The Wings of the Morning

By LOUIS TRACY

Copyright, 1903, by Edward J. Clode

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

CHAPTER I—The Sidua, having among her passengers Iras Deane, daughter of the owner of the ship, and Robert Jenks, who is working as a waiter, is wrecked. II—All are lost save Miss Deane and Jenks, who are cast ashore on an island in the Pacific. —I]IJenks recover stores and weapons from the wrecked vessel. He finds the skeleton of a European on the island. IV—A cave on the island is fitted up as a habitation. A chart of the island mysteriously marked, is found on the skeleton. V. Jenks finds a hollow filled with human skeletons, the remains of a mining party. He is rescued from an octopus by Iris while recovering rifles from the wreck of the Sirdar. VI—Jenks tells Iris that his real name is Anstruther and that, through the machinations of Lord Ventnor, he has been unjustly dismissed in disgrace from the English army. Lord Ventnor has been mentioned on the Sirdar as affianced to Iris. VII—Iras is attacked by a party of fierce Dyaks [Polynesian natives]. They are beaten off by Jenks, three, however, escaping in their boat. The castaways dread their return. VIII—Anstruther prepars to defend Iris and himself, fortifying a ledge of the rock above their cave. IX—A rich gold mine, indicated on the mysterious chart of the island, is discovered in the cave. X and XI—The Dyaks attack the island, among them is an escaped convic', an Indian Mussulman. They discover the hiding place, but are defeated by the Englishman. XII—Aa unlucky shot cost Jenks and Iris their water supply. A truce with the savages; the Mussulman. Mir Jan, the Indian, agrees to aid Anstruther and supply him with water. XIII—Iris and Robert, in the midst of peril, syaw their love for each other. The fight continues. XIV—Mir Jan is true to his word and aids the beleaguered couple. At the critical moment the three are rescued by the British warship Orient, which had been atracted to the island by the firing XV—On board the Orient is Sir Arthur Deane, father of Iris, who has been searching for his shipwrecked child. XVI—Sir Arthur is in Lord Ventinor's financial power and has promised that Iris shall wed him if rescued.

CHAPTER XVI.

LORD VENTNOR was no fool. While Iris was transforming herself from a semisavage condition into a semblance of an ultra chic Parisienne, Sir Arthur Deane told the earl something of the state of affairs on the island.

His lordship, a handsome, saturnine man, cool, insolently polite, counseled patience, toleration, even silent recognition of Anstruther's undoubted claims for services rendered.

"She is an enthusiastic, high spirited girl," he urged upon his surprised hearer, who expected a very different expression of opinion. "This fellow Anstruther is a plausible sort of rascal, a good man in a tight place, too—just the sort of fire eating blackguard who would fill the heroic bill where a fight is concerned. Hang him, he licked me twice!"

Further amazement for the shipowner.

"Yes, it's quite true. I interfered with his little games, and he gave me the usual reward of the devil's apothecary. Leave Iris alone. At present she is strung up to an intense pitch of gratitude, having barely escaped a terrible fate. Let her come back to the normal. Anstruther's shady record must gradually leak out. That will disgust her. He is hard up—cut off by his people and that sort of thing. There you probably have the measure of his scheming. He knows quite well that he can never marry your daughter. It is all a matter of price."

Sir Arthur willingly allowed himself to be persuaded. At the back of his head there was an uneasy consciousness that it was not "all a matter of price." If it were he would never trust a man's face again. But Ventnor's well balanced arguments swayed him. The course indicated was the only decent one. It was humanly impossible for a man to chide his daughter and flout her rescuer within an hour of finding them.

Lord Ventnor played his cards with a deeper design. He bowed to the inevitable. Iris said she loved his rival. Very well. To attempt to dissuade her was to throw her more closely into that rival's arms. The right course was to appear resigned, saddened, compelled against his will to reveal the distressing truth. Further, he counted on Anstruther's quick temper as an active agent. Such a man would be the first to rebel against an assumption of pitying tolerance. He would bring bitter charges of conspiracy, of unbelievable compact to secure his ruin. All this must recoil on his own head when the facts were laid bare. Not even the hero of the island could prevail against the terrible indictment of the court martial. Finally, at Singapore, three days distant, Colonel Costobell and his wife were staying. Lord Ventnor, alone of those on board, knew this. Indeed, he accompanied Sir Arthur Deane largely in order to break off a somewhat trying entanglement. He smiled complacently as he thought of the effect on Iris of Mrs. Costobell's indignant remonstrances when the baronet asked that injured lady to tell the girl all that had happened at Hongkong.

However, Lord Ventnor was most profoundly annoyed, and he cursed Anstruther from the depths of his heart. But he could see a way out.

