LITTLE REGGIE FINDS AN UNWELCOME ADMIRER.

1. TWINS—Oh, yes; do sing, Aunt Miranda. Mother says you used to be a great singer.
AUNT MIRANDA—Yes. I had a beautiful voice once. I'll sing this love song for you, but I must have some one to sing the bass.
TWINS—Oh, Reggie has a fair voice.

2. AUNT MIRANDA (singing)—I love thee daily, daily.
REGGIE (answering)—Yes, yes, I love thee always, always.
CHUMS—I do hope they'll quit. Did any one ever hear such singing in their life?

3. AUNT MIRANDA (after the song)—Why, bless my soul. Laughing at me—at my singing? What ignorance. Young ladies, I consider myself insulted, and I'll not remain another instant in this house.

4. AUNT MIRANDA—Tut, tut, don't answer me. I don't want any of your dandies to accompany me. You, Mr. Reggie, seem to be the only gentleman here, and you may see me safely home. Young ladies, you may consider yourselves cut out of my will.

WEATHER PREDICTIONS FOR THE NORTHWEST

For Minneapolis and Vicinity: Probably rain or snow to-night and Thursday.

Weather Now and Then: To-day, maximum temperature 34 degrees, minimum temperature 28 degrees; a year ago, maximum temperature 31 degrees, minimum temperature 24 degrees.

Minnesota—Rain or snow to-night and Thursday; probably colder Thursday in south and west portion; increasing easterly winds, shifting to northwest Thursday.

Wisconsin—Increasing cloudiness, with probably showers Thursday and in west portion to-night; warmer in west portion to-night and in east portion Thursday; increasing southeast winds.

Upper Michigan—Threatening, with rain or snow Thursday and in west portion to-night; increasing easterly winds.

Iowa—Increasing cloudiness, with showers Thursday and possibly late to-night; warmer to-night and in east portion Thursday; colder in west portion Thursday; increasing southerly winds.

North Dakota—Snow to-night and Thursday; colder; high southerly, shifting to northerly winds.

South Dakota—Rain to-night, turning to snow and colder Thursday; high southerly, shifting to northerly winds.

Montana—Snow and colder to-night and Thursday; cold wave in south portion; high northerly winds.

WEATHER CONDITIONS.

Cloudy weather continues in the Atlantic and gulf states and on the eastern and western Rocky mountain slopes. There have been rains during the past twenty-four hours from Texas to the New England coast, those in the Ohio valley being heavy, with 2.02 inches reported at Cincinnati and 1.04 at Knoxville. There has been rain also on the Pacific coast, and snow in the Rocky mountain region as far south as southwestern Utah. Los Angeles reports 2.20 inches of rainfall. The morning temperatures are still below zero in the British possessions.

—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	28	Kansas City	40
St. Louis	40	Huron	28
Chicago	36	Moorhead	14
Duluth	12	Bismarck	6
Swift Current, Assiniboia	—10	New York	36
Winnipeg, Man	—14	Helena	12

WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW

By MARION ALCOTT PRENTICE, Copyright, 1904.

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.

The deep drooping lines which run from the nose to the chin are the hardest of all wrinkles to eradicate, especially if they are largely hereditary, as is often the case; then, it is almost impossible to remove them entirely. Again, the formation of the face has much to do with the depth of these lines, or it may be a force of habit of expression has set them unusually deep. Altho the facial operator may have one or more of these causes to contend with, regular and intelligent treatment will surely reduce the unlovely lines if directions are carefully observed and followed with system. At the same time you are working, try and discover any habit which may be deepening the lines, and endeavor to correct it, for this will facilitate matters greatly. A pure skin food is invaluable in the work, used in combination with the massage. To protect the delicate texture of the skin from grime and render the pores more effective, it must first be prepared to receive the food by a face bath of hot, soapy water, followed by a thoro rinsing in warm water, to remove every trace of soap. Then begin by anointing the deep lines generously with the cerate. Remember that you wish to build up, hence the pressure must be light and of not too long duration. The first movement consists of kneading, to tone up relaxed muscles. Pick up the flesh on each side of the line, between the thumb and finger, and gently press it in a slightly rolling or clawing motion. Go over the entire length of the lines two or three times, then perform an upward rotary movement, keeping the skin moistened all the time with plenty of the cerate. Lastly, place the finger tips on the temples and with the thumbs placed just forward of the lines smooth and stroke the lines crosswise, upward and backward, toward the ears. The results, after a few weeks of this treatment, taken regularly daily, will be most gratifying.

