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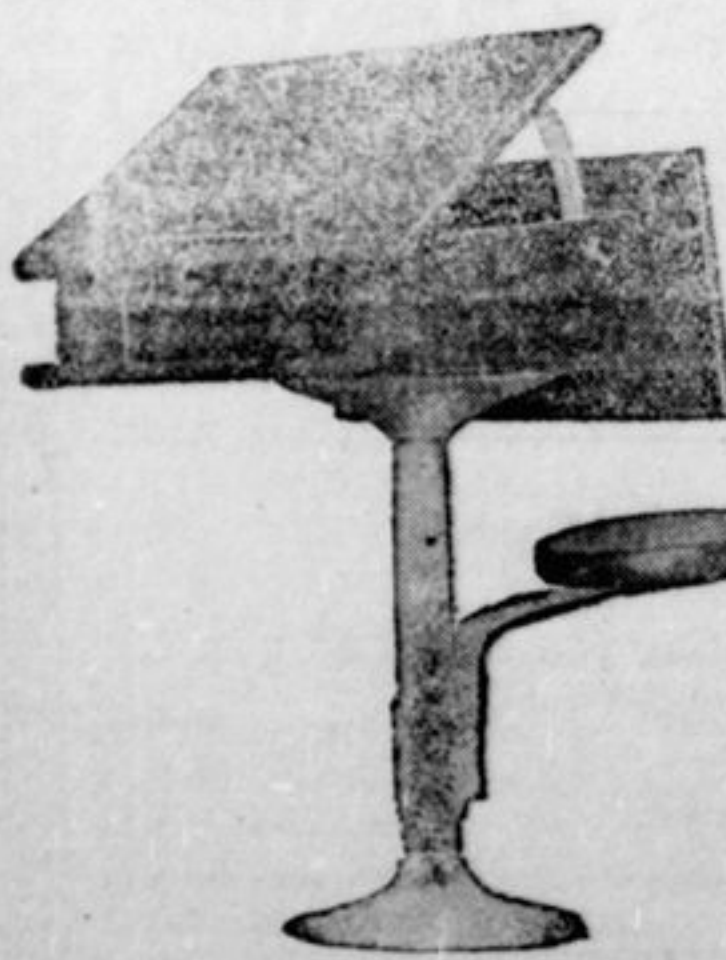
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E. SMITH & SONS

The Wings of the Morning

By LOUIS TRACY

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"I will serve you to the best of my ability, Miss Deane," he exclaimed.

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.

For a short distance the foothold was precarious. Jenks helped the girl in this part of the climb.

The emergence into a sunlit panorama of land and sea, though expected, was profoundly entrancing.

"How odd!" whispered Iris, more concerned in the scrutiny of her immediate surroundings.

Here, in a great circle, there was not a vestige of grass, shrub or tree, nothing save brown rock and sand.

"What a beautiful place!" murmured Iris. "I wonder what it is called."

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

He turned to survey the northwest side of the island. "I do not know," he answered.

Miss Iris had meant her playful retort as a mere light hearted quibble.

"I suppose so," she agreed, "but I have gone through so much in a few hours that I am bewildered.

Jenks was closely examining the reef on which the Sirdar struck. Some square objects were visible near the palm tree.

"What do you make of those?" he inquired, handing the glasses and blandly ignoring Miss Deane's petulance.

"Oh! Are you better?" Her lips quivered pitifully.

"Drink this." She held a cup to his mouth, and he obediently strove to swallow the contents.

"How? Will you swim?" "No," he said, his stern lips relaxing in a smile.

"Sharks!" she cried. "In there! 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.

"Oh!" Iris blushed slightly.

"We had better go back now. The wind is keen here, Miss Deane."

She knew that he purposely misunderstood her gesture.

istence. 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.

They gathered the stores from the first dining room and reached the cave without incident.

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 very soiled and crumpled handkerchief and a bit of tin.

"You never know what purpose they may serve," she said.

"Why do you carry about a bit of tin?" she went on.

Luckily she interpreted "here" as applying to the cave.

He handed it to her. She could make nothing of it, so together they puzzled over it.

"I am a good pupil," she cried. "You see I am already learning to help myself."

"I have cleaned the tin cups and the knives, and see, here is my greatest treasure."

"Where in the world did you find that?" he exclaimed.

"Buried in the sand inside the cave."

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.

"Probably the initials of a man's name. Let us say John Smith, for instance."

"And the figures on the island, with the 'X' and the dot?"

"I cannot tell you at present," he said.

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

Unlucky Jenks! Was ever man fated to incur such unmerited odium? He savagely laved his face and neck.

"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 strolled toward the fire to kick a stray log.

"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.'"

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He looked at her wistfully. This collapse must not happen again for her sake. These two said more with eyes than lips.

"My cooking amuses you?" she demanded suspiciously.

"It gratifies every sense," he murmured. "There is but one thing needful 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, delighted that his temper had improved.

He lit his pipe and solemnly gave an inventory of his worldly goods.

"You never know what purpose they may serve," she said.

"Why do you carry about a bit of tin?" she went on.

"I found it here, Miss Deane," he answered.

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at the best, Miss Deane," he replied. "Would you like to help me to drag some timber up from the beach? If we get a few big planks we can build a fire that will last for hours."

The request for co-operation gratified her. She complied eagerly, and without much exertion they hauled a respectable load of firewood to their new camping ground.

They were both utterly tired and ready to drop with fatigue.

"Am I to keep the lamp alight?" she inquired.

"Please yourself, Miss Deane. Better not, perhaps. It will only burn four or five hours anyway."

Soon the light vanished, and he lay down, his pipe between his teeth, close to the cave's entrance.

"32 divided by 1; an 'X' and a dot," he repeated several times.

Suddenly he sat up, with every sense alert, and grabbed his revolver.

He thought of the white framework of a once powerful man, lying there among the bushes, abandoned, forgotten, horrible.

"By Jove!" he muttered. "There is no 'X' and dot. That sign is meant for a skull and crossbones."

He resolutely stretched himself on his share of the spread out coats, now thoroughly dried by sun and fire.

CHAPTER V. He awoke to find the sun high in the heavens.

"No printed page was ever so legible. Now, Miss Deane, we have gossiped too long."

"More digs?" she inquired saucily. "I repudiate 'digs.' In the first place, you must not make any more experiments in the matter of food."

"Secondly?" "You must never pass out of my sight without carrying a revolver, not so much for defense, but as a signal."

"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."

"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."

"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."

"Mr. Jenks," she said simply, "we are in God's hands. I put my trust in him and in you."

"Good morning!" she cried, smiling sweetly. "I thought you would never awake."

"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 irrepressible, but she really must not do these things.

Miss Deane had prepared a capital meal. Of course the ham and biscuits still bulked large in the bill of fare.

"For the life of him the man could not refrain from displaying the conversational art in which he excelled."

"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."

"I don't know," said Iris, keenly alert for deductions.

"Biscuits! They thought the bags contained patent fodder until I 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."

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JNO. A. DARLING CHEMIST - AND - DRUGGIST DURHAM, ONT.

guessed this earlier. Yet the mischievous light in her eyes defied control. He was warned in time and pulled himself up short.

"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."

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Vapo-Cresoline advertisement with image of the product bottle and text describing its benefits for coughs and colds.

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