He came ashore with Iris and her father. The captain of the Orient also joined the party. The three men watched Robert and the girl walking toward them from the group of officers.

"Anstruther is a smart looking fellow," commented Captain Fitzroy. "Who is he?"

Truth to tell, the gallant commander of the Orient was secretly amazed by the metamorphosis effected in Robert's appearance since he scrutinized him through his glasses.

Poor Sir Arthur said not a word, but his lordship was quite at ease.

"From his name and from what Deane tells me I believe he is an ex-officer of the Indian army."

"Ah! He has left the service?"

"Yes. I met him last in Hongkong."

"Then you know him?"

"Quite well, if he is the man I imagine."

"That is really very nice of Ventnor," thought the shipowner. "The last thing I should credit him with would be a forgiving disposition."

Meanwhile Anstruther was reading Iris a little lecture. "Sweet one," he explained to her, "do not allude to me by my former rank. I am not entitled to it. Some day, please God, it will be restored to me. At present I am a plain civilian, and, by the way, Iris, during the next few days say nothing about our mine."

"Oh, why not?"

"Just a personal whim. It will please me."

"If it pleases you, Robert, I am satisfied."

He pressed her arm by way of answer. They were too near to the waiting trio for other comment.

"Captain Fitzroy," cried Iris, "let me introduce Mr. Anstruther to you. Lord Ventnor, you have met Mr. Anstruther before."

The sailor shook hands. Lord Ventnor smiled affably.

"Your enforced residence on the island seems to have agreed with you," he said.

"Admirably. Life here had its drawbacks, but we fought our enemies in the open. Didn't we, Iris?"

"Yes, dear. The poor Dyaks were not sufficiently modernized to attack us with false testimony."

His lordship's sallow face wrinkled somewhat. So Iris knew of the court martial, nor was she afraid to proclaim to all the world that this man was her lover. As for Captain Fitzroy, his bushy eyebrows disappeared into his peaked cap when he heard the manner of their speech.

Nevertheless Ventnor smiled again.

"Even the Dyaks respected Miss Deane," he said.

But Anstruther, sorry for the manifest uneasiness of the shipowner, repressed the retort on his lips and forthwith suggested that they should walk to the north beach in the first instance, that being the scene of the wreck.

During the next hour he became auditor rather than narrator. It was Iris who told of his wild fight against wind and waves; Iris who showed them where he fought with the devilfish; Iris who expatiated on the long days of ceaseless toil, his dauntless courage in the face of every difficulty, the way in which he rescued her from the clutch of the savages, the skill of his preparations against the anticipated attack and the last great achievement of all, when time after time he foiled the Dyaks' best laid plans and flung them off, crippled and disheartened, during the many phases of the thirty hours' battle.

There were tears in her eyes when she ended, but they were tears of thankful happiness, and Lord Ventnor, a silent listener who missed neither word nor look, felt a deeper chill in his cold heart as he realized that this woman's love could never be his. The knowledge excited his passion the more. His hatred of Anstruther now became a mania, an insensate resolve to mortally stab this meddler who always stood in his path.

Robert hoped that his present ordeal was over. It had only begun. He was called on to answer questions without number. Why had the tunnel been made? What was the mystery of the valley of death? How did he manage to guess the dimensions of the sundial? How came he to acquire such an amazing stock of out of the way knowledge of the edible properties of roots and frees? How? Why? Where? When? They never would be satisfied, for not even the British navy, poking its nose into the recesses of the world, often comes across such an amazing story as the adventures of this couple on Rainbow island.

He readily explained the creation of quarry and cave by telling them of the vein of antimony imbedded in the rock near the vault. Antimony is one of the substances that covers a multitude of doubts. No one, not excepting the doctors who use it, knows much about it, and in Chinese medicine it might be a chief factor of exceeding nastiness.

Inside the cavern the existence of the partially completed shaft to the ledge accounted for recent disturbances on the face of the rock, and newcomers could not, of course, distinguish the bones of poor "J. S." as being the remains of a European.

Anstruther was satisfied that none of them hazarded the remotest guess as to the value of the gaunt rock they were staring at, and chance helped him to baffle further inquiry.

A trumpeter on board the Orient was blowing his lungs out to summon them to luncheon when Captain Fitzroy put a final query.

"I can quite understand," he said to Robert, "that you have an affection for this weird place, but I am curious to know why you lay claim to the island. You can hardly intend to return here."

He pointed to Robert's placard stuck on the rock.

Anstruther paused before he answered. He felt that Lord Ventnor's dark eyes were fixed on him. Everybody was more or less desirous to have this point cleared up. He looked the questioner squarely in the face.

