# The Wings of the Morning TRACY

conscious of the impish weakness, common to all mankind, which creates a desire out of sheer inability to satisfy 1t. Already his own throat was parched. The excitement of the early struggle was in itself enough to engender an plants growing on the north shore. acute thirst. He thought it best to meet their absolute needs as far as

"Bring the tin cup," he said. "Let as take half our store and use the remainder when we eat. Try to avoid breathing through your mouth. The hot air quickly affects the palate and causes an artificial dryness. We cannot yet be in real need of water. .It is Sargely imagination."

Iris needed no second bidding. She carefully measured out half a pint of the unsavory fluid-the dregs of the casks and the scourings of the ledge.

"I will drink first," she cried. "No, no," he interrupted impatiently. "Give it to me."

She pretended to be surprised.

"As a mere matter of politeness"-"I am sorry, but I must insist."

She gave him the cup over his shoulder. He placed it to his lips and gulped steadily.

"There," he said gruffly. "I was in a hurry. The Dyaks may have another rush at any moment."

Iris looked into the vessel. "You have taken none at all," she

"Nonsense!"

"Mr. Jenks, be reasonable! You need it more than I. I d-dont want to-live w-without-you."

His hands shook somewhat. It was well there was no call for accurate shooting just then.

"I assure you I took all I required," he declared, with unnecessary vehe-

\* "At least drink your share to please

me;" she murmured. "You wished to humbug me," he

grumbled. "If you will take the first thalf I will take the second."

And they settled it that way. The few mouthfuls of tepid water gave them new life. Nevertheless by high moon they were suffering again. The time passed very slowly. The sun rose to the zenith and filled the earth and air with his ardor. It seemed to be a miracle - now appreciated for the first time in their lives-that the sea did not dry up and the leaves wither on the trees. The silence, the deathly inactivity of all things, became intolerable. The girl bravely tried to confine her thoughts to the task of the hour. She displayed alert watchfulness, an instant readiness to warn her companion of the slightest movement among the trees or by the rocks to the northwest, this being the arc of their periphery assigned to her.

Looking at a sunlit space from cover and looking at the same place when sweltering in the direct rays of a tropsun are kindred operations strangeby diverse in achievement. Iris could reconcile the physical sensitiveness of the hour with the careless hardithood of the preceding days. Her eyes sched somewhat, for she had tilted her sou'wester to the back of her head in the effort to eool her throbbing temples. She put up her right hand to shade the too vivid reflection of the glistening sea and was astounded to find that in a few minutes the back of her hand was scorched. A faint sound of distant shouting disturbed her pain-

"How is it," she asked, "that we feel the heat so much today? I had hardly noticed it before."

"For two good reasons-forced idleness and radiation from this confounded rock. Moreover, this is the hottest day we have experienced on the island. There is not a breath of air, and the hot weather has just commenced."

"Don't you think," she said huskily, "that our position here is quite hope-

They were talking to each other sideways. The sailor never turned his gaze from the southern end of the val-

"It is no more hopeless now than last night or this morning." he replied. "But suppose we are kept here for

several days?" "That was always an unpleasant

probability." "We had water then. Even with an

ample supply it would be difficult to hold out. As things are, such a course becomes simply impossible." Her despondency pierced his soul. A

slow agony was consuming her.

"It is hard. I admit," he said. "Nevertheless you must bear up until night falls; then we will either obtain water or leave this place."

"Surely we can do neither." "We may be compelled to do both."

"But how?"

In this his hour of extremest need the man was vouchsafed a shred of suck. Before he could frame a feeble pretext for his too sanguine prediction a sampan appeared 800 yards from Turtle beach, strenuously paddled by three men. The vague hallooing they

bad heard was explained. The Dyaks, though to the manner born, were weary of sun scorched rocks and salt water. The boat was coming in response to their signals, and the sight inspired Jenks with fresh hope. Like a lightning flash came the

He moved uneasily. He was only too | reflection that if he could keep them away from the well and destroy the sampan now hastening to their assistance, perhaps conveying the bulk oftheir stores, they would soon tire of slaking their thirst on the few pitcher

> "Come quick!" he shouted, adjusting the back sight of a rifle. "Lie down and aim at the front of that boat, a little short if anything. It doesn't matter if the bullets strike the sea first."

