

THE WINGS OF THE MORNING A Thrilling Tale of Shipwreck and Adventure

By Louis Tracy, Author of "The Final War." Copyright 1903, by Edward J. Clode.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

Rainbow Island.

HE girl went into the cave again. She was inquisitive, uneasy.

"That arrangement—" she began, but ended in a sharp cry of terror. The dispossessed birds had returned during the sailor's absence.

"I will kill them," he shouted in anger.

"Please don't. There has been enough of death in this place already."

The words jarred on his ears. Then he felt that she could only allude to the victims of the wreck.

"I was going to say," she explained, "that we must divide a partition. There is no help for it until you construct a sort of house. Candidly, I do not like this hole in the rock. It is a vault, a tomb."

"You told me that I was in command, yet you dispute my orders."

He strove hard to appear brusquely good-humored, indifferent, for one of his moods he was absurdly irritable. The cause was over-strain, but that explanation escaped him.

"Quite true, but if sleeping in the cold, in dew or rain, is bad for me, it must be equally bad for you. And without you I am helpless, you know."

His eyes switched to give her a reassuring hug. In some respects she was so childish; her big blue eyes were so ingenious; she laughed so melodiously, and the harsh note clashed with her candor. Here, at least, she was utterly deceived. His changeable moods were incomprehensible.

"What a beautiful place! I wish I will never see it to the best of my ability, Miss Deane," he exclaimed.

"We must hope for a speedy rescue, and I am loath to expose. It is otherwise with you. You are ready for the climb?"

Mechanically she picked up a stick at her feet. It was the sailor's wand of investigation. He snatched it from her hands and threw it away among the trees.

"That is a dangerous alpenstock," he said. "The wood is unreliable. It might break. I will cut you a better one," and he swung the axe against a tall sapling.

He minutely described him as "funny." She followed him in the upward curve of the ascent, for the grade was not difficult and the ground smooth enough, the storms of years having pulverized the rock and driven sand into its clefts.

The persistent intrusions of the trees had done the rest. Beyond the flight of birds, the scurrying of some tiny monkeys overhead, they did not disturb a living creature.

The crest of the hill was tree-covered, and they could see nothing beyond their immediate locality until the sailor found a point higher than the rest, where the rugged collection of hard basalt and the uprooting of some poor trees provided an open space elevated above the ridge.

For a short distance the foothold was precarious. Jenks helped the girl in this part of the climb. His strong, gentle grasp gave her confidence. She was flushed with exertion when they stood together on the summit of the elevated perch. They could look to every point of the compass except a

small section on the southwest. Here the trail lay behind them until the brow of the precipice was reached.

The emergence into a sunlit panorama of land and sea, the expected, was profoundly entrancing.

They appeared to stand almost exactly in the center of the island, which was crescent-shaped. It was no larger than the map had estimated. The new slopes now revealed were covered with verdure down to the very edge of the water, which, for nearly a mile seaward, lay over jagged reefs. The sea looked strangely calm from this height. Irregular blue patches on the horizon to south and east caught the man's first glance. He unslung the binoculars he still carried and focused them eagerly.

"Islands!" he cried, "and big ones, too!"

"How odd!" whispered Iris, more concerned in the scrutiny of her immediate surroundings. "I am not looking at the islands, but at a curious hollow, a quarry-like depression beneath them to the right, distant about 300 yards and not very prominent. It is an ominous plateau containing the well, the isolated from it by the south angle of the main cliff."

Here, in a great circle, there was not a vestige of grass, shrub, or tree, nothing save brown rock and sand. At first the sailor deemed it to be the result of some volcanic action. The hypothesis would not serve, else it would be choked with verdure. The pit started up, then, was an ominous one, for the sailor paid further attention to it, for the glorious prospect mapped at their feet momentarily swept aside all other considerations.

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far before some one in the audience called out:

"Mr. Sorin, do you mean me, sir?"

Quick as a flash came the answer: "No, sir, I do not mean you. I am on a descending scale. Your case will be the last one reached."