"In some parts of the world," he said, "there are sunken reefs, unknown, uncharted, on which many a vessel has been lost without any contributory fault on the part of her officers."

"Undoubtedly."

"Well, Captain Fitzroy, when I was stationed with my regiment in Hongkong I encountered such a reef and wrecked my life on it. At least that is how it seemed to me then. Fortune threw me ashore here after a long and bitter submergence. You can hardly blame me if I cling to the tiny speck of land that gave me salvation."

"No," admitted the sailor. He knew there was something more in the allegory than the text revealed, but it was no business of his.

"Moreover," continued Robert smilingly, "you see I have a partner."

"There cannot be the slightest doubt about the partner," was the prompt reply.

Then every one laughed, Iris more than any, though Sir Arthur Deane's gayety was forced, and Lord Ventnor could taste the acidity of his own smile.

Later in the day the first lieutenant told his chief of Anstruther's voluntary statement concerning the court martial. Captain Fitzroy was naturally pained by this unpleasant revelation, but he took exactly the same view as that expressed by the first lieutenant in Robert's presence.

Nevertheless he pondered the matter and seized an early opportunity of mentioning it to Lord Ventnor. That distinguished nobleman was vastly surprised to learn how Anstruther had cut the ground from beneath his feet.

"Yes," he said, in reply to the sailor's request for information, "I know all about it. It could not well be otherwise, seeing that next to Mrs. Costobell I was the principal witness against him."

"That must have been awkward for you," was the unexpected comment.

"Indeed! Why?"

"Because rumor linked your name with that of the lady in a somewhat outspoken way."

"You astonish me. Anstruther certainly made some stupid allegations during the trial, but I had no idea he was able to spread this malicious report subsequently."

"I am not talking of Hongkong, my lord, but of Singapore, months later."

Captain Fitzroy's tone was exceeding dry. Indeed, some people might deem it offensive.

His lordship permitted himself the rare luxury of an angry scowl.

"Rumor is a lying jade at the best," he said curtly. "You must remember, Captain Fitzroy, that I have uttered no word of scandal about Mr. Anstruther, and any doubts concerning his conduct can be set at rest by perusing the records of his case in the adjutant general's office at Hongkong."

"Hum!" said the sailor, turning on his heel to enter the chart room.

The girl and her father went back to the island with Robert. After taking thought the latter decided to ask Mir Jan to remain in possession until he returned. There was not much risk of another Dyak invasion. The fate of Taung S'All's expedition would not encourage a fresh set of marauders, and the Mohammedan would be well armed to meet unforeseen contingencies, while on his (Anstruther's) representations the Orient would land an abundance of stores. In any event it was better for the native to live in freedom on Rainbow island than to be handed over to the authorities as an escaped convict, which must be his immediate fate no matter what magnanimous view the government of India might afterward take of his services.

Mir Jan's answer was emphatic. He took off his turban and placed it on Anstruther's feet.

"Sahib," he said, "I am your dog. If some day I am found worthy to be your faithful servant, then shall I know that Allah has pardoned my transgressions."

In spite of himself Sir Arthur Deane could not help liking Anstruther. The man was magnetic, a hero, an ideal gentleman. No wonder his daughter was infatuated with him. Yet the future was dark and storm tossed, full of sinister threats and complications. Iris did not know the wretched circumstances which had come to pass since they parted and which had changed the whole aspect of his life. How could he tell her? Why should it be his miserable lot to snatch the cup of happiness from her lips? In that moment of silent agony he wished he were dead, for death alone could remove the burden laid on him. Well, surely he might bask in the sunshine of her laughter for another day. No need to embitter her joyous heart until he was driven to it by dire necessity.

So he resolutely brushed aside the woebegone phantom of care and entered into the abandon of the hour with a zest that delighted her. The dear girl imagined that Robert, her Robert, had made another speedy conquest, and Anstruther himself was much elated by the sudden change in Sir Arthur Deane's demeanor.

They behaved like school children on a picnic. They roared over Iris' troubles in the matter of divided skirts, too much divided to be at all pleasant. The shipowner tasted some of her sago bread and vowed it was excellent. They unearthed two bottles of champagne, the last of the case, and promised each other a hearty toast at dinner. Nothing would content Iris but that they should draw a farewell bucketful of water from the well and drench the pitcher plant with a torrential shower.

Robert carefully secured the pocketbooks, money and other effects found on their dead companions. The baronet, of course, knew all the principal officers of the Sirdar. He surveyed these mournful relics with sorrowful interest.

