QUESTIONABLE JOKES WORK HAVOC IN HOMES

Holding Sacred Things Up to Ridicule Likely to Bear Deadly Fruit—Wives Should Vigorously Protest Against Improper Stories and Refuse to Listen.

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS, D. D., Author of "The Redemption of David Corson," Etc.

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When a war vessel blows up in the harbor, especially in the vicinity of Port Arthur, it is safe to believe that a torpedo has done the mischief. But when a home breaks up in a community the neighbors are left to guess which one of a hundred secret vices was to blame.

There is one such vice that seldom comes to light even in the most public trials for divorce. In fact, the principals in the tragedy may not themselves be able to trace the final disaster to its true root. But every close student of human life has, over and over again, seen the most sacred ties broken by the curse of the "impure story."

One of the first misdemeanors committed by the average man in his married life is that of telling his young bride some unseemly joke that he has heard from the companions of his bachelor days. There may be women who are used to this disagreeable form of wit and have a natural relish for it, but they are few and far between, and it is only her timidity and the natural fear of offending her husband that prevents the average American girl from showing the disgust she feels at hearing this first exhibition of coarseness from the man she has just promised to "love, cherish and obey."

It would be a heroic and worthy act on the part of every young bride to nip that habit in the bud with a fine flash of anger and to forbid her husband telling her any story after her marriage that he would not tell her before. For if she listens once she is lost. Nothing is more natural and inevitable than for a man to judge a woman by himself. If his own heart is impure he believes the same elements are only dormant, if not really active, in his wife's. If, therefore, she laughs "out of consideration," he thinks she does it out of approbation, and tells her another and another until she has lost the right to protest.

Has any one ever measured the corrupting power of impure stories? They spoil the banquets where they are told. They pollute the very atmosphere of students' rooms and business men's offices. No man who actually rolls a filthy joke like a sweet morsel under his tongue can be a Christian gentleman. This hideous vice is nothing better than the turkey buzzard's love for carrion.

But if the influence of this accursed style of wit is so destructive of genuine manhood, what must be its influence upon womanhood and homes? For at last women become infected with the virus! No one is absolutely immune. The constant hearing of these stories at first blunts sensibilities and afterward creates a relish, for women can be taught to love the morbid and the horrible, in spite of their sex. Gradually the finer fibers of their moral natures are broken down, and they begin to tell the stories to which they formerly only listened. By and by the blush of modesty is gone, and they tolerate and even enjoy the innuendoes of a low class of men in mixed society. But it is a single step from the toleration of a vile suggestion in public to one in private! The woman who permits a man to see a gleam of enjoyment in her eye at some coarse speech in a crowd has only herself to blame if he makes another when she is alone. Everywhere and at all times a low tone of conversation breeds a low tone of morals, and most people dare do the things they talk about!

The curse of the impure story lies in the holding up of sacred things to ridicule, for ridicule is the deadliest foe of holiness. When the Romans began to laugh at heir sacred chickens the imperial city fell. When children are permitted to make fun of the church and the Bible, religion is doomed. When the sexes begin to jest about the holy mysteries of manhood and womanhood, the days of virtue are numbered. The home is built upon the corner-stone of virtue! And can you wonder that loose ideas about the latter destroy the former? Many a man who cultivated his wife's taste for an impure story has only himself to thank when, at last, he discovers nothing but dead coals in the ashes of a once happy fireside.

I firmly believe that every wife ought to take a strong stand about this matter. She ought to refuse to laugh. She ought to refuse to smile. Let her even refuse to listen, for nothing was ever gained by telling such a story under any circumstances. Decent people are always shocked. The person who tells it experiences regret. The effect of it is always degrading. Are there not enough pure things to laugh at? Every phase of our life has its comic aspect, and we ought to train ourselves to perceive humor and hail it with laughter, but only when it is pure. There is almost as much of heaven in a hearty laugh as in an earnest prayer. "Morally considered, laughter is next to the ten commandments." We can laugh too much, altho the most of us do not laugh enough. But we can no more jest at God and death and the sexual mysteries without being corrupted than we can eat henbane or nux vomica without being poisoned.

PROOF.

Chicago News.

We came across the great physician and his baby incubator.

"Any money in babies these days?" we asked.

