THE STORY THUS PAR

soul the man thanked God for the tribulation which brought this woman into hi life. He had traverned the wilderness to the an oasis of rare beauty. What might his beyond he neither knew nor cared. Through the remainder of his existence, he it a day or many a year, he would be glorified by the knowledge that in one incomparable heart he reigned supreme, unchallenged, if only for the hour. Fatigue, anxiety, bitter recollection and present danger were overwhelmed and forgotten in the nearness, the intangible presence, of Iris. He looked up to the starry vault, and, yielding to the spell, he, too, prayed.

It was a beautiful night. After a baking hot day the rocks were radiating their stored-up heat, but the pleasant south westerly breeze that generally set in at sunset tempered the atmosphere and made sleep refreshing. Jenks could not settle down to rest for a little while after Iris left him. She did not bring forth her lamp, and, unwilling to disturb her, he pleked up a resinous branch. It is in the dring for

and, unwilling to disturb her, he a resinous branch, lit it in the cand went into the cave.

and went into the cave.

He wanted to survey the work already done, and to determine whether it would be better to resume operations in the morning from inside the excavation or from the ledge. Owing to the difficulty of constructing a vertical upward shaft, and the danger of a sudden fall of heavy material, he decided in favor of the latter course, although it entailed lifting all the refuse out of the hole. To save time, therefore, he carried his mining tools into the open, placed in position the pheval de frise long since constructed for the defense of the entrance, and poured water over the remains of the fire.

This was his final care each night be-

This was his final care each night before stretching his weary ilmbs on his couch
of branches. It caused delay in the morning, but he neglected no precaution, and
there was a possible chance of the Dyaks
falling to discover the Eagle's Nest if they
were persuaded by other indications that
the island was deserted.

at the trees, thus giving warning enough to wake the Seven Sleepers.

Iris, fully dressed, was out in a moment. "They have come!" she whispered. "Fes," was the cheery answer, for Jenks face to face with danger, was a vary different man to Jenks wrestling with the insidious attacks of Cupid. "Up the ladder! Be lively! They will not be here for half an hour if they kick up such a row at the first difficulty. Still, we will take no risks Cast down those spare lines when you reach the top and haul away when I say, 'Ready!' You will find everything to hand up there. He held the bottom of the latter to steady it for the girl's climb. Soon her voice fell, like a message from a star—

"All right! Please join me soon!"

The coiled-up ropes dropped along the face of the rock. Clothes, pick, hatchet, hammer, crowbars and other useful odds and ends were swung away into the dark-

nammer, crowbars and other useful odds and ends were swung away into the darkness, for the moon as yet did not illumine the crag. The salior darted into Belle Vue Castle and kicked their leafy beds about the floor. Then he slung all the rifles, now five in number, over his shoulders and mounted the rope ladder, which, with the spare cords, he drew up and coiled with careful method.

"By the way," he suddenly asked, "have you your sou'wester?"
"Yea."

THE sallor knew so accurately the posi-

Ltion of his reliable sentinels that he

conflict on the other side of the Island. The

first outbreak of desultory firing died away

amid a chorus of protest from every feath-

ered inhabitant of the isle, so Jenks assumed that the Dyaks had gathered again on the beach after riddling the scarecrows with bullets or slashing them with their heavy razor-edged parangs, Malay swords with which experts can fell a stout sapling

with which experts can fell a stout sapling at a single blow.

A hasty council was probably held, and, notwithstanding their fear of the silent company in the hollow, an advance was ultimately made along the beach. Within a few yards they encountered the invisible cord of the third spring gum. There was a report, and another fierce outbreak of musketry. This was enough. Not a man would move nearer that abode of the dead. The next commotion arcse on the ridge near

The next commotion arose on the ridge

could follow each phase of the imagin

careful method.

"And your Bible?"

worthy than you to be His agent."

