

The Wings of the Morning

By LOUIS TRACY
Copyright, 1903, by Edward J. Clode

CHAPTER VI
 HERE emotions are necessarily transient, but for the hour they exhaust the psychic capacity. The sailor had gone through such mental stress before it was yet noon that he was benumbed, wholly incapable of further sensation.

Being in good condition, he soon recovered his physical powers. He was outwardly little the worse for the encounter with the devilfish. The skin around his mouth was sore. His waist and legs were bruised. One sweep of the ax had cut clean through the jagged leather of his left boot without touching the flesh. In a word, he was practically unharmed.

He had the doglike habit of shaking himself at the close of a fray. He did so now when he stood up. Iris showed clearer signs of the ordeal. Her face was drawn and haggard, the pupils of her eyes dilated. She was gazing into depths illimitable, unexplored. Composure awoke at sight of her.

"Come," said Jenks gently. "Let us get back to the island."

He quietly resumed prominence, helping her over the rough pathway of the reef, almost lifting her when the difficulties were great.

He did not know how it happened that she came so speedily to his assistance. Enough that she had done it, darning all for his sake. She was weak and trembling.

Reaching the firm sand, she could walk alone.

"DM—the thing—grip you?" she nervously inquired.

"All over at once, it felt like. The beast attacked me with five arms."

She shuddered. "I don't know how you could fight it," she said. "How strong, how brave, you must be!"

This amused him. "The bravest coward will try to save his own life," he answered. "If you use such adjectives to me, what would I find to do justice to you, who dared to come close to such a vile looking creature and kill it. I must thank my stars that you carried the revolver."

"Ah," she said. "That reminds me. You do not practice what you preach. I found your pistol lying on the stone in the cave. That is one reason why I followed you."

It was quite true. He laid the weapon aside when diving at the rock and forgot to replace it in his belt.

"It was stupid of me," he admitted, "but I am not sorry."

"Why?"

"Because, as it is, I owe you my life."

"You owe me nothing," she snapped. "It is very thoughtful of you to run such risks. What will become of me if anything happens to you? My point of view is purely selfish, you see."

"Quite so. Purely selfish," he smiled sadly. "Selfish people of your type are somewhat rare, Miss Deane."

She moved toward the cave, but he cried:

"Wait one minute. I want to get a couple of crowbars."

"What for?"

"I must go back there." He jerked his head in the direction of the reef. She uttered a little cry of dismay.

"I will incur no danger this time," he explained. "I found rifles there. We must have them; they may mean salvation."

When Iris was determined about anything her chin trembled. It puckered delightfully now.

"I will come with you," she announced.

"Very well. I will wait for you. The tide will serve us another hour."

He knew he had decided rightly. She could not bear to be alone—yet. Soon the crowbars were secured, and they returned to the reef. Scrambling now with difficulty over the rough and dangerous track, Iris was secretly amazed by the remembrance of the daring activity she displayed during her earlier passage along the same precarious roadway.

Then she started from rock to rock with the fearless certainty of a champion. Her only stumble was caused, she recollected, by an absurd effort to avoid wetting her dress. She laughed nervously when they reached the place. This time Jenks lifted her across the interesting channel.

They were standing on the landward side of the shallow water in which he fought the octopus.

Already the dark fluid emitted by his assailant in its final discomfiture was passing away owing to the slight movement of the tide.

"Now that you have brought me here with so much difficulty, what are you going to do?" she said. "It will be madness for you to attempt to ford that passage again. Where there are others of those horrible things there are others, I suppose."

"That is one reason why I brought the crowbars," he explained. "If you will sit down for a little while I will have everything properly fixed."

He delved with one of the bars until it lodged in a crevice of the coral. Then a few powerful blows with the back of the ax wedged it firmly enough to bear any ordinary strain. The rope ends revolved through the pulley on the tree were lying where they fell from the girl's hand at the close of the struggle. He deftly knotted them to the right bar, and a few rapid turns of a piece of wreckage passed between the two lines strung them into a tautness that could not be attained by any amount of pulling.

