OF FRANCE

ormer Foreign the Calois 10was induced to licy relative to nany. He said: s nowadavs is or antipathy. interests. As Great Britain shows where t Britain is our dermany nd tries to sell ver, it is eviith Great Bri itate an armed itain holds in the sens For she builds four well to accept der the value uld give us in The greatest mpossibility in rmany of mak-

serious He n case of war then what of Germany merce, of her ould mean anchange of visits French anding between naval war ma t neither Gerwer could risk sea. It is the far east has ed that." Delcasse dis had been pur-

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UT TO SEA.

.. July 11.-A the eyes of Long Beach vife of Boston

at Tent City. tance west of int there is a ast which the . This afterher baby girl sand and ask tch the little had reached high way ing the baby n the wave

ION.



The Wings of the Morning By LOUIS TRACY

"During some operations in the desert

was necessary for my troop to fol-

low up a small party of rebels mounted

on camels, which, as you probably

know, can go without water much long

er than horses. We were almost with-

ia striking distance when our horses

completely gave out, but I luckily no-

ticed indications which showed that

there was water beneath a portion of

the plain much below the general level.

Half an hour's spade work proved that

I was right. We took up the pursuit

got my captaincy.

resentment.

reprimanded."

know him?" she said.

"Is he your enemy?"

question.

"I do."

engaged to him?"

"Yes.

"Was there no fight?"

again and ran the quarry to earth, and

He paused an appreciable time be-fore replying. Then he evidently made

up his mind to perform some disagree-

able task. The watching girl could

see the change in his face, the sharp

transition from eager interest to angry

a fight. It was a rather stiff affair, be-

cause a troop of British cavalry which

should have supported me had turned

back owing to the want of water al-

save the officer in charge of the Twen-

ty-fourth lancers from being severely

"Lord Ventnor's regiment!"

tated that last day on the Sirdar, when

poor Lady Tozer asked me if I were

"How could it affect you? You did

"It affected me because the sudder

mention of his name recalled my own

disgrace. I quitted the army six

months ago, Miss Deane, under very

painful circumstances. A general court

martial found me guilty of conduct

unbecoming an officer and a gentle-

man. I was not even given a chance

He pretended to speak with cool

truculence. He thought to compel her

into shrinking contempt. Yet his face

blanched somewhat, and, though he

steadily kept the pipe between his

teeth and smoked with studied uncon-

And he dared not look at her, for the

girl's wondering eyes were fixed upon

him, and the blush had disappeared as

said slowly, never once averting her gaze. "There was some gossip con-

cerning it when I first came to Hong-

"And you publicly thrashed Lord

"Your recollection is quite accurate."

"The court martial agreed with her

Ventnor as the result of a quarrel

You are Captain Robert An-

to resign. I was cashiered.

cern, his lips twitched a little.

quickly as it came.

about a woman?"

witness," he replied.

"Oh!"

from his words.

Robert Jenks.

he deserved it."

eyes.

measure of self control.

out he broke in abruptly:

"I am glad you have been so candid.

do not like her. I consider her a de-

ceitful woman. Your court martial

might have found a different verdict

had its members been of her sex. As

for Lord Ventnor, he is nothing to me.

It is true he asked my father to be per-

mitted to pay his addresses to me, but

my dear old dad left the matter wholly

to my decision, and I certainly never

ment. I believe now that Mrs. Costo

bell lied and that Lord Ventnor lied

when they attributed any dishonorable

action to you, and I am glad that you

beat him in the club. I am quite sure

Not one word did this strange man

vouchsafe in reply. He started vio-

lently, seized the ax lying at his feet

and went straight among the trees,

keeping his face turned from Iris so

that she might not see the tears in his

Piles To prove to you that D Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itchim

gave Lord Ventner any end

"Who was the-lady?"

"Who was to blame?"

"The lady said that I was."

not even know my name then?"

'The Twenty-fourth lancers!" cried

"Yes," he went on at last, "there was

"Admirable! But we can measure neither hours nor pounds.'

"I think we can do both. I will construct a balance of some kind. Then, with a ham slung to one end and a rifle and some cartridges to the other I will tell you the weight of the ham to an ounce. To ascertain the time have already determined to fashion sundial. I remember the requisite divisions with reasonable accuracy and a little observation will enable us to correct any mistakes"

"You are really very clever, Mr. Jenks," said Iris, with childlike candor. 'Have you spent several years of your life in preparing for residence on a desert island?"