NANCY WYNNE TALKS ABOUT THE SOCIAL DOINGS OF THE DAY

The Marriage of Miss Agassiz, of Boston, to Cornelius Felton, of Haverford, Took Place Yesterday in Hamilton, Mass.—Guests From This City

PHILADELPHIA is greatly interested a visit to Greensburg. Pa., left last week for Atlantic City to spend some time. pretty daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rodolpha Agassiz, of Boston, and Cornie Felton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Conway Felton, of Haverford. The wedding took place yesterday at Homewood, in Hamilton, Mass., the country house of the Agassiz family. Marie's mother was Marie Dallas Scott, a sister of Hutchie Scott and Major Sanders Scott, of this city, and a great belle when she made her debut here some twenty or so years ago. She is an aunt of the four pretty Scott cousins, Nancy, Arabella and Martha, the daughters of Major Scott, and Betty Scott Clarke, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson Scott, who was married to Walton Clarks just before the troops went to Mexico. Betty, by the way, is living down at El Paso in a bungalow, I hear, and Eliza Fox Tilghman and her mother, Mrs. Fox, are down there also. So both brides are near their husbands.

To return to the Agassiz wedding, no less than three private trains were employed to take the guests from Boston to Hamilton, and a number of persons from here were "among those present." Besides the Scotts in this city the Agassia are related to the Sanders and Dallas families. I am sorry the young people are not to live here, as I am sure their friends had hoped, but Cornie, I understand, is to go to the Chicago house of stand, is to go to the Chicago house of avenue, has returned home after spending the Agassiz business, where he has been a month in Pittsburgh as the guest of Mr. given a position of importance, so of course they will live there.

Owing to the scare about infantile paralysis the season at Cape May has been greatly prolonged. Cottages which were usually boarded up by September 15 at the latest are still occupied by many fashionable Philadelphians. Pinckney Norris and his attractive young daughter, Helen, have decided to stay until the first of next month. Then Mr. Norris will go to Baltimore, where Helen will enter boarding school. It will certainly be hard for both of them, for I've seldom seen a father so devoted to a daughter as he is to her. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Wheeler and their two beautiful children will not return to town for several weeks, and the Hollinshead Taylors are still occupying the McCreary cottage. Mrs. Herbert Tilden has decided to keep her little ones down there until October 15, and I understand when they do come home they will occupy an apartment in the Wissabickon in Germantown. The Langdon Leas, William Drayton Granges and J. R. Tindles are also still down by the sad sea waves, though I suspect the Tindies will come up for the Horse Show next NANCY WYNNE.

Personals

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Calvin Roberts, of Wynnewood, Pa., for the wedding reception of their daughter, Miss Katherine Roberts, and Mr. Charles Fisher Luther, of Boston, Mass., on Saturday, October 7, at 4 o'clock at Pen-y-Bryn, Cherry lane, Wynnewood. Mr. and Mrs. Luther will be at home after November 15 at Vose lane, Milton, Mass.

announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Maria Thayer Graham, to Mr. Ricardo Zapiola Zimmerman, of Busses, Missage Miss Maria Thayer Graham, to Mr. Ricardo Zapiola Zimmerman, of Buenos Aires, Ar-gentine Republic. Miss Graham made her debut last winter. Mr. Zimmerman is a son of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Zimmerman, who have lived in Argentina for some years, and a brother of Mr. John E. Zimmerman, of this city. He is a graduate of the Uni-versity of Pennsylvania, class of 1916.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Neilson will enter-tain at dinner this evening at Coolock, St. David's, in honor of Miss Sarah S. Myers and Mr. Jacob Steelman Disston, Jr., whose marriage will take place tomorrow. The guests will include members of the wed-ding party.

Miss Katharine Ashhurst Bowie, daughter ef Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Bayard Bowie, of Midwoods, Chestnut Hill, who will be married to Mr. Joseph K. T. Van Pelt, 2d, on Saturday, gave a luncheon today for her bridgers id.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Kearsley Mitchell are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton Riče at Miramar, their villa in Newport.

The Rev. Percy J. Brown and Mrs Brown, of Torresdale, are being congratu-lated upon the birth of a son yesterday.

Along the Main Line OVERBROOK—Mrs. Otto Scheibal, of the Montevista Apartments, Overbrook, an-nounces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Etta Helen Scheibal, to Mr. C. Sum-mer Davson, of Scranton, Pa., son of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Dawson, of Wenonah, N. J.

Chestnut Hill

Miss Lillie Crisfield, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. P. Crisfield, of Graver's lane. has returned from Baltimore, where she has been visiting her flance's family. Miss Crisfield's marriage to Mr. William Dixon will take place in the fall.