"Oh, yes," he responded suavely. "One of my charges just swallowed a penny."

SURVIVED MANY ATTACKS

Washington Star.

"What do you consider the most remarkable characteristic of Shakspere's plays?"

After a moment's thought Mr. Stormington Barnes replied:

"Endurance."

HIS LITTLE JOKE.

Catholic Standard and Times.

"Doctor," said the patient, after paying his bill, "if there is anything in the theory of the transmigration of souls you'll be a war horse after death."

"That sounds rather flattering," remarked Dr. Price-Price.

"Yes; you're such a splendid charger."

OH, IT'S EASY WHEN YOU KNOW HOW!

1. MR. NEWLYWED—But really, Clara, I can't afford to buy you a new sealskin sacque.
MRS. NEWLYWED—You are just too mean for anything. You have got six hundred dollars. You are a stingy brute; that's what you are!

2. MRS. NEWLYWED—You are mean, mean, mean. Boo hoo!
MR. NEWYLWED (aside)—Now many a man would get mad and fight, or else ruin himself by buying it for her. Just watch ME.
Just wait a moment, dear.

3. MR. NEWLYWED—It that Putz & Call's office. Sell that D. L. & Y. stock of mine. No; I'm not crazy. Yes, I know I will lose ten thousand dollars if I sell it now, but I must have six hunrded dollars at once.
MRS. NEWLYWED—No! No! No! Stop it, Horace! I will not have you make such a sacrifice. I don't want the sealskin sacque.

4. MRS. NEWLYWED—Oh, Horace, forgive me for putting you to such a test. But I am glad I did it. It only shows me how much you love me how great a sacrifice you would make to please me. Kiss me, Horace.
MR. NEWLYWED (aside)—Now isn't that easy? And you needn't have D. L. & Y. stock any more than I did.

WEATHER PREDICTIONS FOR THE NORTHWEST

For Minneapolis and Vicinity: Fair to-night and Friday; colder to-night.

Weather Now and Then: To-day, maximum temperature 34 degrees, minimum temperature 26 degrees; a year ago, maximum temperature, 40 degrees, minimum temperature 32 degrees.

Minnesota—Partly cloudy, with probably snow flurries in east portion to-night and near Lake Superior Friday; colder in south and west portions to-night; variable winds.

Wisconsin—Probably heavy snow this afternoon and to-night, followed by fair Friday; colder in west and north portions to-night; brisk to high northeast, shifting to northwest winds.

Iowa—Partly cloudy and colder to-night, with possibly snow in east portion; Friday fair; variable winds.

North Dakota—Generally fair to-night and Friday; colder in south portion to-night; variable winds.

South Dakota—Generally fair to-night and Friday; colder in east portion to-night; warmer in west portion Friday; variable winds.

Montana—Partly cloudy to-night and Friday, with probably rain or snow in west portion; warmer in east portion; variable winds.

Upper Michigan—Probably snow to-night and Friday; brisk northeast winds.

WEATHER CONDITIONS.

The low pressure central in the southwest yesterday morning is now central in the Mississippi valley, accompanied by rains during the past twenty-four hours from Davenport southward, and by snow in southern Wisconsin. There has been snow or rain in the central and north Pacific states. The weather this morning is clear in the Rocky Mountain region and on the Atlantic coast. The temperatures are still about zero in northwestern North Dakota and thence northward.

—T. S. OUTRAM, Section Director.

MINIMUM TEMPERATURES.

Observations taken at 8 a. m., seventy-fifth meridian time. Minimum temperatures in last twenty-four hours:

Minneapolis	26	Kansas City	36
St. Louis	32	Huron	24
Chicago	26	Moorhead	20
Duluth	10	Bismarck	14
Swift Current, Assiniboia	— 6	New York	20
Winnipeg, Manitoba	4	Helena	18

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE FASHIONS

A Daily Hint of Practical Value to the Fair Sex.

The fashion pictures given daily in this department are eminently practical, and the garments pictured can be reproduced easily from the paper patterns, which may be obtained at trifling cost thru The Journal. The models are all in good style, pretty and original in effect and not too elaborate for the ambitious amateur to reproduce.

FANCY BLOUSE 4680

To Be Tucked, Gathered or Accordion Plaited.

