CAUTIONS

By SAM HILL.

VI.—THE BIG BLUFF

When Mrs. Gwyn Brown gave a lavender luncheon for the Froebel guild, the boys on the nearby stools used to look at Brown and wonder if they would ever be able to classify as society entertainers and what a lavender luncheon was like; further, why Brown went to the "Paper Napkin" for dinner instead of going home to help eat up the lavender sandwiches. They were not to blame, however, for they only knew what they read in the papers and Brown tethered his troubles with a double hitch.

Mrs. Brown was one of the kind that would live on tea and watercress for a week in order to buy American Beauties for the parlor, but when she entertained her husband in the rear, the only flower he ever saw was boiled cabbage, and he never caught her in anything better than a Turkish bath robe.

She was not the least bit interested in what her husband's employers handed him every thirty days, and she didn't want to know as long as she could have a new set of custard forks and twelve purple candle shades for the centerpiece. Therefore, she kept Algernon so busy footing the debit column in his check book that one day he had to slip out and mortgage the furniture before the president of the bank would let him draw any more money.

Once in awhile he would get hold of an article by Goldie True, on the duties of a true and loving wife and homemaker, with a picture of the love-kindler standing in the doorway, with outstretched arms, babbling words of love to the returning husband. One of those articles would cause him to run halfway home, only to find one of the children picketed at the gate waiting to tell him that mama was giving an "Afternoon" for Bjwara Gwyndia, fresh from upper Burmah, who had come all the way to tell them of the beautiful religion of Pishgaba, and for papa to be sure and come in thru the kitchen and hide until the company had all left. If she thought of it she would slip away long enough to tell him that he had best run downtown for supper, and he loved her so that he would walk thirty blocks to get a sandwich and a cup of coffee.

At night, after working two hours overtime, trying to make the debit and credit column look each other in the face, he would rush home and choke down a cold lunch in the pantry, while the Beethoven club occupied the parlor and ate $15 worth of smoked goose breasts. Altho he was very fond of music, Gwyn told him he would not understand and to be sure and go up the back stairs when he went to bed, so that Herr String, the great violinist, could not see him.

One night he tried to tell her that the mortgage was overdue, and that they would miss a lot of furniture in the near future unless she could pass up the "Basket Weavers' Society," and some more equally important bodies of which she was a charter member. She replied, that figures always gave her a terrible headache and to be sure and stay downtown the next day while she entertained the "Flower Pressers," who were doing a great work in preserving autumn leaves.

The next day, however, while she was in the act of placing a rare maple leaf between pages 232 and 233 of Harper's Weekly, a couple of rough men, with badges on their chests, insisted upon removing the piano, six chairs, two tables and the bookcase. When Brown came home she called him a brute and said, that inasmuch as he did not appraise her within 100 per cent of real value, she would leave him and return to mother.

Caution—Never judge the parlor by the door knob.

OH, IT'S EASY WHEN YOU KNOW HOW.

1. MR. NEWLYWED—No, Clara, I tell you I will NOT take you on a little trip. I'm entirely too busy at the office.
MRS. NEWLYWED (aside)—He's not at all busy. Well, I'll have to concoct some scheme to MAKE him take me.

2. MR. NEWLWED (on his return home that evening)—Why, what is the matter with my sweetheart?
MRS. NEWLYWED—Horace, do you think you would miss me if I were to be taken from you?—I feel that I am not long for this world. I suppose, though, you would soon get another wife and forget ME.

3. MR. NEWLYWED—Why, my dear; tut! tut! Brace up; there is nothing the matter with you. You are just a little melancholy, that's all.
MRS. NEWLYWED—Perhaps that's it, Horace. I think I'll go to a sanitarium. Mrs. Dawson had melancholia; she went to a sanitarium, stayed there three months, and was cured.

4. MR. NEWLYWED—Pooh, pooh! You don't need a sanitarium. All you want is a little change. Ha, ha, that's the thing. Oh, we'll go on a nice little trip, a nice little trip, a nice little trip. Oh, we'll go on a nice little trip so early in the morning.
MRS. NEWLYWED—I do think it would do me good, Horace. (Aside) Now, isn't that much easier than fighting?