"The Sirdar was the crack ship of my fleet and Captain Ross my most trusted commander," he said. "You may well imagine, Mr. Anstruther, what a cruel blow it was to lose such a vessel, with all these people on board and my only daughter among them. I wonder now that it did not kill me."

"She was a splendid sea boat, sir. Although disabled, she fought gallantly against the typhoon. Nothing short of a reef would break her up."

"Ah, well," sighed the shipowner, "the few timbers you have shown me here are the remaining assets out of £300,000."

"Was she not insured?" inquired Robert.

"No—that is, I have recently adopted a scheme of mutual self insurance, and the loss falls pro rata on my other vessels."

The baronet glanced covertly at Iris. The words conveyed little meaning to her. Indeed, she broke in with a laugh:

"I am afraid I have heard you say, father dear, that some ships in the fleet paid you best when they ran ashore."

"Yes, Iris. That often happened in the old days. It is different now. Moreover, I have not told you the extent of my calamities. The Sirdar was lost on March 18, though I did not

He looked the questioner squarely in the face.

know it for certain until this morning. But on March 25 the Bahadur was sunk in the Mersey during a fog, and three days later the Jemadar turned turtle on the James and Mary shoal in the Hooghly. Happily there were no lives lost in either of these cases."

Iris was appalled by this list of casualties, yet she gave no thought to the serious financial effect of such a string of catastrophes. Robert, of course, appreciated this side of the business, especially in view of the shipowner's remark about the insurance. But Sir Arthur Deane's stiff upper lip deceived him. He failed to realize that the father was acting a part for his daughter's sake.

Oddly enough, the baronet did not seek to discuss with them the legal looking document affixed near the cave. It claimed all rights in the island in their joint names, and this was a topic he wished to avoid. For the time, therefore, the younger man had no opportunity of taking him into his confidence, and Iris held faithfully to her promise of silence.

The girl's ragged raiment, sou'wester and strong boots were already packed away on board. She now rescued the Bible, the battered tin cup, her revolver and the rifle which had "scared" the Dyaks when they nearly caught Anstruther and Mir Jan napping. Robert also gathered for her an assortment of Dyak hats, belts and arms, including Taung S'All's parang and a sumpitan. These were her trophies, the spoils of the campaign.

His concluding act was to pack two of the empty oil tins with all the valuable lumps of auriferous quartz he could find where he shot the rubbish from the cave beneath the trees. On top of these he placed some antimony ore, and Mir Jan, wondering why the sahib wanted the stuff, carried the consignment to the waiting boat. Lieutenant Playdon, in command of the last party of sailors to quit the island, evidently expected Mir Jan to accompany them, but Anstruther explained that the man would await his return some time in June or July.

Sir Arthur Deane found himself speculating on the cause of this extraordinary resolve, but, steadfast to his policy of avoiding controversial matters, said nothing. A few words to the captain procured enough stores to keep the Mohammedan for six months at least, and while these were being landed the question was raised how best to dispose of the Dyaks.

The commander wished to consult the convenience of his guests.

"If we go a little out of our way and land them in Borneo," he said, "they will be hanged without troubling you further. If I take them to Singapore they will be tried on your evidence and sent to penal servitude. Which is it to be?"

It was Iris who decided.

"I cannot bear to think of more lives being sacrificed," she protested. "Perhaps if these men are treated mercifully and sent to their homes after some punishment their example may serve as a deterrent to others."

So it was settled that way. The anchor rattled up to its berth, and the Orient turned her head toward Singapore. As she steadily passed away into the deepening azure the girl and her lover watched the familiar outlines of Rainbow island growing dim in the evening light. For a long while they could see Mir Jan's tall, thin figure motionless on a rock at the extremity of Europa point. Their hut, the reef, the ledge, came into view as the cruiser swung round to a more northerly course.

Iris had thrown an arm across her father's shoulders. The three were left alone just then, and they were silent for many minutes. At last the flying miles merged the solitary palm beyond the lagoon with the foliage on the cliff. The wide cleft of Prospect park grew less distinct. Mir Jan's white clothed figure was lost in the dark background. The island was becoming vague, dreamlike, a blurred memory.

"Robert," said the girl devoutly, "God has been very good to us. Do you remember this hour yesterday?" she murmured. "How we suffered from thirst; how the Dyaks began their second attack from the ridge; how you climbed down the ladder and I followed you? Oh, father, darling," she went on impulsively, tightening her grasp, "you will never know how brave he was; how enduring; how he risked all for me and cheered me to the end."

"I think I am beginning to understand now," answered the shipowner, averting his eyes lest Iris should see the tears in them. Their Calvary was ended, they thought. Was it for him to lead them again through the sorrowful way? It was a heartrending task that lay before him, a task from which his soul revolted. He refused even to attempt it.

