

The Wings of the Morning

By LOUIS TRACY
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Edward J. Galt

Continued.

"Oh!"
"And the shelter—is it a house?"
"No, a cave. If you are sufficiently rested you might come and take possession."

Her eyes danced with excitement. She told her what he had seen, with her own eyes, and she ran on before him to witness the marvels.
"Where did you make a new path to the cave?" she asked after a rapid survey.

"A new path?" The pertinent question passed 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 fight, a battle." Womanlike, her words were careless, chosen, but they were crammed with inductive force.

Embarked on the toboggan slope of untruth, the sailor slid smoothly downward.
"Events have colored your imagination, Miss Deane. Even in England men often preserve things for future use. They can be reloading."

"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 ax 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 bird 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 mold he was absurdly irritable. The cause was overstrain, 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."

He laughed sardonically, and the harsh note clashed with her frank candor. Here at least she was utterly deceived. His changeable moods were incomprehensible.

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

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 poor 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 she 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 thrilling. They appeared to stand almost exactly in the center of the island, which was crescent shaped. It was no larger 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 seaward broke over jagged reefs. The sea looked strangely calm from this height. Irregular blue patches on the horizon and east caught the man's attention. He was using the binoculars, and still carried and focused them expertly.

"Islands," he cried, "and big ones too!"
"How odd!" whispered Iris, more concerned in the scrutiny of her immediate surroundings. Jenks glanced at her curiously. She was not looking at the islands, but at a curious hollow, a quarry-like depression beneath them to the right, distant about 800 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."
"Suppose we christen it Rainbow Island?"

"Why Rainbow?"
"That is the English meaning of 'Iris' in Latin, you know."

"So it is. How clever of you to think of it! Tell me, what is the meaning of 'Robert' in Greek?"

He turned to survey the northwest side of the island. "I do not know," he answered. "It might not be farfetched to translate it as a ship's steward, a menial."

Miss Deane had meant her playful retort as a mere light-hearted quibble. It annoyed her, a young person of much consequence, to have her kindly condescension repelled.

"I suppose so," she agreed, "but I have hours through so much in a few hours that I am bewildered, apt to forget these nice distinctions."

Jenks was closely examining the reef on which the Sirdar struck. Some square objects were visible near the palm tree. The sun, glinting on the waves, rendered it difficult to discern their significance.

"What do you make of those?" he inquired, handing the glasses and blandly ignoring Miss Deane's reticence. Her brain was busy with other things while she twisted the binoculars to suit her vision. Rainbow Island—Iris—was a nice conceit, but "menial" struck a discordant note. This man was no menial in appearance or speech. Why then, he so deliberately rude?

"I think they are boxes or packing cases," she announced.
"Ah, that was my own idea! I must visit that locality."

"How? Will you swim?"
"No," he said, his stern lips relaxing in a smile; "I will not swim, and, by the way, Miss Deane, be careful when you are near the water. The lagoon is swarming with sharks at present. I feel tolerably assured that at low tide, when the remnants of the gale have vanished, I will be able to walk there along the reef."

"What horrible surprises this speck of land contains! I should not have imagined that sharks and seals could live together!"

"You are quite right," he explained, with becoming gravity. "As a rule, sharks infest only the leeward side of these islands. Just now they are attracted in shoals by the wreck."

"Oh!" Iris shivered slightly.
"We had better go back now. The wind is keen here, Miss Deane."

She knew that he purposely misinterpreted her gesture. His attitude conveyed the message that his further room for sentiment in their present existence. They had to deal with chill necessities. As for the sailor, he was glad that the chance turn of their conversation enabled him to warn her against the lurking dangers of the lagoon. There was no need to mention the devilish now. He must spare her all avoidable thrills.

They gathered the stores from the first dining room and reached the cave without incident. Another fire was lighted, and while Iris attended to the kitchen the sailor felled several young trees. He wanted poles, and these were the right size and shape. He soon cleared a considerable space. The timber was soft and so small in girth that three cuts with the ax usually sufficed. He dragged from the beach the smallest tarpaulin he could find and propped it against the rock in such manner that it effectually screened the mouth of the cave, though admitting light and air.

