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But Others Are Steadfast. Abounded in Close Contests.

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The Wings of the Morning

By LOUIS TRACY
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CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

On the nineteenth day of their residence on the island the sailor climbed, as was his invariable habit, to the summit rock while Iris prepared breakfast. At this early hour the horizon was clearly cut as the rim of a saucer. He examined the whole area of the sea with his glasses, but not a sail was in sight. According to his calculations the growing anxiety as to the fate of the Sirdar must long ere this have culminated in the dispatch from Hongkong or Singapore of a special search vessel, while British warships in the China sea would be warned to keep a close lookout for any traces of the steamer, to visit all islands on their route and to question fishermen whom they encountered. So help might come any day or it might be long deferred. He could not pierce the future, and it was useless to vex his soul with questionings as to what might happen next week. The great certainty of the hour was Iris—the blue-eyed, smiling divinity who had come into his life—waiting for him down there beyond the trees, waiting to welcome him with a sweet voiced greeting, and he knew, with a fierce devotion, that he knew, that he would not part from her lip when he announced that at least another sun must set before the expected relief reached them.

He replaced the glasses in their case and dived into the food, giving a passing thought to the fact that the wind, after blowing steadily from the south for nearly a week, had veered round to the northeast during the night. Did the change portend a storm? Well, they were now prepared for all such eventualities, and he had not forgotten that they possessed, among other treasures, a box of books for rainy days. And a rainy day with Iris for company! What gale that ever blew could offer such compensation for enforced idleness!

The morning sped in uneventful work. Iris did not neglect her cherished pitcher plant. After luncheon it was her custom now to carry a dish of water to its apparently arid roots, and she rose to fulfill her self-imposed task.

"Let me help you," said Jenks. "I am not very busy this afternoon."

"No, thank you. I simply don't allow you to touch that shrub. The dear thing looks quite glad to see me. It drinks up the water as greedily as a thirsty animal."

Iris had been gone perhaps five minutes when he heard a distant shriek, twice repeated, and then there came faintly to his ears his own name, not "Jenks," but "Robert." In the girl's voice. Something terrible had happened. It was a cry of supreme distress. Mortal agony or overwhelming terror alone could bring that name from her lips. Precisely in such moments this man acted with the decision, the unerring judgment, the instantaneous acceptance of great risk to accomplish great results, that marked him out as a born soldier.

He rushed into the house and snatched from the rack one of the rifles, reposing there in apple pie order, each with a filled magazine attached and a cartridge already in position.

Then he ran with long strides not through the trees, where he could see nothing, but toward the beach, whence in forty yards the place where Iris probably was would become visible.

At once he saw her struggling in the grasp of two ferocious looking Dyaks, one by his garments a person of consequence, the other a half naked savage, hideous and repulsive in appearance. Around them seven men armed with guns and pangangs were dancing with excitement.

Iris' captors were endeavoring to tie her arms, but she was a strong and active Englishwoman, with muscles well knit by the constant labor of recent busy days and a frame developed by years of horse riding and tennis playing. The pair evidently found her a tough handful, and the ferocious Dyak, either to stop her screams, for she was shrieking, "Robert, come to me!" with all her might—or to stifle her into submission, roughly placed his huge hand over her mouth.

These things the sailor noticed instantly. Some men, brave to rashness, ready as he to give his life to save her, would have raced madly over the intervening ground, scarce a furlong, and attempted a heroic combat of one against nine.

Not so Jenks.

With the methodical exactness of the

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Surst and Quickest Cure for ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES, OF MONEY BACK.

Will Cure Rheumatism Three Crow Golden Anodyne Liniment.

WOMEN NOT TRUTHFUL

This Statement Has Been Unjustly Made, Because Modest Women Evade Questions Asked By Male Physicians.



An eminent physician says that "Women are not truthful. This statement should be qualified; women do tell the truth, but not the whole truth, to a male physician, and this is only in regard to those painful and troublesome disorders peculiar to their sex."

There can be no more terrible ordeal to a delicate, sensitive, refined woman than to be obliged to answer certain questions when those questions are asked even by the most friendly physician. This is especially the case with unmarried women.

Is it any wonder, then, that women continue to suffer and that doctors fail to cure female diseases when they cannot get the proper information to work on?

This is the reason why thousands and thousands of women are now corresponding with Mrs. Pinkham. To her they can and do give every symptom, so that she really knows more about the true condition of her patients through her correspondence with them than the physician who personally questions them.

If you suffer from any form of trouble peculiar to women, write at once to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and she will advise you free of charge.