The explanation of the shipowner's position was painfully simple. Being a daring yet shrewd financier, he perceived in the troubled condition of the far east a magnificent opportunity to consolidate the trading influence of his company. He negotiated two big loans, one of a semiprivate nature to equip docks and railways in the chief maritime province of China, the other of a more public character with the government of Japan. All his own resources, together with those of his principal directors and shareholders, were devoted to these objects. Contemporaneously he determined to stop paying heavy insurance premiums on his fleet and make it self supporting on the well known mutual principle.

His vessels were well equipped, well manned, replete with every modern improvement and managed with great commercial skill. In three or four years, given ordinary trading luck, he must have doubled his own fortune.

No sooner were all his arrangements completed than three of his best ships went down, saddling his company with an absolute loss of nearly £600,000 and seriously undermining his financial credit. A fellow director, wealthy and influential, resigned his seat on the board and headed a clique of disappointed stockholders. At once the fair sky became overcast.

Sir Arthur Deane's energy and financial skill might have enabled him to weather this unexpected gale were it not for the apparent loss of his beloved daughter with the crack ship of his line. Half frenzied with grief, he bade his enemies do their worst and allowed his affairs to get into hopeless confusion while he devoted himself wholly to the search for Iris and her companions. At this critical juncture Lord Ventnor again reached his side. His lordship possessed a large private fortune and extensive estates. He was prudent withal and knew how admirably the shipowner's plans would develop if given the necessary time. He offered the use of his name and money. He more than filled the gap created by the hostile ex-director. People argued that such a clever man, just returning from the far east after accomplishing a public mission of some importance, must be a reliable guide. The mere cabled intelligence of his intention to join the board restored confidence and credit.

But there was a bargain. If Iris lived she must become the Countess of Ventnor. His lordship was weary of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

Not very many years ago alcohol was used for lighting in combination with other fluids under the name of "Camphene," but it suffered banishment because it was too dangerous.

Alcohol is generally harmful when taken in the form of medicine, especially to a delicate system.

Dr. Pierce's tissue-rebuilding and function-strengthening plan of treatment is following after *Nature's plan.*

He uses natural remedies, that is native medicinal roots, prepared by processes wrought out by the expenditure of much time and money, without the use of alcohol, and by skillful combination in the most exact proportions.

Used as one of the active ingredients of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, BLACK CHERRYBARK specially exerts its influence in cases of lung and bronchial troubles, and this "DISCOVERY" is, therefore, a sovereign remedy for bronchitis, laryngitis, chronic coughs, catarrh and kindred ailments.

The names of the medicinal ingredients of this world-famous remedy are: Golden Seal root, Queen's root, Stone root, Black Cherrybark, Bloodroot and Mandrake root.

"I have had such a wonderful experience with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery that I do not hesitate to recommend it, believing it to be a wonderful medicine to build up the tissues of the system," writes Miss Bessie Brown, Secretary Emerson Literary Association, 430 Iverman Avenue, Appleton, Wis. "Worry and nervous troubles had completely run down my health and strength; had no appetite, slept badly, and was in a state of nervous collapse. I took twelve bottles in all, and, each week, knew that I was getting better and stronger, until finally I was as well and strong as I had ever been. I have the utmost faith and confidence in your medicine, and wish to thank you for my good health, which is a blessing to anyone."

For 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing, you can get a free copy of the "Common Sense Medical Adviser," paper-covers; or cloth-bound for 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be used with "Golden Medical Discovery" whenever a laxative is required.

THE TURN OF LIFE

A Time When Women Are Susceptible to Many Dread Diseases—Intelligent Women Prepare for It. Two Relate their Experience.

The "change of life" is the most critical period of a woman's existence, and the anxiety felt by women as it draws near is not without reason.

Every woman who neglects the care of her health at this time invites disease and pain.

When her system is in a deranged condition, or she is predisposed to apoplexy, or congestion of any organ, the tendency is at this period likely to become active—and with a host of nervous irritations, make life a burden. At this time, also, cancers and tumors are more liable to form and begin their destructive work.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches backaches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and inquietude, and dizziness, are promptly heeded by intelligent women who are approaching the period in life when woman's great change may be expected.

Mrs. A. E. G. Hyland

These symptoms are all just so many calls from nature for help. The nerves are crying out for assistance and the cry should be heeded in time.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life. It invigorates and strengthens the female organism and builds up the weakened nervous system. It has carried thousands of women safely through this crisis.

For special advice regarding this important period women are invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and it will be furnished absolutely free of charge.