QUESTIONS FOR TO-MORROW

PROTECTING THE HANDS.—I am very fond of golf, but as the opening of the season approaches I find myself dreading the condition my hands get into when I golf too much. They are soft and white now, but by midsummer they will be "sights"—unless you come to my rescue.—Golfer.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON TEA.—Please give me some suggestions for entertaining my friends informally at Sunday tea. Isn't there some way of making such affairs attractive to one's men's friends?—Dorothy.

SMALL DOG CAUSES GREAT CONFUSION

Water Spaniel Affected by Hydrophobia Paralyzes Traffic and Business in Connecticut Town.

New York Sun Special Service.

Stamford, Conn., March 23.—A little black shaggy water-spaniel held undisputed possession of Main street here, delayed street car traffic and stopped business in several stores.

The spaniel went mad without warning. He sought shelter in Chief Brennan's private office, but fled into the street again when his owner tried to catch him.

Armed with a horse pistol and a phial of poison Michael Ryle and Special Officer Hawley volunteered to kill the spaniel. He flew at them and when Ryle tried to shoot, the pistol would not work.

At length, when the dog was well nigh exhausted, they caught him between the jam and edge of a door. Hawley managed to get some of the poison into the spaniel's throat and in a few minutes he was dead.

MARCH 23 IN AMERICAN HISTORY

(Compiled from the National Cyclopedia of American Biography.)

1699—John Bartram, botanist, born. He established the first botanic garden.

1758—Samuel Hitchcock, jurist, born. Was active in the affairs of Vermont.

1790—Franklin petitions congress to abolish slavery. His last public act.

1812—Stephen R. Riggs, missionary to the Indians, born. Prepared over forty volumes in the Dakota language.

1818—Don Carlos Buell, soldier, born.

1828—Schuyler Colfax, statesman, born. Vice-president under Grant.

1829—George Crompton, inventor, born. The famous Crompton loom revolutionized the cotton industry.

1831—James Phinny Baxter, merchant and author, born. He wrote many historical works upon Maine.

1862—Battle of Kernstown or Winchester, Va.

1865—Paul Leicester Ford, author, born.

1901—Aguinaldo, the Philippine leader, captured.

BUYING, SELLING AND BUILDING

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Josie E. Skahen and husband to Charles J. Chapin; lot 11, block 1, Green's Second addition, $8,600.

Lewis L. Olmstead to Corser Investment company; part of lots 4 and 5, block 12, Minneapolis, $6,750.

John Thoensjo and wife to Ingrid C. Holmgren; part of lots 12 and 13, block 12, J. T. Blaisdell's revised addition, $4,500.

Martin Bomberg et al. to Peter C. Larson; in section 12-28-24, $1,000.

Corser Investment company to George Markhus; part of lots 4 and 5, block 78, Minneapolis, $6,750.

Katharina Hoffmann et al. to Peter Mollner and wife; lot 7, block 32, Case and others' subdivision, $3,300.

Levenda M. Burke to Freeman T. McFarland; lots 10 and 11, block 4, Second division Remington Park, $670.

Thomas H. Long to Robert Schiefelbein; lot 12, block 31, Fairmount Park addition, $200.

Ingrid C. Holmgren to Hilma S. Thornsjo; part of lots 12 and 13, block 12, J. T. Blaisdell's revised addition, $4,500.

Jacob Toning and wife to Rudolph B. Vollmer; lots 3 and 4, block 13, Williams' addition, $3,600.

Eight minor deeds, $87.

Total, 18 deeds, $40,957.

BUILDING PERMITS.

August Swanson, 182 Arthur avenue SE, dwelling, $1,000.

Mrs. M. K. Christienson, 2426 Thirteenth avenue S, dwelling, $2,000.

Fourteen minor permits, $3,100.

