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The Wings of the Morning
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sentinel around our position. We will see."

Not another word could Iris get out of him on the topic. Indeed, he provided her with plenty of work. By this time she could splice a rope more neatly than her tutor, and her articulate business was to prepare no less than sixty rungs for the rope ladder. This was an impossible task for one day, but after dinner the sailor helped her. These he tolled late, until their fingers were sore and their backs ached as they sat upright.

Meanwhile Jenks swarmed up the pole again and drew up after him a crowbar, the sledge hammer and the pickax. With these implements he set to work to improve the accommodation. Of course he did not attempt seriously to remove any large quantity of rock, but there were projecting lumps here and there which he chipped off until they could be thumped or pounded out of existence.

It was surprising to see what a clearance he made in an hour. The excitement of the fault helped him a good deal, as the percolation of water at this point had oxidized the stone to softness. He took the crowbar for he discovered here a small cavity which he contrived to enlarge. Here he contrived to slip a special receptacle in absolute safety when barricaded by stores, while, with a squeeze, she was entirely sheltered from the noise of the Dyaks on the opposite cliff, nor need she be seen from the trees.

Having hauled into position two boxes of ammunition—for which he had scooped out a special receptacle—the sailor packed the fault in the interior of the boat, several tins of biscuits and all the tinmed meats, together with three bottles of wine and two of brandy, he hastily abandoned the ledge and bustled himself with fitting number of gunlocks to heavy fastenings. He reached his proceedings in silence for some time. At last the interval for luncheon enabled her to demand an explanation of his doings.

"You don't tell me at once what you intend to do with those strange implements," she said, "I will go on strike."

"If you do," he answered, "you will create a precedent."

"I withdraw the threat and substitute a more genuine plea—curiosity," she said.

"Then you will be gratified promptly. These are our sentinels. Come with me to visit his post to the most distant one."

He picked up a fagot with his queer attachment, shouldered a rifle and pushed through the bushes to the bushes. He had the rifle slung a revolver around his waist.

They walked rapidly to Smugglers' cove and the girl soon perceived the genuineness of his automatic signal. He securely bound the block of wood to a tree where it was hidden by a bent branch. Breaking the bolt out of a cartridge, he placed the blank charge in position in front of the hammer, the gun being braced and hand with its trigger, the spring of which he had eased to a slight pressure, he attached a piece of unraveled rope, and this he carefully trained among the trees, until he had a line of carriers snail driven into the trunks.

The ultimate result was that a mere swish of Iris' dress against the taut cord exploded the cartridge.

"There!" he exclaimed exultantly. "When I have driven stakes into the sand to the water's edge on both sides of the cove, I will defy them to land by night without giving us warning."

"Do you know," said Iris, in all seriousness, "I think you are the cleverest man in the world."

He was manifestly pleased by the success of his ingenious contrivance and forthwith explained the cord, to make doubly sure he set another snare farther within the track. He was certain the Dyaks would not pass the line of sentinels without being detected. By this time the light was falling.

"That will suffice for the present," he told the girl. "Tomorrow we will place our sentries in position at strategic points. Then we can sleep in the castle with tolerable safety."

By the meager light of the tiny lamp he looked seriously at the rope ladder until Iris' eyes were closing with sleep weariness. Neither of them had slept much during the preceding night, and they were both completely tired.

The first streaks of dawn were tipping the opposite crags with roseate tints when the sailor was suddenly aroused by what he believed to be a gunshot. He could not be sure. He was still collecting his scattered senses, straining eyes and ears intensely, when there came a second report.

Then he knew what had happened. The sentries on the Smugglers' cove had fired their rifles. The enemy was upon them.

At such a moment Jenks was not a man who prayed. Indeed, he was prone to invoke the nether powers, a habit long since acquired by the British army—in Flanders, it is believed.

There was not a moment to be lost. He rushed into Iris' room and gathered her in his arms. He explained to the

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"It is sheer fancy, I admit. I set on such a moonlit night there is some reasonable ground for even a mad excursion."

"Mr. Jenks, tell me at once what you are doing."

Iris strove to be severe, but there was a touch of anxiety in her tone that instantly made the sailor apologetic. He told her about the ledge and explained his half formed notion that here they might secure a safe retreat in case of further attack, a refuge from which they might defy assault during many days. It was, he said, absolutely impossible to wait until the morning. He must at once satisfy himself whether the project was impracticable or worthy of further investigation.

So the girl only enjoined him to be careful, and he vigorously renewed the climb. At last, some twenty-five feet from the ground, an accidental parting in the branches enabled him to get a good look at the ledge. One glance set his heart beating joyfully. It was at least fifteen feet in length. It shelved back until its depth was lost in the blackness of the shadows, and the floor must be either nearly level or sloping slightly inward to the line of the fault.

The place was a perfect eagle's nest. A climber could not reach it from any direction. It became accessible to man only by means of a ladder or a balloon.

More excited by this discovery than he cared for Iris to know, he endeavored to appear unconcerned when he regained the ground.

"Well," he said, "tell me all about it."

He described the nature of the cavity as well as he understood it at the moment and emphasized his previous explanation of its virtues. Here they might reasonably hope to make a successful stand against the Dyaks.

"These you feel sure that those awful creatures will come back?" she said slowly.

"Only too sure, unfortunately."

"How remorseless poor humanity is when the venes is stripped off! Why cannot they leave us in peace? Perhaps if I had not been here they would not have injured you. Somehow I seem to be bound up with your misfortunes."