WEATHER PREDICTIONS FOR THE NORTHWEST

For Minneapolis and Vicinity: Fair to-night and Wednesday; cooler to-night.

Weather Now and Then: To-day, maximum temperature 34 degrees, minimum temperature 30 degrees; a year ago, maximum temperature 35 degrees, minimum temperature 27 degrees.

Minnesota—Fair to-night, with cooler in east portion; Wednesday increasing cloudiness, with possibly snow flurries in north portion; variable winds.

Wisconsin—Fair to-night and Wednesday; cooler to-night; fresh northwest winds, becoming variable.

Upper Michigan—Fair to-night and Wednesday, except snow near Lake Superior to-night; colder to-night; fresh northwest winds.

Iowa—Fair to-night; probably increasing cloudiness Wednesday; variable winds.

North Dakota—Partly cloudy to-night and Wednesday, with possibly snow Wednesday; warmer in northwest portion; variable winds.

South Dakota—Fair to-night, with warmer in west portion; Wednesday increasing cloudiness; variable winds.

Montana—Snow to-night and Wednesday; variable winds.

WEATHER CONDITIONS.

Cloudy and stormy weather is reported in the gulf states, the Mississippi valley, much of the lake region, the Ohio valley and the Atlantic coast states. Rain was falling this morning at Charleston, New York, Boston, Detroit, Sault Ste. Marie and San Francisco, and snowing at Marquette. It is considerably warmer than it was yesterday morning in the Ohio valley and the southern part of the lake region, and considerably colder in the Dakotas, Montana and the British possessions. This morning's temperatures are below zero in the northern parts of Montana and North Dakota and thence northward, and they are above 70 degrees in the gulf states.

—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	30	Moorhead, Minn	16
St. Louis, Mo	50	Bismarck, N. D.	12
Chicago	32	New York	34
Duluth	20	Helena, Mont	10
Swift Current, Assiniboia	—10	San Francisco	42
Winnipeg, Manitoba	4	Los Angeles	40
Kansas City, Mo	42		

WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW

By MARION ALCOTT PRENTICE, Copyright, 1904.

CHILDREN'S TEETH.—Is there any easy way to correct irregularities in children's second teeth just coming in?—Mother.

You need not feel alarmed if the second teeth of the child come in irregularly, as, in the majority of cases, they will become more even as growth advances. Sometimes this irregularity of growth is due to too much crowding by teeth which should be removed; a dentist would recognize such cases and set the matter straight. The cuspid or eye teeth should be closely watched to prevent the new teeth from coming in above the normal position. In some families this tendency seems to be hereditary, but it can usually be averted by prompt measures. Fully developed irregular teeth can be straightened, but the process is both tedious and painful, as the teeth are loosened and then held in the new position by some plastic substance until firmly established. The time for this process is from three to six weeks, according to the location of the teeth and the number thus replaced. This work should be intrusted only to a skilled dentist, for in the hands of one whose knowledge of the operation was doubtful, the nerve might be injured so that the permanency of the teeth be jeopardized. In skilled hands, the operation is quite successful and the results warrant the cost and brief discomfort.

THE FUSSY WOMAN.—Is there any antidote for the fussy woman? I have a friend whose tendencies that way sometimes seem intolerable.—L. N. B.

The fussy woman is one of the most tiresome creatures on earth. She has little or no time for enjoyment and not a moment to spare in cultivating that thin, high-pitched voice which penetrates the quiet with some fussy, nervous exclamation, or helpful (?) remark at most inopportune times. She is certain the room is too cool or too warm, or that you would better read this or that book. Because she wears flannels in June, she is sure you will catch your death if you do not likewise. She keeps up this running fire of advice and fuss until her friends vote her a nuisance. She is far too busy worrying over the world in general to attend to her own affairs, so her children run wild and her husband is glad to slip out of the house for a rest. Poor soul. She has her bitter moments and wonders vaguely why her efforts are not appreciated, and why men and women shun her company. Somehow she has a perverted idea of life and cannot or will not see her faults. I would not advise you to attempt the task of changing such a disposition in another for you will but make an enemy. Treat your friend kindly, don't argue with her and when the trial becomes too great, escape as gracefully as you can.