Total, 16 permits, $6,100.

CRADLE, ALTAR AND GRAVE

BIRTHS.

Peterson—Mr. and Mrs. Axel, 4114 Colfax avenue N, a daughter.

Modin—Mr. and Mrs. Frank, 405 Colfax avenue N, a daughter.

Schmidt—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph, 1513 Third street N, a son.

Wheeler—Mr. and Mrs. J. J., 408 Eighteenth avenue N, a son.

Meyers—Mr. and Mrs. H. J., Swedish hospital, a daughter.

Petterson—Mr. and Mrs. Robert, 1514 E Eighteenth street, a son.

Kuduk—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, 2210 Third street NE, a son.

Zinn—Mr. and Mrs. Frank, 823 Queen avenue N, a son.

Olson—Mr. and Mrs. George, 3110 First avenue S, a son.

Kirby—Mr. and Mrs. John, 123 E Thirtieth street, a son.

Smith—Mr. and Mrs. Henry, 1124 Main street NE, a son.

Hurst—Mr. and Mrs. C. M., 717 Fourth avenue N, a daughter.

Olson—Mr. and Mrs. Andrew, 2110 Eleventh avenue S, a son.

Carleson—Mr. and Mrs. Victor, 3348 Emerson avenue N, a daughter.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Albert Henry Le Doux and Marie Helen Zeglin.

Aksel Wilhelm Liljeqvist and Fanny Marie Frast.

Henry A. Dickinson and Emma Erickson.

William Radke and Lizzie Schegg.

Alfred Anderson and Annie Person.

DEATHS.

Smith—Burton H., 3617 Ninth avenue S.

Swenson—Ole, 11 Nineteenth avenue S.

Johnson—Peter J., 4090 Colfax avenue N.

Swanson—Mrs. Carrie M., 310 Second avenue SE.

THE PASSWORD.

Town Topics.

"Are you sober?" asked Mrs. Larkin, as she leaned out of the second-story window at 2:30 a. m. in response to her husband's ring.

"Yesh, m'dear."

"Then say Pietermaritzburg."

THEY SPEAK A LANGUAGE KNOWN ONLY TO THEMSELVES

Two Ohio Women Converse in Queer Speech That no One Else Can Understand — Linguists and Scientists Puzzled.

Special Cor. of the Pittsburg Dispatch.

Toledo, O.—Mrs. Nellie Bell and Mrs. Lillie Wright of 2327 Glenwood avenue, two prominent society women, are attracting the attention of eminent linguists and scientists.

They speak a language known only to themselves, the supposed result of a thought transference which began in childhood. At least, it is a subject that is food for much thought and speculation.

Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Wright are twin daughters of the late Dr. Bush of Fremont, and they have lived most of their married lives in Toledo.

Socially popular and possessed of wide acquaintance, their strange gift has long been accepted by their friends as a matter of course. They have always been averse to any undue publicity in regard to the subject, yet without any mawkish sentiment over this strange gift.

"Our friends here and in Fremont often ask us to converse for them," said Mrs. Bell, "simply because the speech is queer and utterly unlike theirs in sound. We have never thought much about it, as we have always used it when alone, but lately linguists have urged us to tell our rules of pronunciation and to write our language for them.

"The truth is we have no rules. We have never paid attention to construction or to any analysis of the speech. One day when a child I was playing with a pet dog and spoke to him in this strange tongue. My sister heard me, listened a minute or two and replied in the same jargon, which was perfectly intelligible to me.

"Since then we have carried on all our conversations together in this talk.

"Neither our parents nor our sister were ever able to understand us, and used to laugh good-naturedly when we talked our secrets before them in this way.

"Our sister, now Mrs. Brand of Antwerp, Belgium, a student and a linguist, now urges us to formulate a grammar and set down the rules of our talk, which she believes is a revival of some dead language."

"The first time we went to Europe," said Mrs. Wright, "a Hungarian professor of languages, who overheard us talking, asked us to write some words for him; he was master of many languages, and he wished to trace analogies in ours. We put him off from day to day, but he was so urgent that at last we did set down some words for him. He said the jargon resembled a mixture of Welsh and Indian."