Germantown

A quiet wedding will be solemnized on Wednesday, November 15, in Calvary Prot-stant Episcopal Church, when Miss Ann Hauson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis M. Hanson, of 5211 Archer street, will be me the bride of Mr. Norman Thompson Moore, also of Germantown. Miss Hanson is a sister of Mrs. Alexander Henry, Jr., and of Mrs. L. Bancroft Mellor.

Mrs. John B. Peterson, accompanied by her small daughter, Miss Joan Peterson, is spending a fortnight in Atlantic City.

Along the Reading

Mr. and Mrs. Horace G. Petterolf, Miss Mildred Petterolf and Mr. Allen Petterolf, of Church road, Wyncote, are spending some time at the Chelsea Hotel, Atlantic City,

Mr. and Mrs. Haselton Mirkil, Mr. Hilliam Mirkil, Mr. Haselton Mirkil, Jr., liss Mary Mirkil and Miss Eloise Mirkil. Bent road, Wyncote, who are spending me time at Chelsea, will remain until to in the fall.

Mrs. H. Clay Dingee, Jr., of Washington base. Jenkintown, who has been spending the summer at Lake Saranac, N. Y., will remain until late in the fall.

Bala-Cynwyd Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jackson have re-turned from a motor trip to Maine, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lam-bert Ott.

West Philadelphia

Mrs. Charles Bloomingdale, Jr., of 5005 Walnut street, who has returned from a motor trip through the Pocono Mountains, is spending this week in New York.

Miss Irene Berrill and Miss Florence Berrill, of 5810 Spruce street, who are at their cottage on States avenue, Atlantic City, will remain until October. Their sister, Mrs. Beatrice K. Keeley, with her young son, Master James Keeley, is vialling them.

Mrs. M. L. Rutan and her son, Mr. Leroy Rutan, have returned to their home, 6247 Market street, after a visit of three weeks

North Philadelphia

Mr. Harry E. Gerhard, of 3114 North Six-teenth street, has taken a cottage in At-lantic City, and will remain there with his until October 1.

South Philadelphia

Miss Marie May has returned to West Chester, where she is attending the Normal School, after spending the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry May, of 712

The Young Girls' Hebrew Society held a package party on Sunday at the home of Miss Helen Green, 1332 Point Breeze The proceeds of the affair will be used for charitable work.

Miss Mary Haines, of 1607 Passyunk and Mrs. John J. McGinley. Miss Marie Boyle, of Pittsburgh, is the guest of Miss

Miss Edith Bach, of 2108 South Fifteenth street, will spend the remainder of this month in Douglassville, Pa.

Kensington

A surprise party was given in honor of Miss Margaret Maneely and her brother. Andrew Maneely, Jr., last night in honor of their sixteenth and twenty-third birthdays. respectively, by their parents Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Maneely, at their home. 2402 East Clearfield street. The guests included Miss Florence Layer, Miss Emma Deigel, Miss Jennetta Walters, Miss Edna Clements, Miss Kathryn Wambach, Miss Marian Clews. Mrs. Ruth Brooks. Clews, Mrss Ruth Brooks, Miss Mary Arndt, Miss Ethel Woolsey, Miss Elsie Arndt, Miss Ethel Woolsey, Miss Elsie Schuman, Miss Anna May Schrant, Miss Agnes Miller, Mr. Harry Magsam, Mr. Philip Holland, Mr. Paul Beck, Mr. William Bingham, Mr. Earl Campbell, Mr. Robert Gordon, Mr. Alfred Abrahamson, Mr. Paul Pogson, Mr. William Miller and Mr. Richard Miller.

Northeast

Miss Retta Berkowits, of 1330 North Seventh street, has left for Harrisburg, where she will be the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Louis Goldman. She will return for the opening of the school season.