Read what Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound did for Mrs. Hyland and Mrs. Hinkle:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I had been suffering with falling of the womb for years and was passing through the Change of Life. My womb was badly swollen; my stomach was sore; I had dizzy spells, sick headaches, and was very nervous.

"I wrote you for advice and commenced treatment with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as you directed, and I am happy to say that all those distressing symptoms left me and I have passed safely through the Change of Life, a well woman. I am recommending your medicine to all my friends."—Mrs. Annie E. G. Hyland, Chestertown, Md.

Another Woman's Case.

"During change of life words cannot express what I suffered. My physician said I had a cancerous condition of the womb. One day I read some of the testimonials of women who had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I decided to try it and to write you for advice. Your medicine made me a well woman, and all my bad symptoms soon disappeared.

"I advise every woman at this period of life to take your medicine and write you for advice."—Mrs. Lizzie Hinkle, Salem, Ind.

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for Mrs. Hyland and Mrs. Hinkle it will do for any woman at this time of life.

It has conquered pain, restored health, and prolonged life in cases that utterly baffled physicians.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds Where Others Fail.

naps if these men are treated mercifully and sent to their homes after some punishment their example may serve as a deterrent to others."

So it was settled that way. The anchor rattled up to its berth, and the Orient turned her head toward Singapore. As she steadily passed away into the deepening azure the girl and her lover watched the familiar outlines of Rainbow island growing dim in the evening light. For a long while they could see Mir Jan's tall, thin figure motionless on a rock at the extremity of Europa point. Their hut, the reef, the ledge, came into view as the cruiser swung round to a more northerly course.

Iris had thrown an arm across her father's shoulders. The three were left alone just then, and they were silent for many minutes. At last the flying miles merged the solitary palm beyond the lagoon with the foliage on the cliff. The wide cleft of Prospect park grew less distinct. Mir Jan's white clothed figure was lost in the dark background. The island was becoming vague, dreamlike, a blurred memory.

"Robert," said the girl devoutly, "God has been very good to us. Do you remember this hour yesterday?" she murmured. "How we suffered from thirst; how the Dyaks began their second attack from the ridge; how you climbed down the ladder and I followed you? Oh, father, darling," she went on impulsively, tightening her grasp, "you will never know how brave he was; how enduring; how he risked all for me and cheered me to the end."

"I think I am beginning to understand now," answered the shipowner, averting his eyes lest Iris should see the tears in them. Their Calvary was ended, they thought. Was it for him to lead them again through the sorrowful way? It was a heartrending task that lay before him, a task from which his soul revolted. He refused even to attempt it.

The explanation of the shipowner's position was painfully simple. Being a daring yet shrewd financier, he perceived in the troubled condition of the far east a magnificent opportunity to consolidate the trading influence of his company. He negotiated two big loans, one of a semiprivate nature to equip docks and railways in the chief maritime province of China, the other of a more public character with the government of Japan. All his own resources, together with those of his principal directors and shareholders, were devoted to these objects. Contemporaneously he determined to stop paying heavy insurance premiums on his fleet and make it self supporting on the well known mutual principle.

His vessels were well equipped, well manned, replete with every modern improvement and managed with great commercial skill. In three or four years, given ordinary trading luck, he must have doubled his own fortune.

No sooner were all his arrangements completed than three of his best ships went down, saddling his company with an absolute loss of nearly £600,000 and seriously undermining his financial credit. A fellow director, wealthy and influential, resigned his seat on the board and headed a clique of disappointed stockholders. At once the fair sky became overcast.

Sir Arthur Deane's energy and financial skill might have enabled him to weather this unexpected gale were it not for the apparent loss of his beloved daughter with the crack ship of his line. Half frenzied with grief, he bade his enemies do their worst and allowed his affairs to get into hopeless confusion while he devoted himself wholly to the search for Iris and her companions. At this critical juncture Lord Ventnor again reached his side. His lordship possessed a large private fortune and extensive estates. He was prudent withal and knew how admirably the shipowner's plans would develop if given the necessary time. He offered the use of his name and money. He more than filled the gap created by the hostile ex-director. People argued that such a clever man, just returning from the far east after accomplishing a public mission of some importance, must be a reliable guide. The mere cabled intelligence of his intention to join the board restored confidence and credit.

But there was a bargain. If Iris lived she must become the Countess of Ventnor. His lordship was weary of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7

Take Kodol After Eating.

