

TIGER ISLAND

A New Serial by Gouverneur Morris

Chapter 33

"TIGER, TIGER!"

I began to look as if even the barricade of fire would not much longer hold the tiger back and toward dusk, working with feverish haste, Bowers finished the deadfall for the last time.

He had simplified it somewhat and there remained a twelve-foot piece of coconut stem for which there was no logical place in the new design and no real need.

"Where are you going to put that piece?" Ivy asked.

The tiger just beyond the line of fire snarled at the sound of her voice, and Bowers answered: "I am not going to put it anywhere."

As he spoke he gave the big stick a little push with his hand so that it would fall away from him and at the same moment, or almost the same moment, realized what an idiotic thing he had done and sprang for the falling timber in a vain effort to catch it and keep it from falling.

The further end of the timber grazed the nearest of the three triggers and the deadfall collapsed with a heavy crash. Bowers sprang back, to be out of danger, but not far enough. His head was merely grazed, but he fell as helplessly as one of his own logs and lay unconscious at Ivy's feet.

During the long stage Ivy had seemed calm and untroubled, but her nervous system had been slowly going to pieces. She perceived at once that Bowers was not dead.

Instinct told her immediately that unless he came to quickly and was able to help himself, there was nothing between him and death but herself and the clumsy one-shot gun. The barrier of fire which they had made against the tiger was burning low. The way to Bowers over the fallen timbers of the deadfall was simple and direct.

Her mental processes at the moment were quick and cool. If the tiger came to them it would be with a rush. Better, she thought, for her to go to him while the fire still burned and he still hesitated to attack.

If the gun failed her, as it probably would, the tiger, when he had killed her, would for some time pay no further attention to Bowers. Bowers would have a chance to come to and save himself.

"You great, cowardly, skulking beast," she said and she stepped from the last of the fallen logs to firm ground, separated from him by no more than a dozen feet. "Afraid of a little fire! I don't see what I am doing with this gun. I could drive a thing like you with a whip. I wish I had my whip. I'd cut your hide to ribbons!"

WORDS angrily spoken might, she conceived, serve a little to bewilder the tiger. She kept the gun pointed at him, and the hammer-stone ready to strike. If only he wouldn't make a move until she was within a few feet of him!

In places the fire was almost out. She stepped across it, and the tensed muscles of the tiger began to quiver. He was going to spring. She drew a long shivering breath and bit her lips. Then with death staring her in the face, she suddenly smiled and in a loud voice began to repeat:

"Tiger, tiger, burning bright . . . She finished with a wild scream of rage and fear. The tiger sprang, and she struck the trigger-pin of the gun with a hammer-stone. There was a terrific detonation. She saw ten thousand stars.

When Ivy came to, it was night and a heavy weight was being lifted from her. Her brain began to clear.

"What happened?" she asked. But Bowers, who was kneeling beside her and feeling gingerly for broken bones, did not answer.

"Do you hurt much anywhere?" he asked.

"No . . . no . . ." she said, "not particularly. But I feel numb and prickly."

She had reason to feel that way. She had been lying under the body of a dead tiger for nearly two hours. Bowers lit a match.

Ivy was all a mess of blood. But it was all tiger blood. She hadn't a scratch. She had only one bad bruise. This had been made by the recoil of the gun. Her right shoulder

several days. She was . . . and shaken, but the hurt had been to her nervous system and not to her body. She was even able, after resting awhile to climb the notched pole to the cave.

They talked well into the night. Bowers was so proud of Ivy that he couldn't stop telling her so and he didn't.

Ivy herself was happier than she had ever been before. There is nothing in the world so sweet as praise that is well deserved.

Usually they waked at dawn. The next morning, however, they overslept.

WHEN Bowers yawned his way to the mouth of the cave to have a look at the weather the sun had already cleared the volcano. Having blinded himself somewhat in ascertaining the exact position of the sun he stood blinking and did not for some minutes perceive the gray hull of a gunboat at anchor in the lagoon.

When he did at last see the Lady-smith, he turned and rushed back into the cave laughing and shouting like a schoolboy. He got out the starred and striped flag of his country, hitched it to the walling hal-yards and proudly hoisted it to the top of its flagpole, where it gayly flapped and rattled in the fresh breeze from the sea.