He was so busy that he paid little heed to Iris. But the odor of fried ham was wanted to him. He was lifting a couple of heavy stones to stay the canvas and keep it from flapping in the wind when the girl called out:

"Wouldn't you like to have a wash before dinner?"
He straightened himself and looked at her. Her face and hands were shining, as if she had been washing. The change was so great that his brow wrinkled with perplexity.

"I am a good pupil," she cried. "You see I am already learning to help myself. I made a bucket out of one of the dish covers by slinging it in two ropes. Another dish cover, some sand and leaves supplied basin, soap and towel. I have cleaned the tin cups and the knives, and, see, here is my greatest treasure."

She held up a small metal lamp.
"Where in the world did you find that?" he exclaimed.

Buried in the sand inside the cave. "Anything else?"
His tone was abrupt. She was so disappointed by the seeming want of appreciation of her industry that a gleam of amusement died from her eyes, and she shook her head, stooping at once to attend to the cooking of some biscuits.

This time he was genuinely sorry.
"Forgive me, Miss Deane," he said penitently. "My words are dictated by anxiety. I do not wish you to make discoveries in your own account. This is a strange place, you know—an unpleasant one in some respects."

"Surely I can rummage about my own cave!"
"Most certainly. It was careless of me not to have examined its interior more thoroughly."

"When why do you grumble because I found the lamp?"
"I did not mean any such thing, I

am sorry."
"I think you are horrid. If you want to wash you will find the water over there. Don't wait. The ham will be fried to a cinder."

Unlucky Jenks! Was ever man fated to incur such unmerited odium? He savagely laved his face and neck. The fresh, cool water was delightful at first, but when he drew near to the fire he experienced an unaccountable sensation of weakness. Could it be possible that he was going to faint? It was too absurd. He sank to the ground. Trees, rocks, and sand strewn earth indulged in a mad dance. Iris' voice sounded weak and indistinct. It seemed to travel in waves from a great distance. He tried to brush away from his brain these dim fancies, but his iron will for once failed, and he pitched headlong downward into darkness.

When he recovered, the girl's left arm was around his neck. For one blissful instant he nestled there contentedly. He looked into her eyes and saw that she was crying. A gust of anger rose within him that he should be the cause of those tears.

He tried to rise.
"Oh! Are you better?" Her lips quivered pitifully.
"Yes. What happened? Did I faint?"

"Drink this."
She held a cup to his mouth, and he obediently strove to swallow the contents. It was champagne. After the first spasm of terror and when the application of water to his face failed to restore consciousness Iris had knocked the head of the bottle of champagne.

He quickly revived. Nature had only given him a warning that he was over-drawing his resources. He was deeply humiliated. He did not conceive the truth, that only a strong man could do all that he had done and live. For thirty-six hours he had not slept. During part of the time he fought with wilder beasts than he knew at Ephesus. The long exposure to the sun, the mental strain of his foreboding that the charming girl whose life depended upon him might be exposed to even worse dangers than any yet encountered, the physical labor he had undergone, the irksome restraint he strove to place upon his conduct and utterances—all these things culminated in utter relaxation when the water touched his heated skin.

"How could you frighten me so?" demanded Iris hysterically. "You must have felt that you were working too hard. You must rest now. Why didn't you rest yourself?"

He looked at her wistfully. This collapse must not happen again for her sake. These two said more with eyes than lips. She withdrew her arm. Her face and neck crimsoned.

"Good gracious!" she cried. "The ham is ruined!"
It was burnt black. She prepared a fresh supply. When it was ready Jenks was himself again. They ate in silence and shared the remains of the bottle. A smile illumined his tired face.

She was watchful. She had never in her life cooked even a potato or boiled an egg. The ham was her first attempt.