"It is not euphonic," said Mrs. Bell, "because of the predominance of consonant sounds. It seems strange to us that we have talked it all these years without attracting any particular attention, and lately it has become known, and we receive letters and visits from scientists and linguists regarding it.

"A professor from Ann Arbor came down to see us a week or so ago, but we could tell him very little.

"We spell it phonetically in writing, and use it in our letters to each other.

"It is a great convenience many times, especially in traveling, and we often have pleasant little asides together which we would otherwise miss. We have frequently been asked what our nationality was by our fellow travelers, who, happening to overhear our conversation, would be nonplussed.

"The Theosophists are among our latest inquirers," said Mrs. Wright; "they wish to investigate the language in support of their theory of reincarnation."

The little women do not take themselves seriously at all, but laugh good naturedly at all the serious attempts to make them famous, and go on with their cheerful chatter in the same old way.

They kindly gave an example to a caller regarding their conversation. Mrs. Bell left the room, closing the door and going across the hall to the library, where she was heard talking to a guest of the house. Then Mrs. Wright asked that something he said which she would translate in "our language," as the sisters call it, to Mrs. Bell.

"I see there is to be an excursion to the Pacific coast from February to April," said the caller, reading from an advertisement.

"We have never said 'Pacific Coast,' said Mrs. Wright; "just never had occasion to, you know; but it will make no difference, the words come to use as we need them."

She then called Mrs. Bell, gave her the sentence in their speech, which was quickly and correctly translated. "We never said 'Pacific coast' before," said Mrs. Bell, much to the satisfaction of Mrs. Wright.

A number of tests were tried, all proving the absolute subjectivity of the process of speech.

The following list of words, translated to "our language," affords an idea of the individual sounds of the letters of the alphabet. It will be observed that there is little similarity of sound between the English and the sisters' speech, a fact which makes "our language distinctive" and quite removed from "hog Latin" or any of the known forms of childish dialect.

Able	Skebble Entity	Krenetch
Believe	Bekabe Opal	Cripel
Cedar	Zouder Peculiar	Berulyur
Deal	Krel Curious	Zehnirkus
Easy	Krlskird Arbor	Skirbux
Effigy	Shipegen Esteem	Skyrum
Ginger	Yunjur Tea	Rupskibru
Hay	Kredkris Usury	Skisery
Item	Skasketum Veal	Krilblist
Jail	Deyoul Wish	Taquich
Kale	Kel Extra ..	Sumblitskettry
Elevate	Skielerute Wise	Tagezumblitz
Eminent ..	Rumekrent Zebra	Strubdeskirs

The sisters speak French and German, but have only a high school acquaintance with Latin.

The fact of their never having to learn so intricate a speech as the foregoing proves a perfected system of thought transference.

In conversation with their friends, Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Bell often reply in concert to questions put to either. The mental connection which seems ever to exist between them is thus shown in their spontaneous and identical answers.

A correspondent says the last was the worst Christmas that makers of dolls and toys in Germany ever experienced.

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 4684.

TO BE TUCKED OR SHIRRED BETWEEN BOX PLAITS AND MADE WITH OR WITHOUT THE FITTED LINING.

4684 Fancy Blouse, 32 to 40 bust.

Box plaits combined with tucks or shirrings are among the novelties that are genuinely attractive as well as new. This pretty waist admits of either combination and is eminently graceful and smart. The model is made of pale blue messaline satin, with yoke and cuffs of cream lace, and is tucked between the plaits, but all of the soft and pliable materials of the season are appropriate and shirrings can be substituted for the tucks whenever preferred. The drop yoke and the deep gauntlet cuffs make noteworthy features and the crushed belt is both fashionable and in harmony with the design. The back blouses slightly over the belt, but can be drawn down snugly when preferred.

The waist consists of the lining, the front and backs, which are arranged over it. The yoke is separate and is arranged over the waist after the sleeves are sewed in, the closing being made invisibly at the back edge of the yoke and beneath the box plait. The sleeves are the favorite ones of the season and form soft full puffs above the cuffs, but are tucked to fit the upper arm snugly.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 yards 21 inches wide, 3 yards 27 inches wide or 2 yards 44 inches wide with ½ yard of silk for belt and 1⅜ yards of all-over lace.