"Something of the sort. I have led queer kind of existence, full of useless purposes. Fate has driven me into a corner where my odds and ends of knowledge are actually valuable. Such accidents make men millionaires."

"Useless purposes!" she repeated. "I can hardly credit that. One uses such a phrase to describe fussy people, alive with foolish activity. Your worst enemy would not place you in such a

"My worst enemy made the phrase effective at any rate, Miss Deane." "You mean that he ruined your ca-

"Well-er-yes. I suppose that de scribes the position with fair accura-

"Was he a very great scoundrel?" "He was and is. Jenks spoke with quiet bitterness

The girl's words had evoked a sudden flood of recollection. For the momen he did not notice how he had been trapped into speaking of himself, nor did he see the quiet content on Iris' face when she elicited the information that his chief foe was a man. A certain tremulous hesitancy in her manner when she next spoke might have warned him, but his hungry soul caught only the warm sympathy of her words, which fell like rain on parched

"You are tired." she said. "Won't you smoke for a little while and talk He produced his pipe and tobacco.

"That is a first rate pipe," she declared. "My father always said that a straight stem, with the bowl at a right angle, was the correct shape. You evilently agree with him." "Absolutely." You will like my father when you

meet him. He is the very best man "You two are great friends, then?"

I possess in the world." "What! Is that quite accurate?"

Oh, quite. Of course, Mr. Jenks, I can never forget how much I owe to you. I like you immensely, too, although you are so-so gruff to me at times. But-but-you see, my father and I have always been together. I have neither brother nor sister, not even a cousin. My dear mother died from some horrid fever when I was quite a little girl. My father is everything to me."

"Dear child!" he murmured, apparently uttering his thoughts aloud rather than addressing her directly. "So you find me gruff, eh?"

"A regular bear when you lecture me But that is only occasionally. You can be very nice when you like, when you forget your past troubles. And pray, why do you call me a child?" "Have I done so?"

"Not a moment ago. How old are you, Mr. Jenks? I am twenty-twenty

even at the remembrance. But he had "And I," he said, "will be twentydecided upon a fixed policy, and he eight in August." was not a man to flinch from conse-"Good gracious!" she gasped. "I am quences. Miss Deane must be taught very sorry, but I really thought you to despise him, else-God help them were forty at least." both—she might learn to love him as he "I look it, no doubt. Let me be equal-

ly candid and admit that you, too, show your age markedly." She smiled nervously. "What a lot of trouble you must have had to-to-

to give you those little wrinkles in the corners of your mouth and eyes," she said "Wrinkles! How terrible!" "I don't know. I think they rather

suit you. Besides, it was stupid of me to imagine you were so old. I suppose exposure to the sun creates wrinkles. and you must have lived much in the open air." "Early rising and late going to bed

are bad for the complexion," he declared solemnly. "I often wonder how army officers nanage to exist," she said. "They

never seem to get enough sleep, in the "So you assume I have been in the

"I am quite sure of it." "May I ask why?"

"Your manner, your voice, your quiet air of authority, the very way you walk, all betray you."

"Then," he said sadly, "I will not attempt to deny the fact. I held a commission in the Indian staff corps for nine years. It was a hobby of mine, Miss Deane, to make myself acquainted with the best means of victualing my men and keeping them in good health under all sorts of fanciful conditions and in every kind of climate, especially under circumstances when ordinary stores were not available. With that object in view I read up every possible country in which my regiment might be engaged, learned the local names of common articles food and ascertained particularly wh provision nature made to sustain l The study interested me. Once, dur ing the Sudan campaign, it was really, useful and procured me promotion." "Tell me about it."

As for the girl, sne began to scope her cooking utensils with much energy and soon commenced a song. Considering that she was compelled to constantly endure the company of a degraded officer, who had been expelled from the service with ignominy, she was absurdly contented. Indeed, with the happy inconsequence of youth, she quickly threw all care to the winds and devoted her thoughts to planning a surprise for the next day by preparing some tea, provided she could surreptitionsly open the chest.

CHAPTER VII.