There were no more interruptions. Of the democratic stout speakers, Jim Cavanaugh was no doubt the best and the wisest. He lived at Chestfield, where he was a member of the law firm of Ripley, Cavanaugh & Wells. He was the first member of congress from this state, serving from May 12, 1858, until March 4, 1869. Cavanaugh was a native of Minnesota, to the democratic national convention at Charleston, in 1860. He was an ardent supporter of the "Little Giant," Stephen A. Douglas.

Ben Butler needs his match.

At the opening of the adjourned to meet in Bemidjion, prior to the last named meeting, Cavanaugh went to Lowell, Mass., where Ben Butler resided, and called a meeting at the residence of the latter, to pay his respects to Butler, who had voted for Jeff Davis on every one of the thirty-seven ballots taken at Charleston, and who had been elected to the United States senate by the rebels at Bermuda Hundred. Cavanaugh died, I believe, in Montana.

A word will not be amiss here regarding Christopher G. Ripley, the head of the law firm of which Cavanaugh was a member. Mr. Ripley belonged to a very distinguished family. At Concord, Mass., noted for its great men, like Emerson, Thoreau, Lowell, Hoar and others. He was an excellent example of the old-style lawyer, and was often called the "soul of integrity and honor." He was a very able lawyer, and had the confidence of the community where he lived to such a degree that when he was called to the bar, he was called to the bar of the court it was conceded that it must be so, or Mr. Ripley would not have said so. But he was not always cocksure. In these cases he always said, "I think this is the case." There were no typewriters in those days, and Mr. Ripley's pleadings were always in his own handwriting. As I remember them, and often looked at them, it seemed to me they were models of their kind. No erasures, no changes, but carefully drawn up in a penmanship resembling its firmness and general appearance. Mr. Ripley was elected chief justice of the supreme court in 1869. Never a robust man physically, the work was too hard for him. He resigned in 1874 and returned to Massachusetts, where he soon afterwards died.

The Wells of the firm was that genial gentleman Henry R. Wells of Preston, Fillmore county, where he has very successfully managed a bank for nearly forty years. Mr. Wells went to California after retiring from the law and remained there for several years. Those who know him, I think, would be glad if he could run his bank for forty years more.

A Discovery.

At the close of the legislature of 1869, and while waiting for the governor to sign bills, the house thought it would have a little fun with itself and organize a new house with Ellish Easton of Owatonna as speaker. The main idea was to have some fun with Easton, who was a very modest, retiring old gentleman who had not opened his mouth during the session, not even to move an adjournment. Easton promptly accepted the honor in a neat little speech and the fun began. Representative Hicks of Alexandria, the

founder of the Post newspaper and one of the townsite proprietors, got the

owner of that great family journal, the Alexandria Post. After describing his good points, he said that he stood

much per and sat down, whereupon the house laughed. Hicks took the floor again and wanted to know if he had not received a letter from where

upon Easton promptly replied: "There being no objection, that will be taken as the sense of the house."

The gentleman who had introduced the individual, represented McLeod county. During the session he had been appointed physician at an Indian agency. Somebody introduced a resolution denouncing the appointment of Pyle as an act of unheard-of cruelty to the Indians. Pyle, who sat next to the outside railing, got up and made a

convincing defense. While he was speaking George Chamberlain, founder of the Jackson Republican, who afterwards became his rival over the seat of the chair. When that gentleman undertook to sit down there was no chair there, and he measured

howled as a matter of course. Easton pounded his desk to pieces with the gavel and when order was restored

gravely announced: "The gentleman from McLeod has the floor!"

And so it went for an hour or more. The house finally broke up, and Easton received an ovation and was the most popular member of that body. Owatonna people afterwards told me that they were as much surprised at the modesty of Pyle as at the wit, and he was an old man and had lived there for years.

Gilman's Quick Retort.

Speaking of wit I am often reminded of the bon mot attributed to John M. Gilman, the lawyer alluded to in the beginning of this article. At the close of the warm contest for the United States senate between Davis and Ramsey, which resulted in the election of Chief Justice McMillan, somebody asked Gilman whom he thought would be appointed to fill the vacancy.

"Vacancy!" exclaimed Gilman. "Why, you know, McMillan has been elected United States senator, don't you?" said the interjector.

"I—I!" roared Gilman. "That doesn't make any vacancy!"

Finally the supreme court had just turned Gilman down in a case and he was getting back at the court.

