

# The Wings of the Morning

By LOUIS TRACY  
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(CONTINUED.)

He glanced back at Iris. Her face was pale beneath its mask of sun brown.

The chief was listening intently to the story of the Dyak who saw the dead man totter and fall. He gave some quick order. Followed by a score or more of his men, he walked rapidly to the foot of the cliff where they found the lifeless body.

Jenks stole one more hasty glance at Iris. The chief and the greater number of his followers were out of sight behind the rocks. Some of them must now be climbing to that fatal ledge. Was this the end?

Iris bent forward sufficiently in her sheltering niche to permit her to gaze with wistful tenderness upon Jenks. She knew he would dare all for her sake. She could only pray and hope.

Suddenly a clamor of discordant yells fell upon her ears. Jenks rose to his knees. The Dyaks had discovered their refuge and were about to open fire. He offered them a target lest perchance Iris were not thoroughly screened.

"Keep close," he said. "They have found us. Lead will be flying around soon."

She flinched back into the crevice; the sailor fell prone. Four bullets spat into the ledge, of which three pierced the tarpaulin and one flattened itself against the rock.

Then Jenks took up the tale. So cautiously constituted was this man that,



The Dyak hurtled through the air.

although he ruthlessly shot the savage who first spied out their retreat, he was swayed only by the dictates of stern necessity. There was a feeble chance that further bloodshed might be averted. That chance had passed. Very well. The enemy must start the dreadful game about to be played. They had thrown the gage, and he answered them. Four times did Jenks' rifle carry death, unseen, almost unfeared, across the valley.

Ere the fourth Dyak collapsed limply where he stood others were there, firing at the little puff of smoke above the grass. They got in a few shots, most of which sprayed at various angles off the face of the cliff. But they waited for no more. When the lever of the Lee-Metford was shoved home for the fifth time the opposing crest was bare of all opponents save two, and they lay motionless.

The fate of the flanking detachment was either unperceived or unheeded by the Dyaks left in the vicinity of the house and well. Astounded by the firing that burst forth in midair, Jenks had cleared the dangerous rock before they realized that here, above their heads, were the white man and the maid whom they sought.

With stupid zeal they blazed away furiously, only succeeding in showering fragments of splintered stone into the eagle's nest. And the sailor smiled. He quietly picked up an old coat, rolled it into a ball and pushed it into sight amidst the grass. Then he squirmed round on his stomach and took up a position ten feet away. Of course those who still carried loaded guns discharged them at the bundle of rags, whereupon Jenks thrust his rifle beyond the edge of the rock and leaned over.

Three Dyaks fell before the remainder made up their minds to run. Once convinced, however, that running was good for their health, they moved with much

celerity. The remaining cartridges in the magazine slackened the pace of two of their number. Jenks dropped the empty weapon and seized another. He stood up now and sent a quick reminder after the rearmost pirate. The others had disappeared toward the locality where their leader and his diminished troop were gathered, not daring to again come within range of the whistling dum-dums. The sailor, holding his rifle as though pleasant shooting, bent forward and sought a belated opponent, but in vain. There was no sound save the wailing of birds, the soft sough of the sea and the yelling of the three wounded men in the house, who knew not what terrors threatened and vainly bawled for succor.

Again Jenks could look at Iris. Her face was bleeding. The sight maddened him.

"My God!" he groaned. "Are you wounded?"

She smiled bravely at him.

"It is nothing," she said—"a mere splash from the rock which cut my forehead."

He dared not go to her. He could only hope that it was no worse, so he turned to examine the valley once more for vestige of a living foe.

## CHAPTER XII.

**T**HOUGH his eyes, like live coals, glowered with sullen fire at the strip of sand and the rocks in front, his troubled brain paid perfunctory heed to his task. The stern sense of duty, the ingrained force of long years of military discipline and soldierly thought, compelled him to keep watch and ward over his fortress, but he could not help asking himself what would happen if Iris were seriously wounded.

There was one enemy more potent than these skulking Dyaks, a foe more irresistible in his might, more pitiless in his strength, whose assaults would tax to the utmost their powers of resistance. In another hour the sun would be high in the heavens, pouring his ardent rays upon them and drying the blood in their veins.

Hitherto the active life of the island, the shade of trees, hut or cave, the power of unrestricted movement and the possession of water in any desired quantity robbed the tropical heat of the day of its chief terrors. Now all was changed. Instead of working amid grateful foliage they were bound to the brown rock, which soon would glow with radiated energy and give off scorching gusts like unto the opening of a furnace door.

This he had foreseen all along. The tarpaulin would yield them some degree of uneasy protection, and they both were in perfect physical condition. But—if Iris were wounded! If the extra strain brought fever in its wake! That way he saw nothing but blank despair, to be ended for her by delirium and merciful death, for him by a Berserk rush among the Dyaks and one last mad fight against overwhelming numbers.

Then the girl's voice reached him, self-reliant, almost cheerful.

"You will be glad to hear that the cut has stopped bleeding. It is only a scratch."