Entertainments

The tenth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Harry H. Fiske was held last night at their home, 118 Virginia avenue, Westmont, N. J. Among the guests were the entire forces of the credit, auditing the entire forces of the credit, auditing and accounting departments of the Crew-Levick Company. Mr. Fiske has been associated with the company for more than associated with the credit, auditing and accounting the credit in the credit, auditing and accounting the credit in the credit, auditing and accounting departments of the Crew-Levick Company for the credit, auditing and accounting departments of the Crew-Levick Company for the credit, auditing and accounting departments of the Crew-Levick Company for the credit in the credi associated with the company for more than fifteen years. Among those present was Colonel E. J. Dimmick, who told many interesting stories of his experiences in the Spanish-American War. About 200

A birthday surprise party was given to Miss Anna Larman, at her home, 603 Emily street, on Saturday evening. Among those present were Miss Ethel Fineman, Miss Reba Goldberg, Miss Rose Eterman, Miss Clara Hiseman, Mr. Jacob Selar, Mr. Mur-ray, Miss Rose Larman and Mr. Max Fine-man.

A reception was given on Saturday eve-ing in honor of Miss Sophia M. Feldman at ning in honor of Miss Sophia M. Feldman at her home, 712 Jackson street. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. N. Feldman, Mr. and Mrs. A. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Bos-koff, Mr. and Mrs. Kaslitzsky, Mr. and Mrs. J. Strauss, Miss Anna Strauss, Miss Eliza-J. Strauss, Miss Anna Strauss, Miss Elizabeth Adwokate, Miss Sara Adwokate, Miss Frances Strauss, Miss Dora Strauss, Miss Pauline Kramer, Miss Minnle Schwartz, Miss Rose Caplan, Miss Rose Strauss, Mr. John Gillin, Mr. Richard Korsky, Mr. Bernard Hark, Mr. Harry Dubin, Mr. Robert Kasitsky, Mr. Louis Lazar, Mr. David N. Feldman, Mr. Caplan, Mr. Keys, Mr. Pincus Biltzstein, Mr. Samuel Aron, Mr. Max Hurtwitz, Mr. Joseph Feldman and Mr. Herman Feldman.



MISS GLADYS WOODBURY Miss Woodbury, who lives at Seven Cedars, Fort Washington, left on Sunday for El Paso, where she will be the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Harlan Irvin for an indefinite visit.

Weddings

GORDON-CUNNINGHAM

A very pretty autumn wedding will take place this evening at 6 o'clock in St. Stephen's Roman Catholic Church, Broad and Butler streets, when Miss Agnes Gertrude Cunningham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Cunningham, of 3442 North Fifteenth street, will become the brids of Mr. John A. Gordon. The Rev. Richard Hannigan, assistant rector, will officiate. The bride's sister, Mrs. Lawrence A. Stead, will be matron of honor, and Miss Elizabeth F. Shenkle will be bridesmaid.

Mr. Joseph G. Gordon will be his broth-er's best man, and the ushers will include Mr. Lawrence A. Stead and Mr. Augustus A. Seifert. The ceremony will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, after a wedding trip, will be at home after October 1 at 3442 North Fifteenth street

KLEIN-LEVY

Among tonight's weddings will be that of Miss Fanny Levy, sister of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Sondheim, of 330 Penn street, Reading, Pa., and Mr. Charles Kiein, of 1908 West Venango street. Philadelphia, which will be solemnized in the Herkshire Hotel, Reading, with the Rabbi J. Frank. of that city, officiating. The bride, who will be given in marriage by her brother-in-law, will be unattended. Mr. and Mrs. Klein will spend their honeymoon in New York, Boston and on the Maine coast, and

YAHN-RUCKHARDT

An attractive wedding will take place this evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dernhardt Ruckhardt, 372 Leverington venue, Roxborough, when their daughter, Miss Anna S. Ruckhardt, will become the bride of Mr. Albert F. Yahn, of Kensington. The ceremony will be performed at 7 o'clock by the Rev. Dr. A. Schmeider, of the Bethanian Lutheran Church, Roxborough, and will be followed by a reception. The bride, who will be given in marriage by her father, will be attended by her sis-ter, Miss Helen Ruckhardt, as bridesmald, Mr. Yahn and his bride will return from

CLARKE-LOFTUS

A quiet wedding took place yesterday morning at 10 o'clock in the Church of the Holy Angels, Oak Lane, when Miss Mary Loftus, daughter of Mrs. John Loftus, be came the bride of Mr. Edward Clarke. Dr. John Loftus gave his sister in marriage, and she was attended by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Joseph Loftus, as matron of honor. Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, after a wedding trip. will live in Scranton. The bridegroom is a brother of Mrs. Ashton Devereux, of Ger-

Tioga

Mr. and Mrs. Harry McClelland and their family have closed their summer home in Wildwood, and have returned to their winter home, 3429 North Fifteenth street,

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Heas and Mr. Walter C. Hess, of 1813 West Eric avenue, have returned from Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Gabell and their family have returned to Tioga after spending the summer in Ocean City, N. J.

