EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1916

NANCY WYNNE PREDICTS GAY WEEK FOR VISITORS TO SHOW

Many Out-of-Town Guests Will Be Entertained by Box Holders-Late Arrivals Make Chelsea Lively This Month

AND now we have one of our recent where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Touns Mrs. Bud Patterson, who hast Mrs. Bud Patterson, who hast al entertained for her sister-in-law. ha Patterson, who is to marry Spencer ming in October, will give a luncheon the for her sister-in-law-to-be, Mary mayton, whose marriage to Ralph Earle ill take place on Saturday of next week. rest imagine! That will leave only two ers of the Earle family at home. ith, who came out last year and who as many devoteds (and one in particular), and Gladys, who is about fifteen or states years of age and bids fair to be wan handsomer than her older sisters, and that is saying much, you will agree with me.

A mmber of very interesting people all come here for the Horse Show next week, among them Sir Adam Beck and Lady Beck, of Canada, who will be the of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lloyd, at blowd, Bryn Mawr, and the Skiddy on Stades, of New York, who will visit the Victor Mathers. Mrs. von Stade la a ter, you know, of Mrs. Devereux Milrn, who was here this week for the ale game between the Easterners and esterners. Then Major W. Austin Wadsworth and Mrs. Wadsworth, of tenesce, N. Y., will be the guests of Mr. Charles E. Mather, who will give a large dinner in their honor on the Saturday of the show and will entertain at luncheon en Sunday, October 1.

Another entertainment to be given during the show will be the hunt breakfast. at 9 o'clock, on Saturday morning, September 30, when Mr. and Mrs. William Struthers Ellis will entertain after the bengle trials, and these will be held, mind you, at 6 a. m. Can't you see every one setting up at 5 o'clock and riding down to the grounds. Some energetic indertaking, that.

With the approach of cool weather, one notices the arrival of many Philadelphians in Atlantic City. They come from mountains and country for a brief rest efore the strenuous winter season. While strolling the Boardwalk this week I noticed Mrs. D. Webster Dougherty, ac panied by the fair Marion, the latter ooking exceedingly smart in a white cloth suit and white felt sailor hat. Mr. and Mrs. John Mason, of Chestnut Hill. have been recent visitors to the resort, also Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Wood. As dusk approaches, the Brighton tearoom is crowded with well-dressed men and women. Think you the Brighton is noted NANCY WYNNE. for its tea?

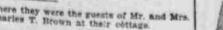
Personals

Mrs. Arthur Brock will give a dinner ance at the Ritz-Carlton on December 8 in soler of her debutante daughter, Miss Einabeth Norris Brock.

Mr. Edgar T. Scott, Jr., who has been at the front with the ambulance corps in France for three months, will return to this er next week and will join his parents. Mr. and Mrs. Edgar T. Scott, at Bar Har-

Mrs. John B. Lennig and her daughter. Mrs. Robert Hawkes, are spending a few weeks at Galen Hall, Wernersville, Vt., prior to occupying their apartments at the Rittenhouse for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rodman Shattuck, of Germantown, have issued cards for the matriage of their daughter, Miss Kathlyne Montgomery Shattuck, to Mr. Coleman



Miss Elizabeth Chapman, of \$66 West Duval street, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Paul A. Gresthouss, of Dayton, O. Mrs. Greathouse before her murriage was Miss Marjoris Borden, of Cermantown.

Miss Elicabeth Gurley, of 557 Harvey street, has returned from Virginia Beach, where she was the guest of Bishop Newton and his family for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Issard and their family, of Hansberry street, who have been spending the summer in Ventner, have returned ho

Along the Reading

Mrs. Charles H. Culin, of Church road, Elikins Park, has had Mrs. Robert S. Jones, of Alexandria, Va., as her guest for time. Mrs. Jones returned to her Inst week

Miss Margaret Fitzgerald, of Ashbourne road, Elkins Park, is spending some time at Pocono Summit.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stevens, of Wyncote road, Jenkintown, have returned from a visit to Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Callahan have closed their cottage at Surf City and have returned to their Oak Lane home. Miss Agnes O'Toole. of Cambridge, Mass, who was the guest of Mrs. Callahan at Surf City for three months, will return to her home early in October.

few days.

low the ceremony

hanna avenue

Lansdowne

Miss Mary Killian, of Abbington, Ill., a suburb of Chicago, is visiting Miss Flor-ence M. Clarke, of Runnemede avenue. Mrs. Catherine Moore, of 2406 South Nine-

North Philadelphia

Mr. and Mrs. M. Matuson and their chilen, Miss Jeannette Matuson, Miss Ray Matuson, Master Simon Matuson and Mas-ter Abraham Matuson, of 2019 Berks street, have returned from Atlantic City, where they spent the summer.

