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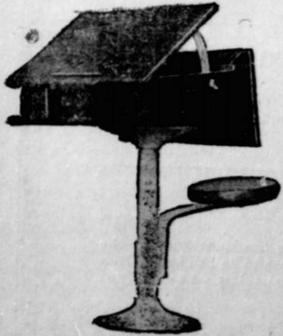
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The Wings of the Morning

By LOUIS TRACY
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"Is that really your best dress?" he said.

"Yes. This is my blue serge. The brown cloth did not survive the soaking it received in salt water. After a few days it simply crumbled. The others are muslin or cotton and have been—er—adapted."

"There is plenty of men's clothing," he began.

"Unfortunately there isn't another island," she said severely.

"No. I meant that it might be possible to—er—contrive some sort of rig that will serve all purposes."

"But all my thread is gone. I have barely a needleful left."

"In that case we must fall back on our supply of hemp."

"I suppose that might be made to serve," she said. "You are never at a loss for an expedient."

"It will be a poor one, I fear. But you can make up for it by buying some nice gowns at Doucet's or Worth's."

She laughed delightedly. "Perhaps in his joy at my reappearance my dear



"Is that really your best dress?"

old dad may let me run riot in Paris on our way home. But that will not last. We are fairly well off, but I cannot afford ten thousand a year for dress alone."

"If any woman can afford such a sum for the purpose you are at least her equal."

Iris looked puzzled. "Is that your way of telling me that fine feathers would make me a fine bird?" she asked.

"No. I intend my words to be understood in their ordinary sense. You are very rich, Miss Deane, an extravagantly wealthy young person."

"Of course you know you are talking nonsense. Why, only the other day my father said—"

"Excuse me. What is the average price of a walking dress from a leading Paris house?"

"Thirty pounds."

"And an evening dress?"

"Oh, anything from fifty upward."

He picked up a few pieces of quartz from the canvas sheet.

"Here is your walking dress," he said, handing her a lump weighing about a pound. "With the balance in the heap there you can stagger the best dressed woman you meet at your first dinner in England."

"Do you mean by pelting her?" she inquired mischievously.

"Far worse. By wearing a more expensive costume."

His manner was so earnest that he compelled seriousness. Iris took the proffered specimen and looked at it.

"From the cave, I suppose? I thought you said antimony was not very valuable?"

"That is not antimony. It is gold. By chance I have hit upon an extremely rich lode of gold. At the most modest computation it is worth hundreds of thousands of pounds. You and I are quite wealthy people, Miss Deane."

Iris opened her blue eyes very wide at this intelligence. It took her breath away. But her first words betokened her innate sense of fair dealing.

"You and I? Wealthy?" she gasped.

"I am so glad for your sake, but tell me, pray, Mr. Jenks, what have I got to do with it?"

"You?" he repeated. "Are we not partners in this island? By squatter's right if by no better title we own land, minerals, wood, game and even such weird belongings as ancient lights and fishing privileges."

"I don't see that at all. You find a gold mine and coolly tell me that I am a half owner of it because you dragged me out of the sea, fed me, housed me, saved my life from pirates and generally acted like a devoted nursemaid in charge of a baby. Really, Mr. Jenks—"

"Really, Miss Deane, you will annoy me seriously if you say another word. I absolutely refuse to listen to such an argument."

For some time they stood in silence until the sailor commenced to reproach himself for his rough protest. Perhaps he had hurt her sensitive feelings. What a brute he was to be sure! She was only a child in ordinary affairs, and he ought to have explained things more lucidly and with greater command over his temper. And all this time Iris' face was dimpling with amusement, for she understood him so well that had he threatened to kill her she would have laughed at him.

"Would you mind getting the lamp?" he said softly, surprised to catch her expression of saucy humor.

"Oh, please may I speak?" she inquired. "I don't want to annoy you, but I am simply dying to talk."

He had forgotten his own injunction. "Let us first examine our mine," he said. "If you bring the lamp we can have a good look at it."