The pattern, 4684, 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.

ITS HURTFUL SEDENTARY HABIT.

Philadelphia Press.

"I think," said the meditative boy, "that a wasp would be all right if it didn't get tired."

"Eh?" replied his father. "Where did you get that idea?"

"Why, one day I got a wasp on my hand, and while he was walking around he was all right. He didn't hurt till he stopped to sit down."

ON THE OTHER HAND.

Tit-Bits.

Lawyer—Your case would have been stronger, Mr. McGuire, if you had acted only on the defensive, but you struck first. If you had let him strike you first, you would have had the law on your side.

Mr. McGuire—Yis, Oi'd had th' law on my side, but Oi'd 'a' had him on my chest a-poundin' th' loife out av me.

The Wings of the Morning

A Thrilling Tale of Shipwreck and Adventure.

By LOUIS TRACY.

Copyright 1903 by Edward J. Clode.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

The Difficulty of Pleasing Everybody.

At the first glance Jenks did not recognize Taung S'Ali owing to his change of costume. Thru the thinner smoke he could see several sailors running up.

"Look out, there!" he cried. "There is a lady here. If any Dyak moves, knock him on the head!"

But, with the passing of the chief, their last peril had gone. The next instant they were standing on the firm ground, and a British naval lieutenant was saying eagerly—

"We seem to have turned up in the nick of time. Do you, by any chance, belong to the Sirdar?"

"We are the sole survivors," answered the sailor.

"You two only?"

"Yes. She struck on the north-west reef of this island during a typhoon. This lady, Miss Iris Deane, and I were flung ashore——"

"Miss Deane! Can it be possible? Let me congratulate you most heartily. Sir Arthur Deane is on board the Orient at this moment."

"The Orient!"

Iris was dazed. The uniforms, the pleasant faces of the English sailors, the strange sensation of hearing familiar words in tones other than those of the man she loved, bewildered her.

"Yes," explained the officer, with a sympathetic smile. "That's our ship, you know, in the offing there."

It was all too wonderful to be quite understood yet. She turned to Robert—

"Do you hear? They say my father is not far away. Take me to him."

"No need for that, miss," interrupted a warrant officer. "Here he is coming ashore. He wanted to come with us, but the captain would not permit it, as there seemed to be some trouble ahead."

Sure enough, even the girl's swimming eyes could distinguish the grey-bearded civilian seated beside an officer in the stern-sheets of a small gig now threading a path thru the broken reef beyond Turtle Beach. In five minutes, father and daughter would meet.

Meanwhile the officer, intent on duty, addressed Jenks again.

"May I ask who you are?"

"My name is Anstruther—Robert Anstruther."

Iris, clinging to his arm, heard the reply.

So he had abandoned all pretence. He was ready to face the world at her side. She stole a loving glance at him as she cried—

"Yes, Captain Anstruther, of the Indian Staff Corps. If he will not tell you all that he has done, how he has saved my life twenty times, how he has fought single-handed against eighty men, ask me!"

The naval officer did not need to look a second time at Iris's face to lengthen the list of Captain Anstruther's achievements, by one more item. He sighed. A good sailor always does sigh when a particularly pretty girl is labeled "Engaged."

But he could be very polite.

"Captain Anstruther does not appear to have left much for us to do, Miss Deane," he said. "Indeed," turning to Robert, "is there any way in which my men will be useful?"

"I would recommend that they drag the green stuff off that fire and stop the smoke. Then, a detachment should go round the north side of the island and drive the remaining Dyaks into the hands of the party you have landed, as I understand, at the further end of the south beach. Mir Jan, the Mahommedan here, who has been a most faithful ally during part of our siege, will act as guide.

The other man cast a comprehensive glance over the rock, with its scaling ladders and dangling rope-ladder, the cave, the little groups of dead or unconscious pirates—for every wounded man who could move a limb had crawled away after the first shell burst—and drew a deep breath.

"How long were you up there?" he asked.

"Over thirty hours."

"It was a great fight!"

