The Wings of the Morning

BY LOUIS TRACY.

CHAPTER IX.

The Secret of the Cave.

The sailor went after those monkeys in a mood of relentless severity. Thus far, the regular denizens of Rainbow Island had dwelt together in peace and mutual goodwill, but each diminutive wou-wou must be taught not to pull any strings he found tied promiscuously to trees or stakes. As a preliminary essay, Jenks resolved to try force combined with artifice. Failing complete success, he would endeavor to kill every monkey in the place, though he had in full measure the inherent dislike of Anglo-India to the slaying of the tree-people.

This, then, is what he did. After filling a biscuit tin with good-sized pebbles, he donned a Dyak hat, blouse, and belt, rubbed earth over his face and hands, and proceeded to pelt the wou-wous mercilessly. For more than an hour he made their lives miserable, and at the mere sight of him they fled, shrieking and gurgling like a thousand water-bottles. Finally he constructed several Dyak scarecrows and erected one to guard each of his alarm-guns. The device was thoroughly effective. Thenceforth, when some adventurous monkey—swinging with hands or tail among the treetops in the morning search for appetizing nut or luscious plantain—saw one of those fearsome bogies, he raised such a hubbub that all his companions scampered hastily from the confines of the wood to the inner fastnesses.

In contriving these same scarecrows—which, by the way, he had vaguely intended at first to erect on the beach in order to frighten the invaders and induce them to fire a warning volley—the sailor paid closer heed to the spoils gathered from the fallen. One, at least, of the belts was made of human hair, and some among its long strands could have come only from the flaxen-haired head of a European child. This fact, though ghastly enough, confirmed him in his theory that it was impossible to think of temporizing with these human fiends. Unhappily such savage virtues as they possess do not include clemency to the weak or hospitality to defenceless strangers. There was nothing for it but a fight to a finish, with the law of the jungle to decide the terms of conquest.

That morning, of course, he had not been able to visit Summit Rock until after his cautious survey of the island. Once there, however, he noticed that the gale two nights earlier had loosened two of the supports of his sky sign. It was not a difficult or a long job to repair the damage. With the invaluable axe he cut several wedges and soon made all secure.

Now, during each of the two daily examinations of the horizon, which he never omitted, he minutely scrutinized the sea between Rainbow Island and the distant group. It was, perhaps, a needless precaution. The Dyaks would come at night. With a favorable wind they need not set sail until dusk, and their fleet sampans would cover the intervening forty miles in five hours.

He could not be positive that they were actual inhabitants of the islands to the south. The China Sea swarms with wandering pirates, and the tribe whose animosity he had earned might be equally noxious to some peaceable fishing community on the coast. Again and again he debated the advisability of constructing a seaworthy raft and endeavoring to make the passage. But this would be risking all on a frightful uncertainty, and the accidental discovery of the Eagle's Nest had given him new hope. Here he could make a determined and prolonged stand, and in the end help must come. So he dismissed the navigation project, and devoted himself wholly to the perfecting of the natural fortress in the rock.

That night they finished the rope-ladder. Indeed, Jenks was determined not to retire to rest until it was placed in situ; he did not care to try a second time to carry Iris to that elevated perch, and it may be remarked that thenceforth the girl, before going to sleep, simply changed one ragged dress for another.

One of the first things he contemplated was the destruction, if possible, of the point on the opposite cliff which commanded the ledge. This, however, was utterly impracticable with the appliances at his command. The top of the rock sloped slightly towards the west, and nothing short of dynamite or regular quarrying operations would render it untenable by hostile marksmen.

During the day his Lee-Metfords, at ninety yards' range, might be trusted to keep the place clear of intruders. But at night—that was the difficulty. He partially solved it by fixing two rests on the ledge to support a rifle in exact line with the centre of the enemy's supposed position, and as a variant, on the outer rest he marked lines which corresponded with other sections of the entire front available to the foe.

Even then he was not satisfied. When time permitted he made many experiments with ropes reeved through the pulley and attached to a rifle action. He might have succeeded in his main object had not his thoughts taken a new line. His aim was to achieve some method of opening and closing the breech-block by means of two ropes. The difficulty was to secure the preliminary and final lateral movement of the lever bolt, but it suddenly occurred to him that if he could manage to convey the impression that Iris and he had left the island, the Dyaks would go away after a fruitless search. The existence of ropes along the face of the rock—an essential to his mechanical scheme—would betray their whereabouts, or at any rate excite dangerous curiosity. So he reluctantly abandoned his original design, though not wholly, as will be seen in due course.

