

The Wings of the Morning

By LOUIS BRACY
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It was the immediate discovery of his impossible retreat. In other words, he made a grave mistake which shows how a man may err when he is not prepared for the danger of the moment. The bold course was the right one. By killing the Dyak leader he would have deprived the enemy of the dominating influence in this campaign of revenge. When the main body already had perished by the fire, the Dyak leader had been the only one left to lead the enemy to the island. It was his presence that had caused the fire to be kindled. It was his presence that had caused the fire to be kindled. It was his presence that had caused the fire to be kindled.

CHAPTER V. Continued.
"I don't know anything about phosphorus," said the girl, "but you can obtain phosphorus from sulphur, and there is an old box of Norwegian matches resting at this moment on the shelf in my room. Don't you remember? They were in your pocket, and you were going to throw them away. Why, what are you doing?"

For Jenks had cast the rope ladder lower and was evidently about to descend. "Have no fear," he said. "I shall not be away five minutes."
"If you are going down I must come with you. I will not be left here alone."
"Please do not stop me," he whispered earnestly. "You must not come. I will take no risk whatever. If you remain here you can warn me instantly. With both of us on the ground we will incur real danger. I want you to keep a sharp lookout toward Turtle beach in case the Dyaks come that way. Those who are crossing the island will not reach us for a long time. She yielded, though unwillingly. She was tremulous with anxiety on his account.

He vanished without another word. She next saw him in the moonlight near the well. He was rustling among the shrubs, and he returned to the rock with something white in his arms, which he seemingly deposited at the mouth of the cave. He went back to the well and carried another similar burden. Then he ran toward the house. The doorway was not visible from the ledge, and she passed a few horrible moments until a low hiss beneath caught her ear. She could tell by the creak of the rope ladder that he was ascending. At last he reached her side, and she murmured, with a gasping sob:
"Don't go away again. I cannot stand it!"

He thought it best to soothe her agitation by arousing interest. Still hauling in the ladder with one hand, he held out the other, and his luminous wrists were writhing like glowworms' gists.
"You are responsible," he said. "You gave me an excellent idea, and I was obliged to carry it out."
"What have you done?"
"Arranged a fearsome bogey in the cave."
"But how?"
"It was not exactly a pleasant operation, but the only way of necessity are those which must be broken through."
She understood that he did not wish her to question him further. Perhaps curiosity, now that he was safe, might have vanquished her terror and led to another demand for enlightenment, but at that instant the sound of an angry voice and the crunching of coral away to the left drove all else from her mind.

"They are coming by way of the beach, after all," whispered Jenks.
He was mistaken in a sense. Another outbreak of intermittent firing among the trees on the north side of the ridge showed that some at least of the Dyaks were advancing by their former route. The appearance of the Dyak chief on the flat belt of shingle, with his right arm slung across his breast, accompanied by not more than half a dozen followers, showed that a few hardy spirits had dared to pass the valley of death, with all its nameless terrors.

They advanced cautiously enough, as though dreading a surprise. The chief carried a bright parang in his left hand; the others were armed with guns, their swords being thrust through belts. Creeping forward on tiptoe, though their distant companions were making a tremendous row, they looked a murderous gang as they peered across the open space, now brilliantly illuminated by the moon.

Jenks had a sudden intuition that the right thing to do now was to shoot the whole party. He dismissed the thought at once. All his preparations were governed by the hope that the pirates might abandon their quest after hours of fruitless search. It would be most unwise, he told himself, to precipitate hostilities. Far better avoid a conflict altogether. If that were possible, the chief, Jenks thought, would not permit in which his tactics were not that he must be a first-class marksman, very likely an escaped convict from the Andamans.

The most careful scrutiny did not reveal any arms of precision. They all carried muzzle loaders, of the kind called flintlocks or guns, and only one was to be fitted with nipples for percussion caps.

Each Dyak, of course, sported a parang and a dagger. A few bore spears, and about a dozen shouldered a long straight piece of bamboo. The nature of this implement the sailor could not determine at the moment. In the neighborhood of the fire, the Dyaks had been discussing the subject. It was easy to see that the chief was all paramount, his fellow tribesmen exercised a democratic right of free speech and outspoken opinion.