The ushers were Mr. Joseph Cunningham and Mr. John Christy. Following the cere-Mr. Paimer Hoties has returned home after having spent some time on the New England coast.

mony, a reception was held at the home of the bride's mother. There were 200 guents present. After a trip through the New England States, Mr. and Mrs. Conaty Mr. William Gamble, who is spending a few weeks in Baltimore, will go from Baltimore to the Pocono Mountains for a will live at 1290 Sheridan street, Camden where they will be at home after Noven

Northeast Philadelphia

The marriage of Miss Helene L. Hentschei and Mr. Joseph S. Cahill, Jr., took An interesting wedding will take place on Monday, when Miss Antoinette Mari-ana. of 1917 East Venango street, will be married to Mr. Michael Boffa, of 3131 Til-ton street. The Rev. Cosmos Bruni will officiate at the Church of the Mater Dolo-ross, Frankford, and a reception will fol-Hentschei and AF. Joseph S. Canil, Jr. took place Wednssday afternoon at the home of the bridegroom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cahill, 1918 Van Pelt street, and was followed by a reception. Miss Kath-arine Horan attended the bride, and the best man was Dr. Albert Horan.

SHUMAN-WEINSTEIN

CAHILL-HENTSCHEL

Photo by Marceau

MISS SUSAN LYNAH BRUCE

Miss Bruce, with her fiancee, Mr. Samuel H. Chase, will be guest of honor at a large luncheon to be given on Sunday by Mr. Gustave Heckscher

Weddings

CONATY-MOORE

An attractive early autumn wedding took

A reception was given by Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Rosenau at their home, 2222 North Front street, on Sunday evening, from 6 until 10 o'clock, in honor of the engage-ment of their daughter, Miss Dora Rose-An attractive wedding took place on Sun-day, when Miss Pauline Weinstein became the bride of Mr. Harry Shuman at Metro-politan Hall, Seventh street and Fairmount avenue. Miss Rebecca Brodsky was the maid of honor. The bridesmaids were Miss Ethel Lipschutz, Miss Sara Needleman, Miss Note Gubin Miss Doro Golderate. Miss ment of their daughter, Miss Dora Rose-nau, to Mr. Samuel Jacob, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jacob, of 135 West Susque-Yetta Rubin, Miss Dora Goldstein, Miss Reba Levan, Miss Freda Kapian and Miss Rose Lipschutz Mr. Philip Lipschutz was the best man, and the ushers were Mr. Da-

Mrs. G. W. Zeller entertained at her home, 1714 Mifflin street, on Monday eve-ning, in honor of the Strolling Players' Concert Company, a local aggregation, which vid Weinstein, Mr. Lewis Weinstein, Mr. John Lipschutz, Mr. H. Needleman, Mr. Samuel Levan, Mr. Samuel Shuman and Mr. Abraham Shuman. will give a complimentary entertainment at the Philadelphia Hospital next Friday eve-

McDEVITT--McCALL The marriage of Miss Margaret D. Mc-Call, of 152 North Fifty-fourth street, to Mr. Harry J. McDevitt, Jr., of 322 North Fifty-third street, took place on Saturday, September 2. After an extended trip south Mr. and Mrs. McDevitt will be at home after January 1 at 152 North Fifty-fourth street. MeDEVITT-MeCALL ning, September 29, which will consist of a constumed operetta, entitled "A Modern Midsummer Night Dream," a travesty on the Shakaspearean version. Among these who attended the reception were Miss Edith Gallagher, Miss Mae Towers, Miss Ethel M. Zeller, Miss Mae Cowley, Miss Fiorence Gallagher, Mrs. Della Roney, Mrs. L. Gray, Mra. H. Cowley, Miss Bernice Zeller, Mr. R. Roney, Mr. G. A. Zeller, Mr. A. Gray, Mr. J. Larkins and Mr. H. Cowley.