Yokes shaped to form points at front and back and to extend well over the sleeves are among the latest and smartest shown. This one is made of sheer white lawn with trimming of cream lace and is unlined, but the model suits soft silks and wools equally well and the fitted lining can be used whenever desirable. The model is tucked at the upper edge of waist and sleeves, but it can be gathered or accordion plaited with equal success. The long shoulder line is exceedingly graceful and the entire outline of the yoke an exceptionally good one.

The waist consists of the fitted lining, front, backs, yoke and sleeves. The sleeves are joined to the waist after which the yoke is applied, the material being cut away beneath when a transparent effect is desired. At the waist is a draped belt that is closed with the waist invisibly at the center back.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3¾ yards 21 inches wide, 3¼ yards 27 inches wide, or 2 yards 44 inches wide when tucked or gathered; 5¼ yards 21 inches wide, 4½ yards 27 inches wide, or 2¾ yards 44 inches wide when accordion plaited, with 1⅛ yards of all-over tucking for yoke and sleeves and ¾ yard of silk for belt.

The pattern (4680) is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

In ordering pattern, fill in this coupon.

PATTERN NO..... Size.....

Name..... Address.....

CAUTION—Be careful to give correct number and size of patterns wanted. When the pattern is bust measure, you need only mark 32, 34, 36 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figures representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years."

Patterns of this garment will be sent postpaid on receipt of 10 cents. Be sure and mention number of pattern. Address

PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT, JOURNAL, MINNEAPOLIS.

WOMAN CARRIED A FIRE IN HER HAT

Sparks from a Fire Engine Lodged on Woman's Head and Destroyed New Spring Bonnet.

New York Sun Special Service.

Chicago, March 17.—State street was thronged with shoppers when a newsboy yelled "Fire!"

A fashionably dressed woman sailed sedately down the street. From her new spring hat, a thin column of smoke curled gracefully skyward.

She was blissfully unconscious of the spreading canopy of smoke, and the crowd was too amazed to enlighten her. After walking two blocks she discovered that she needed a new hat. She had been watching a fire and supposed sparks from an engine lodged on her hat.

RELIGIOUS LION TAMER LOSES REASON

Performer with Three Huge Lions Declares Bible Gave Him Power Over Man and Beast.

New York Sun Special Service.

Jacksonville, Fla., March 17.—Alfred J. F. Perrino, a lion tamer, has gone insane thru religion. Perrino has been giving a show with three huge lions.

After one of his performances, he emerged from the cage and left the door open, saying: "They will not come out, as God is looking after them."

Perrino then perched himself on a box and said he could restore sight to the blind and cure any disease by his magnetic power. Bystanders closed the cage door and kept the lions from escaping.

Perrino alleged the Bible gave him power over men and beasts.

IF YOU DO NOT KNOW YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

THAT—

The monetary circulation in the United States Jan. 1 was $2,500,000,000, or nearly $30 per capita.

Many "wise" writers sneer at the term "fireproof structure." Some say that those of Baltimore burned like "gigantic torches" and actually spread the fire. That anything could remain standing in such a fire is, indeed, a marvel, and that those structures are practically intact is surely proof enough that steel and tile and brick, when properly combined, constitute a fireproof structure. And as for spreading the fire, had it not been for the solid bulwarks of the great fireproof office buildings in Baltimore, the city hall, the courthouse, the post-office, and heaven only knows how much of the city in that direction would have gone by the board. Those buildings not only stood up, but they saved a good part of the city.

To realize the magnitude of the production of iron and steel in this country during one year, one has to employ much larger standards of comparison than pounds and tons. For instance, a blast furnace large enough to receive at one charge all the metal that passes thru all the blast furnaces of the county in one year would have to be built to contain 2,000,000,000 cubic feet, or twenty-four times as large as the great pyramid of Cheops. The coke used in manufacture would, if piled up in a column 400 feet square, reach 6,500 feet up into the skies, and the iron ore from which all the products are made would, if piled up in a column one-fourth the bulk of that of the coke, reach just as high as the former—some 34,636,121 tons. If all the car rails were rolled into one hugh rail, the dimensions would be 11-5 miles long, 81 feet high, 81 feet across the base and 43 feet across at the top, being as wide as a locomotive and its tender are long. One huge wire nail containing the metal annually drawn into such a form would make a column 1,000 feet high and 54 feet square, overtopping the renowned Eiffel tower at Paris. The cutnails would reach to the height of the Washington monument, and would far overtop the Park Row building, the highest in the world.