Close scrutiny of the work already done merely confirmed the accuracy of his first impression. While Iris held the light he opened up the seam with a few strokes of the pick. Each few inches it broadened into a noteworthy volcanic dike, now yellow in its absolute purity, at times a bluish black when fused with other metals. The additional labor involved caused him to follow up the line of the fault. Suddenly the flame of the lamp began to flicker in a draft. There was an air passage between cave and ledge.

They came back into the external glare. Iris was now so serious that she forgot to extinguish the little lamp. She stood with outstretched hand.

"There is a lot of money in there," she said.

"Tons of it."

"No need to quarrel about division. There is enough for both of us."

"Quite enough. We can even spare some for our friends."

The hour drew near when Jenks climbed to the Summit rock. He shouldered ax and rifle and set forth. Iris heard him rustling upward through the trees. She set some water to boil for tea and, while bringing a fresh supply of fuel, passed the spot where the torn scraps of paper littered the sand.

She was the sister of honor for a woman, but there was never a woman yet who could take her eyes off a written document which confronted her. She could not help seeing that one small morsel contained her own name. Though mutilated, it had clearly read—"Dear Miss Deane."

"So it was intended for me!" she cried, throwing down her bundle and dropping to her knees. She secured that particular slip and examined it earnestly. Not for worlds would she pick up all the scraps and endeavor to sort them. Yet they had a fascination for her, and at this closer range she saw another which bore the legend—"I love you."

Somehow the two seemed to fit together very nicely.

"I love you!" They were still quite coherent. She did not want to look any further. She did not even turn over such of the torn pieces as had fluttered to earth face downward.

Opening the front of her bodice, she brought to light a small gold locket containing miniatures of her father and mother. Inside this receptacle she carefully placed the three really material portions of the sailor's letter. When Jenks walked down the hill again he heard her singing long before he caught sight of her sedulously tending the fire.

As he came near he perceived the remains of his useless document. He stooped and gathered them up, forthwith throwing them among the glowing logs.

"By the way, what were you writing

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The married woman who earns wages in some cases not have to work as hard as the woman who is trying to make her husband's salary meet the family expenses.—Washington Star.

An economical and satisfactory cream for the hands is composed of equal portions of honey, mutton tallow (clarified) and lemon juice, melted together until of the consistency of cream.

A bony and undeveloped arm is easily and quickly rounded out by daily arm exercises and massaging with cocoa butter.

It is said that the eyebrows will become much thicker if a little common salt is rubbed into them.

while I had my bath?" inquired Iris demurely.

"Some information about the mine. On second thoughts, however, I saw it was unnecessary."

"Oh, was that all?"

"Practically all."

"Then some part was impracticable?"

He glanced sharply at her, but she was merely talking at random.

"Well, you see," he explained, "one can do so little without the requisite

after experiments covering some weeks he might have succeeded. But modern dress stuffs, weakened by aniline dyes and stiffened with Chinese clay, permit of no such exhaustive research. It must be remembered that the lady passengers on board the Sirdar were dressed to suit the tropics, and the hard usage given by Iris to her scanty stock was never contemplated by the Manchester or Bradford looms responsible for the durability of the material.

As the days passed the position became irksome. It even threatened complete collapse during some critical moment, and the two often silently surveyed the large number of merely male garments in their possession. Of course in the matter of coats and waistcoats there was no difficulty whatever. Iris had long been wearing those portions of the doctor's uniform. But when it came to the rest—

At last one memorable morning she crossed the Rubicon. Jenks had climbed, as usual, to the Summit rock. He came back with the exciting news that he thought—he could not be certain, but there were indications inspiring hopefulness—that toward the west of the faroff island he could discern the smoke of a steamer.

Though he had eyes for a faint cloud of vapor at least fifty miles distant, he saw nothing of a remarkable change effected nearer home. Outwardly Iris was attired in her wonted manner, but if her companion's mind were not wholly monopolized by the bluish haze detected on the horizon he must have noticed the turned up ends of a pair of trousers beneath the hem of her tattered skirt.