THE STORY THUS FAR

THE STORY THUS PAR IRIS DEANE, daughter of Bir Arthur Deans, owner of the London and Hongkong owners of the London and Hongkong owners of the London and Hongkong owner, is cast upon Rainbow Island when the steamship Birdar good down dur-ing a transmip Birdar good down dur-ments of the stand before the ward on heard the vessel before the wreck he was depite moved sharp he everther during are start as the the any other surviver. Or board the vessel before the wreck he was depite moved sharp he everther during are start as the takend Jenke conference that he to the takend Jenke conference output to the sharp the latter. Friese testimont wife for fifting with Lord Ventuor's rag-wife the fast of Ventuor and the woman on the part of Ventuor and the woman there.

Jonks, in exploring the taland, discovers a Joint In exploring the laind, discovers a set of the product of th

the cave to a well-high Dupression converts into a well-high Dupression are disturbed, and at times panic stricken by the devices which he had contrived for their particular banefit, but the Dyak chief man-ages to raily his forces. Thus far there has been no attack.

CHAPTER XI-(Continued)

place at 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, 'E GAVE some order, at which they all hung back sheepishly. Cursing them in when Miss Mary E. Moore, daughter of choice Malay, the chief selend a thick farteenth street, became the bride of Mr. James got and strode in the direction of the cave. Goaded into activity by his truculent de J. Conaty, of 2235 South Fifteenth street. The Rev. James M. Bourne, of St. Monica's meanor, some followed him, and Jenks-Roman Catholic Church, Seventeenth and unable to see, but listening anxiously-knew Ritner streets, officiated. The bride was that they were tearing the choval de frise attanded by her sister. Miss Adelaide Moore. from its supports. Nevertheless, none of as bridesmald, while Mr. William Keegan, the working party entered the excavation. a cousin of the bridegroom, was best man. They feared the parched bones that shone by night.

"Poor J. S. !" murmured the sailor. "Poor J. S." murmured the sailor. "If his spirit still lingers near the scene of his murder he will thank me for dragging him into the fray. He fought them living and he can scare them dead." As he had not been able to complete the communicating shaft it was now of vital importance should the Dyaks penetrate to the interior. Yet he thanked the good luck that had showered such a heap of rubbish

the interior. Yet he thanked the good luck that had showered such a heap of rubbish that had showered such a heap of rubblah over the spot containing his chief stores and covering the vein of gold. Wild as these fellows were, they knew the value of the precious metal, and if by chance they lighted upon such a well-defined lode they might not quit the island for weeks. At last, on a command from the chief, the Dyaks scattered in various directions.

Some turned toward Europa Point, but the majority went to the east along Turile Beach or by way of the lagoon. Prospect Park was deserted. They were scouri both sections of the island in full force.

The quiet watcher on the ledge took no needless risks. Though it was impossible to believe any stratagem had been planned for his special benefit an accident might be-With the utmost circumspection tray him. he rose on all fours and with compre-hensive giance examined trees, plateau, and both strips of beach for signs of a lurking

both strips of beach for signs of a lurking foe. He need have no fear. Of all places in the luland the Dyaks least imagined that their quarry had lain all night within ear-shot of their encampment. At this hour, when the day had finally conquered the night, and the placid sea offered a turquois path to the infinite, the scene was restful, gently bewitching. He knew that, away there to the north, P. and O. steamers, Messageries Maritimes, and North German Lloyd liners were steadily churning the blue depths en route to Japan or the Straits Settlements. They carried hundreds of European passengers, men and

hundreds of European passengers, men and women, even little children, who were far removed from the knowledge that tragedies such as this Dyak horrer lay almost in their The warfare, awoke Rainbow Island into tre

passed a summer holiday intent on improving his knowledge of the language. In-terior France is even more remote, more se-Included, more provincial, than agricultural England. There no breath of the outer world intrudes. All is laborious, circum-spect, a trille poverty-stricken, but beauli-fied by an Arcadian simplicity. Yet one memorable day, when walking by the banks of a river, he came upon three men drag-ging from a pool the water-soaked body of a young girl into whose fair forehead the blunt knob often seen on the back of an old-familoned ax had been driven with luded, more provincial, than agricultural old-fashioned ax had been driven with cruel force. So, even in that tiny old-world hamlet, murder and just could stalk hand in

He whuddered. Why did such a hateful vision trouble him? Resolutely banning the raven-winged specter, he slid back down the ledge and gently wakened Iris. She sat up instantly and gased at him with

Fearful lest she should forget her sur-undings, he placed a warning finger on

his lips. "Oh," she said in a whisper. "are they still here?" He told her what had happened, and suggested that they should have something to eat while the coast was clear beneath. She needed no second bidding, for the long vigil of the previous night had made her very hungry, and the two breakfasted right royally on biscuit, cold fowl, ham and good water

In this, the inner section of their refuge, they could be seen only by a bird of a man standing on the distant rocky that formed the southern extremity of the

opposite cliff, and the salior kept a close lookout in that direction. Iris was about to throw the remains of the feast into an empty oil tin provided for refuse when Jenks restrained her.