D EFORE night closed their third day on the island Jenks managed to construct a roomy tent house, with a framework of sturdy trees selected on account of their location. To these he nailed or tied crossbeams of felled saplings, and the tarpaulins dragged from the beach supplied roof and walls. It required the united strength of Iris and himself to haul into position the heavy sheet that topped the structure, while he was compelled to desist from active building operations in order to fashion a rough ladder. Without some such contrivance he could not get the topmost supports adjusted at a sufficient

Although the edifice required at least two more days of hard work before it would be fit for habitation Iris wished to take up her quarters there immediately. This the sailor would not hear

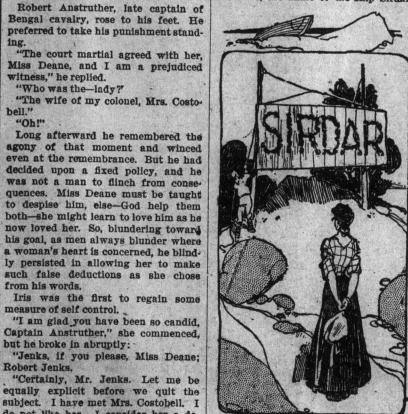
"In the cave," he said, "you are absolutely sheltered from all the winds that blow or rain that falls. Our villa, however, is painfully leaky and drafty at present. When asleep, the whole body is relaxed, and you are then most ready mentioned. But that did not open to the attacks of cold or fever, in which case, Miss Deane, I shall be reluctantly obliged to dose you with a concoction of that tree there." He pointed to a neighboring cincho-

"Lord Ventnor was the officer in na, and Iris naturally asked why he selected that particular brand. Her face crimsoned. "Then you

"Because it is quinine, not made up in nice little tabloids, but au naturel. It will not be a bad plan if we prepare a strong infusion and take a small quantity every morning on the excel-"And that is why you were so agilent principle that prevention is better than cure." The girl laughed.

Curiously enough, the lifting of the veil upon the man's earlier history made these two much better friends. With more complete acquaintance there was far less tendency toward cerconditions could be construed as nothing else than downright flirtation. Thenceforth for ten days they labored unceasingly, starting work at daybreak and stopping only when the light failed. finding the long hours of sunshine all too short for the manifold tasks demanded of them, yet thankful that the night brought rest. The sailor made out a programme to which he rigidly adhered. In the first place, he completed the house, which had two compartments—an inner room, in which Iris slept, and an outer, which served as a shelter for their meals and provided a

bedroom for the man. Then he constructed a gigantic sky sign on Summit rock, the small cluster of bowlders on top of the cliff. His chief difficulty was to hoist into place the tall poles he needed, and for this purpose he had to again visit Palm Tree rock in order to secure the pulley. By exercising much ingenuity in devising shear-legs he at last succeeded in lifting the masts into their allotted receptacles, where they were firmly secured. Finally he was able to swing into air, high above the tops of the neighboring trees, the loftiest of which he felled in order to clear the view on all sides, the name of the ship Sirdar,



The name of the ship.

spliced together in sections and made from the timbers of that ill fated ves-Meanwhile he taught Iris how to weave a net out of the strands of unraveled cordage. With this, weighted by bullets, he contrived a casting net and caught a lot of small fish in the

fashioned in six foot letters nailed and

lagoon. Among the fish caught they hit upon two species which most resembled whiting and haddock, and these turned out to be very palatable Jenks knew a good deal of botany and enough about birds to differentiate between carnivorous species and those fit for human food, while the sait in

their most fortunate supply of hams rendered their meals almost epicurean. From the rusty rifles on the reef Jenks brought away the bayonets and secured all the screws, bolts and other small odds and ends which might be serviceable. From the barrels he built a handy grate to facilitate Iris' cooking operations, and a careful search

CHATHAM, July 11- Ard, ship Drammen, Laudquist, from Penarth Dr. Chase's Ointment

each morning amid the ashes or any burned wreckage accumulated a store of most useful nails

The pressing need for a safe yet accessible bathing place led him and the girl to devote one afternoon to a comolete survey of the coast line. By this time they had given names to all the chief localities. The northerly promontory was naturally christened North cape; the western, Europa point; the portion of the reef between their habitation and Palm Tree rock became Filey Brig; the other section Northwest reef. The flat sandy passage across the island, containing the cave, house and well, was named Prospect park, and the extensive stretch of sand on the