It did occur to him that Iris received his momentous announcement with an odd air of hauteur, and it was passing strange she did not offer to accompany him when, after bolting his breakfast, he returned to the observatory.

He came back in an hour, and the lines on his face were deeper than before.

"A false alarm," he said curtly in response to her questioning look.

And that was all, though she nerved herself to walk steadily past him of her way to the well. This was disappointing, even annoying, to a positive young woman like Iris. Resolving to end the ordeal, she stood rigidly before him.

"Well," she said, "I've done it!"

"Have you?" he exclaimed blankly.

"Yes. They're a little too long, and I feel very awkward, but they're better than—than my poor old dress unsupported."

She blushed furiously, to the sailor's complete bewilderment, but she bravely persevered and stretched out an unwilling foot.

"Oh, I see!" he growled, and he, too, rebled.

And during the remainder of the day he did not once look at her feet. Indeed, he had far more serious matter to distract his thoughts, for Iris, feverishly anxious to be busy, suddenly suggested that it would be a good thing were she able to use a rifle if a fight at close quarters became necessary.

The recoil of the Lee-Metford is so slight that any woman can manipulate the weapon with effect, provided she is not called upon to fire from a standing position, in which case the weight is liable to cause bad aiming. Though it came rather late in the day, Jenks caught at the idea. He accustomed her in the first instance to the use of blank cartridges. Then when fairly proficient in holding and sighting—a child can learn how to refill the clip and eject each empty shell—she fired ten rounds of service ammunition. The target was a white circle on a rock at eighty yards, and those of the ten shots that missed the absolute mark would have made an enemy at the same distance extremely uncomfortable.

Iris was much pleased with her proficiency. "Now," she cried, "instead of being a hindrance to you I may be some help. In any case, the Dyaks will think there are two men to face, and they have good reason to fear one of us."

Then a new light dawned upon Jenks.

"Why did you not think of it before?" he demanded. "Don't you see, Miss Deane, the possibility suggested by your words? I am sorry to be compelled to speak plainly, but I feel sure that if those scoundrels do attack us in force it will be more to secure you than to avenge the loss of their fellow tribesmen. First and foremost, the sea-going Dyaks are pirates and marauders. They prowl about the coast looking not so much for a fight as for loot and women. Now, if they return and apparently find two well armed men awaiting them, with no prospect of plunder, there is a chance that they may abandon the enterprise."

Iris did not flinch from the topic. She well knew its grave importance.

"In other words," she said, "I must be seen by them dressed only in male clothing?"

"Yes; as a last resource, that is. I have some hope that they may not discover our whereabouts owing to the precautions we have adopted. Perched up there on the ledge, we will be profoundly uncomfortable, but that will be nothing if it secures our safety."

She did not reply at once. Then she said musingly: "Forty-four days! Surely there has been ample time to scour the China sea from end to end in search of us! My father would never abandon hope until he had the most positive knowledge that the Sirdar was lost with all on board."

The sailor, through long schooling, was prepared with an answer: "Each day makes the prospect of escape brighter. Though I was naturally disappointed this morning, I must state quite emphatically that our rescue may come any hour."

"I love you!"

plant. This sort of ore requires a crushing mill, a smelting furnace, perhaps big tanks filled with cyanide of potassium."

"And of course, although you can do wonders, you cannot provide all those things, can you?"

Jenks deemed this query to be unanswerable.

They were busy again until night fell. Sitting down for a little while before retiring to rest, they discussed for the hundredth time the probabilities of speedy success. This led them to the topic of available supplies, and the sailor told Iris the dispositions he had made.

CHAPTER X.

NIGHT after night the Pelades swung higher in the firmament. Day after day the sailor perfected his defenses and anxiously scanned the ocean for sign of friendly smoke or hostile sail. This respite would not have been given to him were it not for the lucky bullet which removed two fingers and part of a third from the right hand of the Dyak chief. Not even a healthy savage can afford to treat such a wound lightly, and ten days elapsed before the maimed robber was able to move the injured limb without a curse.