The fact that this great boon, which is extended freely to women by Mrs. Pinkham, is appreciated, the thousands of letters received by her prove. Many such grateful letters as the following are constantly pouring in.

Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands A Woman's Ills.

possible! Ah, she adropted. Those men must have landed in a boat. He intended to attack them again. He was going to fight them single handed, and she would not know what happened to him until it was all over. Gradually the stately returned. She almost smiled at the fantastic conceit that she would desert him.

Jenks placed her on her feet at the entrance to the cave.

"You understand," he cried, and without waiting for an answer ran to the house for another rifle. This time, to her amazement, he darted back through the park toward the south beach.

The sailor knew that the Dyaks had landed at the sandy bay iris had christened "Smugglers' cove." They were acquainted with the passage through the reef and came from the distant islands. Now they must endeavor to escape by the same channel. They must be prevented at all costs.

He was right. As they came out into the open he saw three men, not two, as he had expected. One of them was the chief. Then Jenks understood that his bullet had hit the lock of the Dyak's uplifted weapon, with the result already described. By a miracle he had escaped.

He coolly prepared to slay the three of them with the same calm purpose that distinguished the opening phase of the singularly one-sided conflict. The distance was much greater, perhaps 800 yards from the point where the boat came into view. He knelt and fired. He judged that the missile struck the craft between the two.

"I didn't allow for the sun on the side of the rock," he said, "or perhaps I am a bit shaky after the run. In any event they can't get far."

A hurrying step on the coral behind him caught his ear. Instantly he sprang up and faced about—to see Iris.

"They are escaping," she said.

"No fear of that," he replied, turning away from her.

"Where are the others?"

"Dead!"

"Do you mean that you killed nearly all those men?"

"Six of them. There were nine in all."

He knelt again, lifting the rifle. Iris threw herself on her knees by his side. There was something awful to her in this child and businesslike declaration of a fixed purpose.

"Mr. Jenks," she said, clasping her hands in an agony of entreaty, "do not kill more men for my sake!"

"For my own sake, then," he growled, annoyed at the interruption, as the sampan was about.

"Then I ask you for God's sake not to take another life. What you have already done was unavoidable, perhaps right. This is murder!"

He lowered his weapon and looked at her.

"If those men get away they will bring back a host to avenge their comrades—and secure you," he added.

"It may be the will of Providence for such a thing to happen. Yet I implore you to spare them."

He placed the rifle on the sand and raised her tenderly, for she had yielded to a paroxysm of tears. Not another word did either of them speak in that hour. The large triangular sail of the sampan was now bellying out in the south wind. A figure stood up in the stern of the boat and shook a menacing arm at the couple on the beach.

It was the Malay chief, cursing them with the rude eloquence of his barbarous tongue. And Jenks well knew what he was saying.

CHAPTER VIII.

THEY looked long and steadfastly at the retreating boat. Soon it diminished to a mere speck on the smooth sea. The even breeze kept its canvas taut, and the sailor knew that no ruse was intended. The Dyaks were flying from the island in fear and rage. They would return

I admit that I cried a little when you pushed me aside on the beach and raised your gun to fire at those poor wretches flying for their lives. Yet perhaps I was wrong to hinder you."

"You were wrong," he gravely interrupted.

"Then you should not have heeded me. No, I don't mean that. You always consider me first, don't you? No matter what I ask you to do you endeavor to please me, even when you know all the time that I am acting or speaking foolishly."

The unthinking naïveté of her words sent the blood coursing wildly through his veins.

"Never mind," she went on, with earnest simplicity. "God has been very good to us. I cannot believe that he has preserved us from so many dangers to permit us to perish miserably a few hours or days before help comes. And I do want to tell you exactly what happened."

"Then you shall," he answered. "But first drink this." They had reached their camping ground, and he hastened to procure a small quantity of brandy.

She swallowed the spirit, although she really needed no such adventitious support, she said.

"All right," commented Jenks. "If you don't want a drink, I do."

"I can quite believe it," she retorted. "Your case is very different. I knew the men would not hurt me—after the first shock of their appearance had passed. I mean, I also knew that you would save me. But you, Mr. Jenks, had to do the fighting. You were called upon to rescue precious me. Good gracious! No wonder you were excited."

The sailor mentally expressed his inability to grasp the complexities of feminine nature, but Iris rattled on:

"I carried my tin of water to the pitcher plant and was listening to the greedy roots gurgling away for dear life when suddenly four men sprang out from among the trees and seized my arms before I could reach my revolver."

"Thank heaven you failed!"