Iris watched the operation in silence. The sailor always looked at his best when hard at work. The half smile, wholly self-contained expression left his face, which lit up with enthusiasm and concentrated intelligence. That which he essayed he did with all his might.

He, tolling with steady persistence, felt not the inward spur which sought relief in speech, but Iris was compelled to say something.

"I suppose," she commented with an air of much wisdom. "You are contri-

But she thought that God help them both, she might have to love him as he loved her. She blundered toward his goal, as men always blunder where a woman's heart is concerned, he blundered persisted in allowing her to make such false deductions as she chose from his words.

Iris was the first to regain some measure of self control.

"I am glad you have been so candid, Captain Anstruther," she commented, but he broke in abruptly:

"Jenks. If you please, Miss Deane; Robert Jenks."

"Certainly, Mr. Jenks. Let me be equally explicit before we quit the subject. I have met Mrs. Costobell. I do not like her. I consider her a deceitful woman. Your court martial might have found a different verdict had its members been of her sex. As for Lord Ventnor, he is nothing to me. It is true he asked my father to be permitted to pay his addresses to me, but he did not do so. I left the matter over to my decision, and I certainly never gave Lord Ventnor any encouragement. I believe now that Mrs. Costobell had and that Lord Ventnor had when they attributed any dishonorable action to you, and I am glad that you beat him in the club. I am quite sure he deserved it."

Not one word did this strange man vouchsafe in reply. He started violently, seized the ax lying at his feet and went straight among the trees, keeping his face turned from Iris so that she might not see the tears in his eyes.

As for the girl, she began to scour her cooking utensils with much energy and soon commenced a song. Considering that she was compelled to constantly endure the company of a degraded officer, who had been expelled from the service with ignominy, she was absurdly contented. Indeed, when the happy consequence of youth, she quickly threw all care to the winds and devoted her thoughts to planning a surprise for the next day by preparing some of the chest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VII
 HERE emotions are necessarily transient, but for the hour they exhaust the psychic capacity. The sailor had gone through such mental stress before it was yet noon that he was benumbed, wholly incapable of further sensation.

Being in good condition, he soon recovered his physical powers. He was outwardly little the worse for the encounter with the devilfish. The skin around his mouth was sore. His waist and legs were bruised. One sweep of the ax had cut clean through the jagged leather of his left boot without touching the flesh. In a word, he was practically unharmed.

He had the doglike habit of shaking himself at the close of a fray. He did so now when he stood up. Iris showed clearer signs of the ordeal. Her face was drawn and haggard, the pupils of her eyes dilated. She was gazing into depths illimitable, unexplored. Composure awoke at sight of her.

"Come," said Jenks gently. "Let us get back to the island."

He quietly resumed prominence, helping her over the rough pathway of the reef, almost lifting her when the difficulties were great.

He did not know how it happened that she came so speedily to his assistance. Enough that she had done it, darning all for his sake. She was weak and trembling.

Reaching the firm sand, she could walk alone.

"DM—the thing—grip you?" she nervously inquired.

"All over at once, it felt like. The beast attacked me with five arms."

She shuddered. "I don't know how you could fight it," she said. "How strong, how brave, you must be!"

This amused him. "The bravest coward will try to save his own life," he answered. "If you use such adjectives to me, what would I find to do justice to you, who dared to come close to such a vile looking creature and kill it. I must thank my stars that you carried the revolver."

"Ah," she said. "That reminds me. You do not practice what you preach. I found your pistol lying on the stone in the cave. That is one reason why I followed you."

It was quite true. He laid the weapon aside when diving at the rock and forgot to replace it in his belt.

"It was stupid of me," he admitted, "but I am not sorry."

"Why?"

"Because, as it is, I owe you my life."

"You owe me nothing," she snapped. "It is very thoughtful of you to run such risks. What will become of me if anything happens to you? My point of view is purely selfish, you see."

"Quite so. Purely selfish," he smiled sadly. "Selfish people of your type are somewhat rare, Miss Deane."

She moved toward the cave, but he cried:

"Wait one minute. I want to get a couple of crowbars."

"What for?"

"I must go back there." He jerked his head in the direction of the reef. She uttered a little cry of dismay.

"I will incur no danger this time," he explained. "I found rifles there. We must have them; they may mean salvation."