> He placed the weapon in readiness for her and commenced operations himself before Iris could reach his side. Soon both rifles were pitching twenty shots a minute at the sampan. The result of their long range practice was not long in doubt. The Dyaks danced from seat to seat in a state of wild excitement. One man was hurled overboard. Then the craft lurched seaward in the strong current, and Jenks told Iris to leave the rest to him.

> Before he could empty a second magazine a fortunate bullet ripped a plank out and the sampan filled and went down amid a shrill yell of execration from the back of the cliff. The two Dyaks yet living endeavored to swim ashore, half a mile through shark invested reefs. The sailor did not even trouble about them. After a few frantic struggles each doomed wretch flung up his arms and vanished. In the clear atmosphere the onlookers could see black fins cutting the pellucid sea.

> They were quieting down-the thirst fiend was again slowly salting their veins-when something of a dirty white color fluttered into sight from behind the base of the opposite cliff. It was rapidly withdrawn, to reappear after an interval. Now it was held more steadily and a brown arm became visible. As Jenks did not fire, a turbaned head popped into sight. It was the Mohammedan.

> "No shoot it," he roared. "Me English speak it."

> "Don't you speak Hindoostanee?" shouted Jenks in Urdu of the higher

"Yes, sir!" was the joyful response. "Will your honor permit his servant to come and talk with him?"

"Yes, if you come unarmed." "And the chief, too, sahib?"

"Yes, but listen! On the first sign of treachery I will shoot both of you!" "We will keep faith, sahib. May kites pick our bones if we fail?"

Then there stepped into full view the renegade Mussulman and his leader. They carried no guns; the chief wore

"Tell him to leave that dagger behind," cried the sailor imperiously. As the enemy demanded a pariey he resolved to adopt the conqueror's tone from the outset. The chief obeyed, with a scowl, and the two advanced to the foot of the rock.

"Stand close to me," said Jenks to Iris. "Let them see you plainly, but pull your hat well down over your eyes."

She silently followed his instructions. Now that the very crisis of their fate had arrived she was nervous, shaken. Indian government" conscious only of a desire to sink on her knees and pray.

The two halted some ten paces in front of the cavern, and the belliger ents surveyed each other. It was a fas cinating spectacle, this drama in real life. The yellow faced Dyak, gaudily attired in a crimson jacket and sky blue pantaloons of Chinese silk, a man young and powerfully built, and the brown skinned, white clothed Mohammedan, bony, tall and gray with hardship, looked up at the occupants of the ledge. Iris, slim and boyish in her male garments, was dwarfed by the six foot sailor, but her face was blood stained. and Jenks wore a six weeks' stubble of beard. Holding their rifles with alert ease, with revolvers strapped to their sides, they presented a warlike and imposing tableau in their inaccessible perch. In the path of the emissaries lay the bodies of the slain. The Dyak leader scowled again as he pass-

"Sahib," began the Indian, "my chief. Taung S'Ali, does not wish to have any more of his men killed in a foolish quarrel about a woman. Give her up. he says, and he will either leave you here in peace or carry you safely to some place where you can find a ship

manned by white men." "A woman!" said Jenks scornfully. "That is idle talk! What woman is

This question nonplused the native. "The woman whom the chief saw half a month back, sahib." "Taung S'Ali was bewitched. I slew

his men so quickly that he saw spirits." The chief caught his name and broke in with a question. A volles of talk between the two was enlivened with expressive gestures by Tapag S'Ali. who several times pointed to Iris, and Jenks now anathematized his thoughtless folly in permitting the Dyak to approach so near. The Mohammedan, of

course, had never seen her and might have persuaded the other that in truth there were two men only on the rock. His fears were only too well founded. The Mussulman salaamed respectfully

"Protector of the poor, I cannot gainsay your word, but Taung S'Ali says that the maid stands by your side and is none the less the woman he seeks in | him. that she wears a man's clothing."

does he come here to seek a woman who is not of his race? Not only has he brought death to his people and narrowly escaped it himself, but he must know that any violence offered to us will mean the extermination of his whole tribe by an English warship. Tell him to take away his boats and never visit this isle again. Perhaps I will then forget his treacherous attempt to murder us while we slept last night."