"You think that if I had fired at them they would have retaliated. Yes, especially if I had hit the chief. But it was he who instantly gave some order, and I suppose it meant that they were not to hurt me. As a matter of fact, they seemed to be quite as much astonished as I was alarmed. But if they could hold my hands they could not stop my voice so readily. Oh, didn't I yell?"

"You did."

"I suppose you could not hear me distinctly?"

"Quite distinctly."

"Every word?"

"Yes."

She bent to pick some leaves and bits of dry grass from her dress. "Well, you know," she continued rapidly, "in such moments one cannot choose one's words. I just shouted the first thing that came into my head."

"And I?" he asked, looking up the first rifle I could lay my hands on. Now, Miss Deane, as the affair has ended so happily, may I venture to ask you to remain in the cave until I return?"

"Oh, please!" she began.

"Really, I must insist. I would not leave you if it were not quite imperative. You cannot come with me."

Then she understood that at least of the tasks he must perform, and she meekly obeyed.

He thought it best to go along Turtle beach to the cove and thence follow the Dyaks' trail through the woods as this line of advance would entail practically a complete circuit of the island. He omitted no precautions in his advance. Often he stopped and listened intently.

Whenever he doubled a point or passed among the trees he crept back and peered along the way he had come to see if any lurking foes were breaking shelter behind him.

The marks on the sand proved that only one sampan had been beached. Thence he found nothing of special interest until he came upon the chief's gun lying close to the trees on the north side. It was a very ornamental weapon, a muzzle loader. The stock was inlaid with gold and ivory, and the piece had evidently been looted from some mandarin's junk surprised and sacked in a former foray.

The lock was smashed by the impact of Jenks' rifle bullet, but close investigation, of the trigger guard and the discovery of certain unmistakable evidences on the beach showed that the Dyak leader had lost two if not three fingers of his right hand.

"So he has," said Jenks, "and his passion to nurse," muttered Jenks. "That, at any rate, is fortunate. He will be in no mood for further enterprise for some time to come."

He dreaded lest any of the Dyaks should be badly wounded and likely to live. It was an actual relief to his nerves to find that the improvised chamber had done their work too well to permit any of that score.

He gathered the guns, swords and cresces of the slain, with all their uncounted belts and ornaments. In pursuance of a vaguely defined plan of future action he also diverted some of the men of their coarse garments and collected six queer looking hats shaped like inverted basins. These things he placed in a heap near the pitcher plants. Thenceforth for half an hour the placid surface of the lagoon was disturbed by the black dorsal fins of many sharks.

His guess at the weather conditions heralded by the change of wind was right. As the two partook of their evening meal the complaining surf lashed the reef, and the tremulous branches of the taller trees voiced the approach of a gale. A tropical storm—not a typhoon, but a belated burst of the periodic rains—deluged the island before midnight. Hours earlier Iris retired, utterly worn by the events of the day.

The sailor chanted a wild melody in mournful words, and the noise of the watery downpour on the tar-paper roof of Belle Vue castle was such as to render conversation impossible save in wearying shouts.

Luckily Jenks' carpentry was effective, though rough. The building was water tight, and he had called every crevice with unraveled rope until Iris' apartment was free from the tiniest draft.

The very fury of the external turmoil acted as a lullaby to the girl. She was soon asleep, and the sailor was left to his thoughts.

Sleep he could not. He smoked steadily, with a magnificent prodigality, for his small stock of tobacco was fast diminishing. He ransacked his brains to discover some method of escape from this enchanted island, where fairies jostled with demons and hours of utter

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happiness found their lane in moments of frightful peril.

Of course he ought to have killed those fellows who escaped. Their sampan might have provided a last desperate expedient if other savages effected a landing. Well, there was no use in being wise after the event, and, scheme as he might, he could devise no way to avoid disaster during the next attack.

This, he felt certain, would take place at night. The Dyaks would land in force, rush the cave and hut and overpower him by sheer numbers. The fight, if fight there was, would be sharp, but decisive. Perhaps if he re-

sulted some warning Iris and he might retreat in the darkness to the cover of the trees. A last stand could be made among the bowliars on Summit rock. But of what avail to purchase their freedom until daylight? And then—

If ever man wrestled with desperate problem, Jenks wrought that night. He smoked and pondered until the storm passed, and, with the changelessness of a poet's muse, a full moon flooded the island in glorious radiance.

He rose, opened the door and stood without, looking steadily at the brilliant luminary for some time; then his eyes were attracted by the strong lights thrown upon the rugged face of the precipice into which the cavern burrowed. Suddenly he uttered a startled exclamation.

"By Jove!" he murmured. "I never noticed that before!"