After a hearty meal a dose of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure will prevent an attack of Indigestion. Kodol is a thorough digestant and a guaranteed cure for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Gas on the Stomach, Weak Heart, Sour Risings, Bad Breath and all stomach troubles. L. A. Soper, of Little Robk, Ky says: "Kodol Dyspepsia Cure deserves all the commendation that can be given it, as it saved the life of our little girl when she was three years old. She is now six and we have kept it for her constantly, but, or course, she only takes it now when any thing disagrees with her. We feel grateful for the benefit derived from its use and would not be without it." Sold by Chas. Strang.

An Eccentric Painter.

William Willard, well known as the painter of Massachusetts' governors, was very eccentric in his ways. His special aversion was the attempted purchase of his many old relics of furniture by people of wealth. A New York woman visiting in the vicinity of Sturbridge, hearing that the old artist possessed a beautiful colonial mirror and a rare clock, tried to buy them. Mr. Willard seemed to readily agree to the sale, but when asked when it would be convenient to have them packed replied, "Not until after the funeral." "Whose funeral?" asked the visitor. "Mine," replied Mr. Willard, with a chuckle.

HERBINE

Renders the bile more fluid and thus helps the blood to flow, it affords prompt relief from billiousness, indigestion, sick and nervous headaches and the over indulgance in food and drink. Herbine acts quickly, a dose after meals will bring the patient into a good condition in a few drys

G. L. Caldwell, agt. M. K. and T. R. R. Checotah, Ind. Ter., writes, April 18 1903: "I was sick for over two years with enlargement of the liver and spleen. The doctors did me no good and I had given up all hope of being cured, when my druggist advised me to use Herbine. It has made me sound and well." 25c, 50c, $1.00. Sold by Chas. Strang.

It Depends.

De Peyster (they have been conversing on art topics)—Are you fond of majolica, Mrs. Parvenue? Mrs. Parvenue (who has made several bad mistakes since her entrance into society and is on her guard)—Well—er—that depends entirely on how it is cooked.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer

Is it true you want to look old? Then keep your gray hair. If not, then use Hall's Hair Renewer, and have all the dark, rich color of early life restored to your hair.

Societies of Medford.

I. O. O. F.—Lodge No 83, meets in I. O. O. F hall every Saturday at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome.
MARK BAKER, N. G
J. L. DEMMER, Rec. Sec.

I. O. O. F.—Rogue River Encampment, No. 30, meets in I. O. O. F. hall the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at 8 p. m.
J. L. DEMMER, C. P.
H. H. HARVEY, Scribe.

Redmen—Medford Weatonka No. 30, meets every Thursday in Redmen's Hall, Angle blk.
LEE JACOBS, Chief of Records,
C. C. RAGSDALE, Sachem.

Modern Woodmen—Meets first and third Fridays of every month, Garnett Committeeman, Duncan Secretery. Meets in Redmen's hall.

Olive Rebekah Lodge No 28, meets in I. O. O. F. hall first and third Tuesdays of each month. Visiting sisters invited to attend
FANNIE HASKINS, N G.
BIRDIE HALL Rec. Sec.

A. F. and A. M.—Meets first Friday on or before full moon at 8 p. m., in Masonic hall.
M. PURDIN, W. M
J. W. LAWTON, Rec. Sec.

K. of P.—Talisman lodge No. 31, meets Monday evening at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome.
FRED LEY, C. C.
MAHLON PURDIN, K. of R. and S.

Knights of the Maccabees.—Triumph Tent No. 14, meets in regular review on the 1st and 3d Fridays of each month in A. O. U. W Hall at 7:30 p. m. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited to attend. A. B. ELLISON, Commander.
W. T. YORK, R. K.

A. O. U. W.—Lodge No. 53, meet every first and third Wendesday in the month at 8 p. m. in their hall in the Opera block. Visiting brothers invited to attend.
LOREN DAMON, M. W.
ASHAEL HUBBARD, Recorder.

F. of A.—Medford Lodge No. 42, meets the second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month in the Redmens hall. Visiting Fraters invited to attend
FRANCIS JORDAN, F. M.
L. A. JORDAN, Sec.

Woodmen of the World—Camp No. 99, meets every Thursday evening in K. of P. hall, Medford Oregon.
H G. SHEARER C. C.
W. B. JACKSON, Clerk.

Chrysanthemum Circle No. 84, Women of Woodcraft—Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month at 7:30 p. m. in K. of P. hall. Visiting sisters invited.
MRS. ADA MILLS, G. N.
PRUE ANGLE, Clerk

W. R. C.—Chester A. Arthur corps No. 34, meets first and third Wednesday of each month at 2 o'clock p. m., in Woodman's hall. Visiting sisters invited.
MRS. IVAN HUMASON, Pres.
MRS. HESTER HARTZELL, Sec.

