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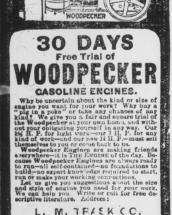
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The Wings of the Morning

CHAPTER XII.-Continued. She was on the verge of tears. The strain had become too great for her. After indulging in a wild dream of freedom, to be told that they must again endure the irksome confinement, the active suffering, the slow horrors of a siege in that rocky prison, almost distracted her.

Jenks was very stern and curt in his reply.
"We must make the best of a bad business," he said. "If we are in a tight place the Dyaks are not much better off, and eighteen of their number are dead or wounded. You forget, too, that Providence has sent us a most useful ally in the Mohammedan. When all is said and done, things might be

far worse than they are."

Never before had his tone been so cold, his manner so abrupt, not even in the old days when he purposely en-deavored to make her dislike him. She walked along the ledge and tim-

idly bent over him.
"Forgive me!" she whispered. "I did forget for the moment not only the goodness of Providence, but also your self sacrificing devotion. I am only a woman, and I don't want to die yet, but I will not live unless you, too, are

Once already that day she had expressed this thought in other words. Was some shadowy design flitting through her brain? Suppose they were faced with the alternatives of dying from thirst or yielding to the Dyaks. Was there another way out? Jenks shivered, though the rock was grilling him. He must divert her mind from

this dreadful brooding.
"The fact is," he said, with a feeble attempt at cheerfulness, "we are both hungry and consequently grumpy, Now, suppose you prepare lunch. We will feel ever so much better after we

The girl choked back her emotion and sadly essayed the task of provid-ing a meal which was hateful to her. A few tears fell now and made little furrows down her soiled cheeks. But they were helpful tears, tears of resignation, not of despair. Although the 'destruction that wasteth at noonday" was trying her sorely, she again felt strong and sustained.

She even smiled on detecting an involuntary effort to clear her stained face. She was about to carry a biscuit and some tinned meat to the sailor when a sharp exclamation from him

The Dyaks had broken cover. Running the scattered sections across the sands, they were risking such loss as the defenders might be able to inflict upon them during a brief race to the shelter and food to be obtained in the other part of the Island.

Jenks did not fire at the scurrying gang. He was waiting for one man, Taung S'Ali. But that redoubtable person, having probably suggested this dash for liberty, had fully realized the enviable share of attention he would attract during the passage. He therefore discarded his vivid attire and by borrowing odd garments made himself sufficiently like unto the remainder of his crew to deceive the sailor until the rush of men was over. Among them ran the Mohammedan, who did not look up the valley, but waved his hand.

When all had qui down again Jenks understood how he had been fooled. He laughed so heartly that Iris, not knowing either the cause of his merriment or the reason of his unlooked for clemency to the flying foe, feared the sun had affected him. He at once quitted the post occupied

during so protracted a vigil. "Now," he cried, "we can eat in peace. I have stripped the chief of his finery. His men can twit him on being forced to shed his gorgeous plumage in order to save his life. Anyhow, they will leave us in peace until night falls, so we must make the best of a

But he was mistaken. A greater danger than any yet experienced now threatened them, for Taung S'Ali, furious and unrelenting, resolved that it he could not obtain the girl he would slay the pair of them, and he had terrible weapons in his possession.

CHAPTER XIII. ESIDENTS in tropical countries know that the heat is greatest, or certainly least bearable, between 2 and 4 o'clock in the

At the conclusion of a not very lus-cious repast Jenks suggested that they should rig up the tarpaulin in such wise as to gain protection from the sun and yet enable him to cast a watchful eye over the valley. Iris helped to raise the great canvas sheet on dition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Pollars shut off from the devouring rays, the hot breeze then springing into fitful existence cooled their blistered but perspiring skin and made life somewhat tolerable. Still adhering to his policy of com

batting the first enervating attacks of thirst, the sailor sanctioned the con-sumption of the remaining water. As a last desperate expedient to be resorted to only in case of sheer necessity, he uncorked a bottle of champagid and filled the tin cup. The sparkling wind with its volume of creamy foam looked so tempting that Iris would then and there have risked its potency

were she not promptly withheld.

Jenks explained to her that when the wine became quite flat and insipid they might use it to moisten their parched lips. Even so, in their present superheated state, the liquor was unques-tionably dangerous, but he hoped it would not harm them if taken in minute quantities.