In pursuance of his latest idea he sedulously removed from the foot of the cliff all traces of the clearance effected on the ledge, and, although he provided supports for the tarpaulin covering, he did not adjust it. Iris and he might lie perdu there for days without their retreat being found out. This development suggested the necessity of hiding their surplus stores and ammunition, and what spot could be more suitable than the cave?

So Jenks began to dig once more in the interior, laboring manfully with pick and shovel in the locality of the fault with its vein of antimony. It was thus that he blundered upon the second great event of his life.

Rainbow Island had given him the one thing a man prizes above all else—a pure yet passionate love for a woman beautiful alike in body and mind. And now it was to endow him with riches that might stir the pulse of even a South African magnate. For the sailor, unmindful of purpose other than providing the requisite cache, shoveling and delving with the energy peculiar to all his actions, suddenly struck a deep vein of almost virgin gold.

To facilitate the disposal at a distance of the disturbed debris, he threw each shovelful on to a canvas sheet, which he subsequently dragged among the trees in order to dislodge its contents. After doing this four times he noticed certain metallic specks in the fifth load which recalled the presence of the antimony. But the appearance of the sixth cargo was so remarkable when brought out into the sunlight that it invited closer inspection. Though his knowledge of geology was slight—the half-forgotten gleanings of a brief course at Eton—he was forced to believe that the specimens he handled so dubiously contained neither copper nor iron pyrites but glittering yellow gold. Their weight, the distribution of the metal through quartz in a transition state between an oxide and a telluride, compelled recognition.

Somewhat excited yet half skeptical he returned to the excavation and scooped out yet another collection. This time there could be no mistake. Nature's own alchemy had fashioned a veritable ingot. There were small lumps in the ore which would need alloy at the mint before they could be issued as sovereigns, so free from dross were they.

Iris had gone to Venus' Bath, and would be absent for some time. Jenks sat down on a tree stump. He held in his hand a small bit of ore worth perhaps twenty pounds sterling. Slowly the conjectures already pieced together in his mind during early days on the island came back to him.

The skeleton of an Englishman lying there among the bushes near the well; the Golgotha of the poison-filled hollow; the mining tools, both Chinese and European; the plan on the piece of tin—ah, the piece of tin! Mechanically the sailor produced it from the breast-pocket of his jersey. At last the mysterious sign "321" revealed its significance. Measure thirty-two feet from the mouth of the tunnel, dig one foot in depth, and you came upon the mother-lode of this gold-bearing rock. This, then, was the secret of the cave.

The Chinese knew the richness of the deposit, and exploited its treasures by quarrying from the other side of the hill. But their crass ignorance of modern science led to their undoing. The accumulation of liberated carbonic acid gas in the workings killed them in scores. They probably fought this unseen demon with the tenacity of their race, until the place became accursed and banned of all living things. Yet had they dug a little ditch, and permitted the invisible terror to flow quietly downwards until its potency was dissipated by sea and air, they might have mined the whole cliff with impunity.

The unfortunate unknown, J. S.—he of the whitened bones—might have done this thing, too. But he only possessed the half-knowledge of the working miner, and whilst shunning the plague-stricken quarry, adopted the more laborious method of making an adit to strike the deposit. He succeeded, to perish miserably in the hour when he saw himself a millionaire.

Was this a portent of the fate about to overtake the latest comers? Jenks, of course, stood up. He always stood square on his feet when the volcano within him fired his blood.

"No, my God!" he almost shouted. "I will break the spell. I am sent here by Providence, not to search for gold but to save a woman's life, and if all the devils of China and Malay are in league against me I will beat them!"

The sound of his own voice startled him. He had no notion that he was so hysterical. Promptly his British phlegm throttled the demonstration. He was rather ashamed of it.

What was all the fuss about? With a barrow load of gold he could not buy an instant's safety for Iris, not to mention himself. The language difficulty was insuperable. Were it otherwise, the Dyaks would simply humbug him until he revealed the source of his wealth, and then murder him as an effective safeguard against foreign interference.