On the Lady-smith there were many pairs of sharp eyes, and a few minutes later the credit of being the first to see "Old Glory" went to the boatswain's mate. Two minutes later, and thereafter at intervals of a minute for twenty-one minutes, the Lady-smith fired a gun.

During those twenty-one minutes many other things happened. While the flag was being saluted, the commander of the Lady-smith, gazing through his marine-glasses, had a lamentable lapse from his usual precise and correct English, and was heard to murmur: "It's them."

While the flag was still being saluted, a boat was lowered, and this put a thought in Ivy's head. She rushed back into the cave and returned with the dress which she had made on the Boulder. In one hand, and a blue dress, also of a wash material. In the other, and to a great excitement asked which she should wear.

"The gold brocade," said Bowers joyously, "and don't forget your diamonds."

Other things happened. Bowers started off to greet and meet the landing party. As he started down the ladder, the remora-stal Helen, unseen by him, was starting up.

Meeting in the middle, neither of them stopped, but there was a second of time during which Helen did not climb the ladder, but the somewhat startled Bowers himself.

He shouted to Ivy, "Look who's here! Helen!" and dropped the remaining six feet and hurried to the beach.

Willing hands helped with the packing, and transferred all of their belongings to the boat. But Helen, stably dressed for the occasion in her red coat with the gold braid, and her little green hat with the red feather, insisted on carrying her own suitcase.

The coming of the Lady-smith to Tiger Island was not an accident. The great smoke rising from the conflagration in the back valley had been seen and reported by a passing ship. The Admiralty had decided that it would be worth while to investigate. The Lady-smith had received orders, and here she was.

Yes, Wong Bo had been captured, and had taken his own life. Bowers' guns had been recovered and were in apple-pie condition. What he no longer had any use for them? He was going to give up big-game hunting?

Ivy said that he didn't have to unless he wanted to, but he insisted that he was going to trade in his guns for a lot of cameras and do that kind of big-game hunting.

That night at dinner the commander and the second in command wanted to know all about the economy and routines of life on a desert island, but Bowers was much too gay and joyous to be serious. "I did all the cave-keeping," he said, "cooking, washing, ironing, shelling peas, peeling potatoes and working the vacuum cleaner. I wore a cap and an apron. The woman did all the hunting."

(Copyright, 1934, by Gouverneur Morris)

THE END

LIVING CORPSE CAST SELECTED

The cast for the play, "The Living Corpse" by Leo Tolstol, which is to be presented at the Southern Oregon Normal school under the direction of Angus L. Bowers, in the near future, was announced Saturday.

Members are Mr. Bowers, Kettle Fabrick Ingle, Harriet Smith, Beverly Young, Betty McLaughley, Rolla Reedy, Violet K. Walters, Warren Doremus, Beulah Heath, Florence Bellinger, Robert McLaughley, Viasta Hannan, Robert Root, Frank S. Conway, Ben McCoy, George P. Field, Norman Benson, Neal Collins, Bill Johnson, Robert Stedman, George S. Smith, Bob McColium, Harold Gilmore, John Billings, Karl Moore, Betty Young, Ed Martin, Stanley Mason and Gilbert Morris.

The gypsy choir is to be selected by James Stevens of Medford, who will have charge of the music for the production.

Closer Relation Lutheran Groups Held Important

Overstepping in importance the financial, educational and social welfare issues before the Lutheran church today, in the opinion of the majority of members of that communion, is the question of closer relations between the various portions of that body in this country. Interest in the coming convention of the United Lutheran church at Savannah, Ga., will focus largely upon what disposition is made of a series of memorials coming to the constituent synods urging action in the direction of the development of greater unity in the direction of fellowship and cooperative activity.

Sardine Creek

SARDINE CREEK, Oct. 1.—(Sp.)—Mrs. Anna Potter and granddaughter, of Washington, are here visiting her brother, J. U. Smith and other relatives here and in Gold Hill. Mrs. Potter was formerly a resident here.

Sylvia Croft was one of a group of nine Girl Scouts who attended a show in Medford Tuesday evening, accompanied by their scout leader, Mrs. Pena.

Mr. and Mrs. Dee Johnson and daughter Beverly arrived Wednesday night from Loomis, Cal., for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Pierce.