Accustomed now to implicitly accept his advice, she fought and steadily con quered the craving within her. Oddly enough, the "thawing" of their scorched bodies beneath the tarpaulin brought a certain degree of relief. They were swremely uncomfortable, but that was

furiated against the foreign devil who had killed or wounded in round numbers one-fifth of their total force. Very likely the hapless Mussulman would ton. Don't do it. lose his life that night in attempting to bring water to the foot of the rock.

the vigilance of his present associates, where was the water to come from? Dyaks had a store in the remaining sampans, but the native ally of the beleaguered pair would have a task of exceeding difficulty in obtaining one of the jars or skins containing it. Again, granting all things went well

strain, the heartbreaking misery of whispered to her: the rock?

with love and pain, was fixed upon him. Summarily dismissing these grisly phantoms of the mind, he asked neck.

knowledged a quick sense of evil omen. He raised himself slightly and turned toward her. Her face, beautiful and serene beneath its disfigurements, were an expression of settled purpose. For the life of him he dared not question "So you really do

her. "That man, the interpreter," she said, and parted lips. "told you that if I were given up to the chief he and his followers would go bed her cheek with his rough fingers. away and molest you no more." His forehead seamed with sudden

"A mere bait," he protested. "In any close, clinging to him in utter confievent it is hardly worth discussion."

And the answer came, clear and res-

"I think I will agree to those terms." At first he regarded her with undis-guised and wordless amazement. Then the appalling thought darted through and have treasured them next my his brain that she contemplated this supreme sacrifice in order to save him. What girlish romance was this? Her A clammy sweat bedewed his brow, but by sheer will power he contrived

such a thing. Don't you understand what it means to you—and to me? It writing, or were you not certain, just is a ruse to trap us. They are ungov- then, that you really did love me?" erned savages. Once they had you in their power they would laugh at a peat that wondrous phrase! Together promise made to me."
"You may be mistaken. They must

have some sense of fair dealing. Even blazoned in magic symbols. assuming that such was their intention, they may depart from it. They have already lost a great many men. Their chief, having gained his main them to take further risks. I will make it a part of the bargain that they first supply you with plenty of water. Then you, unaided, could keep them at bay for many days. We lose nothing; we size his convictions. can gain a great deal by endeavoring to needly them? to pacify them." "Iris," he gasped, "what are you

saying?"
The unexpected sound of her name on his lips almost unnerved her. But no martyr ever went to the stake with more settled purpose than this pure woman, resolved to immelate herself to your sympathy. I am hungry, and, for the sake of the man she loved. He had dared all for her, faced death in many shapes. Now it was her turn.

The girl had

us on earth. We can struggle on here until we die. Is that right when one Jenks brought her of us may live?"

She would go away with these monremoved from the island, and then—she would kill herself. In her innocence she imagined that self derivatives the self derivatives and the self-derivatives and the self-de tion under such circumstances was a pardonable offense. She only gave a life to save a life, and greater love. She stonged For the first time since than this is not known to God or man.

The sailor, in a tempest of wrath and compel her into reason—to shake her as remembered the manner of her garone shakes a wayward child.

He rose to his knees with this half formed notion in his fevered brain

Nursing Mothers and Over-burdened Women

on the uprights. ley or on either beach. Not for trivial cause would they come again within

By LOUIS
TRACY

THE MOBILIES HAVE TRACET THE AND TO TREATH THE AND TRACET THE AND TRA

that had gone before an idle dream of Even if the man succeeded in eluding joy and grief, a wizard's glimpse of mirrored happiness and vague perils? Was Iris, the crystal souled, thrown There was none on the island save to him by the storm lashed wave, to that in the well. In all likelihood the

exceeding difficulty in obtaining one he gathered her up in his strong hands. Yes, she was there, breathing, wonder that night, what would be the final outcome of the struggle? How long could Iris withstand the averaged of the struggle of the could Iris withstand the exposure, the "My darling, do you think I can str-

He shook restlessly, not aware that vive your loss? You are life itself to the girl's sorrowful glance, luminous me. If we have to die, sweet one, let Then Iris flung her arms around his

himself what the Mohammedan exact. "I am quite, quite happy now," she ly meant by warning him against the sobbed brokenly. "I didn't-imaginetrees on the right and the "silent death" that might come from them, He thankful-sit has come."

was about to crawl forth to the lip of For a little while they yielded to the the rock and investigate matters in glamour of the divine knowledge that that locality when Iris, who also was busy with her thoughts, restrained him. "Wait a little while," she said. "None of the Dyaks will venture into the open until night falls. And I have something to say to you."

Were garbed in light, throned in a palace built by fairy hands. On all sides voice that Jenks had never heard be- squatted the ghouls of privation, mis fore. It chilled him. His heart ac- ery, danger, even grim death; but they

> "So you really do love me?" she whispered, crimson faced, with shining eyes

He fondled her hair and ger The sudden sense of ownership of this fair woman was entrancing. It almost bewildered him to find Iris nestling dence and trust.
"But I knew, I knew," she murmur-

ed. "You betrayed yourself so many times. You wrote your secret to me, and, though you did not tell me, I found your dear words on the sands beart."

held her away gingerly, just so far that he could look into her eyes. "You must be mad to even dream of drawing the locket from her neck. writing, or were you not certain, just Dear, dear! How often would she rethey bent over the tiny slips of paper. There it was again, "I love you," twice With blushing eagerness she told him how, by mere accident, of course, she caught sight of her own name. It was not very wrong, was it, to pick up that object, might not be able to persuade tiny scrap or those others, which she could not help seeing and which un-folded their simple tale so truthfully? Wrong! It was so delightfully right

They grew calmer, more sedate. It was so undeniably true they loved one another that the fact was becoming venerable with age. Iris was perhaps the first to recognize its quiet certain-

"As I cannot get you to talk reasonto your sympathy. I am hungry, and, The girl had hardly eaten a morsel

Her eyes were lit with a seraphic fire, her sweet face resigned as that of an angel.