Iris! Not once since she was hurled ashore in his arms had Jenks so long forgotten her existence. Should he tell her? They were partners in everything appertaining to the island—why keep this marvelous intelligence from her?

Yet was he tempted, not ignobly, but by reason of his love for her. Once, years ago, when his arduous professional studies were distracted by a momentary infatuation for a fair face, a woman had proved fickle when tempted by greater wealth than he possessed. For long he was a confirmed misogynist, to his great and lasting gain as a leader of men. But with more equable judgment came a fixed resolution not to marry unless his prospective bride cared only for him and not for his position. To a staff corps officer, even one with a small private income, this was no unattainable ideal. Then he met with his debacle in the shame and agony of the court-martial. Whilst his soul still quivered under the lash of that terrible downfall, Iris came into his life. He knew not what might happen if they were rescued. The time would quickly pass until the old order was resumed, she to go back to her position in society, he to become again a disgraced ex-officer, apparently working out a mere existence before the mast or handing plates in a saloon.

Would it not be a sweet defiance of adversity were he able, even under such conditions, to win her love, and then disclose to her the potentialities of the island? Perchance he might fail. Though rich as Croesus he would still be under the social ban meted out to a cashiered officer. She was a girl who could command the gift of coronets. With restoration to her father and home, gratitude to her preserver would assuredly remain, but, alas! love might vanish like a mirage. Then he would act honorably. Half of the stored wealth would be hers to do as she chose with it.

(To be Continued.)

Advertiser Patterns

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Ladies' Morning Jacket.—Cut in sizes small, medium and large. Medium size will require 2⅞ yards of 36-inch material. This attractive negligee was prettily developed in pink and white dotted lawn, trimmed with a frill of the material. The back is gathered into the figure in the back and the front laps slightly in double-breasted style. The design is equally suited to the washable fabrics and light-weight woollens.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on the receipt of ten cents in silver or stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

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Street Address .....

Town .....

Province .....

Measurement: Bust Waist

Age (if child's or misses' pattern)

CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure you need only mark 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

LONDON ADVERTISER. PATTERN DEPARTMENT,

PRINCESS SNUBS SINGER

Leaves Reception When She Learns Artiste Was Honored Guest.

Paris, Aug. 24. — Princess Victoria of Teano has written from London to a friend here a most interesting letter, but it is not made public. Princess do Teano is a Colonna of Rome—that is to say, belongs to a family much older than many of the reigning houses, its nobility dating back over twelve centuries and which has given to the church five popes.

Donna Vittoria married seven years ago the eldest son of Prince Caetani di Teano and whose mother was a Wilbraham of England. The princess is tall and dark, with perfect features, and were she dressed as her ancestors would be a perfect type of Roman empress. She is lady-in-waiting to Queen Elena, while her father is a prince assistant to the papal throne, a position which obliges him to ignore the royal family, although he was at one time a gentleman-in-waiting to Queen Margherita. With this blood in her veins the princess possesses proper pride.

Upon going to a reception given by the Duchess of Sutherland she was told that the honored guest of the evening was Lina Cavalieri, the singer. Now, all Rome knows Cavalieri began her career by selling flowers at the smallest cafes and concerts in Rome, Donna Vittoria described how embarrassed she was, but she soon recovered her presence of mind and immediately left the house, remarking that she was not accustomed to meeting such persons. She afterwards understood that King Edward, having heard of the incident, said she was perfectly right.

Boston Advertiser: The south is plagued with demagogues who are hindering its commercial development, according to a statement made before the convention of Southern Commercial Secretaries, by C. Grosvenor Dawes, of the Montgomery, Ala., Commercial Club. The south, he said, needed $500,000,000 additional capital for its proper development. The south is not alone in suffering from demagogues. The only remedy is the constant preaching of sanity, to drown out the demagogues.

The squirrel slaughter of Russia amounts to 25,000,000 a year.

IZZET PASHA IS A REFUGEE

Former Secretary of Sultan of Turkey Escapes the Young Turks.

London, Aug. 24.—The Daily Mail says this morning that it has discovered Izzet Pasha, former secretary of the Sultan of Turkey, and father of Mehmed Ali Bey, ex-Turkish minister at Washington, refugeeing in London. At the beginning of the recent reform movement Izzet Pasha fled from Constantinople, and took refuge aboard the Steamer Maria, which despite the protests of the Young Turks, party to the British ambassador, sailed for the Mediterranean with the Sultan's former secretary as a passenger.