It is estimated that the average man eats fourteen two horse wagon loads of food more than is good for him during his lifetime. Incidentally the largest apes have but sixteen ounces of brain, while the stupidest of men, even those who eat twenty loads too much food, have fifty-two ounces of brain.

BUYING, SELLING AND BUILDING

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Ossian E. Dodge and wife to Mamie A. Gruman, lot 2, block 3, Twenty-sixth Street addition, $100.

Susan R. Adams et al. to Charles H. Green, lot 9, block 10, Wolverton's addition, $500.

Halvor K. Halvorson and wife to Investors' Security company, lots 1 to 23; 17 to 81, Ottoville, $575.

Frank Lissak and wife to Fred W. Miller, part lot 11, block 26, Gale's second addition, $250.

Robert T. Young and wife to Minneapolis Brewing company, fractional lots 1 and 2, block 7, Atwater's addition, etc., $6,500.

John A. Peterson and wife to Erick L. Newell and wife, lot 3 and part lot 2, block 10, Vinton Park addition, $357.

Gustav Willius (receiver) to William Wright, lots 15 and 16, block 18, second division of Remington park, $150.

Frank Lissak and wife to Edward J. Ziebarth, part lot 11, block 26, Gale's second addition, $1,200.

Fred W. Anderson to David Anderson, in section 24, town 118, range, $24, $2,500.

David Anderson to Fred W. Anderson, in section 24, town 118, range 24, $2,500.

Herbert H. Folsom and wife to George C. Belden, lots 1 and 2, block 2, Lawndale, $190.

Greenleaf Clark to S. Finley Ewing et al., lots 11 and 12, block 1, Carlisle Park, Minneapolis, $800.

George H. Jackins to James T. Farrier, in section 30, town 120, range 23, $150.

Eleven minor deeds, $68.

Total, twenty-four deeds, $15,335.

BUILDING PERMITS.

Six minor permits, $1,260.

CRADLE, ALTAR AND GRAVE

BIRTHS.

Hanson—Mr. and Mrs., 811 Eighth street S, boy.

Johanson—Mr. and Mrs. J., 110 Fifth street N, girl.

Brede—Mr. and Mrs. Carl, 2546 Taylor street NE, girl.

O'Brien—Mr. and Mrs. W. J., 2643 Pillsbury avenue, girl.

Walseth—Mr. and Mrs. John, 829 Eleventh avenue S, boy.

Johnson—Mr. and Mrs. Otto, 1518 Fourth street S, boy.

Hanson—Mr. and Mrs. George H. D., 2802 E Franklin avenue, girl.

Rood—Mr. and Mrs. P., 415 Twenty-fourth avenue N, boy.

Brown—Mr. and Mrs. John, 2839 Grand avenue, boy.

Miller—Mr. and Mrs. Mrs. L. M., 1339 E Franklin avenue, girl.

Hasslinger—Mr. and Mrs. John, 808 Fourteenth avenue N, girl.

Clifford—Mr. and Mrs. P., 2109 Ninth avenue S, boy.

Anderson—Mr. and Mrs. N., 2423 Twenty-eighth avenue S, boy.

Erickson—Mr. and Mrs. Charles, 303 Cedar avenue, boy.

Degnan—Mr. and Mrs. F., 2022 First avenue S, boy.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Hugh W. Gibson and Sadie A. Kramer.
Hans Petter Falk and Hilma Erickson.
Fred Howard and Anna E. Houghton.
Robert J. Eaton and Myrtle G. Watkins.
Philip A. Peterson and Mary Bjorgum.
William C. O'Brien and Ida May Rutledge.

DEATHS.

Clapperton—Virginia E., 700 Oak Lake.
Chalmers—James Fulton, St. Mary's hospital.
Case—Mrs. A., 721 E Fourth street.
Peck—Daniel F., 2402 Sixth street S.
Janssen—Harold K., 2714 Fremont avenue N.
Mondeng—Lawrence E.
Case—Irven, 208 Western avenue.
Brown—John, 2443 Fourteenth avenue S.
Watt—William C., St. Barnabas hospital.