When Iris was determined about anything her chin trembled. It puckered delightfully now.

"I will come with you," she announced.

"Very well. I will wait for you. The tide will serve us another hour."

He knew he had decided rightly. She could not bear to be alone—yet. Soon the crowbars were secured, and they returned to the reef. Scrambling now with difficulty over the rough and dangerous track, Iris was secretly amazed by the remembrance of the daring activity she displayed during her earlier passage along the same precarious roadway.

Then she started from rock to rock with the fearless certainty of a champion. Her only stumble was caused, she recollected, by an absurd effort to avoid wetting her dress. She laughed nervously when they reached the place. This time Jenks lifted her across the interesting channel.

They were standing on the landward side of the shallow water in which he fought the octopus.

Already the dark fluid emitted by his assailant in its final discomfiture was passing away owing to the slight movement of the tide.

"Now that you have brought me here with so much difficulty, what are you going to do?" she said. "It will be madness for you to attempt to ford that passage again. Where there are others of those horrible things there are others, I suppose."

"That is one reason why I brought the crowbars," he explained. "If you will sit down for a little while I will have everything properly fixed."

He delved with one of the bars until it lodged in a crevice of the coral. Then a few powerful blows with the back of the ax wedged it firmly enough to bear any ordinary strain. The rope ends revolved through the pulley on the tree were lying where they fell from the girl's hand at the close of the struggle. He deftly knotted them to the right bar, and a few rapid turns of a piece of wreckage passed between the two lines strung them into a tautness that could not be attained by any amount of pulling.

Iris watched the operation in silence. The sailor always looked at his best when hard at work. The half smile, wholly self-contained expression left his face, which lit up with enthusiasm and concentrated intelligence. That which he essayed he did with all his might.

He, tolling with steady persistence, felt not the inward spur which sought relief in speech, but Iris was compelled to say something.

"I suppose," she commented with an air of much wisdom. "You are contri-

But she thought that God help them both, she might have to love him as he loved her. She blundered toward his goal, as men always blunder where a woman's heart is concerned, he blundered persisted in allowing her to make such false deductions as she chose from his words.

Iris was the first to regain some measure of self control.

"I am glad you have been so candid, Captain Anstruther," she commented, but he broke in abruptly:

"Jenks. If you please, Miss Deane; Robert Jenks."

"Certainly, Mr. Jenks. Let me be equally explicit before we quit the subject. I have met Mrs. Costobell. I do not like her. I consider her a deceitful woman. Your court martial might have found a different verdict had its members been of her sex. As for Lord Ventnor, he is nothing to me. It is true he asked my father to be permitted to pay his addresses to me, but he did not do so. I left the matter over to my decision, and I certainly never gave Lord Ventnor any encouragement. I believe now that Mrs. Costobell had and that Lord Ventnor had when they attributed any dishonorable action to you, and I am glad that you beat him in the club. I am quite sure he deserved it."

Not one word did this strange man vouchsafe in reply. He started violently, seized the ax lying at his feet and went straight among the trees, keeping his face turned from Iris so that she might not see the tears in his eyes.

As for the girl, she began to scour her cooking utensils with much energy and soon commenced a song. Considering that she was compelled to constantly endure the company of a degraded officer, who had been expelled from the service with ignominy, she was absurdly contented. Indeed, when the happy consequence of youth, she quickly threw all care to the winds and devoted her thoughts to planning a surprise for the next day by preparing some of the chest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VIII
 HERE emotions are necessarily transient, but for the hour they exhaust the psychic capacity. The sailor had gone through such mental stress before it was yet noon that he was benumbed, wholly incapable of further sensation.

Being in good condition, he soon recovered his physical powers. He was outwardly little the worse for the encounter with the devilfish. The skin around his mouth was sore. His waist and legs were bruised. One sweep of the ax had cut clean through the jagged leather of his left boot without touching the flesh. In a word, he was practically unharmed.

He had the doglike habit of shaking himself at the close of a fray. He did so now when he stood up. Iris showed clearer signs of the ordeal. Her face was drawn and haggard, the pupils of her eyes dilated. She was gazing into depths illimitable, unexplored. Composure awoke at sight of her.