In an interview printed in the Daily Mail, Izzet Pasha gives the palace view of the revolution in Turkey. He claims that the commission sent to Saloniki to investigate the mutiny of the third army corps, was composed of unreliable men, whose report confirming the disaffection in the corps he distrusted, but the situation was such that great delay was dangerous, and, therefore, the council of ministers advised the Sultan to grant a constitution in preference to risking civil war by sending troops to suppress the alleged mutiny. The Sultan willingly agreed, as he always had, as likewise had Izzet Pasha, been in favor of a parliamentary government.

Izzet Pasha added that he had long wished to retire, but had waited for the completion of his favorite project the Mecca Railway. The immediate reason for his departure from Constantinople, according to the interview, was that the Sultan himself, counselled him to go to Europe. He shipped aboard a British vessel, he said, in order to insure protection against the Young Turks.

Arriving at Genoa, Izzet Pasha sent his family to a place of safety and himself proceeded to Paris, and thence to London. He intends to make England his home.

MUST PAY LOSSES IN EARTHQUAKE

Privy Council's Decision Caused Rejoicing on the Isle of Jamaica.

London, Aug. 24 — The judgment has been delivered in London on the above case. The committee consisted of those famous judges, Lord Atkinson, Lord Macnaghten, Lord Collins of Kensington, and Sir Arthur Wilson.

It was the ninth and concluding day of the hearing of the upper case, "The Scottish Union and National Fire Insurance Company vs. Alfred Pawsey & Co.," from a judgment of the supreme court of Jamaica, dismissing a motion by the appellant company to set aside a verdict given and judgment entered for the respondents, or for a new trial in an action brought by the respondents to recover from the company loss or damage under four policies of fire insurance of their premises at Kingston, Jamaica, which were destroyed by fire on Jan. 14, 1907, the day of the great earthquake. Three of the insurance policies did not cover loss or damages by fire occasioned by or happening through earthquakes and the fourth did not cover loss or damage by fire during or in consequence of earthquake unless it be proved by the insured that the loss was not occasioned thereby.

Famous Counsel Engaged.

Sir Robert Finlay, K. C., Mr. Henry Dickens, K. C., Mr. Sims Williams, and Mr. Otter-Barry appeared for the appellant company; Mr. Hemmerde, K. C., Mr. F. E. Smith, K. C., Mr. Maurice Blake and Mr. Croom-Johnson for the respondents.

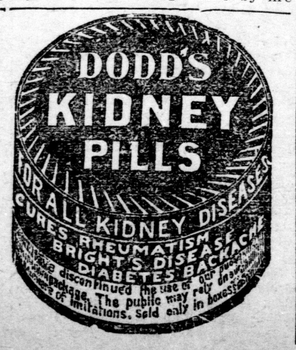
The Company's Case.

Reviewing the evidence, Sir Robert Finlay, for the insurance company, read that of a fireman who referred to the assistance rendered by Sir Alexander Swettenham, the governor, in putting out the fire, and also that who said that during the earthquake he ran to a window and there saw the inside of his next-door neighbor's bedroom in a blaze, that his arm became pinned under a beam, and fearing he might be burned alive, he wrenched his arm away, tearing and leaving behind some of the flesh. His terrible injury resulted in the loss of his arm.

The board having deliberated in private for a short time, Lord Macnaghten said: "As we understand that the parties desire to have an announcement at once of the decision at which the court has come, their lordships are of the opinion that there was evidence before the jury from which they could reasonably come to the conclusion at which they arrived. They will humbly advise his majesty that the appeal should be dismissed with costs."

Result of Decision.

The decision thus makes the company liable for damage done by fire to the premises of Alfrew Pawsey & Co. Hundreds of claims have been made against British insurance companies, amounting altogether to about seven million and a half dollars.



CANADA BUYS MANY STALLIONS

Was Largest Purchaser From Britain During the Past Twelve Months.

London, Aug. 24.—Great Britain in 1907 exported to Canada 61,783 horses, the biggest export ever known, though the total value of £1,240,009 was exceeded in 1906. Canada comes first of all countries as the purchaser of stallions, and second only to Belgium as the purchaser of mares.