G. A. R.—Chester A. Arthur Post No. 47, meets in Woodman's hall every first and third Wednesday night in each month at 7:30 Visiting Comrades cordially invited to attend.
GEO. WEIDENHAMMER, Com.
F. M. STEWART, Adjutant.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every other Thursday at the Presbyterian church.
MRS. BUCK, President.
MRS. J. MORGAN, Secretary.

Fraternal Brotherhood—Meets first and third Friday evenings at 7:30 p. m., in their hall in K. of P. building, Medford, Oregon. Visiting Sisters and Brothers cordially invited.
O. W. MURPHY Pres.
W. J. HOCKENYOS Secretary.

O. E. S.—Hesmes Chapter, No. 66, meets second and fourth Wednesday's of each month at Masonic Hall, Medford, Oregon. Visiting Sisters and Brothers always welcome.
MATTIE HUTCHISON, W. M.
HATTIE WHITE Secretary.

Uniform Rank, K. of P.—Meet at the call of the captain in K. of P. hall.
H. H. HOWARD, Captain.
E. L. ELWOOD, Recorder.

A. O. F.—Court Medford, No. 8985, meets every Monday night at 7:30 p. m. in A. O. U. W Hall, Angle block, Medford, Oregon. Visiting Foresters cordially welcomed.
L. E. HOOVER, C. R.
FRANK H. HULL, Rec. Sec.

CHURCHES OF MEDFORD.

Methodist Episcopal Church R. C. Blackwel pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m., D. T Lawton, supt. Class meeting follows preaching service Sunday morning, Julius Meeker, leader. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m., Stella Duclos president. Regular prayer meetings every Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m. Ladies Aid Society every Tuesday afternoon at 2.30 Mrs. E. J. Pratt, president. W. F. M. S. meets first Friday in each month. Mrs. Mary Fielder, president.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. W. F. Shields pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m., Jas Martin, Supt. Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m. Junior Christian Endeavor, 3 p. m. Every Thursday prayer meeting, 8 p. m. First Tuesday evening of every month church social. Second Tuesday every month, 2:30 p. m., Mission society. First and third Tuesdays every month, 2:30 p. m., Aid society. Rev. W. F. Shields, Pastor; Miss Beulah Warner, Supt. S. S.; Miss Edith Van Dyke Superintendent J. C. E.; David M. Day, Pres. S. C. E.; Mrs. J. G. Van Dyke, Pres. Aid society; Mrs. J W. Cox, Pres. Mission Society.

Christian church—Corner of Sixth and I streets. Services on the first and third Sundays of each month. Sunday school and Christian Endeavor at usual hours every Sunday. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening The people welcome. Rev Jones, Pastor

Methodist Episcopal Church South—Rev. M L. Darby, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and evening; Sunday school at 10 a. m.; Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 8 o'clock; Woman's Home Mission Society meets first Wednesday in each month at 2:30 p. m. Everyone is cordially invited to all our services

Christian Science services are held every Sunday morning at eleven o'clock at the residence of E. H. Dunham, of Talent. All are welcome.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Jackson.

In the matter of the Guardianship of F. H. Oviatt, an incompetent person. } Order to show cause.

It appearing to this Court from the petition presented and filed on the 28th day of July, A. D. 1905, by Sarah C. Oviatt, guardian of the person and estate of F. H. Oviatt, an incompetent person, praying for an order of sale of an ¼ interest in and to the Comstock of Oregon and Morning quartz mines located in the Willow Springs Mining District in Jackson County, Oregon, belonging to said incompetent, that it is for the best interest of said ward and necessary that said real estate be sold.

It is hereby ordered that the next kin of said ward and all persons interested in said estate, appear before this Court on Thursday the 31st day of August, 1905, at one o'clock p. m. of said day, at the court room of this court at Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real property.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks prior to the hearing hereof, order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in THE MEDFORD MAIL, a newspaper published in Jackson County, Oregon, and also that a copy be personally served upon said ward and his said guardian at least ten days before the said hearing.

Dated at Jacksonville, Oregon, August 1, A. D. 1905.

GEO. W. DUNN,
County Judge.

—Subscribe for The Mail.

To the Unfortunate.

Dr. Gibbon

This old reliable and the most successful Specialist in San Francisco, still continues to cure all **Sexual and Seminal Diseases**, such as **Gonorrhœa, Gleet Stricture, Syphilis** in all its forms, **Skin Diseases, Nervous Debility, Impotency, Seminal Weakness** and **Loss of Manhood**, the consequence of self abuse and excess, showing the following symptoms: sallow complexion, dark spots under the eyes, pain in the back, ringing in the ears, loss of confidence, diffidence in approaching strangers, palpitation of