> paying their spring visit to the island to bury their eggs in the sand. The two began their tour of inspection by passing the scene of the first desperate struggle to escape from the clutch of the typhoon. Iris would not be content until the sailor showed her the rock behind which he placed her for shelter while he searched for water. For a moment the recollection of their unfortunate companions on board ship brought a lump into her throat and

southeast, with its guard of broken

reefs, was at once dubbed Turtle

beach when Jenks discovered that an

immense number of green turtles were

dimmed her eyes. "I remember them in my prayers every night," she confided to him. "It seems so unutterably sad that they should be lost while we are alive and happy.'

The man distracted her attention by pointing out the embers of their first fire. It was the only way to choke back the tumultuous feelings that suddenly stormed his heart. Happy! Yes, he had never before known such happiness. How long would it last? High up on the cliff swung the signal to anxious searchers of the sea that here would be found the survivors of the Sirdar. And then when rescue came, when Miss Deane became once more the daughter of a wealthy baronet and he a disgraced and nameless outcast! He set his teeth and savagely struck at a full cup of the pitcher plant which had so providentially relieved their killing thirst.

"Oh, why did you do that?" pouted Iris. "Poor thing; it was a true friend in need. I wish I could do something for it to make it the best and leaflest plant of its kind on the island."

"Very well," he answered, "you can gratify your wish. A tinful of fresh water from the well applied daily to its roots will quickly achieve that end."
The moroseness of his tone and manner surprised her. For once her quick intuition failed to divine the source of his irritation.

"You give your advice ungraciously." she said, "but I will adopt it nevertheless." A harmless incident, a kindly and

quite feminine resolve, yet big with fate for both of them. Jenks' unwonted ill humor-for the passage of days had driven from his

face all its harshness and from his tongue all its assumed bitternesscreated a passing cloud until the physical exertion of scrambling over the rocks to round the North cape restored At last they reached the south side,

and here they at once found themselves in a delightfully secluded and tiny bay, sandy, tree lined, sheltered on three sides by cliffs and rocks. "Oh," cried Iris excitedly, "what a lovely spot, a perfect Smugglers' cove!'

"Charming enough to look at," was the answering comment, "but open to the sea. If you look at the smooth riband of water out there you will perceive a passage through the reef. A great place for sharks, Miss Deane, but no place for bathers."

They passed on. While traversing the coral strewn south beach, with its patches of white soft sand baking in the direct rays of the sun, Jenks perceived traces of the turtle which swarmed in the neighboring sea.

"Delicious eggs and turtle soup!" he announced when Iris asked him why he was so intently studying certain marks on the sand, caused by the great sea tortoise during their nocturnal visits to the breeding ground.

"If they are green jurtle," he continued, "we are in the lap of luxury. They lard the alderman and inspire the poet. When a ship comes to our assistance I will persuade the captain to freight the vessel with them and make my fortune."

"I suppose, under the circumstances, you were not a rich man, Mr. Jenks," said Iris timidly.

"I possess a wealthy bachelor uncle who made me his hear and allowed me four hundred a year, so I was a sort of Croesus among staff corps officers. When the smash came he disowned me by cable. By selling my ponies and my other belongings I was able to walk out of my quarters penniless, but free from debt!

"And all through a deceitful wo man!" "Yes."

She ventured a further step. "Was she very bad to you, Mr.

He stopped and laughed-actually roared-at the suggestion. "Bad to me!" he repeated. "I had nothing to do with her. She was humbugging her husband, not me. Fool that I was, I could not mind my own

So Mrs. Costobell was not flirting. with the man who suffered on her account. It is a regrettable but true statement that Iris would willingly have hugged Mrs. Costobell at that moment.

Rounding Europa point, the sailor's eyes were fixed on their immediate surroundings, but Iris gazed dreamily. ahead. Hence it was that she was the first to cry in amazement:

"A boat! See, there! On the rocks!" There was no mistake. A ship's boat was perched high and dry on the north side of the cape. Even as they scrambled toward it Jenks understood how it had come there.