"No," he said, smilingly. "Scraps should he the first course next time. We must not "How thoughtless of me!" she exclaimed. "Please tell me you think they will go

away today." But the sailor flung himself flat on the

ledge and grasped a Lee-Metford. "Be still, on your life," he said. "Squeeze into your corner. There is a Dyak on the opposite cliff."

opposite cliff." True enough, a man had climbed to that unhappily placed rocky table and was shouting something to a confrere high on the cliff over their heads. As yet ne had not seen them, nor even noticed the place where they were concealed. The sailor imagined, from the Dyak's gestures, that he was communicating the uselessness of further search on the western part of the island.

no ! the well, the house, the cave. Still he did not see the ledge. At that unlucky moment three birds, driven from the trees on the crest by the passage of the Dyaks, flew down the face of the cliff and began a circling quest for some safe perch on which alight

Jenks swore with an emphasis not the Jenus swore with an emphasis not the less carnest because it was mute, and took steady aim at the Dyak's loft breast. The birds fluttered about in ever smaller cir-cies. Then one of them dropped easily on to the lip of the rock. Instantly his bright eyes encountered those of the man and he darted off with a scream that brought his mates after him. his mates after him.

ledge. Jenks he could not distinguish be-hind the screen of grass. He might per-haps see some portion of the tarpaulin cov-ering the stores, but at the distance it must resemble a weather-beaten segment of the cliff. Yet something puzzled him. After a wteady scrutiny he turned and yelled to others on the beach.

The crucial moment had arrived. Jenks pressed the trigger, and the Dyak hurtled through the air, falling headlong out of The sound of this, the first shot of real

theless the position was not utterly hope-less. None of the enemy could tell how or how the second tell how or how the companion had been shot. Many among the excited horde jabbering beneath actually looked at the cliff over and over again, yet failed to note the potentialities of the ledge, with its few departmently been blown by the wind or dropped by passing birds. Banks understood, of course, that the real danger would arise when they visited the none of their course disaster. Even the the wavering balance of chance might cast the issue in his favor. He could only wait, with ready riffe, with the light of battle lowering in his eyes. Of one thing at least he was certain-before they con-cuted him he would levy a terrible tol.

and the rocks in front, his troubled brain paid perfunctory heed to his tank.

He glanced back at Iris. Her face was pale heneath its mask of sunbrown. She was bent over har Bible, and Jenks did not know that she was reading the 91st Psalm. Her lips murmured— "I will say unto the Lord. He is my refuge and my fortress; my God, in Him will I trust." 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. And Iris read— "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day."

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 pos-session of water in any desired quantity, robbed the tropical heat of the day of its ohlef terrors. Now all was changed. In-stead 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.

"He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honor him." Iris did not apply the consoling words to serielf. She closed the book and bent

When the conversation ceased he hoped is loud-volced savage would descend. But o! The scout looked into the valley, at

The Dyak evidently noted the behavior of the birds-his only lore was the reading of such signs-and gazed intently at the

stern sense of duty, the ingrained force

could not help asking himself what would happen if Iris were seriously wounded. There was one enemy more potent than these skulking Dyake, a fee more irresist-ible in his might, more pitiless in his strength, whose assaults would tax to the utmost their powers of resistance. In an-other hour the sun would be high in the heavens, pouring its ardent rays upon them and drying the blood in their veins.