QUESTIONS FOR TO-MORROW

REMOVING FACIAL LINES.—Please give me some efficacious method of removing facial lines. Altho I am a comparatively young woman, I have deep lines in my face, and they seem to be getting rapidly more marked.—Elsie.

MAN HAS HEART ON HIS RIGHT SIDE

Physicians Say 'Twill Be All Right Unless Patient Worries to Death or Organ Stops.

New York Sun Special Service.

Newark, N. J., March 22.—Consternation was caused in the mind of William Kaup, 32 years old, when he was informed by the Newark city hospital that his heart was on the right side. Kaup always had supposed it was on the left, like other persons.

"What will I do about it?" he exclaimed in breathless alarm. "Will I have to submit to an operation?"

"No," replied one of the physicians, laughing. "I guess it will be all right provided it doesn't worry you to death or stop."

MARCH 22 IN AMERICAN HISTORY

1765—British stamp act became law.
1802—Christopher R. Robert born. Founder of Robert college, Constantinople.
1803—Abner Coburn, governor of Maine, born.
1814—Thomas Crawford, sculptor, born.
1814—August Gemunder, violin-maker, born. His copies of old Italian makers deceived experts.
1815—Braxton Bragg, Confederate soldier, born.
1818—John F. Kensett, artist, born. One of the most distinguished of early painters.
1820—Duel between Commodore Decatur and Barron.
1834—William T. Nicholson, inventor, born. File-cutting machinery.
1834—Charles W. Marsh, inventor, born. Notable improver of reaping machines.
1847—Bombardment of Vera Cruz, Mexico, began.
1865—Wilson's raid from Chickasaw, Ala., to Macon, Ga.
1871—Governor Holden of North Carolina, impeached and removed from office.
1872—Emilio Aguinaldo, Philippine leader, born.

BUYING, SELLING AND BUILDING

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

William K. Hanscome and wife to Carl W. Johnson, lot 6, block 11, White & Le Bron's addition, $500.

Eustis Loan and Realty company to Ida S. Nelson, lot 5, block 7, Prospect Park, first division, revised, $500.

Edward C. Brewer and wife to Andrew S. Lodmill and wife, lots 12 to 15, block 37, Franklin avenue rearrangement, $450.

Alfred A. Beltz and wife to Alice E. Morlan, lots 18 and 19, block 1, Green's third addition, $10,000.

Samuel S. Thorpe and wife to John E. Burnes lot 3, block 8, Pleasant Park addition, $100.

Martha E. Burnett and husband et al. to Wm. K. Hanscome, lot 4, block 18, Windom's addition, $1,500.

Stephen W. Koehler and wife to Ada D. Malmsten, part lot 1, section 22, town 117, range 24, $1,800.

Andrew S. Lodmill and wife to Ane E. Olstad, lots 12 and 13, Franklin avenue rearrangement, $225.

Samuel R. C. Mathews and wife to Charles F. Olson, lot 38, block 1, Eustis' second addition, $1,000.

George L. O'Neale et al. to Anna C. Prinz, lots 1 to 8, McCabe's Wood Lake out lots, $2,350.

Springfield Savings bank to Varner W. Raymond, lot 18, block 8, Elwell's addition, $350.

Springfield Savings bank to Amory G. Rugg, lot 19, block 8, Elwell's addition, $350.

Frank J. Wilcox et al. to Charles W. Van Tuyl, part lot 25, block 6, first division of Remington park, $500.

Five minor deeds, $141.
Total, eighteen deeds, $19,766.

BUILDING PERMITS.

Mrs. Louise E. Scott, 2725 Fillmore street NE, dwelling, $2,500.

Fifteen minor permits, $4,230.
Total, sixteen permits, $6,730.

WAR'S HORRORS.

Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Highmore—Isn't war a dreadful thing?

Mrs. Gaswell—It's perfectly horrid. The papers were so full of it this morning that they only had room for five or six lines about my party last night.

CONSISTENCY.

Cleveland Leader.

"What have you been doing all day, dearest?" said his wife on his return home.

"Workin' like a dog."

At that moment the family pet got up from the sofa pillow on which he had been sleeping behind the stove, stretched from his long afternoon nap, whined at the door to be let out, and after his request was granted, stood in the yard for an hour or two and barked at the moon.

CRADLE, ALTAR AND GRAVE

BIRTHS.

