

Still Another UNUSUAL Story

The Wings of the Morning

By Louis Tracy

A Romance as Startlingly Original and Out of the Ordinary as "TARZAN OF THE APES."

The Adventures of a Man and a Girl Cast Away Alone Together on a Desert Island.

CHAPTER I. The Wreck of the Sirdar.

LADY TOZER adjusted her gold-rimmed eyeglasses with an air of dignified aggressiveness. She had lived for many years in the Far East. In Hong Kong she was known as the "Mandarin."

So, with tears, they separated. She was consoled to the personal charge of Capt. Ross. At each point of call the company's agents would be soliciting for her welfare.

"I fear there will be a good many empty saddles in the saloon at dinner," the lady smiled weakly. It was a feeble joke at the best.

clouds of dust generated. There could not be dust in the dense pall now rushing with giant strides across the trembling sea. Then what was it? Why was it so dark and menacing?

Lascars had been lickered from off the forecastle by the greasy tongue of a huge wave. The succeeding surge flung the five men back against the quarter.

The Sirdar was fighting resolutely against a stiff gale. But the stress of actual combat was better than the eerie sensation of impending danger during the earlier hours.

"Well, it is," said Captain Ross, equally calm, and silent. The fate that had befallen her ladyship was going home for the last time.



HE FOUGHT HIS WAY ONWARD LIKE A MANIAC.

Nature looked disturbed and fitful and the ship responded to her mood. There was a sense of preparation in the air of coming ordeal of restless foreboding.

"A change of course," observed the doctor. "They generally try to avoid it when people are in the saloon, but a typhoon admits of no laborer politics."



A DYAL FACE GRINNING LIKE A DEMON APPEARED.

With irresistible force. The Sirdar was just completing her turning movement, and she hesitated over, yielding to the mighty power of the gale.

"Captain! I should just love to see a real storm. Now promise me solemnly that you will take me up into the cabin house when the day wears its empty tear-lust things to pieces."

Deane through her eyeglasses. "Sir Arthur proposes to come home in June, I understand," she inquired.

answered raily, "but Lord Ventnor has not asked me."

"Every one says in Hong Kong," began her ladyship.

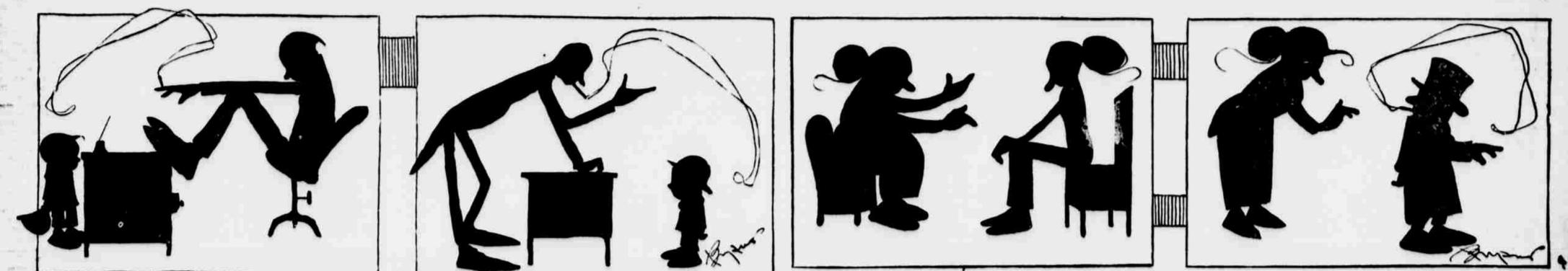
Out of the Fold. MARY'S father being a member of Congress, the child naturally inherited politics with the air she breathed and grew firm in the faith that nothing good could be found outside the Democratic fold.

All He Wanted. A NEATLY dressed actor called on one dramatic editor one morning recently.

Going Some. AN Irish athlete, who was training for a mile race, had had high hopes of winning, and each one day accompanied him to the track to have a trial in a foot race against his own shadow.

A Ten-Center. A MAN with a face for information as well as his other traits, which was capable of being turned into a conversation with the precision of a...

Overheard in Silhouetteville



"Yes, I want an office boy. Do you smoke?" "Well, not as a rule, but I'll make an exception this time just to be sociable!"

"Will you take the job at three dollars per week?" "Yes, if you kin show me a good recommendation from yer last office boy."

"Does your husband make much as an aviator?" "Oh indeed, yes. He always makes enough to pay his hospital expenses!"

"I can't imagine what's the matter with me, doctor. I'm continually thinking about myself!" "Tut, tut! You must stop worrying over trifles!"