The girl had hardly eaten a morsel for her midday meal. Then she was despondent, utterly broken hearted. "I have thought it out," she mur. There was a fresh motive in existence. Whether destined to live an hour of mured, gazing at him steadily, yet scarce seeing him. "It is worth trying as a last expedient. We are abandoned by all save the Lord, and it does not appear to be his holy will to help

Jenks brought her a biscuit, a tin of meat and that most doleful cup of Her very candor had betrayed her. champagne. "It is not exactly frappe," he said.

"'Toast,' is a peculiarly suitable

"Miss Deane" and he "Mr. Jenks" she ments.

"It is not the warm clothing you feel so much as the want of air," explained then he looked at her, and a mist the sailor readily. "This tarpaulin has seemed to shut her out from his sight made the place very stuffy, but we Was she lost to him already? Was all must put up with it until sundown. By

Dear Mother

A light tap on the tarred canyas di-rectly over his head had caught his ear. Iris, glad of the diversion, told him she had heard the noise three or four times, but fancied it was caused by the occasional sustling of the sheet Jenks had not allowed his attention to wander altogether from external events. Since the Dyaks' last escapade

DOMINION ATLANTIC curred in the belief that something had darted in curved flight over the ledge and fallen on top of their protecting

"Let us see what the game is," exclaimed the sailor. He crept to the back of the ledge and drew himself up until he could reach over the sheet. He returned, carrying in his hand a

couple of tiny arrows. "There are no less than seven these things sticking in the canvas, he said. "They don't look very ter Land of Evangeline" Rante ble. I suppose that is what my Indian friend meant by warping me against

the trees on the right."

He did not tell Iris all the Moha medan said. There was no need to alarm her causelessly. Even whil they examined the curious little missile another flew up from the valley and lodged on the roof of their shelter. The shaft of the arrow, made of son extremely hard wood, was about ten inches in length. Affixed to it was pointed fish bone, sharp, but not barb ed and not fastened in a manner suggestive of much strength. The arrow

the way, what is that?

range of Jenks' rifle.

shield.

there was no sign of them in the val-

They waited and listened silently. Another tap sounded on the tarpaulin

in a different place, and they both con

was neither feathered nor grooved fo be a childish weapon to be used by men equipped with lead and steel.

Jenks could not understand the appearance of this toy. Evidently the would not keep on pertinaciously dropping an arrow on the ledge.

"I will soon tell you," he replied reaching for a rifle. "Do not go out yet," she entreate.

"How do they fire it?" asked Iris.



The last arrow fell, and he sprang to the right of the ledge.

we may learn more by keeping quiet. pitan blowers. They will not continue shooting these things all day." Again a tiny arrow traveled toward them in a graceful parabola. This one fell short. Missing the tarpaulin, it almost dropped on the girl's outstretched hand. She picked it up. The fish bone

point had snapped by contact with the floor of the ledge. She sought for and found the small tip. "See," she said. "It seems to have been dipped in something. It is quite

Jenks frowned peculiarly. A startling explanation had suggested itself to him. Fragments of forgotten lore were taking cohesion in his mind.
"Put it down. Quick!" he cried. Iris obeyed him, with wonder in her

eyes. He spilled a teaspoonful of champagne into a small hollow of the rock and steeped one of the fish bones in the liquid. Within a few seconds the champagne assumed a greenish tinge and Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine the bone became white. Then he knew. "Good heavens," he exclaimed "these fails to c

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are poisoned arrows shot through a blowpipe! I have never before seen one, but I have often read about them. The bamboos the Dyaks carried were sumpitans. These fish bones have been steeped in the juice of the upas tre Iris, my dear girl, if one of them had so much as scratched your finger nothing on earth could save you."

horror. Another tap sounded on their thrice welcome covering. Evidently the Dyaks would persist in their efforts Jenks debated silently whether it would be better to create a commotion

they had succeeded in inflicting a 1 tal wound, or to wait until the next ar row fell, rush out and try con with dumdum bullets against the sun He decided in favor of the latte course. He wished to dishearten

assailants, to cram down their throat and could visit their every effort wit a deadly reprisal. Iris, of course, protested when he ex plained his project. But the fighting spirit prevailed. Their love idyll must

yield to the needs of the hour He had not long to wait. The last treme right of the ledge. First he looked through that invaluable screen of grass. Three Dyaks were on the ground and a fourth in the fork of a tree. They were each armed with a blowpipe. He in the tree was just fitting an arrow into the bamboo tube. The others were watching him. (To be continued.)

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