"My cooking amuses you?" she demanded suspiciously.
"It gratifies every sense," he murmured. "There is but one thing useful to complete my happiness."

"And that is?"
"Permission to smoke."

"Smoke what?"
He produced a steel box tightly closed and a pipe.

"Your pockets are absolute shops," said the girl, delighting that his present mood had improved. "What other stores do you carry about with you?"

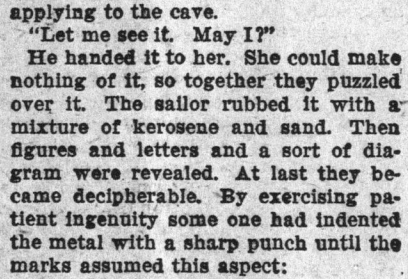
He lit his pipe and solemnly gave an inventory of his worldly goods. Beyond the items she had previously seen he could only enumerate a silver dollar, a few soiled and crumpled handkerchiefs and a bit of tin. A box of Norwegian matches he threw away as useless, but Iris recovered them.

"You never know what purpose they may serve," she said. In after days a weird significance was attached to this simple phrase.

"Why do you carry about a bit of tin?"
"I found it here, Miss Deane," he answered.

Luckily she interpreted "here" as applying to the cave.
"Let me see it, May I?"

"Surely," she said. She could make nothing of it, so together they puzzled over it. The sailor rubbed it with a mixture of kerosene and sand. Then figures and letters and a sort of diagram were revealed. At last they became decipherable. By exercising patient ingenuity some one had indicated the metal with a sharp pencil until the marks assumed this aspect:



Iris was quick-witted. "It is a plan of the island," she cried.
"Also the latitude and the longitude."

"What does 'J. S.' mean?"
"Probably the initials of a man's name. Let us say John Smith, for instance."

"Also the figures on the island, with the 'X' and the dot?"
"I cannot tell you at present," he said. "I take it that the line across the island signifies this gap or canyon, and the small intersecting line the cave. But 32 divided by 1 and an 'X' surmounted by a dot are calligraphic. They would cause even Sherlock Holmes to smoke at least two pipes. I have barely started one."

"It looks quite mysterious, like the things you read of in stories of pirates and buried treasure."

GLOUCESTER, Mass. June 28.—Ard, John, Maine, Maine, for Boston.

"Yes," he admitted. "It is unquestionably a plan, a guidance, given to a person not previously acquainted with the island, but cognizant of some fact connected with it. Unfortunately none of the buccanniers I can bring to mind frequented these seas. The poor beggar who left it here must have had some other motive than searching for a cache."

"Did he dig the cave and the well, I wonder?"
"Probably the former, but not the well. No man could do it unaided."

"Why do you assume he was alone?"
He stroled toward the fire to kick a stray log. "It is only idle speculation at the best, Miss Deane," he replied.

"Would you like to help me to drag some timber up to the beach? If we get a few big planks we can build a fire that will last for hours. We want some extra clothes, too, and it will soon be dark."

The request for co-operation gratified her. She complied eagerly and with much exertion they hauled a respectable load of firewood to their new camping ground. They also brought a number of coats to serve as coverings. Then Jenks tackled the lamp. It was a most difficult operation to open it.

Before the sun went down he succeeded and made a wick by unraveling a few strands of wool from his jersey. When night fell, with the suddenness of the tropics, Iris was able to illuminate her small domain.

They were both utterly tired and ready to drop with fatigue. The girl trusted in God's goodness that assistance may come soon. The island has seemingly been deserted for many months, and therein lies our best chance of escape. But I am obliged to warn you lest you should be taken unawares."

Iris was serious enough now.
"How do you know that such danger threatens us?" she demanded.

He countered readily. "Because I happen to have read a good deal about the China sea and its frequenters," he said. "I am the last man in the world to trust in God's goodness that assistance may come soon. The island has seemingly been deserted for many months, and therein lies our best chance of escape. But I am obliged to warn you lest you should be taken unawares."

"32 divided by 1; an 'X' and a dot." He repeated several times. "What do they signify?"