Dr. George R. Uirich, of West Venango street, has returned from a visit of several weeks in Selinsgrove, Pa.

THE STORY THUS PAR

IRIS DEANE, daughter of Sir Arthur
Deane, cower of the London and Mongkong
Company, is cast upon Rainbew leiand
when the steamship Sirdar goes down during a typhoon in the China Sea.

ROBERT JENNES, an assistant steward on
the ship, is the only other survivor. On
board the vessel before the wreck he was
deeply moved when he overheard mention of
the ruthor that iris and Lord Ventinor are
engaged. On the island, Jenks confesses
that he is Robert Anstruther, formerly a
capitain of British cavairy in Ventior's regiment. He remonstrates with his colome?'s
wife for firring with Lord Ventior and is
obliged to thrash the latter. Palse testimeny
on the part of Ventior and the woman
caused the dishonurable discharge of Anstruther.

The WINGS of the MORNING

CHAPTER X-(Continued)

CAN only admit that you are right," he ▲ murmured. "We must pray that God will direct our friends to this island. Otherwise we may not be found for a year as unhappily the fishermen who once came here now avoid the place. They have been frightened by the contents of the hollow behind the cliff. I am glad you have solved the difficulty unaided, Miss Deane. I have striven at times to be coarse, even brutal, toward you, but my heart flinched from the task of telling you the possible period of Then Iris, for the first time in many

days, wept bitterly, and Jenks, blind to the to which, in spare moments, he had affixed curious device, and walked slowly acros Prospect Park toward the half-obliterated road leading to the Valley of Death.

The girl watched him disappear among Through her tears shone a sor

"He thinks only of me, never of himself," she communed. "If it pleases Providence to spare us from these savages, what does it matter to me how long we remain here? I have never been so happy before in my life. I fear I never will be again. If it were not for my father's terrible anxiety I would not have a care in the world. I only wish to get away, so that one brave soul at least may be rid of needless tor-All his worry is on my account

That was what tearful Miss Iris thought or tried to persuade herself to think. Per haps her cogitations would not bear strict analysis. Perhaps she harbored a sweet hope that the future might yet contain bright hours for herself and the man who was so devoted to her. She refused to be-lieve that Robert Anstruther, strong of arm and clear of brain, a Knight of the Round Table in all that was noble and chivalric, would permit his name to bear an unwarrantable stigma when—and she blushed like June rose—he came to tell her that which

The sailor returned hastily, with the man ner of one hurrying to perform a neglecter Without any explanations to Iris he climbed several times to the ledge, carrying armioads of grass roots which he planted in full view. Then he entered the cave, and, although he was furnished only with the dim light that penetrated through the distant exit, she heard him hewing manfully at the rock for a couple of hours. At last he emerged, grimy with dust and perspiration, just in time to pay a last visit to Summit Rock before the sun sank to rest. He asked the girl to delay somewhat the preparations for their evening meal, as he wished to take a bath, so it was quite dark when they sat down to eat.

Iris had long recovered her usual state

"Why are you burrowing in the cavern again?" she inquired. "Are you in a hurry to get rich?" "I was following an air shaft, not a lode,"

he replied. "I am occasionally troubled with afterwit, and this is an instance. Do you remember how the flame of the lamp

flickered while we were opening up our

By Louis Tracy

"Yes."

"I was so absorbed in contemplating our prospective wealth that I failed to pay heed to the true significance of that incident. It meant the existence of an upward current of air. Now, where the current goes there must be a passage, and while I was busy this afternoon among the trees over there,"—he pointed toward the Valley of Death—"it came to me like an inspiration that possibly a few hours' hewing and delving might open a shaft to the ledge. I have been well rewarded for the effort. The stuff in the vault is so eaten away by water that in the vanit is so eaten away by water that it is no more solid than hard mud for the most part. Already I have scooped out a chimney twelve feet high."