Jenks stole one more hasty glance at her

The chief and the greater number of his followers were out of sight behind the rocks. Some of them must now be climb-ing to that fatal ledge. Was this the end? Yet the girl, unconscious of the doom im-pending, kept her eyes steadfastly fixed on

the book. "For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. "They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. • •

forward sufficiently in her abeltering niche to permit her to gaze with wistful tender

to permit her to gaze with wistful tender-ness upon the man whom she hoped to see delivered and honored. She knew he would dar's all for her sake. She could only pray and hope. After reading those inspired verses she placed implicit trust in the promise made. For He was good: His was the mercy that "endureth forever." Ene-mies encompassed them with words of hatred—fought against them without a cause—but there was One who should "Judge among the heathen" and "fill the places with dead bodies." Suddenly a clamor of discordant yells fell upon hor 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

offered them a target lest perchance Iris were not thoroughly screened. "Keep close," he said. "They have found us. Lead will be flying around scon." She flinched back into the crevice; the

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. Stand-ing as he was on the edge of the rock, this was a point he could not guard against.

sailor fell prone. Four builets spat into the ledge, of which three pierced the tar-paulin and one flattened itself against the rock. Then Jenks took up the tale. So curiously

constituted was this man, that although he ruthlessly shot the savage who first spied out their retreat, he was swayed only by the dictate of stern necessity. There was a feeble chance that further blood-shed might be averted. That chance had passed. Very well. The enemy must start

had thrown the gage and he answered them Four times did the Lee-Metford carry death, unseen, almost unfelt, across 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 Les-Metford was shoved home for the fifth time the opposing creat was bare of all components

ber 17, at 6 o'clock, in the Second Presby-terian Church, Tulpehocken and Greene streets, Germantown

Mr. and Mrs. Rodman E. Griscom, of Dolobran, Haverford, who have been mending the summer at their home at Watch Hill, R. I., left this week for an ex-tended motor trip through the Berkshires. Their children have returned to their home in Haverford

Miss Charlotto Parke and her sister, Miss Annette Parke, of 4039 Spruce street, re-turned this week from Eaton's Ranch, Wyo. They left immediately for Bay Head. N. J., to join their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Parks, at their cottage for the fall season.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. O'Mara, of Overanook, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Helen Cecelia O'Mara, to Mr. Frank J. McNichol, son of Mr. James P. McNichol, of 222 West Logan square.

McNichol, of 222 West Logan square. Mr. and Mra. W. Hansford Duncan, of Barswell. S. C., have announced the en-resument of their daughter. Miss Martha Ayer Duncan, to Mr. James Cariton Pat-terson, of Baltmore, Md. The wedding will be place in November. Miss Duncan is a graduate of the College for Women, in Columbia, S. C. Mr. Patterson is a gradu-te of the engineering school of the Univer-sity of Pennayivania, class of 1915, being president of his class in his senior year and a member of the Kappa Sigma fra-ternity. Mr. Patterson is living in Memphis, Tenn.

Along the Main Line

OVERBROOK-Mr. and Mrs. Samuel P. Rohn and their family, of Drezel road, will close their Ventnor cottage on October 16. Mr. Samuel P. Huhn, Jr., will leave morthy for St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.

BRYN MAWR-Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Harrison and Master William H. Harrison, who have been spending some time at Edgewood Inn. will not return to their town house until late in the autumn. Miss Helen McGahy Fitzwater, of Fox Hill Farms, is spending some time in Ocean City, N. J. City, N. J.

87. DAVID'S-Mrs. John A. Tillotson nave a luncheon and bridge today at the mounters, har home in St. David's, in honor of Miss Bertha Ball, of Wayne, Among hose present were Mrz. Joseph Appleton all, Mrs. William H. Stone, Mrs. William H. Foberta, Jr., Mrs. Clarence Lincoln, Mrs. M. P. D. Scanlon, Mrs. W. Allen Barr, Mrs. Charles H. Quinby, Mrs. W. C. Whit-ioth, Mrs. Alexander C. Ferguaco, Jr., Ars. Robert Anderson, Mrs. Hierbort Mac-phereon, Miss Grace Roberts and Mrs. Clay-in Hallou, of Providence, R. I. The wed-ting of Miss Hail and Mrs. Joseph Weath-sity, of Minnespolis, will take place on Wednesday, October 4.