Suddenly he sat up, with every sense alert, and grabbed his revolver. Something impelled him to look toward the spot, a few feet away, where the skeleton was hidden. It was the rustling of a bird among the trees that had caught his ear.

He thought of the white framework of a once powerful man, lying there among the bushes, abandoned, forgotten, horrible. Then he smothered a cry of surprise.

"By Jove!" he muttered. "There is no 'X' and dot. That sign is meant for a skull and crossbones. It lies exactly on the part of the island where we saw that queer looking bald patch today. First thing tomorrow before the girl awakes I must examine that place."

He resolutely stretched himself on his side of the spread out coats, now thoroughly dried by sun and fire. In a minute he was sound asleep.

CHAPTER V.
HE awoke to find the sun high in the heavens. Iris was preparing breakfast; a fine fire was crackling cheerfully, and the presiding goddess had so altered her appearance that the sailor surveyed her with astonishment.

He noisily assumed a sitting posture, tucked his feet beneath him and blinked. The girl's face was not visible from where he sat, and for a few seconds he thought he must surely be dreaming. She was attired in a neat navy blue dress and smart blouse. Her white canvas shoes were replaced by strong leather boots. She was quite spry and span, this island Hebe.

So soundly had he slept that his senses returned but slowly. At last he guessed what had happened. She had risen with the dawn and, conquering her natural feeling of repulsion, selected from the store he accumulated yesterday some more suitable garments than those in which she escaped from the wreck.

He quietly took stock of his own tattered condition and passed a reflective hand over the stubble on his chin. In a few days his face would be as smooth as a baby's. In that mournful moment he would have changed even his pipe and tobacco box, worn untold gold, for shaving tackle. Who can say why his thoughts took such trend? Twenty-four hours can effect great changes in the human mind if controlling influences are active.

Then came a sharp revelation of feeling. His name was Robert—a menial. He reached for his boots, and Iris heard him.

"Good morning!" she cried, smiling sweetly. "I thought you would never awake. I suppose you were very, very tired. Please wash quickly. The eggs will be hard."

"Eggs?"
"Yes, I made a collection among the trees. I tasted one of a lot that looked good. It was first rate."

He had not the moral courage to begin the day with a rebuke. She was irresistible, but she really must not do those things. He smothered a sigh in the improvised basin which was placed ready for him.

Miss Deane had prepared a capital meal. Of course the ham and biscuits still bulked large in the bill of fare, but there were boiled eggs, fried bananas and an elderly coconut. These things, supplemented by clear, cold water, were not so bad for a couple of castaways hundreds of miles from everywhere.

For the life of him the man could not refrain from displaying the conversational art in which he excelled. Their talk dealt with Italy, Egypt, India. He spoke with the ease of culture and enthusiasm. Once he slipped into anecdote apropos of the helplessness of British soldiers in any matter outside the scope of the king's regulations.

"I remember," he said, "seeing a cavalry subaltern and the members of an escort sitting half starved on a number of bags piled up in the Suakin desert. And what do you think were in the bags?"

"I don't know," said Iris, keenly

alert for deductions.
"Discuss!" They thought the bags contained patent fodder until he enlightened them."

It was on the tip of her tongue to pounce on him with the comment, "Then you have been an officer in the army." But she forbore. She had guessed this earlier. Yet the mischievous light in her eyes defied control. He was warned in time and pulled himself up short.

"You read my face like a book," she cried.
"No printed page was ever so legible. Now, Miss Deane, we have gossiped too long. I am a laggard this morning, but before starting work I have a few serious remarks to make."

"More digs?" she inquired saucily.
"I repudiate 'digs.' In the first place, you must not make any more experiments in the matter of food. The eggs were a wonderful effort; but, flattered by success, you may poison yourself."

"Secondly,"
"You must never pass out of my sight without carrying a revolver, not so much for defense, but as a signal. Did you take one when you went bird's nesting?"