Speaking of able men among the early settlers of the new, how many readers of THE JOURNAL know that Colonel W. P. Clough, the conductor of the Northern Securities scheme, president I believe, of the concern, and a man who has been a general once a country lawyer in this state? Not many, I wot, but it is even so. He was a lawyer at Rochester when he went to the United States supreme court in the famous "drawers" cases and got the first decision holding that the state had a right to fix railroad rates. The first decision was absolute and sweeping. It was in the case of the Northern Securities, and it was subject to review by the courts as to their being reasonable. Colonel Clough's bias in these cases attracted the attention of corporations all over the country, and he was speedily retained by them.

W. W. Williams.

Each man in the Russian convict corps carries a small amount of luggage on his bicycle, consisting of a copper drinking cup and cooking vessel, a small tin, a tin of matches, a tin of ammunition as an ordinary infantryman. The cavalry carries leather or skin sacks, which are fastened to the sides of the horse when crossing rivers.

The Hawaiian government employs agents who travel all over the islands looking for indications of leprosy in remote places. A reward of \$25 is offered for the discovery of a case. A person who is supposed to have the disease is sent to the receiving station in Honolulu, where he is examined by medical experts. If a leper he is confined, his position, influence, race or color cannot change his decree which sends him to Kalaupapa.

conduct and utterances—all these things culminated in utter relaxation when the water touched his heated skin.

But he was really very much annoyed. A power with mist always is annoyed when forced to yield. The revelation of a limit to human endurance infuriates him. A woman invader, you must have known, should be scolded, by way of tonic.

"How could you frighten me so?" demanded Iris, hysterically. "You must have felt that you were working hard. You must have felt. Why didn't you rest yourself?"

He looked at her wistfully. This collapse must not happen again, for her sake. These two sator moods with eyes than lips. She withdrew her arm; her face and neck crimsoned.

"There," she said with compelled cheerfulness. "You are all right now. Finish the wine."

He emptied the tin. It gave him new life.

"Always thought," he answered gravely, "that champagne was worth its weight in gold under certain conditions. These are the conditions."

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days a weird significance was attached to this simple phrase.

"Why do you carry about a bit of tin?" she went on.

How the atmosphere of deception clung to him! Here was a man compelled to lie outrageously who, in happier years, had prided himself on scrupulous accuracy even in small things.

"Plague upon it!" he silently protested. "Subterfuge and deceit are as much at home in this deserted island as in Mayfair."

"I found it here, Miss Deane," he answered. "Luckily she interpreted 'here' as applying to the cave."

"Let me see it. May I?"

He handed it to her. She could make nothing of it, so together they puzzled over it. The sailor rubbed it with a mixture of kerosene and sand. Then figures and letters and a sort of diagram were revealed. At last they became decipherable. By exercising patient ingenuity some one had indented the metal with a sharp punch until the marks assumed this aspect:

"Good gracious!" she cried. "The ham is ruined!"

She prepared a fresh supply. When it was ready, Jenks was himself again. They ate in silence, and shared the remains of the bottle. The man idly wondered what was the plot in the air at the Savoy that evening. He remembered that the last time he was there he had called for lambon de York aux epinards and half a pint of Heidsieck.

"Coelum non animus mutant, qui trans mare currunt," he thought. By a quick touch of memory he could recall the very page in Horace where this philosophical line occurs. It was in the eleventh epistle of the first book. A smile illumined his tired face.

Iris was watchful. She had never in her life cooked even a potato or boiled an egg. The ham was her first attempt.

"My cooking amuses you?" she demanded suspiciously.

"Gratifies every sense," he murmured. "I should like but one thing needed to complete my happiness."

"And that is?"

"I should like to smoke."

"Smoke what?"

He produced a steel box, tightly closed, and a pipe. "I will answer you in Byron's words," he said. "Sublime tobacco which from east to west"

"Cheers the tar's labor or the Turkman's rest."

"Your remarks are absolute shops," said the girl, delighted that his temper had improved. "What other stores do you carry?"

He lit his pipe and solemnly gave an inventory of his worldly goods. Beyond the items she had previously catalogued, he had a tin of matches, a very soiled and crumpled handkerchief, and a bit of tin. A box of Norwegian matches he threw away as useless, but Iris recovered them.