"Somewhat worse than it looks," said Anstruther. "This is only the end of it. Altogether, we have accounted for nearly two score of the poor devils."

"Do you think you can make them prisoners, without killing any more of them?" asked Iris.

"That depends entirely on themselves, Miss Deane. My men will not fire a shot unless they encounter resistance."

Robert looked towards the approaching boat. She would not land yet for a couple of minutes.

"By the way," he said, "will you tell me your name?"

"Playdon—Lieutenant Philip H. Playdon."

"Do you know to what nation this island belongs?"

"It is no-man's land, I think. It is marked 'uninhabited' on the chart."

"Then," said Anstruther, "I call upon you, Lieutenant Playdon, and all others here present, to witness that I, Robert Anstruther, late of the Indian Army, acting on behalf of myself and Miss Iris Deane, declare that we have taken possession of this island in the name of His Britannic Majesty the King of England, that we are the joint occupiers and owners thereof, and claim all property rights vested therein."

These formal phrases, coming at such a moment, amazed his hearers. Iris alone had an inkling of the underlying motive.

"I don't suppose any one will dispute your title," said the naval officer gravely. He unquestionably imagined that suffering and exposure had slightly disturbed the other man's senses, yet he had seldom seen any person who looked to be in more complete possession of his faculties.

"Thank you," replied Robert with equal composure, though he felt inclined to laugh at Playdon's mystification. "I only wished to secure a sufficient number of witnesses for a verbal declaration. When I have a few minutes to spare I will affix a legal notice on the wall in front of our cave."

Playdon bowed silently. There was something in the speaker's manner that puzzled him. He detailed a small guard to accompany Robert and Iris, who now walked towards the beach, and asked Mir Jan to pilot him as suggested by Anstruther.

The boat was yet many yards from shore when Iris ran forward and stretched her arms to the man who was staring at her with wistful despair.

"Father! Father!" she cried. "Don't you know me?"

Sir Arthur Deane was looking at the two strange figures on the sands, and each moment his heart sank lower. This island held his final hope. During many weary weeks, since the day when a kindly admiral placed the cruiser Orient at his disposal, he had scoured the China Sea, the coast of Borneo and Java, for some tidings of the ill-fated Sirdar.

He met naught save blank nothingness, the silence of the great ocean mausoleum. Not a boat, a spar, a life-bouy, was cast up by the waves to yield faintest trace of the lost steamer. Every naval man knew what had happened. The vessel had met with some mishap to her machinery, struck a derelict, or turned turtle, during that memorable typhoon of March 17 and 18. She had gone down with all hands. Her fate was a foregone conclusion. No ship's boat could live in that sea, even if the crew were able to launch one. It was another of the ocean's tragedies, with the fifth act left to the imagination.

To examine every sand patch and tree-covered shoal in the China Sea was an impossible task. All the Orient could do was to visit the principal islands and institute inquiries among the fishermen and small traders. At last, the previous night, a Malay, tempted by hope of reward, boarded the vessel when lying at anchor off the large island away to the south, and told the captain a wondrous tale of a devil-haunted place inhabited by two white spirits, a male and a female, whither a local pirate named Taung S'Ali had gone by chance with his men and suffered great loss. But Taung S'Ali was bewitched by the female spirit, and had returned there, with a great force swearing to capture her or perish. The spirit, the Malay said, had dwelt upon the island for many years. His father and grandfather knew the place and feared it. Taung S'Ali would never be seen again.

This queer yarn was the first indication they received of the whereabouts of any persons who might possibly be shipwrecked Europeans, tho not survivors from the Sirdar. Anyhow, the tiny dot lay in the vessel's northward track, so a course was set to arrive off the island soon after dawn.

Events on shore, as seen by the officers on watch, told their own tale. Wherever Dyaks are fighting there is mischief on foot, so the Orient took a hand in the proceedings.

But Sir Arthur Deane, after an agonized scrutiny of the weird-looking persons escorted by the sailors to the water's edge, sadly acknowledged that neither of these could be the daughter whom he sought. He bowed his head in humble resignation, and he thought he was the victim of a cruel hallucination when Iris's tremulous accents reached his ears

"Father, father! Don't you know me?"