"Come," said Jenks gently. "Let us get back to the island."

He quietly resumed prominence, helping her over the rough pathway of the reef, almost lifting her when the difficulties were great.

He did not know how it happened that she came so speedily to his assistance. Enough that she had done it, darning all for his sake. She was weak and trembling.

Reaching the firm sand, she could walk alone.

"DM—the thing—grip you?" she nervously inquired.

"All over at once, it felt like. The beast attacked me with five arms."

She shuddered. "I don't know how you could fight it," she said. "How strong, how brave, you must be!"

This amused him. "The bravest coward will try to save his own life," he answered. "If you use such adjectives to me, what would I find to do justice to you, who dared to come close to such a vile looking creature and kill it. I must thank my stars that you carried the revolver."

"Ah," she said. "That reminds me. You do not practice what you preach. I found your pistol lying on the stone in the cave. That is one reason why I followed you."

It was quite true. He laid the weapon aside when diving at the rock and forgot to replace it in his belt.

"It was stupid of me," he admitted, "but I am not sorry."

"Why?"

"Because, as it is, I owe you my life."

"You owe me nothing," she snapped. "It is very thoughtful of you to run such risks. What will become of me if anything happens to you? My point of view is purely selfish, you see."

"Quite so. Purely selfish," he smiled sadly. "Selfish people of your type are somewhat rare, Miss Deane."

She moved toward the cave, but he cried:

"Wait one minute. I want to get a couple of crowbars."

"What for?"

"I must go back there." He jerked his head in the direction of the reef. She uttered a little cry of dismay.

"I will incur no danger this time," he explained. "I found rifles there. We must have them; they may mean salvation."

When Iris was determined about anything her chin trembled. It puckered delightfully now.

"I will come with you," she announced.

"Very well. I will wait for you. The tide will serve us another hour."

He knew he had decided rightly. She could not bear to be alone—yet. Soon the crowbars were secured, and they returned to the reef. Scrambling now with difficulty over the rough and dangerous track, Iris was secretly amazed by the remembrance of the daring activity she displayed during her earlier passage along the same precarious roadway.

Then she started from rock to rock with the fearless certainty of a champion. Her only stumble was caused, she recollected, by an absurd effort to avoid wetting her dress. She laughed nervously when they reached the place. This time Jenks lifted her across the interesting channel.

They were standing on the landward side of the shallow water in which he fought the octopus.

Already the dark fluid emitted by his assailant in its final discomfiture was passing away owing to the slight movement of the tide.

"Now that you have brought me here with so much difficulty, what are you going to do?" she said. "It will be madness for you to attempt to ford that passage again. Where there are others of those horrible things there are others, I suppose."

"That is one reason why I brought the crowbars," he explained. "If you will sit down for a little while I will have everything properly fixed."

He delved with one of the bars until it lodged in a crevice of the coral. Then a few powerful blows with the back of the ax wedged it firmly enough to bear any ordinary strain. The rope ends revolved through the pulley on the tree were lying where they fell from the girl's hand at the close of the struggle. He deftly knotted them to the right bar, and a few rapid turns of a piece of wreckage passed between the two lines strung them into a tautness that could not be attained by any amount of pulling.

Iris watched the operation in silence. The sailor always looked at his best when hard at work. The half smile, wholly self-contained expression left his face, which lit up with enthusiasm and concentrated intelligence. That which he essayed he did with all his might.

He, tolling with steady persistence, felt not the inward spur which sought relief in speech, but Iris was compelled to say something.

"I suppose," she commented with an air of much wisdom. "You are contri-

But she thought that God help them both, she might have to love him as he loved her. She blundered toward his goal, as men always blunder where a woman's heart is concerned, he blundered persisted in allowing her to make such false deductions as she chose from his words.

Iris was the first to regain some measure of self control.

"I am glad you have been so candid, Captain Anstruther," she commented, but he broke in abruptly:

"Jenks. If you please, Miss Deane; Robert Jenks."