Mrs. Anna Potter visited Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Eva Newton. Mrs. Eva Smith, Mrs. Nina Dusenberry, Mrs. Evagene Smith motored to Yoncalla last week to take Mrs. Ernest Vroman to her home there. They returned Sunday after visiting relatives at Roseburg.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Dusenberry and family, who have been working in the hop yards north of Grants Pass for some time, were up last week, moving some of their household goods to a place there which they have rented for the winter. The girls, Alice and Iris, will attend high school in Grants Pass this winter.

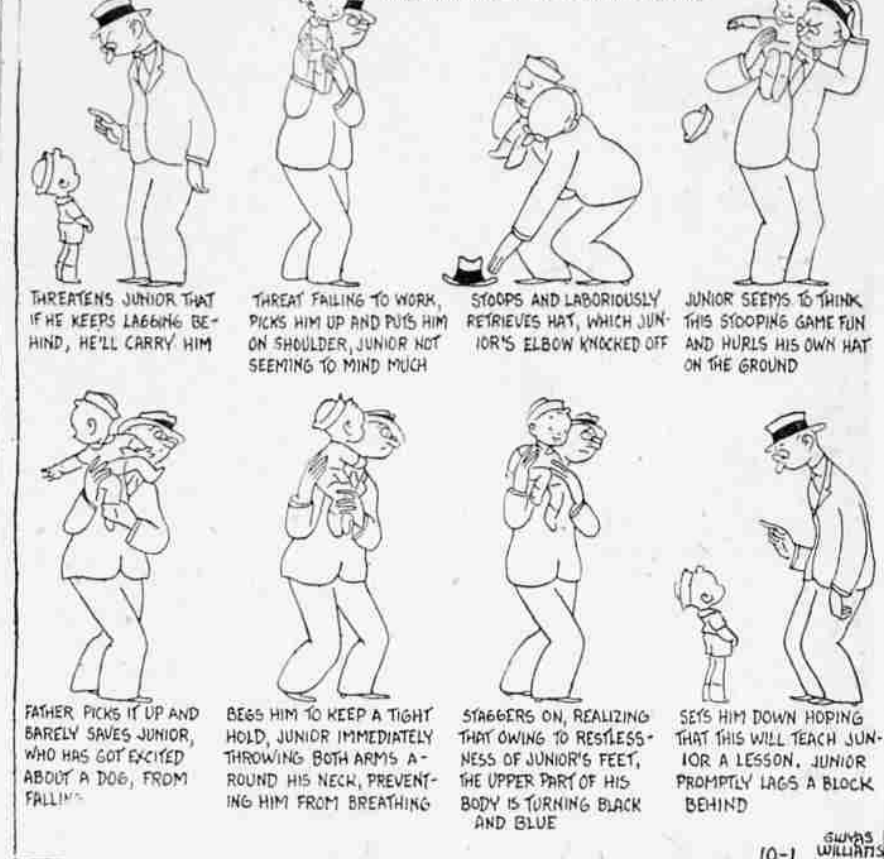
C. R. Hammond of Salem spent four days last week prospecting on his place adjoining Krant Powell's place on the north. Mr. Hammond was a resident here 25 years ago, but has been operating a machine shop in Salem for many years since leaving here.

The beautiful estate and spacious grounds of the Universal Brotherhood and Theological society in San Diego will be open daily during the California-Pacific International Exposition next year.

Walk upstairs and save \$10. Bancroft's gray suiting, \$21.50, made to measure. Klein Tailor.

CARRYING JUNIOR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS (Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)



S'MATTER POP—



TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Ransom Note



By C. M. Payne



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Roand One!



THE NEBBS—Who's Afraid?



BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus



412 Traffic Arrests
SALEM, Oct. 1.—(Sp.)—There were 412 arrests in the traffic division of the state police department during the month of August, according to a report prepared here today by Charles P. Pray, superintendent of state police.

More than 150 specimens of desert plant life, all catalogued and identified, will be displayed in the California-Pacific International Exposition in San Diego next year.

English Trains Crash
WARRINGTON, England, Oct. 1.—(Sp.)—The bodies of four women and five men were removed early today from the tangled wreckage of two trains which collided at a nearby junction.

The normal annual temperature in San Diego, home of the California-Pacific International Exposition, is 61 degrees.

Phone 313 for Fuel Oil—any kind. Prompt Service. Edna Transfer.