The chief glared defiantly, while the Mohammedan said:

"Sahib, it is best not to anger him too much. He says he means to have the girl. He saw her beauty that day, and she inflamed his heart. She has cost him many lives, but she is worth a sultan's ransom. He cares not for warships. They cannot reach his village in the hills. By the tomb of Nizam-ud-din, sahib, he will not harm you if you give her up, but if you refuse he will kill you both. And what is one woman more or less in the world that she should cause strife and bloodletting?"

The sailor knew the eastern character too well not to understand the man's amazement that he should be so solicitous about the fate of one of the weaker sex. It was seemingly useless to offer terms, yet the native was clearly so anxious for an amicable settlement that he caught at a straw.

"You come from Delhi?" he asked. "Honored one, you have great wis-

"None but a Delhi man swears by the tomb on the road to the Kutub. You have escaped from the Anda-

"Sahib, I did but slay a man in self

"Whatever the cause, you can never again see India. Nevertheless you would give many years of your life to mix once more with the bazaar folk."

The brown skin assumed a sallow

"That is good speaking," he gurgled. "Then help me and my friend to escape. Compel your chief to leave the



The belligerents surveyed each other.

island. Kill him! Plot against him! I will promise you freedom and plenty of rupees. Do this, and I swear to you I will come in a ship and take you away. The miss sahib's father is powerful. He has great influence with the

Taung S'Ali was evidently bewildered and annoyed by this passionate appeal which he did not understand. He demanded an explanation, and the ready witted native was obliged to invent some plausible excuse. Yet when he raised his face to Jenks there was the look of a hunted animal in his eyes.

"Sahib," he said, endeavoring to conceal his agitation, "I am one among many. A word from me, and they would cut my throat. If I were with you there on the rock I would die with you, for I was in the Kumaon regiment when the trouble befell me. It is of no avail to bargain with a tiger, sahib. I suppose you will not give up the miss sahib. Pretend to argue with me. I will help in any way possible."

Jenks' heart bounded when this unlooked for offer reached his ears. The unfortunate Mohammedan was evidently eager to get away from the piratical gang into whose power he had fallen. But the chief was impatient, if not suspicious, of these long speeches. Angrily holding forth a rifle, the sail-

or shouted: "Tell Taung S'Ali that I will slay him and all his men ere tomorrow's sun rises. He knows something of my power, but not all. Tonight at the twelfth hour you will find a rope hanging from the rock. Tie thereto a vessel of water. Fail not in this. I will not forget your services. I am Anstruther

Sahib of the Belgaum regiment." The native translated his words into a fierce defiance of Taung S'Ali and his Dyaks. The chief glanced at Jenks and Iris with an ominous smile. He muttered something.

"Then, sahib, there is nothing more to be said. Beware of the trees on your right. They can send silent death even to the place where you stand. And I will not fail you tonight, on my life," cried the interpreter.

"I believe you. Go! But inform your chief that once you have disappeared round the rock whence you came I will talk to him only with a

Taung S'Ali seemed to comprehend the Englishman's emphatic motions. Waving his hand defiantly, the Dyak turned, and, with one parting glance of mute assurance, the Indian followed

Iris touched his arm and he told "He has sharp eyes, but his brain is her all that had taken place. Iris beaddled," retorted the sailor, "Why came very downcast when she grasped

he earned state of affairs. She was all most certain when the Dyaks proposed a parley that reasonable terms would result. It horrified her beyond measure to find that she was the rock on which negotiations were wrecked

of death was in her breast. "What an unlucky influence I have had on your existence!" she exclaimed. "If tree. Several college players it were not for me this trouble at least would be spared you. Because I am here you are condemned. Again, because I stopped you from shooting that ly enjoyed by an enthusiastic they are now demanding your life as a forfeit. It is all my fault. I cannot bear it."

She was on the verge of tears. The strain had become too great for her. After indulging in a wild dream of freedom, to be told that they must again endure the irksome confinement, the active suffering, the slow horrors of a siege in that rocky prison, almost distracted her.

Jenks was very stern and curt in his

"We must make the best of a bad business," he said. "If we are in a tight place the Dyaks are not much better off, and eighteen of their number are dead or wounded. You forget, too, that Providence has sent us a most useful ally in the Mohammedan. When all is said and done, things might be far worse than they are."