Whales have been killed whose age was estimated at 400 years. This is determined by counting the layers of laminae forming what is popularly called "whalebone." These laminae increase yearly, as the bark on a tree.

Salt is an excellent preventive of disease. Men attending the pans in salt works never have cholera, smallpox, scarlet fever or influenza.

MARCH 17 IN AMERICAN HISTORY

Compiled for the National Cyclopedia of American Biography.

1764—William Pinkney, statesman, born; United States minister to England and to Russia.

1776—British evacuated Boston.

1777—Roger B. Taney, chief justice of United States, born; famous for decision in the Dred Scott case.

1805—William A. Stearns, educator, born; a president of Amherst college.

1828—Patrick R. Cleburne, soldier, born; "The Stonewall of the West."

1832—Moncure D. Conway, author and Unitarian clergyman, born; minister in London for nineteen years.

1832—Walter Q. Gresham, soldier and statesman, born; secretary of state under Cleveland.

1836—Constitution of the Texas republic adopted.

1843—Henry W. Lawton, brigadier general born; was killed in the Philippines.

1848—Clara Morris, actress, born.

1849—Charles F. Brush, electrician and inventor, born; dynamo-electric machine and electric arc lamp.

The Wings of the Morning

A Thrilling Tale of Shipwreck and Adventure.

By LOUIS TRACY.

Copyright 1903 by Edward J. Clode.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

A Truce.

Keeping a close watch on the sheltering promontory, he told her all that had taken place. Iris became very downcast when she grasped the exact state of affairs. She was almost certain when the Dyaks proposed a parley that reasonable terms would result. It horrified her beyond measure to find that she was the rock on which negotiations were wrecked. Hope died within her. The bitterness of death was in her breast.

"What an unlucky influence I have had on your existence!" she exclaimed. "If it were not for me this trouble at least would be spared you. Because I am here you are condemned. Again, because I stopped you from shooting that wretched chief and his companions they are now demanding your life as a forfeit. It is all my fault. I cannot bear it."

She was on the verge of tears. The strain had become too great for her. After indulging in a wild dream of freedom, to be told that they must again endure the irksome confinement, the active suffering, the slow horrors of a seige in that rocky prisons, almost distracted her.

Jenks was very stern and curt in his reply.

"We must make the best of a bad business," he said. "If we are in a tight place the Dyaks are not much better off, and eighteen of their number are dead or wounded. You forget, too, that Providence has sent us a most useful ally in the Mahommedan. When all is said and done, things might be far worse than they are."

Never before had his tone been so cold, his manner so abrupt, not even in the old days when he purposely endeavored to make her dislike him.

She walked along the ledge and timidly bent over him.

"Forgive me!" she whispered; "I did forget for the moment, not only the goodness of Providence, but also your self-sacrificing devotion. I am only a woman, and I don't want to die yet, but I will not live unless you too are saved."

Once already that day she had expressed this thought in other words. Was some shadowy design flitting through her brain? Suppose they were faced with the alternatives of dying from thirst or yielding to the Dyaks. Was there another way out? Jenks shivered, though the rock was grilling him. He must divert her mind from this dreadful brooding.

"The fact is," he said with a feeble attempt at cheerfulness, "we are both hungry and consequently grumpy. Now, suppose you prepare lunch. We will feel ever so much better after we have eaten."

The girl choked back her emotion, and sadly essayed the task of providing a meal which was hateful to her. In doing so she saw her Bible, lying where she had placed it that morning, the leaves still open at the 91st Psalm. She had indeed forgotten the promise it contained—

"For He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways."

A few tears fell now and made little furrows down her soiled cheeks. But they were helpful tears, tears of resignation, not of despair. Although the "destruction that wasteth at noonday" was trying her sorely she again felt strong and sustained.

She even smiled on detecting an involuntary effort to clear her stained face. She was about to carry a biscuit and some tinned meat to the sailor when a sharp exclamation from him caused her to hasten to his side.

The Dyaks had broken cover. Running in scattered sections across the sands, they were risking such loss as the defenders might be able to inflict upon them during a brief race to the shelter and food to be obtained in the other part of the island.