"What good can that be?"

"At present we have only a front door-up the face of the rock. When my work is completed, before tomorrow night I hope, we shall have a back door also. Of course I may encounter unforeseen obstacles as I advance. A twist in the fault would be nearly fatal, but I am praying that it may con-tinue straight to the ledge."

'I still don't see the great advantage to

"The advantages are many, believe me.
The more points of attack presented by the
enemy the more effective will be our resistance. I doubt if they would ever be able
to rush the cave were we to hold it, whereas I can go up and down our back staircase whenever I choose. If you don't mind being left in the dark I will resume work now, by

the light of your lamp."

But Iris protested against this arrangement. She felt lonely. The long hours of silence had been distasteful to her. She wanted to talk.

"I agree," said Jenks, "provided you do not pin me down to something I told you a onth ago."

"I promise. You can tell me as much or as little as you think fit. The subject for discussion is your court-martial." He could not see the tender light in her

eyes, but the quiet sympathy of her voice restrained the protest prompt on his lips. Yet he blurted out, after a slight pause—

Yet he blurted out, after a slight pause—
"That is a very unsavory subject."
"Is it? I do not think so. I am a friend,
Mr. Jenka, not an old one, I admit, but during the last six weeks we have bridged an ordinary acquaintanceship of as many years. Can you not trust me?"
Trust her? He laughed softly. Then, choosing his words with great deliberation, he answered—"Yes, I can trust you. I intended to teil you the story some day. Why not tenight?"

ot tonight?" Unseen in the darkness Iris's hand sought and clasped the gold locket suspended from her neck. She already knew some portion of the story he would tell. The remainder was of minor importance.

"It is odd," he continued, "that you should have alluded to six years a moment ago. It is exactly six years, almost to a day, since

"With Lord Ventnor?" The name slipped "Yes. I was a Staff Corps subaltern, and my proficiency in native languages attracted the attention of a friend in Simla, who adivsed me to apply for an appointment on the political side of the Government of India. I did so. He supported the application, and I was assured of the next vacancy in a native State, provided that I got married." Yes, I was a Staff Corps subaltern.

He drawled out the concluding words with exasperating slowness. Iris, astound-ed by the stipulation, dropped her locket and leaned forward into the red light of

and leaned forward into the red light of the log fire. The sailor's quick eye caught the glitter of the ornament. "By the way," he interrupted, "what is that thing shining on your breast?" She instantly clasped the trinket again. "It is my sole remaining adornment," she said, "a present from my father on my tenth hirthday. Pray go on!"

tenth birthday. Pray go on! "I was not a marrying man, Miss Deane, and the requisite qualification nearly stag-gered me. But I looked around the station and came to the conclusion that the Commissioner's niece would make a suitable wife. I regarded her 'points,' so to speak, and they filled the bill. She was smart, good-looking, lively, understood the art of entertaining, was first-rate in sports and had excellent teeth. Indeed, if a man se-

lected a wife as he does a horse, she "Don't be horrid. Was she really pretty?" "I believe so. People said she was." "But what did you think?"

"At the time my opinion was biased. I have seen her since, and she wears badly. She is married now, and after 30 grow very fat." Artful Jenks! Iris settled herself com-

"T have jumped that fence with a lot in hand," he thought.

"We became engaged," he said aloud.

"She threw herself at him," communed

Iris.
"Her name was Elizabeth—Elizabeth
Morris." The young lieutenant of those
days called her "Bessle," but no matter.