"No. Why?"
"There was a troubled look in his eyes when he answered."

"It is best to tell you at once that before help reaches us we may be visited by cruel and bloodthirsty savages. I would not even mention this if it were a remote contingency. As matters stand, you ought to know that trust in God's goodness that assistance may come soon. The island has seemingly been deserted for many months, and therein lies our best chance of escape. But I am obliged to warn you lest you should be taken unawares."

Iris was serious enough now.
"How do you know that such danger threatens us?" she demanded.

He countered readily. "Because I happen to have read a good deal about the China sea and its frequenters," he said. "I am the last man in the world to trust in God's goodness that assistance may come soon. The island has seemingly been deserted for many months, and therein lies our best chance of escape. But I am obliged to warn you lest you should be taken unawares."

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SHELburne ELECTION CASE IN SUPREME COURT.

OTTAWA, June 28.—In the supreme court today the first case heard was the Shelburne election case, Cowie v. Fielding, in which the petitioner appeals from the judgment of Chief Justice Weatherbee, allowing a preliminary objection to the service of notice of the petition and dismissing the election petition with costs. The principal grounds of the decision appealed from are: (1) that by the statute 54-55 Victoria, c. 20, sec. 8, it is imperative that service should be made in Canada, while in this case it was made under special order on 2d February, 1906, in London, England, out of jurisdiction, and was void; (2) that an election petition is a proceeding in personam and not in rem, and consequently a proper notice was wanting; (3) that a subsequent service made in Ottawa on 25th March last was also void because service had already been made or attempted to be made in London. H. A. Lovett and R. V. Sinclair for appellants; Roscoe, K. C., and Mellish, K. C., for respondent.

Mr. Lockhurst, Hawkshaw, N. B. Was So Bad With Piles He Could Not Work but Two Boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment Cured Him.

Mr. David Lockhurst, a well known tanner of Hawkshaw, N. B., writes:—"I was for over two years a terrible sufferer with piles and was at times compelled to leave work so great was the annoyance of this affliction. Two boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment cured me perfectly and I give this statement in order that others suffering as I did may be benefited by my experience." The control which Dr. Chase's Ointment exerts over eczema, piles and skin diseases is a wonder to all who have tested it. This most extraordinary healing power has made Dr. Chase's Ointment the standard ointment of the world's physicians. Dr. Chase's Ointment, 80 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Company, Toronto.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Judgment Given in Favor of Maritime Rack Co.—Another Case On.

Yesterday in the circuit court in the case of the Lawton Co., Ltd., v. The Maritime Rack Co., Ltd., upon questions submitted to and answered by the jury, his honor Judge McLeod directed a verdict to be entered for the defendant, but for no specified amount, with leave, however, to appear to the full bench of the supreme court. Bustin & Porter and B. T. C. Knowles for the plaintiff; A. J. Gregory for the defendant.

The next case was that of the Undershaft Stoker Co., Ltd., v. The Maritime Rack Co., Ltd., upon questions submitted to and answered by the jury, his honor Judge McLeod directed a verdict to be entered for the defendant, but for no specified amount, with leave, however, to appear to the full bench of the supreme court. Bustin & Porter and B. T. C. Knowles for the plaintiff; A. J. Gregory for the defendant.

The case was adjourned until this morning at ten o'clock.

FEAR WAR BETWEEN NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

STOCKHOLM, June 27.—King Oscar has directed the court to issue the following statement regarding the rumor that his majesty would be willing to place a prince of the house of Bernadotte on the throne of Norway: "The king does not approve the idea and will not consent thereto. The only condition under which his majesty could consider this decision would be the unexpected expression of the wish of the Riksdag that a prince of the house of Bernadotte should ascend the Norwegian throne."

The tenor of the speeches throughout the debate in both houses leaves the impression that the majority of the speakers were of the opinion that a peaceful solution of the difficulty was extremely improbable.

WANTS TO LEASE I. C. R. TO PRIVATE PARTIES.

(Special to the Sun.)