Meanwhile each night Jenks slept less soundly. Each day his face became more careworn. He began to realize why the island had not been visited already by the vessel which would certainly be deputed to search for them. She was examining the great coast line of China and Siam.

It was his habit to mark the progress of time on the rudely made sundial, which sufficiently served their requirements as a clock. Iris happened to watch him chipping the forty-fourth notch on the edge of the horizontal block of wood.

"Have we really been forty-four days here?" she inquired after counting the marks with growing astonishment.

"I believe the reckoning is accurate," he said. "The Sirdar was lost on the 18th of March, and I make this the 1st of May."

"It seems to be a tremendous time; indeed, in some respects, it figures in my mind like many years. That is when I am thinking. Otherwise, when busy, the days fly like hours."

"It must be convenient to have such an elastic scale."

"Most useful. I strive to apply the quick rate when you are grumpy."

Iris placed her arms akimbo, planted her feet widely apart and surveyed Jenks with an expression that might almost be termed impudent. They were great friends, these two, now.

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JNO. A. DARLING

CHEMIST — AND — DRUGGIST
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Iris looked at him steadily.

"Do you remember, Mr. Jenks, that soon after the wreck you told me we might have to remain here many months?"

"That was a pardonable exaggeration."

"No, no! It was the truth. You are seeking now to buoy me up with false hope. It is 1,600 miles from Hong-kong to Singapore, and half as much from Siam to Borneo. The Sirdar might have been driven anywhere in the typhoon. Didn't you say so, Mr. Jenks?"

He wavered under this merciless cross examination.

[CONTINUED.]

Let Baby Sleep.

A young infant ought to spend the greater part of its time asleep. In fact, the two great duties of its life are feeding and sleeping, and the second ought to occupy much more time than the first. Never allow a baby to be roused from its sleep even to see the most important of visitors. Remember that it is often politeness and not affection which makes people ask to see the baby and do not let the little one be aroused from its slumber. When it has rested long enough it will wake naturally, but to be suddenly roused often causes a considerable shock to its nerves and injury to its health.

Chamois Skins.

Chamois skins are considered indispensable to the toilet, but they are an injury rather than a benefit if not kept perfectly clean. They stand washing like a pocket handkerchief if treated to lukewarm water and pure soap. Face powder rubbed into a clean chamois skin will keep the skin free from the disagreeable shiny appearance that characterizes the face of a neglectful woman. It can be used as often as you please without possible injury to the finest skin.

Housekeepers Who Worry.

Lamb with worry sauce is no better than lamb without mint sauce, and neither can compare to lamb with a nice dressing of chopped vegetables.

Nor are the pies any better for the fact that they are worried into the pan and worried out and worried even to the table.

Instead of fretting invent a new dish and study the cookery pictures and try to get up something like them. That is the best and most original way to set a good table.

Did You Know This?

Did you know that you must put your right arm first into the sleeve of a new gown? This is to insure admirers the first time you wear it. The girl who didn't know that ambidextrously slipped her left hand first into her sleeve the other day, thereby greatly shocking her dressmaker. "I thought every one knew that," remarked that personage pityingly. "My goodness, but isn't it strange how people can go through the world and still not know the simplest things?"

Paper Bags.

Keep all your small paper bags for slipping on the hands when the health has to be tidied. You will find them very useful, for they are slipped on in a moment and when soiled can be burned. They are better for the purpose than housemaids' gloves, for the latter soon get grimy and therefore are apt to soil the hands a little as they are put on and off.

Ink Stains.

If the ink blot happens to be over-taken upon household linen lose no time in placing a blotter beneath the stain to soak up as much as possible and press another from above. Then immerse the article in a deep vessel containing sweet milk. Wash well with soap and bleach in the sun.

The Scissors.

Take the scissors in the right hand and a needle in the left hand and hold the needle on the slant of the scissors; then work the scissors as if you were cutting cloth. The scissors will glide over the needle and be well sharpened in a few seconds.

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