When the Sirdar parted amidships the after section fell back into the depths beyond the reef, and this boat must have broken loose from its davits and been driven ashore here by the force of the western current.

Was it intact? Could they est Was this ark stranded on the island for their benefit? If it were seaworthy. whither should they steer-to those islands whose blue outlines were visible on the horizon?

These and a hundred other questions coursed through his brain during the race over the rocks, but all such wild speculations were promptly settled when they reached the craft, for the keel and the whole of the lower timbers were smashed into match wood

But there were stores on board. Jenks remembered that Captain Ross' foresight had secured the provisioning of all the ship's boats soon after the first wild rush to steady the vessel after the propeller was lost. Masts, sails, oars, seats-all save two water casks-had gone, but Jenks, with eager hands, unfastened the lockers, and here he found a good supply of tinned meats and biscuits. They had barely recovered from the excitement of this and when the sailor noticed that hehind the rocks on which the craft was firmly lodged lay a small natural basin full of salt water, replenished and freshened by the spray of every gale and completely shut off from all seaward access.

It was not more than four feet deep beautifully carpeted with sand and secluded by rocks on all sides. Not the tiniest crab or fish was to be seen. It provided an ideal bath.

Iris was overjoyed. She pointed toward their habitation. "Mr. Jenks," she said, "I will be with

ou at teatime." He gathered all the tins he was able to carry and strode off, enjoining her to fire her revolver if for the slightest reason she wanted assistance, and giving a parting warning that if she delayed too long he would come and shout to her.

"I wonder," said the girl to herself, watching his retreating figure, "what he is afraid of. Surely by this time we have exhausted the unpleasant surprises of the island. Anyhow, now for a splash!" She was hardly in the water before

she began to be afraid on account of Jenks. Suppose anything happened to him while she was thoughtlessly enjoying herself here! So strongly did the thought possess her that she hurriedly dressed again and ran off to find him. He was engaged in fastening a number of bayonets transversely to a long piece of timber.

"What are you doing that for?" she asked.

"Why did you return so soon? Did anything alarm you?" "I thought you might get into mischief," she confessed.

"No. On the other hand, I am trying to make trouble for any unwelcom visitors," he replied. "I intend to set this up in front of our cave in case we are compelled to defend ourselves against an attack by savages. With this barring the way they cannot rush the position.' On the nineteenth day of their resi-

dence on the island the sailor climbed. as was his invariable habit, to the Summit rock while Iris prepared breakfast. At this early hour the horizon was clearly cut as the rim of a sar phire. He examined the whole arc of the sea with his glasses, but not a sail was in sight. According to his calculations the growing anxiety as to the fate of the Sirdar must long ere this have culminated in the dispatch from Hongkong or Singapore of a special search vessel, while British warships in the China sea would be warned to keep a close lookout for any traces of the steamer, to visit all islands on their route and to question fishermen whom they encountered. So help might come any day or it might be long deferred. He could not pierce the future, and it was useless to vex his soul with questionings as to what might happen next week. The great certainty of the hour was Iris-the blue eyed, smiling divinity who had come into his life-waiting for him down there beyond the trees, waiting to welcome him with a sweet voiced greeting, and he knew, with a fierce devouring joy, that her cheek would not nale nor her lin trem ble when he announced that at least another sun must set before the expected relief reached them.

He replaced the glasses in their case and dived into the wood, giving a passing thought to the fact that the after blowing steadily from the south for nearly a week, had veered round to the northeast during the night. Did the change portend a storm? Well, they were now prepared for all such eventualities, and he had not forgotten that they possessed, among other treasures, a box of books for rainy days. And a rainy day with Iris for company! What gale that ever blew could offer such compensation forced idlesess?

The morning sped in uneventful work. Iris did not neglect her cherished pitcher plant. After luncheon it was her custom now to carry a dish ful of water to its apparently arid roots, and she rose to fulfill her self imposed task.

"Let me help you," said Jenks. "I am not very busy this afternoon." "No, thank you. I simply won't allow you to touch that shrub. The dear thing looks quite glad to see me. It drinks up the water as greedily as a thirsty animal."