"Certainly, Mr. Jenks. Let me be equally explicit before we quit the subject. I have met Mrs. Costobell. I do not like her. I consider her a deceitful woman. Your court martial might have found a different verdict had its members been of her sex. As for Lord Ventnor, he is nothing to me. It is true he asked my father to be permitted to pay his addresses to me, but he did not do so. I left the matter over to my decision, and I certainly never gave Lord Ventnor any encouragement. I believe now that Mrs. Costobell had and that Lord Ventnor had when they attributed any dishonorable action to you, and I am glad that you beat him in the club. I am quite sure he deserved it."

Not one word did this strange man vouchsafe in reply. He started violently, seized the ax lying at his feet and went straight among the trees, keeping his face turned from Iris so that she might not see the tears in his eyes.

As for the girl, she began to scour her cooking utensils with much energy and soon commenced a song. Considering that she was compelled to constantly endure the company of a degraded officer, who had been expelled from the service with ignominy, she was absurdly contented. Indeed, when the happy consequence of youth, she quickly threw all care to the winds and devoted her thoughts to planning a surprise for the next day by preparing some of the chest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IX
 HERE emotions are necessarily transient, but for the hour they exhaust the psychic capacity. The sailor had gone through such mental stress before it was yet noon that he was benumbed, wholly incapable of further sensation.

Being in good condition, he soon recovered his physical powers. He was outwardly little the worse for the encounter with the devilfish. The skin around his mouth was sore. His waist and legs were bruised. One sweep of the ax had cut clean through the jagged leather of his left boot without touching the flesh. In a word, he was practically unharmed.

He had the doglike habit of shaking himself at the close of a fray. He did so now when he stood up. Iris showed clearer signs of the ordeal. Her face was drawn and haggard, the pupils of her eyes dilated. She was gazing into depths illimitable, unexplored. Composure awoke at sight of her.

"Come," said Jenks gently. "Let us get back to the island."

He quietly resumed prominence, helping her over the rough pathway of the reef, almost lifting her when the difficulties were great.

He did not know how it happened that she came so speedily to his assistance. Enough that she had done it, darning all for his sake. She was weak and trembling.

Reaching the firm sand, she could walk alone.

"DM—the thing—grip you?" she nervously inquired.

"All over at once, it felt like. The beast attacked me with five arms."

She shuddered. "I don't know how you could fight it," she said. "How strong, how brave, you must be!"

This amused him. "The bravest coward will try to save his own life," he answered. "If you use such adjectives to me, what would I find to do justice to you, who dared to come close to such a vile looking creature and kill it. I must thank my stars that you carried the revolver."

"Ah," she said. "That reminds me. You do not practice what you preach. I found your pistol lying on the stone in the cave. That is one reason why I followed you."

It was quite true. He laid the weapon aside when diving at the rock and forgot to replace it in his belt.

"It was stupid of me," he admitted, "but I am not sorry."

"Why?"

"Because, as it is, I owe you my life."

"You owe me nothing," she snapped. "It is very thoughtful of you to run such risks. What will become of me if anything happens to you? My point of view is purely selfish, you see."

"Quite so. Purely selfish," he smiled sadly. "Selfish people of your type are somewhat rare, Miss Deane."

She moved toward the cave, but he cried:

"Wait one minute. I want to get a couple of crowbars."

"What for?"

"I must go back there." He jerked his head in the direction of the reef. She uttered a little cry of dismay.

"I will incur no danger this time," he explained. "I found rifles there. We must have them; they may mean salvation."

When Iris was determined about anything her chin trembled. It puckered delightfully now.

"I will come with you," she announced.

"Very well. I will wait for you. The tide will serve us another hour."

He knew he had decided rightly. She could not bear to be alone—yet. Soon the crowbars were secured, and they returned to the reef. Scrambling now with difficulty over the rough and dangerous track, Iris was secretly amazed by the remembrance of the daring activity she displayed during her earlier passage along the same precarious roadway.

Then she started from rock to rock with the fearless certainty of a champion. Her only stumble was caused, she recollected, by an absurd effort to avoid wetting her dress. She laughed nervously when they reached the place. This time Jenks lifted her across the interesting channel.

They were standing on the landward side of the shallow water in which he fought the octopus.

