relative cost of construction, the suitability of the country for settlement purposes, the climate, etc. A careful examination will also be made of the harbor facilities at Fort Churchill and Fort Nelson, and the Government will gather as much information as possible with respect to the probable cost of harbor works and aids to navigation in the bay and straits, so as to be in a position to give the fullest information to Parliament before legislation is passed providing for the construction of the road. The total distance from the Pas to Fort Churchill is 408 miles. To defray the cost of the survey a vote of $100,000 was passed last session. It is expected that the survey can be completed in about eighty days from the time the men take the field. The Government's policy with respect to the actual construction of the road will not be determined until the servey is completed, but it is certin that no time will be lost in beginning the work as soon as Parliament ratifies the necessary expenditure.

A survey party is to be sent out by the Department of Railways in a few days to survey a line for the proposed double-tracking of the Intercolonial from Painsec Junction to Truro. An alternative route to the present line over the Cobequid Mountains will be surveyed, and it is probalbe that at the session of Parliament an appropriation will be asked to provide for either the double-tracking of the present line as far as Truro or for a new road over that distance. This will place the Intercolonial in a position to adequately handle the growing traffic to Halifax. It is the Government's intention to untimately provide a double-track road both to St. John and Halifax.

The competition among the 'bus companies themselves and the opposition of the tube railways have played havoc with profits.

As a result the London General Omnibus Company, the London Road Car Company and the Vanguard Motor 'Bus Company will be worked as one concern.

Twenty-five persons at Newcastle-under-Lyme were suffering from ptomaine poisoning as the result of drinking milk at a Primitive Methodist demonstration and tea party.

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Two children who did not attend the demonstration, but who were given some of the milk afterwards, were also seized with illness, and their lives were for a time in danger.

In sentencing Alexander Sewell, a commercial travelleer, to five years' penal servitude at Birmingham assizes for obtaining bicycles by false pretences, Mr. Justice Darling commented on the extremely able way in which the prisoner had conducted his defence. A London detective said Sewell was a man of good birth and education, but had devoted himself to a career of crime.

PILES Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles. See testimonials in the press and ask your neighbors about it. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied. 60c, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

The Corn Product Refining Company will build a million-dollar plant at Summit, Ill.