The Wedded Company's colonial dairy produce review states that the Canadian butter export was the smallest known since 1895. Three years ago it reached its highest level, 15,145 tons. Last year it fell to 1,862. The quality, again, showed an improvement over the previous year, as refrigeration on board the steamers to the United Kingdom and on the landing wharves here is now perfectly up-to-date. Canadian butter ought to further increase in quality and bring higher prices in our markets. Some of inferior quality which yet comes is due to the damage caused by want of proper refrigerating arrangements before it is shipped, and the remainder to defects in its manufacture, which are avoidable if proper care be taken.

There has been a steady decrease in cheese from Canada and the United States. This decrease has given an opportunity to New Zealand to make up some deficiency in the imports from New Zealand, which have advanced in ten years from 5,870 tons to 13,152. An improvement in quality continues to be shown, and Canadian improved methods of curing and better transit arrangements have added largely to the better quality which now prevails in this article. Australia last year sent a small shipment of cheese to London, and the quality was very satisfactory. One shipment from New South Wales was superior to the best Canadian, owing to it being made on the English Cheddar principle, and it approached very closely to English conditions of manufacture in having the milking herd close to the factory door, so that the milk was always in a sweet condition when it came under the cheesemaker's control. An advance was made in Canadian cheese of 9 shillings per cwt, or 16 per cent. The average price during the past twelve months was one-third less than in 1907.

SHIP RISK IS SCORED

Insurance by eMn Who Do Not Own the Vessel Is Condemned.

London, Aug. 24.—Recent shipwrecks and insurances claimed on ships by people who have the least proprietary interest in them, no interest whatever in fact, except their disappearance off the face of the waters, remains a subject of much discussion in shipping and other business circles in the city.

As one who could discuss this subject with more authority than most men, a subject which has so much grave import alike to shipowners, shipbrokers and shipmasters, Sir John Luscombe, chairman of Lloyds, was asked to explain what was this P. P. I.—Policy Proof of Interest—in maritime insurance policies which is so much condemned as a direct means of gambling in ships.

Explains Technical Point.

Sir John explained that the meaning of "proof of interest" is that the claim is paid without demur of any kind, supposing anything happens to a vessel insured. Anyone can insure a ship almost in the same sense as as any outsider may insure the life of the King or back a race horse in which he has not the smallest interest save the owner's belief in his property.

Many people are of the opinion that P. P. I. insurances should disappear and it seems that communications lately have been exchanged between Lloyd's and the board of trade on this topic, the former's opinion having been involved. It is probable also that Winston Churchill will raise the question in the House of Commons during the autumn session, with a view to seeing whether something cannot be done to abate the evil.

Tells of Lloyd's Reply.

Sir Johhn implied that Lloyd's have replied in the sense that the difficulty in legislating lies in the fact that whereas there may be numerous wrong maritime insurances there are also a great many right ones.

"Who, then," he said, "shall say that one has or has not insured a ship with felonious intent? There are certain shipowners, no doubt, whose business is not very attractive to underwriters, but the stoppage of these insurances opens a wide question."

One thing is almost certain. The board of trade will take some action in course of the coming season.

SOME MARKET METHODS.

Hamilton, Ont., Aug. 24. — George Smith, a middle-aged man, was arrested on Central Market this morning on a charge of stealing eight chickens from a man named Bamberger living in Ancaster township. Smith brought the chickens to the market on a wheelbarrow, which he pushed all the way from the township. Such an unusual outfit on the market aroused the suspicions of the police and he was arrested, being remanded until Monday.

J. J. Sager, Winona, offered for sale on the market this morning two baskets of short measure peaches. He did not stamp them shortage on each basket, and the magistrate fined him twenty-five cents for each basket, as well as ordering that the peaches be confiscated.

The famous ruins of Tintern Abbey, Monmouthshire, England, are being restored as far as the four great arches are concerned, and more excavations are being made around it in hope of finding other buildings.

Because of the lichens which grow abundantly on the stone-paved streets in Madeira, making them slippery, it is possible to use sleighs the year round.

TEACHER—Johnnie, what does this represent?
JOHNNIE—Perrin's School Biscuits.
TEACHER—What do you know about them?
JOHNNIE—They are good to eat. Mother says they are the best biscuits made for hungry boys and girls.
TEACHER—Correct, Johnnie, your Mother is right. I also use them and find them exceedingly good.

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