O'Brien—Mr. and Mrs. W., 829 Nineteenth avenue S, girl.
Brudvig—Mr. and Mrs. Bernard, 333 Second street SE, boy.
Bleitz—Mr. and Mrs. Jacob, 1522 Ninth avenue S, boy.
Lamb—Mr. and Mrs. O., 631 Erie street SE, boy.
Simonson—Mr. and Mrs. Sivert, 2610 Monroe street NE, girl.
Calvin—Mr. and Mrs. August, 1306 Seventh street S, boy.
Ostlund—Mr. and Mrs. Charles, 650 Fillmore street, boy.
Schiffer—Mr. and Mrs. Herman, 1725 Marshall street, girl.
Gilbertson—Mr. and Mrs. Oscar, 2101 Twenty-seventh avenue S, girl.
Sheeby—Mr. and Mrs. Edward, 3103 Garfield avenue S, boy.
Peterson—Mr. and Mrs. J. E., 2119 Ninth street S, twin boys.
Nye—Mr. and Mrs. Charles M., 502 Oak street, girl.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Archibald F. Bell and Lulu Davenport.
Watson Dunham and Della Hodson.
Otte H. Rocky and Anna Anderson.
Clarence Orville Worrell and Beulah M. Herrin.
Henry J. Moran and Jennie E. Glenn.
Edward O'Byrne and Lillie Harrington.
Perry H. Sanger and Lydia M. Lehman.
Jacob Juhl and Sara Rose.
Charles W. Hamilton and Blanche May Small.
Olof Thorshang and Helen Hanson.
Benjamin F. Bellows and Katherine Van Gent.
Trevitt Butler and Veronica Doerschug.
Archibald Eastman and Eunice A. Hughes.

DEATHS.

Nugent—Joseph, 518½ Fifth street NE.
Barrett—Maud, 108 Sixteenth avenue N.
Nelson—Harold V., 2605 E Twenty-second street.
Collier—Mrs. Samuel, city hospital.
Osterfislak—City hospital.
Culhane—John, Soldiers' home hospital.
Carleton—City hospital.
McCormick—Michael, Asbury hospital.
Yout—Edward, city hospital.
Bloxham—Charles B., Asbury hospital.
Wodbury—John S., 259 Humboldt avenue N.
Raths—Nickolas, 1307 Washington avenue N.
Eckert—Fred Pond, 4239 Eleventh avenue S.
Rud—Karen, 508 Fourteenth avenue S.
Schair—Frederick, Soldiers' home hospital.
Johnson—Oscar, city hospital.

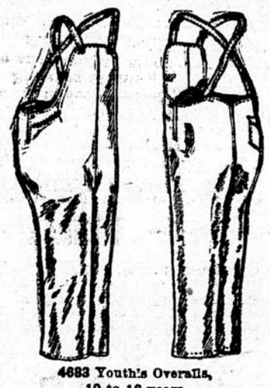
UP-TO-THE-MINUTE FASHIONS

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.

YOUTH'S OVERALLS 4683.

Overalls are essential to the neatness of the youth who is engaged in any manual pursuit, whether for pleasure of profit, just as aprons are essential to that of the girls who employ themselves about the house or in such occupations as painting, pyrography and the like. Those illustrated are quite simple and easily made and are suited to denim, linen crash and all the materials used for garments of the sort.



4683 Youth's Overalls, 10 to 16 years.

The leg portions are large enough to allow of drawing over the trousers without being uncomfortably loose. The fronts are extended to form a generous sized bib, but the backs terminate at the waist line. Openings are provided at the sides which button into place and pockets are inserted in the front portions, while a patch pocket is stitched onto the right side of the back. Straps are sewed to the upper edge of the back which pass over the shoulders and are attached to the fronts by means of buttons and metal fastenings, and above the bib are supplied with buckles by means of which the length can be regulated; but these can be cut of the exact length and attached with buttons and buttonholes when preferred.

To cut these overalls for a youth of 14 years of age, 2¾ yards of material 27 inches wide or 2½ yards 32 inches wide will be required. The pattern (4683) is cut in sizes for youths of 10, 12, 14 and 16 years of age.

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.