Already the dark fluid emitted by his assailant in its final discomfiture was passing away owing to the slight movement of the tide.

"Now that you have brought me here with so much difficulty, what are you going to do?" she said. "It will be madness for you to attempt to ford that passage again. Where there are others of those horrible things there are others, I suppose."

"That is one reason why I brought the crowbars," he explained. "If you will sit down for a little while I will have everything properly fixed."

He delved with one of the bars until it lodged in a crevice of the coral. Then a few powerful blows with the back of the ax wedged it firmly enough to bear any ordinary strain. The rope ends revolved through the pulley on the tree were lying where they fell from the girl's hand at the close of the struggle. He deftly knotted them to the right bar, and a few rapid turns of a piece of wreckage passed between the two lines strung them into a tautness that could not be attained by any amount of pulling.

Iris watched the operation in silence. The sailor always looked at his best when hard at work. The half smile, wholly self-contained expression left his face, which lit up with enthusiasm and concentrated intelligence. That which he essayed he did with all his might.

He, tolling with steady persistence, felt not the inward spur which sought relief in speech, but Iris was compelled to say something.

"I suppose," she commented with an air of much wisdom. "You are contri-

But she thought that God help them both, she might have to love him as he loved her. She blundered toward his goal, as men always blunder where a woman's heart is concerned, he blundered persisted in allowing her to make such false deductions as she chose from his words.

Iris was the first to regain some measure of self control.

"I am glad you have been so candid, Captain Anstruther," she commented, but he broke in abruptly:

"Jenks. If you please, Miss Deane; Robert Jenks."

"Certainly, Mr. Jenks. Let me be equally explicit before we quit the subject. I have met Mrs. Costobell. I do not like her. I consider her a deceitful woman. Your court martial might have found a different verdict had its members been of her sex. As for Lord Ventnor, he is nothing to me. It is true he asked my father to be permitted to pay his addresses to me, but he did not do so. I left the matter over to my decision, and I certainly never gave Lord Ventnor any encouragement. I believe now that Mrs. Costobell had and that Lord Ventnor had when they attributed any dishonorable action to you, and I am glad that you beat him in the club. I am quite sure he deserved it."

Not one word did this strange man vouchsafe in reply. He started violently, seized the ax lying at his feet and went straight among the trees, keeping his face turned from Iris so that she might not see the tears in his eyes.

As for the girl, she began to scour her cooking utensils with much energy and soon commenced a song. Considering that she was compelled to constantly endure the company of a degraded officer, who had been expelled from the service with ignominy, she was absurdly contented. Indeed, when the happy consequence of youth, she quickly threw all care to the winds and devoted her thoughts to planning a surprise for the next day by preparing some of the chest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X
 HERE emotions are necessarily transient, but for the hour they exhaust the psychic capacity. The sailor had gone through such mental stress before it was yet noon that he was benumbed, wholly incapable of further sensation.

Being in good condition, he soon recovered his physical powers. He was outwardly little the worse for the encounter with the devilfish. The skin around his mouth was sore. His waist and legs were bruised. One sweep of the ax had cut clean through the jagged leather of his left boot without touching the flesh. In a word, he was practically unharmed.

He had the doglike habit of shaking himself at the close of a fray. He did so now when he stood up. Iris showed clearer signs of the ordeal. Her face was drawn and haggard, the pupils of her eyes dilated. She was gazing into depths illimitable, unexplored. Composure awoke at sight of her.

"Come," said Jenks gently. "Let us get back to the island."

He quietly resumed prominence, helping her over the rough pathway of the reef, almost lifting her when the difficulties were great.

He did not know how it happened that she came so speedily to his assistance. Enough that she had done it, darning all for his sake. She was weak and trembling.

Reaching the firm sand, she could walk alone.

"DM—the thing—grip you?" she nervously inquired.

"All over at once, it felt like. The beast attacked me with five arms."

She shuddered. "I don't know how you could fight it," she said. "How strong, how brave, you must be!"

This amused him. "The bravest coward will try to save his own life," he answered. "If you use such adjectives to me, what would I find to do justice to you, who dared to come close to such a vile looking creature and kill it. I must thank my stars that you carried the revolver."