Flashing eyes and expressive hands were turned toward the cave and hut. Once when the debate grew warm the chief stretched up a burning branch and held it over the blackened embers of the fire extinguished by Jenks. He seemed to draw some definite conclusion from an examination of the charcoal, and the argument thereupon proceeded with less emphasis. Whatever it was that he had evidently carried conviction.

His resting close to the sailor, whispered:
"Do you know what he has found out?"
"I can only guess that he can tell by the appearance of the burned wood how long it is since it was extinguished. Clearly they agree with him."
"Then they know we are still here?"
"Either here or gone within a few hours. In any case they will make a thorough search of the island at daybreak."
"Will it be dawn soon?"
"A little cramped—that is all."
"Don't think I am foolish. Can you manage to sleep?"
"Sleep? With those men so near?"
"Yes. We do not know how long they will remain. We must keep up our strength. Sleep, next to food and drink, is the most important of our needs. If it will please you I will try," she said, with such sweet readiness to obey his slightest wish that the wonder is he did not kiss her then and there.

By previous instruction she knew exactly what to do. She crept quietly back until well ensconced in the niche widened and hollowed for her accommodation. There she reclined as she from the outer world of horror and peril that the bare voices beneath only reached her in a muffled, muffled way. She stretched her weary limbs on a litter of twigs and leaves, commended herself and the man she loved to God's keeping and fell into a deep sleep. It may seem, was soon slumbering peacefully.

The statement may sound passing strange to civilized ears, accustomed only to the routine of daily life and not to the dangers and wild surroundings. But the soldier who has snatched a hasty doze in the trenches, the sailor who has heard a fierce gale buffeting the walls of his frail ark, can appreciate the reason why Iris weary and sufficed with excitement, would have slept were she certain that the next sunrise would mark her last hour on earth.

Jenks, too, composed himself for a brief rest. He did not permit the remotest chance of their lofty perch being found out before daybreak, and the first faint streaks of dawn would awaken him.

When the morning breeze swept over the ocean and the stars were beginning to pale before the pink glory flung broadcast through the sky by the yet invisible sun, the sailor was aroused by the quiet fluttering of a bird about to settle on the rock, but started by the sight of him.

His faculties were at once on the alert, though he little realized the danger betokened by the bird's rapid dart into the void. Turning first to peer at Iris, he satisfied himself that she was still asleep. Her lips were slightly parted in a smile. She might be dreaming of summer and England. He noblesly wormed his way to the verge of the rock and looked down through the grass roots.

The Dyaks were already stirring. Some were replenishing the fire, others were drawing water, cooking, eating, smoking long this stemmed pipes with absurdly small bowls or oiling their limbs and weapons with impartial energy. The chief yet lay stretched on the sand, but when the first beams of the sun gilded the waters a man stopped over the prostrate form and said something that caused the sleeper to rise stiffly, supporting himself on his unharmed arm. They at once went off together toward Europa point.

"They have found the boat," thought Jenks. "Well, they are welcome to all the information it affords."
The chief gave some order, at which they all hung back sheepishly. Cursing them in choice Malay, the chief seized a thick fagot and strode in the direction of the cave. Goodly into activity by his truculent demeanor, some followed him, and Jenks, unable to see, but listening anxiously, knew that they were tearing the cheval de frise from its supports. Nevertheless none of the working party entered the excavation. They feared the parched bones that shone by night.

As he had not been able to complete the communicating shaft it was not possible to get down to the boat. Jenks, however, was not deterred. He crawled on his hands and knees, and in a few minutes he was in the boat. He looked about him and saw that the boat was empty. He was alone. He was alone. He was alone.

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Rosa L. Green, Plaintiff,
vs.
Charles F. Green, Defendant.
Summons by Publication.
State of Washington to the said Charles F. Green: You are hereby notified to appear within sixty (60) days after the first publication of this summons, to wit: within sixty (60) days after the 26th day of June, 1903, and defend the above entitled action in the above entitled court, and answer the complaint of the plaintiff and serve a copy of your answer upon the undersigned, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the day before aforesaid. In case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complaint, which has been filed with the clerk of the said court. This action is an action brought by the plaintiff for a divorce against you, on the grounds that you have abandoned the plaintiff and have failed to contribute to her support and the support of your family.
J. ROY & FAIRBANK, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Postoffice address: Olympia, Washington. Office address: Suite 4, Blythe Building, corner Fourth and Main streets, Olympia, Wash. First publication, June 25, 1903.