TWELVE FRESH EGGS CAUSE TROUBLE

Mechanic Takes Hen Fruit Into Barber Shop and Has His Throat Cut Thru Anxiety.

New York Sun Special Service.

Union Hill., N. J., March 22.—In trying to save twelve fresh eggs from destruction, Herbert Molino had his throat cut while being shaved and narrowly escaped death.

Molino, a mechanic, took the eggs with him to a barber shop, placed them in an empty chair while he dropped into another for a shave. Henry Leister, who weighs 300 pounds, entered the shop and made for the chair on which Molino had placed the eggs.

Molino made a dive for the eggs. He was too late to save them, but ripped his throat open with the razor.

The Wings of the Morning

A Thrilling Tale of Shipwreck and Adventure.

By LOUIS TRACY.

Copyright 1903 by Edward J. Clode.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

The Unexpected Happens.

The canvas awning was rolled back and the stores built into a barricade intended to shelter Iris.

"What is that for?" she asked, when she discovered its nature. He told her. She definitely refused to avail herself of any such protection.

"Robert, dear," she said, "if the attack comes to our very door, so to speak, surely I must help you. Even my slight aid may stem a rush in one place whilst you are busy in another."

He explained to her that if hand-to-hand fighting were necessary he would depend more upon a crowbar than a rifle to sweep the ledge clear. She might be in the way.

"Very well. The moment you tell me to get behind that fence I will do so. Even there I can use a revolver."

That reminded him. His own pistol was unloaded. He possessed only five more cartridges of small caliber. He placed them in the weapon and gave it to her.

"Now you have eleven men's lives in your hands," he said. "Try not to miss if you must shoot."

In the dim light he could not see the spasm of pain that clouded her face. No Dyak would reach her whilst he lived. If he fell, there was another use for one of those cartridges.

The sailor had cleared the main floor of the rock and was placing his four rifles and other implements within easy reach when a hiss came from beneath.

"Mir Jan!" exclaimed Iris.

"What now?" demanded Jenks over the side.

"Sahib, they come!"

"I am prepared. Let that snake get back to his hole in the rock, lest a mongoose seize him by the head."

Mir Jan, engaged in a scouting expedition on his own account, understood that the officer-sahib's orders must be obeyed. He vanished. Soon they heard a great crackling among the bushes on the right, but Jenks knew even before he looked that the Dyaks had correctly estimated the extent of his fire zone and would keep out of it.

The first physical intimation of the enemy's design they received was a pungent but pleasant smell of burning pine, borne to them by the northerly breeze and filling the air with its aroma. The Dyaks kindled a huge fire. The heat was perceptible even on the ledge, but the minutes passed, and the dawn broadened into day without any other result being achieved.

Iris, a little drawn and pale with suspense, said with a timid giggle—

"This does not seem to be so very serious. It reminds me of my efforts to cook."

"There is more to follow, I fear, dear one. But the Dyaks are fools. They should have waited until night fell again, after wearing us out by constant vigilance all day. If they intend to employ smoke it would be far worse for us at night."

Phew! A volume of murky vapor arose that nearly suffocated them by the first whiff of its noisome fumes. It curled like a black pall over the face of the rock and blotted out sea and sky. They coughed incessantly, and nearly choked, for the Dyaks had thrown wet sea-weed on top of the burning pile of dry wood. Mir Jan, born in interior India, knew little about the sea or its products, and when the savages talked of sea-weed he thought they meant green wood. Fortunately for him, the ascending clouds of smoke missed the cave, or infallibly he must have been stifled.

"Lie flat on the rock!" gasped Jenks. Careless of waste, he poured water over a coat and made Iris bury her mouth and nose in the wet cloth. This gave her immediate relief, and she showed her woman's wit by tying the sleeves of the garment behind her neck. Jenks nodded comprehension and followed her example, for by this means their hands were left free.

The black cloud grew more dense each few seconds. Nevertheless, owing to the slope of the ledge, and the tendency of the smoke to rise, the south side was far more tenable than the north. Quick to note this favorable circumstance, the sailor deduced a further fact from it. A barrier erected on the extreme right of the ledge would be a material gain. He sprang up, dragged the huge tarpaulin from its former location, and propped it on the handle of the pickaxe, driven by one mighty stroke deep into a crevice of the rock.