So a kindly Providence had spared them yet a little while. The cloud passed from his mind, the gathering mist from his eyes. In that instant he thought he detected a slight rustling among the trees where the cliff shelved up from the house. Standing as he was on the edge of the rock, this was a point he could not guard against.

When her welcome assurance recalled his scattered senses he stepped back to speak to her, and in the same instant a couple of bullets crashed against the rock overhead. Iris had unwittingly saved him from a serious, perhaps fatal, wound.

He sprang to the extreme right of the ledge and boldly looked into the trees beneath. Two Dyaks were there, belated wanderers cut off from the main body. They dived headlong into the undergrowth for safety, but one of them was too late. Jenks' rifle reached him, and its reverberating concussion, tossed back and forth by the echoing rocks, drowned his parting scream.

In the plenitude of restored vigor the sailor waited for no counter demonstration. He turned and crouchingly approached the southern end of his parapet. Through his screen of grass he could discern the long black hair and yellow face of a man who lay on the sand and twisted his head around the base of the farther cliff. The distance, oft measured, was ninety yards, the target practically a six inch bulls-eye. Jenks took careful aim, fired, and a whiff of sand flew up.

Perhaps he had used too fine a sight and plowed a furrow beneath the Dyak's ear. He only heard a faint yell, but the enterprising head vanished, and there were no more volunteers for that particular service.

He was still peering at the place when a cry of unmitigated anguish came from Iris:

"Oh, come quick! Our water! The casks have burst!"

It was not until Jenks had torn the tarpaulin from off their stores and he was wildly striving with both hands to scoop up some precious drops collected in the small hollows of the ledge that he realized the full magnitude of the disaster which had befallen them.

During the first rapid exchange of fire before the enemy vacated the cliff several bullets had pierced the tarpaulin. By a stroke of exceeding bad fortune two of them had struck each of the water barrels and started the staves. The contents quietly ebbed away beneath the broad sheet and, flowing inward by reason of the sharp slope of the ledge, percolated through the fault. Iris and he, notwithstanding their frenzied efforts, were not able to save more than a pint of gritty discolored fluid. The rest, infinitely more valuable to them than all the diamonds of De Beers, was now oozing through the natural channel cut by centuries of storm, dripping upon the headless skeleton in the cave, soaking down to the very heart of their buried treasure.

Jenks was so paralyzed by this catastrophe that Iris became alarmed. As yet she did not grasp its awful significance. That he, her hero, so brave, so confident in the face of many dangers, should betray such sense of irredeemable loss frightened her much more than the incident itself.

Her lips whitened. Her words became incoherent.

"Tell me," she whispered. "I can bear anything but silence. Tell me, I implore you. Is it so bad?"

The sight of her distress sobered him. He ground his teeth together as a man does who submits to a painful operation and resolves not to flinch beneath the knife.

"It is very bad," he said; "not quite the end, but near it."

"The end," she bravely answered, "is death! We are living and uninjured. You must fight on. If the Lord wills it we shall not die."

He looked in her blue eyes and saw there the light of heaven. Her glance did not droop before his. In such moments heart speaks to heart without concealment.

"We still have a little water," she cried. "Fortunately we are not thirsty. You have not forgotten our supply of champagne and brandy?"

He could only fall in with her unreflective mood and leave the dreadful

truth to its own evil time. In their little nook the power of the sun had not yet made itself felt. By ordinary computation it was about 9 o'clock. Long before noon they would be grilling. Throughout the next few hours they must suffer the torture of Dives with one meager pint of water to share between them. Of course the wine and spirit must be sipped like a pestilence. To touch either under such conditions would be courting heat, apoplexy and death. And next day!

He tightened his jaws before he answered:

"We will console ourselves with a bottle of champagne for dinner. Meanwhile I hear our friends shouting to those left on this side of the island. I must take an active interest in the conversation."

He grasped a rifle and lay down on the ledge, already gratefully warm. There was a good deal of sustained shouting going on. Jenks thought he recognized the chief's voice giving instructions to those who had come from Smugglers' cove and were now standing on the beach near the quarry.

"I wonder if he is buggy," he thought. "If so, I will interfere with the commissariat."

Iris peeped forth at him.

"Mr. Jenks?"

"Yes," without turning his head. He knew it was an ordinary question.

"May I come too?"

"What, expose yourself on the ledge?"

"Yes, even that. I am so tired of sitting here alone."

"Well, there is no danger at present. But they might chance to see you, and you remember what I"—

"Yes, I remember quite well. If that is all"—There was a rustle of garments. "I am very mannish in appearance. If you promise not to look at me I will join you."

"I promise."

Iris stepped forth. She was flushed a little, and, to cover her confusion, maybe, she picked up a rifle.

"Now there are two guns," she said as she stood near him.

He could see through the tail of his eye that a slight but elegantly proportioned young gentleman of the seafaring profession had suddenly appeared from nowhere. He was glad she had taken this course. It might better the position were the Dyaks to see her thus.

"The moment I tell you you must fall flat," he warned her. "No ceremony about it. Just flop!"

"I don't know anything better calculated to make one flop than a bullet,"

(Continued on Sixth Page.)



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