"I would not have it otherwise were it in my power," he answered. For an instant he left unchallenged the girl's assumption that she was in any way responsible for the disasters which had broken up his career. He looked into her eyes and almost forgot himself. Then the sense of fair dealing that dominates every true gentleman rose within him and gripped his wavering emotions with ruthless force. Was this a time to play upon the high strung sensibilities of this youthful daughter of the gods, to seek to win her a confession of love that a few brief

In a Class by Itself

It is quite true FERROL is an emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and a particularly good one at that. But it combines Iron and Phosphorus with the Oil, and these are just what are needed to make the emulsion perfect and they are just what all other emulsions lack.

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is unique because it combines Iron and Phosphorus with Cod Liver Oil. It is pleasant to take and easy to digest. It holds the record for increasing weight, weighing 95½ lbs from the use of 25 bottles.

The formula is freely exposed and its benefits are verified for by eminent analysts in Canada, the United States and Great Britain.

It is endorsed by prominent physicians of all schools.

It is used in all the leading Hospitals, Sanitariums and other Public Institutions.

The London (Eng.) Lancet, after careful analysis in its own laboratory, fully endorses its unflinching efficacy. We are prepared to substantiate all the above statements.

FERROL is the embodiment of health, strength and vitality, and

"You know what you take"

S. N. Wear Medical Hall, Edinburgh

who again he doubted the advisability of constructing a seaworthy raft and endeavoring to make the passage. But the appearance and disposition of many women. The freshness, the charm, the brilliance vanish like the bloom from a peach which is rudely handled. The matron is only a dim shadow, a faint echo of the charming maiden. There are two reasons for this change, ignorance and neglect. Few young women appreciate the shock to the system through the change which comes with marriage and motherhood. Many neglect to deal with the unpleasant pelvic drains and weaknesses which too often come with marriage and motherhood, not understanding that this secret drain is robbing the check of its freshness and the form of its fairness.

As surely as the general health suffers when there is derangement of the health of the delicate womanly organs, so surely will these organs be established in health the face and form at once witness the fact in renewed comeliness. Nearly a million women have found health and happiness in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Its contents on label—contains no alcohol or harmful habit-forming drugs. Made wholly of those natural, American, medicinal roots most highly recommended by leading medical authorities of all the several schools of medicine for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments.

For nursing mothers or for those broken-down in health by the frequent bearing of children, also for the expectant mothers, to preserve the system for the coming of baby and making its advent easy and almost painless, there is no medicine so good as "Favorite Prescription." It can do no harm in any condition of the system. It is a most delicate purgative tonic and strengthening purgative nicely adapted to woman's delicate system. By a physician of large experience in the treatment of woman's peculiar ailments.

Dr. Pierce may be consulted by letter free of charge. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, 1000 Buffalo, N. Y.

Women Who Wear Well.

It is astonishing how great a change a few years of married life often make in the appearance and disposition of many women. The freshness, the charm, the brilliance vanish like the bloom from a peach which is rudely handled. The matron is only a dim shadow, a faint echo of the charming maiden. There are two reasons for this change, ignorance and neglect. Few young women appreciate the shock to the system through the change which comes with marriage and motherhood. Many neglect to deal with the unpleasant pelvic drains and weaknesses which too often come with marriage and motherhood, not understanding that this secret drain is robbing the check of its freshness and the form of its fairness.

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NEVER

In the 39 years of the history of this college have opportunities for young men and women been as great as now. For male stenographers, especially, the demand is urgent, and the salaries offered are large. Now is the time to begin preparation for situations to be filled next spring. Send for new catalogue.

S. KERR
The Game Laws.

Moose.

Close season from December 15 to September 15.

No person shall kill more than one moose.

No person shall shoot moose on Cape Breton Island before October 1, 1915.

The neck and four legs shall be brought in with the moose meat that is to be sold.

Caribou and Deer.

No person shall kill a Caribou or Deer before October 4, 1910.

Beaver.

Cannot be killed at any time; penalty \$100.

Rabbits, Hares.

Close season from March 1 to November 1.

No snare for rabbits shall be set from February 1 to November 1.

Mink.

Close season March 1 to November 1.

Other Fur Bearing Animals.

Close season April 10 to November 1.

There is no protection for the Bear, Wolf, Loup-rouge, Wild Cat, Skunk, Mesquith, Raccoon, Fox, Woodchuck and Weasel.

Birds.

Woodcock, Snipe, Teal, Blue-winged Duck, Wood Duck, close season March 1 to August 20.

Partridges, close season November 1 till October 1, so partridges can be shot only in October in each year.

How to Cure a Cold.

The question of how to cure a cold without unnecessary loss of time is one in which we are all more or less interested, for the quicker a cold is gotten rid of the less the danger of pneumonia and other serious diseases. Mr. B. W. L. Hall, of Waverly, Va., has used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for years and says: "I firmly believe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to be absolutely the best preparation on the market for colds. I have recommended it to my friends and they all agree with me." For sale by W. H. Warren, Phm. D.

girl as he ran with her to the foot of the rock that she must cling to his shoulder while he endeavored to ascend. He climbed to the ledge with the aid of the pole and the rope placed there the previous day. It was a magnificent feat of strength that he essayed. In calmer moments he would have shrunk from its performance if only on the score of danger to the precious burden he carried. Now there was no time for thought. Up he went, hand over hand, clinging to the rough pole with the tenacity of a lizard and taking a turn of the rope over his right wrist