"Ah," she said. "That reminds me. You do not practice what you preach. I found your pistol lying on the stone in the cave. That is one reason why I followed you."

It was quite true. He laid the weapon aside when diving at the rock and forgot to replace it in his belt.

"It was stupid of me," he admitted, "but I am not sorry."

"Why?"

"Because, as it is, I owe you my life."

"You owe me nothing," she snapped. "It is very thoughtful of you to run such risks. What will become of me if anything happens to you? My point of view is purely selfish, you see."

"Quite so. Purely selfish," he smiled sadly. "Selfish people of your type are somewhat rare, Miss Deane."

She moved toward the cave, but he cried:

"Wait one minute. I want to get a couple of crowbars."

"What for?"

"I must go back there." He jerked his head in the direction of the reef. She uttered a little cry of dismay.

"I will incur no danger this time," he explained. "I found rifles there. We must have them; they may mean salvation."

When Iris was determined about anything her chin trembled. It puckered delightfully now.

"I will come with you," she announced.

"Very well. I will wait for you. The tide will serve us another hour."

He knew he had decided rightly. She could not bear to be alone—yet. Soon the crowbars were secured, and they returned to the reef. Scrambling now with difficulty over the rough and dangerous track, Iris was secretly amazed by the remembrance of the daring activity she displayed during her earlier passage along the same precarious roadway.

Then she started from rock to rock with the fearless certainty of a champion. Her only stumble was caused, she recollected, by an absurd effort to avoid wetting her dress. She laughed nervously when they reached the place. This time Jenks lifted her across the interesting channel.

They were standing on the landward side of the shallow water in which he fought the octopus.

Already the dark fluid emitted by his assailant in its final discomfiture was passing away owing to the slight movement of the tide.

"Now that you have brought me here with so much difficulty, what are you going to do?" she said. "It will be madness for you to attempt to ford that passage again. Where there are others of those horrible things there are others, I suppose."

"That is one reason why I brought the crowbars," he explained. "If you will sit down for a little while I will have everything properly fixed."

He delved with one of the bars until it lodged in a crevice of the coral. Then a few powerful blows with the back of the ax wedged it firmly enough to bear any ordinary strain. The rope ends revolved through the pulley on the tree were lying where they fell from the girl's hand at the close of the struggle. He deftly knotted them to the right bar, and a few rapid turns of a piece of wreckage passed between the two lines strung them into a tautness that could not be attained by any amount of pulling.

Iris watched the operation in silence. The sailor always looked at his best when hard at work. The half smile, wholly self-contained expression left his face, which lit up with enthusiasm and concentrated intelligence. That which he essayed he did with all his might.

He, tolling with steady persistence, felt not the inward spur which sought relief in speech, but Iris was compelled to say something.

"I suppose," she commented with an air of much wisdom. "You are contri-

THE
Old and Reliable
GROCERY
 —AND—
PROVISION STORE
 119 Fourth Street.

REDER & PHIPPS, PROPRIETORS
THE MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF
Staple & Fancy Groceries
 in the city, and the constant endeavor is to maintain the reputation this house has always enjoyed for quality of goods, fair prices and promptness in filling orders.

THE FULLEST AND MOST COMPLETE LINE OF
CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE
IN STOCK.

Talcott Bros.
 THE OLDEST JEWELRY HOUSE IN WESTERN WASHINGTON, ESTABLISHED 1872
 —DEALERS IN—
 WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, CUT GLASS, NOVELTIES, SOUVENIRS,
 CLOCKS, SILVERWARE, CUTLERY, CUT GLASS, NOVELTIES, SOUVENIRS,
 LEATHER GOODS, BICYCLES, SEWING MACHINES, RUBBER STAMPS AND UMBRELLAS
MANUFACTURERS OF
 Notary and Lodge Seals. Rubber Stamps and Umbrellas
 REPAIRING IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.
Racycle, Imperial, Crawford, National
AND YALE BICYCLES.
 421 and 426 Main St., Olympia, Wash.

TRY A PACKAGE
BAKING POWDER
 is equal to any of the high priced brands.
Only 25 Cents a Package.