The feature which so earnestly claimed his attention was a deep ledge directly over the mouth of the cave, but some forty feet from the ground. Behind it the wall of rock sloped darkly inward, suggesting a recess extending by haphazard computation at least a couple of yards. It occurred to him that perhaps the fault in the interior of the tunnel had its outcrop here, and the influences of rain and sun had extended the weak point thus exposed in the bold panoply of stone.

He surveyed the ledge from different points of view. It was quite inaccessible and most difficult to estimate accurately from the ground level. The

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sailor was a man of action. He chose the nearest tall tree and began to climb. He was not eight feet from the ground before several birds flew out from its leafy recesses, filling the air with shrill clucking.

"The devil take them!" he growled, for he feared that the commotion would awaken Iris. He was still laboriously working his way through the inner maze of branches when a well known voice reached him from the ground.

"Mr. Jenks, what on earth are you doing up there?"

"Oh! So those wretched fowls aroused you?" he replied.

"Yes, but why did you arouse them?"

"I had a fancy to roost by way of a change."

"Please be serious."

"I am more than serious. This tree grows a variety of small sharp thorns that induces a maximum of gravity—before one takes the next step."

"But why do you keep on climbing?"

"It is sheer lunacy, I admit. Yet on such a moonlit night there is some reasonable ground for even a mad excuse."

"Mr. Jenks, tell me at once what you are doing."

Iris strove to be severe, but there was a touch of anxiety in her tone that instantly made the sailor apologetic. He told her about the ledge and explained his half formed notion that here they might secure a safe retreat in case of further attack, a refuge from which they might defy assault during many days. It was, he said, absolutely impossible to wait until the morning. He must at once satisfy himself whether the project was impracticable or worthy of further investigation.

So the girl only enjoined him to be careful, and he vigorously renewed the climb. At last, some twenty-five feet from the ground, an accidental parting in the branches enabled him to get a good look at the ledge. One glance set his heart beating joyously. It was at least fifteen feet in length. It shelved back until its depth was lost in the blackness of the shadows, and the floor must be either nearly level or sloping slightly inward to the line of the fault.

The place was a perfect eagle's nest. A chamois could not reach it from any direction. It became accessible to man only by means of a ladder or a balloon.

More excited by this discovery than he cared for Iris to know, he endeavored to appear unconcerned when he regained the ground.

"Well," she said, "tell me all about it."

He described the nature of the cavity as well as he understood it at the moment and emphasized his previous explanation of its virtues. Here they might reasonably hope to make a successful stand against the Dyaks.

"Then you feel sure that those awful creatures will come back?" she said slowly.

"Only too sure, unfortunately."

"How remorseless poor humanity is when the veneer is stripped off! Why cannot they leave us in peace? If I had not been here they would not have injured you. Somehow I seem to be bound up with your misfortunes."

"I would not have it otherwise were it in my power," he answered. For an instant he left unchallenged the girl's assumption that she was in any way responsible for the disasters which had broken up his career. He looked into her eyes and almost forgot himself. Then the sense of fair dealing that dominates every true gentleman rose within him and gripped his wavering emotions with ruthless force. Was his time to play upon the high strung sensibilities of this youthful daughter of the gods, to seek to win from her a confession of love that a few brief days or weeks might prove to be only a spasmodic but momentarily all powerful gratitude for the protection he had given her?

And he spoke aloud, striving to laugh, lest his words should falter:

"You can console yourself with the thought, Miss Deane, that your presence on the island will in no way affect my fate at the hands of the Dyaks. Had they caught me unprepared today my head would now be covered with a solution of the special varnish they carry on every foreign expedition."

"And yet these men are human beings!"

"For purposes of classification, yes. Keeping to the fact, it was lucky for me that you raised the alarm and gave me a chance to discount the odds of

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Dr. True's ELIXIR

is the great remedy for childhood complaints. For stomach and bowel disorders, indigestion, constipation, and appetite, fever and worms it is the sure and a rapid relief. It is a liquid form of all the best medicines and is easily taken by the stomach, and it is the only one that is not harmful.

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Of the many wonderful cures that have been effected by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters during the past 50 years. Thousands of grateful letters have been received testifying to its goodness. What it has done for other sick folks it will certainly do for you. Try A BOTTLE. It cures POOR APPETITE, CHILLS, COLDS, LA GRIPPE, TORPID LIVER, CONSTIPATED BOWELS, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA OF MALARIA, FEVER AND AGUE.

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Did you get up with a headache?
Bad taste in your mouth? Not much appetite for breakfast?
Tongue coated? Then you have too much bile in your system.
Wake up your liver and get rid of some of this bile. **Ayer's
Pills! Ayer's Pills!** Sold for over sixty years.

tinue to get their prices and in fact they have got to get them in order to get anything out of the business. At one time this winter I was paying as

high as 50 cents apiece down the coast for lobsters. This was at the wholesale price where thousands of them are purchased."