"Well, you didn't marry her, anyhow," mimented Iris, a triffe sharply. And now the sailor was on level ground

Thank Heaven, no." he said, earnestly We had barely become engaged when went with her uncle to Simla for the weather. There she met Lord Vent who was on the Viceroy's staff, and-if you don't mind, we will skip a portion of the carrative—I discovered then why men in india usually go to England for their wives. While in Simla on ten days' leave I had a foolish row with Lord Ventner in the United States Club—hammered him, in fact. In de-fense of a worthless woman, and was only saved from a severe reprimand because I had been badly treated. Nevertheless, my hopes of a political appointment vanished, and I returned to my regiment to learn, after due reflection, what a very lucky per-

"Concerning Miss Morris, you mean?" Exactly. And now exit Elizabeth. Not being cut out for matrimonial enterprise I tried to become a good officer. A year ago, when the Government asked for volunteers to form Chinese regiments, I sent in my name and was accepted. I had the good for-tune to serve under an old friend, Colonel Costobell, but some malign star sent Lord Ventnor to the Far East, this time in ar important capacity. I met him occasionally, and we found we did not like each other any better. My horse beat his for the Pagoda Hurdle Handleap—poor old Sultan! I wonder where he is now?"

"Was your horse called Sultan'?"
"Yes. I bought him in Meerut, trained him myself, and ferried him all the way to China. I loved him next to the British army."

This was quite satisfactory. There was

failing to discover the Eagle's Nest if they were persuaded by other indications that the island was deserted.

He entered the hut and was in the act of pulling off his boots when a distant shot rang sharply through the air. It was magnified tenfold by the intense slience. For a few seconds that seemed to be minutes he listoned, cherishing the quick thought that perhaps a turtle, wandering far beyond accustomed limits, had disturbed one of the spring-gun communications on the sands. A sputtering volley, which his trained ear recognized as the firing of muzzle-loaders, sounded the death knell of his last hope.

The Dyaks had landed! Coming sliently and mysteriously in the dead of night, they were themselves the victims of a stratagem they designed to employ. Instead of taking the occupants of Ralinbow Island unawares they were startled at being sreeted by a shot the moment they landed. The alarmed savages at once retailated by firing their antiquated weapons pointblank at the trees, thus giving warning enough to wake the Seven Sleepers.

Iris, fully dressed, was out in a moment. They have come!" she whitnered. genuine feeling in his voice now. Iris be-came even more interested.
"Colonel Costobell fell III, and the com-mand of the regiment devolved upon me, our only major being absent in the interior. The Colonel's wife unhappily chose that moment to flirt, as people say, with Lord Ventnor. Not having learned the advisabilventior. Not having learned the advisability of minding my own business, I remonstrated with her, thus making her my deadly enemy. Lord Ventior contrived an official mission to a neighboring town and detailed me for the military charge. I sent a junior officer. Then Mrs. Costobell and he deliberately concocted a plot to ruin me—he, for the make of his old animosity—you remember that I had also considered. remember that I had also crossed his path in Egypt—she, because she feared I would speak to her husband. On pretense of seeking my advice, she inveigled me at night into a deserted corner of the Club grounds at Hongkong. Lord Ventnor ap-peared, and as the upshot of their vile statements, which created an immediate uproar, I-well, Miss Deane, I nearly killed

Iris vividly recalled the anguish he be when this topic was inadvertently proached one day early in their acquaint ance. Now he was reciting his painful his tory with the air of a man far more con-cerned to be scrupulously accurate than aroused in his deepest passions by the memory of past wrongs. What had hap-pened in the interim to blunt these bygone sufferings? Iris clasped her locket. She thought she kneep sufferings? Iris thought she knew.

"The remainder may be told in a sen-tence," he said. "Of what avail were my frenzied statements against the definite frenzied statements against the definite proofs adduced by Lord Ventnor and his unfortunate ally? Even her husband believed her and became my hitter for Poor w I have it in my heart to pity her. Well, that is all. I am here."

"Can a man be ruined so easily?" murmured the girl, her exquisite tact leading her to avoid any direct expression of sym

"And your Bible?"
"Yes. It rests beneath my head every night. I even brought our Tempson."
"Ah," he growled flercely, "this is where the reality differs from the romance. Our troubles are only beginning now."
"They will end the sooner. For my part, I have utter faith in you. If it be God's will, we will escape; and no man is more weether than yout to be His second." "It seems so. But I have my reward. It ever I meet Mrs. Costobell again I will thank her for a great service." Iris suddenly became confused. Her brow

and neck tingled with a quick access of "Why do you say that?" she asked; and

or pretended not to hear, the tremor in her "Because you once told me you would sever marry Lord Ventnor, and after what

I have told you now I am quite sure you whispered. He forced back the words trembling for

He forced back the words trembling for utterance. He even strove weakly to assume an air of good-humored badinage. "See how you have tempted me from work, Miss Deane." he cried. "We have gossiped here until the fire grew tired of our company. To bed, please, at once." Iris caught him by the arm.
"I will pray tonight, and every plate."