Sawyer & Filley.
 CORNER FOURTH AND MAIN STREETS.

All Kinds of Eastern Beer
McGOWAN'S
Family Wine and Liquor Store
 321 MAIN STREET PHONE MAIN 19 GOODS DELIVERED TO ALL PARTS OF CITY

OLYMPIA MARBLE WORKS
 ESTABLISHED 1889.
J. R. DEVER, Proprietor.
 MARBLE AND GRANITE * * *
Monuments, Markers
Headstones, Etc.
 Fourth and Jefferson Sts. OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON.

A. H. CHAMBERS
 (Successors to Connolly & Chambers.)
 CHAMBERS BLOCK FOURTH-ST. TELEPHONE 441.
 FULL LINE OF MEATS FOR THE
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TRADE.
 We solicit a share of your trade and will strive to please.

Under New Management
 IF YOU WANT
The Best Shave
 in the city go to the
BON TON BATHS
 JAMES LASITYE, Prop.
 108 Fourth Street, Chambers Block.
HOT and COLD BATHS

100 Per Cent. Hatched.
 In a recent hatching contest in which there were over 400 trials the hatch was 100 per cent. in 100 cases with
PETALUMA INCUBATORS.
 This machine has been demonstrated to be as near absolute perfection as can be attained. The regulation of heat, air and moisture have been proven perfect. See our new egg for sale by
OLYMPIA HARDWARE COMPANY.

F. H. SCOTT
 ALWAYS CARRY A COMPLETE STOCK OF
STAPLE AND FANCY...

GROCERIES
 Also Flour, Feed, Hay, Wheat, Oats, &c.
GOODS DELIVERED PROMPTLY
 Highest price Paid for Farmers' Produce.
 329 Fourth St. Telephone Main 171.

A SPLENDID SPRING TONIC
 Owing to the fact that it contains but a very small percentage of alcohol, and a large amount of extract of malt with just the right amount of hop bitter
OLYMPIA BEER
 Is an exceptionally fine spring tonic. The malt extract is strengthening and builds up the worn out tissues while the hops have a tonic effect. In addition it is a deliciously pure beverage.
"IT'S THE WATER."
OLYMPIA BREWING CO.,
 PHONE RED 81.

SIXTEEN OUNCES TO THE POUND
 We give 16 ounces to the pound, down weight, on all goods sold over our counter. There seems to be a common error of belief that druggists give apothecary's weight when they sell Cream of Tartar, Borax, Sulphur, and hundreds of other items sold by the pound.
 This is a mistake. We give you AVOIRDUPOIS WEIGHT, sixteen ounces to the pound. The apothecary OUNCE is heavier, but avoirdupois POUND is heavier by 240 grains, because it contains 16 avoirdupois ounces. You get a 7,000-grain pound here of the finest quality drugs that money and skill can produce

B. L. HILL DRUG CO.
 Odd Fellows Temple, Olympia, Wash.

WE CARRY
E. P. REED & CO.'S
Ladies' Fine Shoes
 Nothing better in the Market at any price.
A. C. STEVENS & CO.
 Agents, Olympia, Wash.

P. J. O'BRIEN & CO.
HORSESHOEING
 General Blacksmithing.
 GIVE US A TRIAL.
 Sole agents for Olympia and Thurston county for the celebrated

STUDEBAKER
 Wagons and Carriages.
 Cor. Third and Columbia Sts., Olympia, Wash.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
 TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &c.
 Anyone sending a sketch and description will quickly ascertain our opinion on whether his invention is probably patentable. Communications are strictly confidential. No fee is made until sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. References to our office in all parts of the world. Special notice, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
 A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific publication. Published weekly. Terms: four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
 Branch Office, 25 F St., Washington, D. C.

KICK !!!
 If you don't get PURITAN RYE On sale at
THE OXFORD
 ROGERS & TAYLOR, Props., 161 Fourth Street, Olympia.
THE OLYMPIA NATIONAL BANK
 TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.
 OFFICERS:
 President, C. S. REINHART,
 Vice President, J. W. MOWELL,
 Cashier, H. W. SMITH.
 Interest Allowed on Time Deposits.