Never before had his tone been so cold, his manner so abrupt, not even in the old days when he purposely endeavored to make her dislike him. She walked along the ledge and tim-

idly bent over him. "Forgive me!" she whispered. "I did forget for the moment not only the goodness of Providence, but also your self sacrificing devotion. I am only a woman, and I don't want to die yet, but I will not live unless you, too, are

Once already that day she had expressed this thought in other words. Was some shadowy design flitting through her brain? Suppose they were faced with the alternatives of dying from thirst or yielding to the Dyaks. Was there another way out? Jenks shivered, though the rock was grilling him. He must divert her mind from this dreadful brooding.

"The fact is," he said, with a feeble attempt at cheerfulness, "we are both hungry and consequently grumpy. Now, suppose you prepare lunch. We will feel ever so much better after we have enten."

The girl choked back her emotion and sadly essayed the task of providing a meal which was hateful to her. A few tears fell now and made little furrows down her soiled cheeks. But they were helpful tears, tears of resignation, not of despair. Although the "destruction that wasteth at noonday" was trying her sorely, she again felt strong and sustained.

She even smiled on detecting an involuntary effort to clear her stained face. She was about to carry a biscuit and some tinned meat to the sailor when a sharp exclamation from him caused her to hasten to his side.

The Dyaks had broken cover. Running in scattered sections across the sands, they were risking such loss as the defenders might be able to inflict upon them during a brief race to the shelter and food to be obtained in the other part of the island.

Jenks did not fire at the scurrying gang. He was waiting for one man, Taung S'Ali. But that redoubtable person, having probably suggested this dash for liberty, had fully realized the enviable share of attention he would attract during the passage. He therefore discarded his vivid attire and by borrowing odd garments made himself sufficiently like unto the remainder of his crew to deceive the sailor until the rush of men was over. Among them ran the Mohammedan, who did not look up the valley, but waved his hand. Jenks understood how he had been

When all had quieted down again fooled. He laughed so heartily that Iris, not knowing either the cause of his merriment or the reason of his unlooked for clemency to the flying foe. feared the sun had affected him. He at once quitted the post occupied

during so protracted a vigil. "Now," he cried, "we can eat in peace. I have stripped the chief of his finery. His men can twit him on being forced to shed his gorgeous plumage in order to save his life. Anyhow,

they will leave us in peace until night falls, so we must make the best of a hot afternoon." But he was mistaken. A greater danger than any yet experienced now threatened them, for Taung S'Ali, furious and unrelenting, resolved that if he could not obtain the girl he would

slay the pair of them, and he had ter-

rible weapons in his possession,

[TO BE CONTINUED.] Witcheraft In England.

A woman of Scarborough, England,

charged a short time ago with cruelly neglecting her children, believed that her victims had been bewitched by an evilly disposed neighbor. Superstition and credulity are still prevalent in England. Last year a London coroner had before him a man and a woman who, with their six children, slept in one room, about which several live rabbits were running. The adults believed that the presence of the animals was a long ago a Fulbourn (Cambridgeshire) man was fined for having kept his horses without food and having given stand, where I am better prethem a "broth" of water, parings of pared than ever to serve them hoofs, nails, needles and pins. This was the dose which a "wise man" had advised to remove the spell which was called for and delivered, believed to have been cast over the horses by a witch. At about the same time it came out in a trial that an old lady had paid a witch \$500 for a pow- Seed and Cigars. der the burning of which would bring her a great fortune.

Baseball at Mayesville.

Mayesville, June 9.—Yesterday afternoon at the new ball park one of the prettiest games Hope died within her. The bitterness of ball of the season was played between Mayesville and Kingswere on both teams, and the game was well played and greatwretched chief and his companions crowd. Score: Mayesville, 6; Kingstree, 3.

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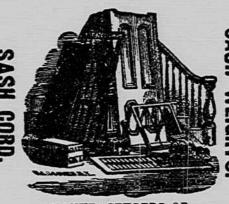
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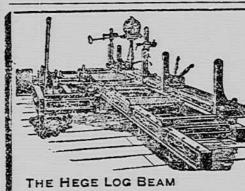


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