It was no mean feat of strength that he performed. He swung the heavy and cumbrous canvas into position as if it were a dust cloth. He emerged from the gloom of the driven cloud red-eyed but triumphant. Instantly the vapor on the ledge lessened, and they could breathe, even talk. Overhead and in front the smoke swept in ever-increasing density, but once again the sailor had outwitted the Dyaks' maneuvers.

"We have won the first rubber," he whispered to Iris.

Above, beneath, beyond, they could see nothing. The air they breathed was hot and fetid. It was like being immured in a foul tunnel and almost as dark. Jenks looked over the parapet. He thought he could distinguish some vague figures on the sands, so he fired at them. A volley of answering bullets crashed into the rock on all sides. The Dyaks had laid their plans well this time. A firing squad stationed beyond the smoke area, and supplied with all the available guns, commenced and kept up a smart fusilade in the direction of the ledge in order to cover the operations of the scaling party.

Jenks realized that to expose himself was to court a serious wound and achieve no useful purpose. He fell back out of range, laid down his rifle and grabbed the crowbar. At brief intervals a deep hollow boom came up from the valley. At first it puzzled them until the sailor hit upon an explanation. Mir Jan was busy.

The end of a strong, roughly made ladder swung through the smoke and banged against the ledge. Before Jenks could reach it those hoisting it into position hastily retreated. They were standing in front of the cave and the Mahommedan made play on them with a Lee-Metford at thirty feet.

Jenks, using his crowbar as a lever, toppled the ladder clean over. It fell outwards and disconcerted a section of the musketeers.

"Well done," cried Iris.

The sailor, astounded by her tone, gave her a fleeting glance. She was very pale now, but not with fear. Her eyes were slightly contracted, her nostrils quivering, her lips set tight and her chin dimpled. She had gone back thirty generations in as many seconds. Thus might one of the daughters of Boadicea have looked whilst guarding her mother's chariot against the Roman phalanx. Resting on one knee, with a revolver in each hand, she seemed no puling mate for the gallant man who fought for her.

She caught his look.

"We will beat them yet!" she cried again, and she smiled, not as a woman smiles, but with the joy of the warrior when the fray is toward.

There was no time for further speech. Three ladders were reared against the rock. They were so poised and held below that Jenks could not force them backwards. A fourth appeared, its coarse shafts looming into sight like the horns of some gigantic animal. The four covered practically the whole front of the ledge save where Mir Jan cleared a little space on the level.

The sailor was standing now, with the crow-bar clenched in both hands. The firing in the valley slackened and died away. A Dyak face, grinning like a Japanese demon, appeared at the top of the ladder nearest to Iris.

"Don't fire!" shouted Jenks, and the iron bar crushed downwards. Two others pitched themselves half on to the ledge. Now both crowbar and revolver were needed. Three ladders were thus cumbered somewhat for those beneath, and Jenks sprang towards the fourth and most distant. Men were crowding it like ants. Close to his feet lay an empty water cask. It was a crude weapon, but effective when well pitched, and the sailor had never made a better shot for a goal in the midst of a hard-fought scrimmage than he made with that tub for the head of the uppermost pirate.

Another volley came from the sands. A bullet ploughed through his hair, and sent his sou'wester flying. Again the beslegers swarmed to the attack. One way or the other they must succeed. A man and a woman—even such a man and such a woman—could not keep at bay an infuriated horde of fifty savages fighting at close quarters and under these grievous conditions.

Jenks knew what would happen. He would be shot in the head or breast whilst repelling the scaling party. And Iris! Dear heart! She was thinking of him.

"Keep back! They can never gain the ledge!" she shrieked.

And then, above the din of the fusillade, the yells of the assailants and the bawling of the wounded, there came through the air a screaming, tearing, ripping sound which drowned all others. It traveled with incredible speed, and before the sailor could believe his ears—for he knew what it meant—a schrapnell shell burst in front of the ledge and drenched the valley with flying lead.

Jenks was just able to drag Iris flat against the rock ere the time fuse operated and the bullets flew. He could form no theory, hazard no conjecture. All he knew was that a twelve-pounder shell had flown towards them through space, scattering red ruin among the amazed scoundrels beneath. Instantly he rose again, lest perchance any of the Dyaks should have gained a foothold on the ledge.