Jenks did not fire at the scurrying gang. He was waiting for one man, Taung S'Ali. But that redoubtable person, having probably suggested this dash for liberty, had fully realized the enviable share of attention he would attract during the passage. He therefore discarded his vivid attire, and, by borrowing odd garments, made himself sufficiently like unto the remainder of his crew to deceive the sailor until the rush of men was over. Among them ran the Mahommedan, who did not look up the valley but waved his hand.

When all had quieted down again Jenks understood how he had been fooled. He laughed so heartily that Iris, not knowing either the cause of his merriment or the reason of this unlooked-for clemency to the flying foe, feared the sun had affected him.

He at once quitted the post occupied during so protracted a vigil.

"Now," he cried, "we can eat in peace. I have stripped the chief of his finery. His men can twit him on being forced to shed his gorgeous plumage in order to save his life. Anyhow, they will leave us in peace until night falls, so we must make the best of a hot afternoon."

But he was mistaken. A greater danger than any yet experienced now threatened them, though Iris, after perusing that wonderful psalm, might have warned him of it had she known the purpose of those long bamboos carried by some of the savages.

For Taung S'Ali, furious and unrelenting, resolved that if he could not obtain the girl he would slay the pair of them; and he had terrible weapons in his possession—weapons that could send "silent death even to the place where they stood."

CHAPTER XIII.

Reality vs. Romance—The Case for the Defendant.

Residents in tropical countries know that the heat is greatest, or certainly least bearable, between two and four o'clock in the afternoon.

At the conclusion of a not very luscious repast, Jenks suggested that they should rig up the tarpaulin in such wise as to gain protection from the sun and yet enable him to cast a watchful eye over the valley. Iris helped to raise the great canvas sheet on the supports he had prepared. Once shut off from the devouring sun rays, the hot breeze then springing into fitful existence cooled their blistered but perspiring skin and made life somewhat tolerable.

Still adhering to his policy of combatting the first enervating attacks of thirst, the sailor sanctioned the consumption of the remaining water. As a last desperate expedient, to be resorted to only in case of sheer necessity, he uncorked a bottle of champagne and filled the tin cup. The sparkling wine, with its volume of creamy foam, looked so tempting that Iris would then and there have risked its potency were she not promptly withheld.

Jenks explained to her that when the wine became quite flat and insipid they might use it to moisten their parched lips. Even so, in their present super-heated state, the liquor was unquestionably dangerous, but he hoped it would not harm them if taken in minute quantities.

Accustomed now to implicitly accept his advice, she fought and steadily conquered the craving within her. Oddly enough, the "thawing" of their scorched bodies beneath the tarpaulin brought a certain degree of relief. They were supremely uncomfortable, but that was as naught compared with the relaxation from the torments previously borne.

For a long time—the best part of an hour, perhaps—they remained silent.

The sailor was reviewing the pros and cons of their precarious condition. It would, of course, be a matter of supreme importance were the Indian to be faithful to his promise. Here the prospect was decidedly hopeful. The man was an old sowar, and the ex-officer of native cavalry knew how enduring was the attachment of this poor convict to home and military service. Probably at that moment the Mahommedan was praying to the Prophet and his two nephews to aid him in rescuing the sahib and the woman whom the sahib held so dear, for the all-wise and all-powerful Sirkar is very merciful to offending natives who thus condone their former crimes.

But, howsoever willing he might be, what could one man do among so many? The Dyaks were hostile to him in race and creed, and assuredly infuriated against the foreign devil who had killed or wounded, in round numbers, one-fifth of their total force. Very likely, the hapless Mussulman would lose his life that night in attempting to bring water to the foot of the rock.

Well, he, Jenks, might have something to say in that regard. By midnight the moon would illumine nearly the whole of Prospect Park. If the Mahommedan were slain in front of the cavern his soul would travel to the next world attended by a Nizam's cohort of slaughtered slaves.

Even if the man succeeded in eluding the vigilance of his present associates, where was the water to come from? There was none on the island save that in the well. In all likelihood the Dyaks had a store in the remaining sampans, but the native ally of the beleagured pair would have a task of exceeding difficulty in obtaining one of the jars or skins containing it.

Again, granting all things went well that night, what would be the final outcome of the struggle? How long could Iris withstand the exposure, the strain, the heart-breaking misery of the rock? The future was blurred, crowded with ugly and affrighting fiends passing in fantastic array before his vision, and mouthing dumb threats of madness and death.