"I will pray tonight, and every night."
she said solemnly, "that your good name
may be cleared in the eyes of all men as
it is in mine. And I am sure my prayer
will be answered."

She passed into her chamber, but her angelic influence remained. In his very the North Cape. CONTINUED TOMORROW

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

WHO IS YOUR FRIEND?

Dear Children-I want you to know that you may ask ME all the questions you wish. I am right here to answer what I can and if I can't answer I will get some one who can or tell you so.

I am interested in what you ask. I am never too busy to read what you write. I know your sorrows-they are real to you. I know what it is to be lonely.

I know what it is to long for some one to talk to. I know what it means to talk to people who do not listen to what you are

saying. I know what it means to live 40 years without a father. I know what it means to take care of a sick mother, not one year, but many

I know I love children and that does not matter so much as the fact that CHILDREN LOVE ME.

When I go to a strange city (little strangers) say, "Hello!" How do THEY know I am a children's editor?

I guess I send them a wireless from my eyes. They know! This is the greatest salary you can pay me. So write to me. If Willie Jones poked your nose, I'm sorry.

If Jerusha, your doll, is lost, I'm sorry. If mother has gone away and is never coming back, I'm sorry, oh, so sorry Perhaps we can go to meet her.

Our Postoffice Box

Let's try.

Hazel Ranck, a little Danville Rainbow loves her home very much. She has a nice big shady lawn, a "fly-away" swing and a pet dog named Riffies. George Patterson, of Williamsburg. Pa., has converted part of his lawn into a rabbit yard. He sends the following message to any Rainbow boys who would be interested in doing the same: "If you would like to make a rabbit yard, dig down about eighteen inches, then put wire over the ground where it has been dug out. Put the dirt back again."

Hazel Machier is just a small Hainbow, but she manages to have an "outdoor" pet, it is a chicken named Honey. Hazel has grown so big of late that mother has given her a room all to herself! While we are talking about little girls let us add a word shout Virginia Snead. Virginia wants to name Dorothy Botte's doi! Gladys, and over sind above that, she wants to hop Dorothy sew for the small indy. Manurements of the doil will shortly be forwarded by Decolar to Virginia. oves her home very much. She has a nice

Gertrude Stella Allen, of Willow Grove Pa., thinks that Helen or Marguerite would be a pretty name for Dorothy Bolle's doll

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor.



WILLIE AND THE BEDSPRINGS

By Farmer Smith

When Willie Wideawake got into bed one night he thought he heard a squeak. He had never heard such a sound before, but he was sure it came from the bed springs.

"I guess they have growing pains," thought Willie, as he stretched out his toes and bumped his head up and down on the pillow to make a comfortable hole in which

In a few moments he was fast asleep probably because he wanted to lie awake and think how fast he was growing. Squeak, squeak, squeak!

Bump! Wille Wideawake suddenly found him-

Wille Wideawake suddenly found himself on the floor.

Peeking over the bedciothes he saw Good Dream Fairy laughing at him.

"Well, well! My boy, you have become so heavy you have broken the springs. Soon you will be big enough to take our trip. No little boy could go where we are going, so you must grow even more than you are now growing."

Just at that moment Willie's mother came.

Just at that moment Willie's mother came into his room.
"Why, my son!" she exclaimed. "You have fallen out of bed."
Indeed Wille had. He looked AROUND for the GOOD DREAM FAIRY.

Sent in by ROSE PISHER
Evelyn had shown signs of a severe cold
at the breakfast table.
"Evelyn," said her father, "I think you
are a little hoarse."
"That's funny," she replied. "Yesterday
you told me I was a little pig."

The Possum

By FLORENCE BIRNEY. Gloucester. N. J.
One night as I was going to bed I happened to look out my window.
And what do you think I saw? I saw
Mr. Possum waiting his chance to catch one
of our chickens. Just then I went downstairs and hit Mr. Possum on the head and
after that we did not see any more Pos-