Iris had been gone perhaps five min

utes when he heard a distant shriek, twice repeated, and then there came faintly to his ears his own name, not "Jenks," but "Robert," in the girl's voice. Something terrible had happened. It was a cry of supreme distress. Mortal agony or overwhelming terror alone could wring that name from her lips. Precisely in such moments this man acted with the decision, the unerring judgment, the instantaneous acceptance of great risk to accomplish great results, that marked him out as a born soldier.

He rushed into the house and snatched from the rack one of the rifles reposing there in apple pie order, each with a filled magazine attached and a cartridge already in position. Then he ran with long strides not through the trees, where he could see nothing, but toward the beach, whence

in forty yards the place where Iris probably was would become visible. At once he saw her struggling in the grasp of two ferocious looking Dyaks. one by his garments a person of consequence, the other a half naked savage, hideous and repulsive in appearance. Around them seven men armed with

guns and parangs were dancing with Iris' captors were endeavoring to tie her arms, but she was a strong and active Englishwoman, with muscles well knit by the constant labor of recent busy days and a frame developed by years of horse riding and tennis playing. The pair evidently found her a tough handful, and the inferior Dyak, either to stop her screams-for she was shricking, "Robert, come to me!" with all her might-or to stifle her into submission, roughly placed his huge hand over her mouth. These things the sailor noticed in-

stantly. Some men, brave to rashness, ready as he to give his life to save her, would have raced madly over the intervening ground, scarce a furlong, and attempted a heroic combat of one against nine. Not so Jenks.

With the methodical exactness of the parade ground he settled down on one knee and leveled the rifle. None of the Dyaks saw him. All were intent on the sensational prize



In the grasp of two ferocious looking

they had secured, a young and beautiful white woman so contentedly roaming about the shores of this fetish island. With the slow speed advised by the Roman philosopher the back sight and fore sight of the rifle came into line with the breast of the coarse brute clutching the girl's face.

Then something bit him above the heart and simultaneously tore half of his back into fragments. He fell, with a queer sob, and the others turned to face this unexpected danger.

Iris, knowing only that she was free from that hateful grasp, wrenched herself free from the chief's hold and ran with all her might along the beach to Jenks and safety.

Again and yet again the rifle gave its short, sharp snarl, and two more Dyaks collapsed on the sand. Six were left, their leader being still unconsciously preserved from death by the figure of the flying girl. A fourth Dyak dropped.

The survivors, cruel savages, but not cowards, unslung their guns. The sailor, white faced, grim, with an unpleasant gleam in his deep set eyes and a lower jaw protruding, noticed their preparations.

"To the left!" he shouted. "Run toward the trees!"

Iris heard him and strove to obey but her strength was failing her, and she staggered blindly. After a few despairing efforts she lurched feebly to her knees and tumbled face downward on the broken coral that had tripped her faltering footsteps.

Jenks was watching her, watching the remaining Dyaks, from whom s spluttering volley came, picking out his quarry with the murderous ease of a terrier in a rat pit. Something like a bee in a violent hurry hummed past his ear, and a rock near his right foot was struck a tremendous blow by an unseen agency. He liked this. It would be a battle, not a battue.

The fifth Dyak crumpled into the distortion of death, and then their eader took deliberate aim at the kneeling marksman who threatened to wipe him and his band out of existence. But his deliberation, though skillful, was too profound. The sailor fired first and was professionally astonished to see the gaudily attired individual tossed violently backward for many yards, finally pitching headlong to the earth. Had he been charged by a bull in full career he could not have been more utterly discomfited. The incident was sensational, but inexplicable.

Yet another member of the band was prostrated ere the two as yet unscathed thought fit to beat a retreat. This they now did with celerity, but they dragged their chief with them. It was no part of Jenks' programme to allow them to escape. He aimed again at the man nearest the trees. There was a sharp click and nothing more. The cartridge was a misfire. He hastily sought to eject it, and the rifle jammed. Springing to his feet, with a yell, he ran forward. The flying men caught a glimpse of him and accelerated their movements. Just as he reached Iris they vanished among the trees. Slinging the rifle over his shoulder.

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he picked up the girl in his arms. She

"You are not hurt?" he gasped, his eyes blazing into her face with an in-

tensity that she afterward remembered "No," she whispered.