He shook restlessly, not aware that the girl's sorrowful glance, luminous with love and pain, was fixed upon him. Summarily dismissing these grisly phantoms of the mind, he asked himself what the Mahommedan exactly meant by warning him against the trees on the right and the "silent death" that might come from them. He was about to crawl forth to the lip of the rock and investigate matters in that locality when Iris, who also was busy with her thoughts, restrained him.

"Wait a little while," she said. "None of the Dyaks will venture into the open until night falls. And I have something to say to you."

There was a quiet solemnity in her voice that Jenks had never heard before. It chilled him. His heart acknowledged a quick sense of evil omen. He raised himself slightly and turned towards her. Her face, beautiful and serene beneath its disfigurements, wore an expression of settled purpose. For the life of him he dared not question her.

"That man, the interpreter," she said, "told you that if I were given up to the chief, he and his followers would go away and molest you no more."

His forehead seamed with sudden anger.

"A mere bait," he protested. "In any event it is hardly worth discussion."

And the answer came, clear and resolute—

"I think I will agree to those terms."

At first he regarded her with undisguised and wordless amazement. Then the appalling thought darted thru his brain that she contemplated this supreme sacrifice in order to save him. A clammy sweat bedewed his brow, but by sheer will power he contrived to say—

"You must be mad to even dream of such a thing. Don't you understand what it means to you—and to me? It is a ruse to trap us. They are ungoverned savages. Once they had you in their power they would laugh at a promise made to me."

"You may be mistaken. They must have some sense of fair dealing. Even assuming that such was their intention, they may depart from it. They have already lost a great many men. Their chief, having gained his main object, might not be able to persuade them to take further risks. I will make it a part of the bargain that they first supply you with plenty of water. Then you, unaided, could keep them at bay for many days. We lose nothing; we can gain a great deal by endeavoring to pacify them."

"Iris!" he gasped, "what are you saying?"

The unexepected sound of her name on his lips almost unnerved her. But no martyr ever went to the stake with more settled purpose than this pure woman, resolved to immolate herself for the sake of the man she loved. He had dared all for her, faced death in many shapes. Now it was her turn. Her eyes were lit with a seraphic fire, her sweet face resigned as that of an angel.

"I have thought it out," she murmured, gazing at him steadily, yet scarce seeing him. "It is worth trying as a last expedient. We are abandoned by all, save the Lord; and it does not appear to be His holy will to help us on earth. We can struggle on here until we die. Is that right, when one of us may live?"

Her very candor had betrayed her. She would go away with these monstrous captors, endure them, even flatter them, until she and they were far removed from the island. And then—she would kill herself. In her innocence she imagined that self-destruction, under such circumstances, was a pardonable offense. She only gave a life to save a life, and greater love than this is not known to God or man.

The sailor in a tempest of wrath and wild emotion, had it in his mind to compel her into reason, to shake her, as one shakes a wayward child.

He rose to his knees with this half-formed notion in his fevered brain. Then he looked at her, and a mist seemed to shut her out from his sight. Was she lost to him already? Was all that had gone before an idle dream of joy and grief, a wizard's glimpse of mirrored happiness and vague perils? Was Iris, the crystal-souled—thrown to him by the storm-lashed waves—to be snatched away by some irresistible and malign influence?

In the mere physical effort to assure himself that she was still near to him he gathered her up in his strong hands. Yes, she was there, breathing, wondering, palpitating. He folded her closely to his breast, and, yielding to the passionate longings of his tired heart, whispered to her—

"My darling, do you think I can survive your loss? You are life itself to me. If we have to die, sweet one, let us die together."

Then Iris flung her arms around his neck.

"I am quite, quite happy now," she sobbed brokenly. "I didn't—imagine—it would come—this way, but—I am thankful—it has come."

For a little while they yielded to the glamour of the divine knowledge that amidst the chaos of eternity each soul had found its mate. There was no need for words. Love, tremendous in its power, unfathomable in its mystery, had cast its spell over them. They were garbed in light, throned in a palace built by fairy hands. On all sides squatted the ghouls of privation, misery, danger, even grim death; but they heeded not the Inferno; they had created a Paradise in an earthly hell.

(To Be Continued To-morrow.)