Speculation as to where the headquarters of the combine will be are very much in evidence. It seems to be the general opinion that Portland cannot suffer to any great extent by the consolidation but that this port is so

favorably located in the lobster center that she is liable to do even more business than ever before. Others expressed the opinion that it would take the business away from Rockland and bring it here and there were one or two others who thought that an effort might be made to have Boston handle everything. These speculations, how-

A despatch from Halifax, N. S., under date of March 13 says:

The fishermen of the maritime provinces are up in arms against the lobster trust reported to be in process of organization in Boston. The probable formation of this trust has been known in many of the fishing centres of Nova Scotia for some time, and now that the scheme has been made public the fishermen of Canada's Atlantic seacoast are prepared to fight the trust to the

death. And they are apparently well equipped and admirably situated to make the fight interesting from the outset.

"The proposed scheme was antcipatcd by Nova Scotia fishery operators a year ago, and at the present session of the provincial legislature a bill is going through, providing for the organization of a fishery council, to be composed of representatives of the do-

of the fishermen's unions, the declared purpose of which is to bring under a general act of incorporation societies or unions of fishermen in all the fishing centres of the province, and to organize for mutual benefit and protection all those engaged in the fishing industry, and for the promotion of the fisheries of the province.

"This measure has been received

with approbation everywhere, and it is probable that within a year the fishermen of Nova Scotia will organize under the terms of this act into a solid body. New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island will be asked to pass similar legislation, so that all maritime fishermen will be an organized body. These unions are designed to put the

fishermen in a position to compete with the lobster trust, and its promoters see it as an effective checkmate to the new combine.

"The Nova Scotia fishermen say they are not only prepared to fight the trust at home, but will 'carry the war into Africa' by establishing their own commission houses in Boston and New

"The annual export of live lobsters alone from Nova Scotia to the United States amounts to \$2,000,000. The marine and fisheries department of the Dominion government has already been advised by Nova Scotians that a lobster trust is contemplated, and has been requested to take every measure

"It is stated that a Dominion fishery board will be organized to act in co-operation with the fishermen's unions. The threatened cut in the prices paid for lobsters has thoroughly aroused the fishermen, who declare that they will soon submit to handing over the sale

evening was a success financially and socially. The program consisted of singing, declamations, readings, etc. All that took a part did finely. The vestry was filled to overflowing.

Mrs. Mary Kennedy and son Elmer of

WALDOBORO

Edward Little, who has been under treatment at the residence of Dr. G. H. Coombs several weeks, returned to his home in Bremen, Monday, much improved.

Azro Levensaler, who resides at Fish's Corner, was thrown from his horse sold Monday and suffered a dislocation of his shoulder.

Mrs. Lendon C. Waltz fell Sunday and fractured one of the bones of her right wrist. The fracture was reduced by Dr. J. W. Sanborn.

Joseph Jones is clerking for J. T.

Miss Dora Gay of West Medford, Mass., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Gay.

G. W. F. Hill has returned from Hebron and will be in town a week or ten days. He can be consulted at the residence of Roscoe L. Benner, or will call if requested.

Anthony Castner, who recently dislo-

Lyndon Keizer has received the plans for building a summer residence at Martin's Point for Emerson S. Mayo of Rochester, N. Y. He will begin the work in May.

Miss Susan Ludwig, who has rooms at Dr. M. L. Palmer's, fell down stairs Tuesday and sustained a sprained an-

Carl Miller, who has moved his family to Rockland, will reside at 180 Main street.

Mrs. F. O. Miller, who has been ill a week or ten days, is improving.

M. M. Richards has gone to Greenville.

Miss Rose Winslow is in Portland.

FRIENDSHIP

George Carroll of Warren is visiting at Clifford Bradford's.

Mrs. Annie Cook has returned to Lynn after visiting her mother, Mrs. Ruby Wincapaw.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Bradford visited friends in Warren last week.

Mrs. Lydia Noybert is spending

Mrs. Lydia Newell is spending a few weeks with relatives in Thomaston.

Mrs. Gene Wotton died quite suddenly after a short illness. She leaves a husband and two children beside many other near relatives to mourn her loss.

THE VOTING CONTEST.

Bring in your votes now for your candidates in the South Thomaston and Waldoboro voting contests. South Thomaston ladies already entered are Mrs. Annie R. Brown of Owl's Head and Mrs. Delma Harrington of the Keag. There will be, or should be more for the prize is well worth striving for.