"Listen," he continued in labored jerks, "Try and obey me-exactly. will carry you—to the cave. Stop there, Shoot any one you see—till I come." She heard him wonderingly. Was he going to leave her, now that he had her safely clasped to his breast? Impossible! Ah, she understood. Those men must have landed in a boat. He intended to attack them again. He was going to fight them single handed. and she would not know what happened to him until it was all over. Grade

smiled at the fantastic conceit that she would desert him. Jenks placed her on her feet at the entrance to the cave.

ually her vitality returned. She almost

"You understand," he cried, and without waiting for an answer ran to the house for another rifle. This time, to her amazement, he darted back through Prospect park toward the south beach. The sailor knew that the Dyaks had landed at the sandy bay Iris had christened Smugglers' cove. They were acquainted with the passage through the reef and came from the distant islands. Now they would endeavor to escape by the same channel. They must be

prevented at all costs. He was right. As they came out into the open he saw three men, not two pushing off a large sampan. One of them was the chief. Then Jenks understood that his bullet had hit the ock of the Dyak's uplifted weapon, with the result already described. By a miracle he had escaped

He coolly prepared to slay the three of them with the same calm purpose that distinguished the opening phase of this singularly one sided conflict. The distance was much greater, per-haps 800 yards from the point where the boat came into view. He knelt and fired. He judged that the missile strucks the craft between the trie.

"I didn't allow for the sun on the side of the fore sight," he said, "or perpaps I am a bit shaky after the run. In any event they can't go far."

A hurrying step on the coral behind him caught his ear. Instantly he sprang up and faced about-to see Iris. "They are escaping," she said. "No fear of that," he replied, turning away from her.

"Where are the others?" "Dead!" "Do you mean that you killed nearly "Six of them. There were nine in

He knelt again, lifting the rifle. Iris threw herself on her knees by his side. There was something awful to her in this chill and businesslike declaration of a fixed purpose.

"Mr. Jenks," she said, clasping her hands in an agony of entreaty, "do not kfil more men for my sake!" "For my own sake, then," he growl-

ed, annoyed at the interruption, as the sampan was affoat. "Then I ask you for God's sake not to take another life. What you have alright. This is murder!"

He lowered his weapon and looked at "If those men get away they will

bring back a host to avenge their com-rades—and secure you," he added. "It may be the will of Providence for such a thing to happen. Yet I implore you to spare them."

He placed the rifle on the sand and raised her tenderly, for she had yielded to a paroxyam of tears Not another word did either of them speak in that hour. The large triangular sail of the sampan was now bellying out in the south wind. A figure stood up in the stern of the boat and shook a menacing

arm at the couple on the beach.

It was the Malay chief, cursing them with the rude eloquence of his barba-rous tongue. And Jenks well knew what he was saving.

CHAPTER VIII HEY looked long and steadfastly at the retreating boat. Soen it diminished to a mere speck on the smooth sea. The even breeze kept its canvas taut, and the sailor knew that no ruse was intended. The Dyaks were flying from the island in fear and rage. They would return with a force sufficient to insure the wreaking of their vengeance.

That he would again encounter them at no distant date Jenks had no doubt whatever. They would land in such numbers as to render any resistance difficult and a prolonged defense impossible. Would help come first?—a distracting question to which definite answer could not be given. The sailor's brow frowned in deep liner brain throbbed now with an ar singularly at variance with his co meanor during the fight. He w terly unconscious that his left arcircled the shoulder of the girl she gently disengaged herself an ppealingly:

"Please, Mr. Jenks, do not be with me. I could not help it. I not bear to see you shoot them.' Then he abruptly awoke to the real ities of the moment.

"Come." he said, his drawn features relaxing into a wonderfully pleasing smile, "We will return to our castle We are safe for the remainder of this day, at any rate." Something must be said or done to

reassure her. She was still grievously disturbed, and he naturally ascribed her agitation to the horror of her capture. He dreaded a complete collapse if any further alarms threatened at once. Yet he was almost positivethough search alone would set at rest the last misgiving—that only one sam-pan had visited the island. Evidently the Dyaks were unprepared as he for the events of the preceding half bour. They were either visiting the island to procure turtle and beche-de-mer or had merely called there en route to some other destination, and the change in the wind had unexpectedly compell-them to put ashore. Beyond all dou they must have been surprised by the warmth of the reception they enc