

OF
MORNING
from page 3)
by the valleys they
answered, but he
hand on her shoul-
empty, ran toward
case in full view.
Jenks could judge the
the rapping horde were
bayonets of the cheval
too late its form la-
wounded men shriek-
and their cries were
current of amazed shouts



franced cautiously.
companions. Forthwith
tamped toward the well,
benches, anywhere to get
at awesome cavern where
and men fell maimed at
ashold. The sailor, lean-
er the edge of the rock
expostulations would per-
couple of men groaning
a third limped away
and painful haste.
whispered Iris, eager

herself to witness the tumult. "What has happened?"
"They have been routed by a box of matches and a few dried bones," he answered.
There was no time for further speech. He was absorbed in estimating the probable number of the Dyaks. Thus far he had seen about fifty. Moreover, he did not wish to acquaint Iris with the actual details of the artifice that had been so potent. Her allusion to the box of water sodden matches had given him the notion of utilizing as an active ally the bleached remains of the poor fellow who had long ago fallen a victim to this identical mob of cutthroats or their associates. He had gathered the principal bones from their resting place near the well, rubbed them with the ends of the matches after darning the sulphur again and arranged them with ghastly effect on the pile of rubbish at the farther end of the cave, creeping under the cheval de frise for the purpose.
Though not so vivid as he wished, the pale glimmering headless skeleton in the intense darkness of the interior was appalling enough in all conscience. Fortunately the fumes of the sulphur fed on the bony substance. They endured a sufficient time to scare every Dyak who caught a glimpse of the monstrous object crouching in luminous horror within the dismal cavern.
Not even the stirring exhortations of the chief, whose voice was raised in furious speech, could induce his adherents to again approach that affrighting spot. At last the daring seconded himself, still wielding his naked sword, strode right up to the very doorway. Stricken with sudden stupor, he gazed at the fitful gleams within. He prodded the cheval de frise with the parrang. Here was something definite and solid. Then he dragged one of the wounded men out into the moonlight.
Again Jenks experienced an itching desire to send a bullet through the Dyak's head. Again he resisted the impulse. And so passed that which is vouchsafed by fate to few men—a second opportunity.
Another vehement harangue by the chief goaded some venturesome spirits into carrying their wounded comrade out of sight, presumably to the hut. Inspired by their leader's fearless example, they even removed the third injured Dyak from the vicinity of the cave, but the celebrity of their retreat caused the wretch to howl in agony.
The next un-ericking was no sooner appreciated by the sailor than he hurriedly caused Iris to shelter herself beneath the tarpaulin, while he cowered close to the edge of the ledge, looking only through the screen of tall grasses. By lamplight a few near the well, and a faintly glared lit up the dark row of far-off flickerings and drea-

naments of the hideously picturesque horde gathered in its vicinity.
They spoke a language of hard vowels and nasal resonance and ate what he judged to be dry fish, millets and strips of tough preserved meat which they cooked on small iron skewers stuck among the glowing embers. His heart sank as he counted sixty-one, all told, assembled within forty yards of the ledge. Probably several others were guarding the boats or prowling about the island. Indeed, events proved that more than eighty men had come ashore in three large sampans, roomy and fleet craft, well fitted for piratical excursions up river estuaries or along a coast.
They were mostly barelegged rascals, wearing Malay hats, loose jackets reaching to the knee and sandals. One man differed essentially from the others. He was habited in the conventional attire of an Indian Mohammedan, and his skin was brown, while the swarthy Dyaks were yellow beneath the dirt. Jenks thought from the manner in which his turban was tied that he must be a Punjabi Mussulman—very likely an escaped convict from the Andamans.
The most careful scrutiny did not reveal any arms of precision. They all carried muzzle loaders, either antiquated flintlocks or guns sufficiently modern to be fitted with nipples for percussion caps.
Each Dyak, of course, sported a parrang and dagger-like creese; a few bore spears, and about a dozen shouldered a long straight piece of bamboo. The nature of this implement the sailor could not determine at the moment.
In the neighborhood of the fire an animated discussion took place. Though it was easy to see that the chief was all paramount, his fellow tribesmen exercised a democratic right of free speech and outspoken opinion.
Flashing eyes and expressive hands were turned toward the cave and hut. Once when the debate grew warm the chief snatched up a burning branch and held it over the blackened embers of the fire extinguished by Jenks. He seemed to draw some definite conclusion from an examination of the charcoal, and the argument thereafter proceeded with less emphasis. Whatever it was that he said evidently carried conviction.
Iris, nestling close to the sailor, whispered: "Do you know what he has found out?"
"I can only guess that he can tell by the appearance of the burned wood how long it is since it was extinguished. Clearly they agree with him."
"Then they know we are still here?"
"Either here or gone within a few

hours. In any case they will make a thorough search of the island at day-break."
"Will it be dawn soon?"
"Yes. Are you tired?"
"A little cramped—that is all."
"Don't think I am foolish. Can you manage to sleep?"
"Sleep! With those men so near!"
"Yes. We do not know how long they will remain. We must keep up our strength. Sleep, next to food and drink, is a prime necessity."
"If it will please you I will try," she said, with such sweet readiness to obey his slightest wish that the wonder is he did not kiss her then and there. By previous instruction she knew exactly what to do. She crept quietly back until well ensconced in the niche widened and hollowed for her accommodation. There so secluded was she from the outer world of horror and peril that the coarse voices beneath only reached her in a murmur. Pulling one end of the tarpaulin over her, she stretched her weary limbs on a litter of twigs and leaves, commended herself and the man she loved to God's keeping and, wonderful though it may seem, was soon stumbling peacefully.
The statement may sound passing strange to civilized ears, accustomed only to the routine of daily life and not inured to danger and wild surroundings. But the soldier who has snatched a hasty doze in the trenches, the sailor who has heard a fierce gale buffeting the walls of his frail ark, can appreciate the reason why Iris weary and surfeited with excitement, would have slept—were she certain that the next sunrise would mark her last hour on earth.
Jenks, too, composed himself for a brief rest. He felt assured that there was not the remotest chance of their lofty perch being found out before daybreak, and the first faint streaks of dawn would awaken him.
When the morning breeze swept over the ocean and the stars were beginning to pale before the pink glory flung broadcast through the sky by the yet invisible sun, the sailor was aroused by the quiet fluttering of a bird about to settle on the rock, but startled by the sight of him.
His faculties were at once on the alert, though he little realized the danger betokened by the bird's rapid dart into the void. Turning first to peer at Iris, he satisfied himself that she was still asleep. Her lips were slightly parted in a smile. She might be dreaming of summer and England. He noiselessly wormed his way to the verge of the rock and looked down through the grass roots.
continued

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