The ladders were empty. He could hear a good deal of groaning, the footsteps of running men, and some distant shouting.

"Sahib!" yelled Mir Jan, drawn from his retreat by the commotion without.

"Yes!" shouted Jenks.

The native, in a voice cracked with excitement, told him something. The sailor asked a few rapid questions to make quite sure that Mir Jan was not mistaken.

Then he threw his arms round Iris, drew her close and whispered—

"My darling, we are saved! A warship has anchored just beyond the south reef, and two boats filled with armed sailors are now pulling ashore."

And she answered proudly—

"The Dyaks could never have conquered us, Robert. We were manifestly under God's protection. Oh, my love, my love, I am so happy and thankful."

CHAPTER XV.

The Difficulty of Pleasing Everybody.

The drifting smoke was still so dense that not even the floor of the valley could be discerned. Jenks dared not leave Iris at such a moment. He feared to bring her down the ladder lest another shell might be fired. But something must be done to end their suspense.

He called to Mir Jan—

"Take off your turban and hold it above your head, if you think they can see you from the warship."

"It is all right, sahib," came the cheering answer. "One boat is close inshore. I think, from the uniforms, they are English sahibs, such as I have seen at Garden Reach. The Dyaks have all gone."

Nevertheless Jenks waited. There was nothing to gain by being too precipitate. A false step now might undo the achievements of many weeks.

Mir Jan was dancing about beneath in a state of wild excitement.

"They have seen the Dyaks running to their sampans, sahib," he yelled, "and the second boat is being pulled in that direction. Yet another has just left the ship."

A translation made Iris excited, eager to go down and see these wonders.

"Better wait here, dearest," he said. "The enemy may be driven back in this direction, and I cannot expose you to further risk. The sailors will soon land, and you can then descend in perfect safety."

The boom of a cannon came from the sea. Instinctively the girl ducked for safety, though her companion smiled at her fears, for the shell would have long preceded the report, had it traveled their way.

"One of the remaining sampans has got under way," he explained, "and the warship is firing at her."

Two more guns were fired. The man-o'-war evidently meant business.

"Poor wretches!" murmured Iris. "Cannot the survivors be allowed to escape?"

"Well, we are unable to interfere. Those caught on the island will probably be taken to the mainland and hanged for their crimes, so the manner of their end is not of much consequence."

To the girl's manifest relief there was no more firing, and Mir Jan announced that a number of sailors were actually on shore. Then her thoughts turned to a matter of concern to the feminine mind even in the gravest moments of existence. She laved her face with water and sought her discarded skirt!

Soon the steady tramp of boot-clad feet advancing at the double was heard on the shingle, and an officer's voice, speaking the crude Hindustani of the engineroom and forecastle, shouted to Mir Jan—

"Hi, you black fellow! Are there any white people here?"

Jenks sang out—

"Yes, two of us! Perched on the rock over your heads. We are coming down."

He cast loose the rope-ladder. Iris was limp and trembling.

"Steady, sweetheart," he whispered. "Don't forget the slip between the cup and the lip. Hold tight! But have no fear! I will be just beneath."

It was well he took this precaution. She was now so unnerved that an unguarded movement might have led to an accident. But the knowledge that her lover was near, the touch of his hand guiding her feet on to the rungs of the ladder, sustained her. They had almost reached the level when a loud exclamation and the crash of a heavy blow caused Jenks to halt and look downwards.

A Dyak, lying at the foot of one of the scaling ladders, and severely wounded by a shell splinter, witnessed their descent. In his left hand he grasped a parang; his right arm was bandaged. Though unable to rise, the vengeful pirate mustered his remaining strength to crawl towards the swaying ladder. It was Taung S'All, inspired with the hate and venom of a dying snake. Even yet he hoped to deal a mortal stroke at the man who had defied him and all his cut-throat band. He might have succeeded, as Jenks was so taken up with Iris, were it not for the watchful eyes of Mir Jan. The Mahommedan sprang at him with an oath, and gave him such a murderous whack with the butt of a rifle that the Dyak chief collapsed and breathed out his fierce spirit in a groan.

(To Be Continued To-morrow.)

Defective Page