He stood up, amazed and trembling.

"Yes, father dear. It is I, your own little girl given back to you. Oh dear! Oh dear! I cannot see you for my tears."

They had some difficulty to keep him in the boat, and the man pulling stroke smashed a stout oar with the next wrench.

And so they met at last, and the sailors left them alone, to crowd round Anstruther and ply him with a hundred questions. Although he fell in with their humor, and gradually pieced together the stirring story which was supplemented each instant by the arrival of disconsolate Dyaks and the comments of the men who returned from cave and beach, his soul was filled with the sight of Iris and her father, and the happy, inconsequent demands with which each sought to ascertain and relieve the extent of the other's anxiety.

Then Iris called to him—

"Robert, I want you."

The use of his Christian name created something akin to a sensation. Sir Arthur Deane was startled, even in his immeasurable delight at finding his child uninjured—the picture of rude health and happiness.

Anstruther advanced.

"This is my father," she cried, shrill with joy. "And, father darling, this is Captain Robert Anstruther, to whom alone, under God's will, I owe my life, many, many times since the moment the Sirdar was lost."

It was no time for questioning. Sir Arthur Deane took off his hat and held out his hand—

"Captain Anstruther," he said, "as I owe you my daughter's life, I owe you that which I can never repay. And I owe you my own life, too, for I could not have survived the knowledge that she was dead."

Robert took the proffered hand—

"I think, Sir Arthur, that, of the two, I am the more deeply indebted. There are some privileges whose value cannot be measured, and among them the privilege of restoring your daughter to your arms takes the highest place."

Then, being much more self-possessed than the older man, who was naturally in a state of agitation that was almost painful, he turned to Iris.

"I think," he said, "that your father should take you on board the Orient, Iris. There you may, perhaps, find some suitable clothing, eat something, and recover from the exciting events of the morning. Afterwards, you must bring Sir Arthur ashore again, and we will guide him over the island. I am sure you will find much to tell him meanwhile."

The baronet could not fail to note the manner in which these two addressed each other, the fearless love which leaped from eye to eye, the calm acceptance of a relationship not to be questioned or gainsaid. Robert and Iris, without spoken word on the subject, had tactily agreed to avoid the slightest semblance of subterfuge as unworthy alike of their achievements and their love. Yet what could Sir Arthur Deane do? To frame a suitable protest at such a moment was not to be dreamed of. As yet he was too shaken to collect his thoughts. Anstruther's proposal, however, helped him to blurt out what he intuitively felt to be a disagreeable fact. Yet something must be said, for his brain reeled.

"Your suggestion is admirable," he cried, striving desperately to affect a careless complaisance. "The ship's stores may provide Iris with some sort of rig-out, and an old friend of hers is on board at this moment, little expecting her presence. Lord Ventnor has accompanied me in my search. He will, of course, be delighted——"

Anstruther flushed a deep bronze, but Iris broke in—

"Father, why did he come with you?"

Sir Arthur, driven into this sudden squall of explanation, became dignified.

"Well, you see, my dear, under the circumstances, he felt an anxiety almost commensurate with my own."

"But why, why?"

Iris was quite calm. With Robert near, she was courageous. Even the perturbed baronet experienced a new sensation as his troubled glance fell before her searching eyes. His daughter had left him a joyous, heedless girl. He found her a woman, strong, self-reliant, purposeful. Yet he kept on, choosing the most straightforward means as the only honorable way of clearing a course so beset with unsuspected obstacles.

"It is only reasonable, Iris, that your affianced husband should suffer an agony of apprehension on your account, and do all that was possible to effect your rescue."

"My—affianced—husband?"

"Well, my dear girl, perhaps that is hardly the correct phrase from your point of view. Yet you cannot fail to remember that Lord Ventnor——"

"Father, dear," said Iris solemnly, but in a voice free from all uncertainty, "my affianced husband stands here! We plighted our troth at the very gate of death. It was ratified in the presence of God, and has been blessed by Him. I have made no compact with Lord Ventnor. He is a base and unworthy man. Did you but know the truth concerning him you would not mention his name in the same breath with mine. Would he, Robert!"

(To Be Continued To-morrow.)