Chestnut Hill

nd Mrs. James Taylor and their of East Mt. Airy avenue, have heir cottage in Chelma and re-

when the Good Dream Fairy will come again and — " "I WONDER why you don't have a wonder party," said a voice right by Wille's cur. "Oh. Good Dream Fairy, a thousand welcomes to you!" excitationed Willie, as he reached out his arms to gramp her. But she disappeared and the window opened slowly and in came Willie's airship suit. In just half a jiffy by the clock he had put on the suit and was ussted beside the Good Dream Fairy. "We must hurry, as the Man in the Moon is waiting to weigh you," said the Good Dream Fairy. "Soon they were on the moon again, and as they went up the gramy mound toward the top of the moon the joily failow came down to meet them. This time he had his post wang with him and into if humped willie and the Good Dream Fairy. Owe the stones they went, bumpety--bump-bump! Then down hill they went as fast Willie ancis MacGrath and Annetta MacGrath, ve returned from Ch t several weeks. and hor dat

try C. Weeks, accompanied h, has returned to her ho e drive, from Hay Head, wh

Germantown

d Mrs. Alfred H. Dawson,

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Haines and their family, of 2602 South Broad street, have returned from Pit'sburgh, where they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Austin for several months.

South Philadelphia

Notices for the Society page will be ac-cepted and printed in the Evening Ledger, but all such notices must be written on are aide of the paper, must be sizmed in full, with full address, and when possible tele-phone number must be given. Bend all such communications to "Society Editor."

ueb communitier, sa these requirements are it verification may be p will not be published.

the little boy's kisses were gone.

BODY punished for what his MIND did?"

"Punishment is the result of wrongdoing."

w want it wirange At that w

Farmer Smith

your life sooner or later.

was this:

FARMER SMITH'S

have been spending the summer in Atlantic City with Mrs. Brown's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce C. McFadden, of 2260 North Broad street, will receive after October 1. at \$256 North Broad street. Mrs. Brown, who was a bride of the late spring was Miss Alice Louise McFadden.

Kensington

East Orleans street, announce the engage-ment of their daughter, Miss Frances Rov-ner, to Mr. John Aschendorf, of 3569 Frank-ford avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Rovner, of 1841

Mr. and Mrs. James Lovett Brown, who have been spending the summer in Atlantic City with Mrs. Brown's parents, Mr. and dilly, the more stately pace of the private carriages crossing the Park. Was it possi-ble that in the world of today-the world of telegraphs and express trains, of the newspaper and the motorcar-two inof-fensive human beings could be done to death so shamefully and openly as would be the fate of Iris and himself if they fell into

rate of iris and himself if they fell into the hands of these savages! It was incon-ceivable, intolerable! But it was true! And then, by an odd trick of memory, his mind reverted, not to the Yorkshire manor he learned to love as a boy, but to a little French inland town where he once

mendous activity. The winged life of the place filled the air with raucous cries, while shouting Dyaks scurried in all direc-tions. Several came into the valley. Those nearest the fallen man picked him up and carried him to the well. He was guite dead. carried nim to the well. He was quite dead, and, although amid his other injuries they soon found the bullet wound, they svidently did not know whence the shot came, for those to whom he shouted had no inkling of his motive, and the slight hase from the rifle was instantly swept away by the braces

those to whom he shouled had no inkling of his motive, and the slight hase from the breeze. Tris could hear the turmoil beneath, and she tremulously asked— "Are they going to attack us?" "Not yet." was the reassuring answer. "I killed the fellow who saw us before he could tell the others." It was a bold risk, and he had taken it, though, now the Dyaks knew for certain their prey had not escaped, there was no prospect of their speedy departure. Never-

crest was bare of all opponents save two. ninety yards, the target virtually a six and they lay motionies

builseye. Jenks too careful alm. fired, and a whift of sand blew up. The fate of the flanking detachment was 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 mid-air, Jenks had cleared the dangerous rock before they realized that here, above their heads, were the white man and the maid whom they sought. Perhaps he had used too fine a sight and ploughed 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 a cry of unmitigated anguish came from

up their minds to run the however, that sunning was health, they moved with

Again Jenks could look at Iris. ace was bleeding. The sight madde

"My God !" 'he groaned, "are you ounded ?"

She smiled bravely at him. "It is nothing," she said. "A mere splash from the rock which cut my fore-

He dared not so 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

A TRUCE FTHOUGH his eyes, like live coals, glow-

of long years of military discipline and

soldierly thought, compelled him to keep

watch and ward over his fortress, but he

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 fewer 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-

Then the girl's voice reached him, self-

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

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

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. The Lee-Metford reached him, and its re-verberating concussion, tossed back and forth by the echoing rocks, drowned his parting scream.

reliant, almost

parting scream.

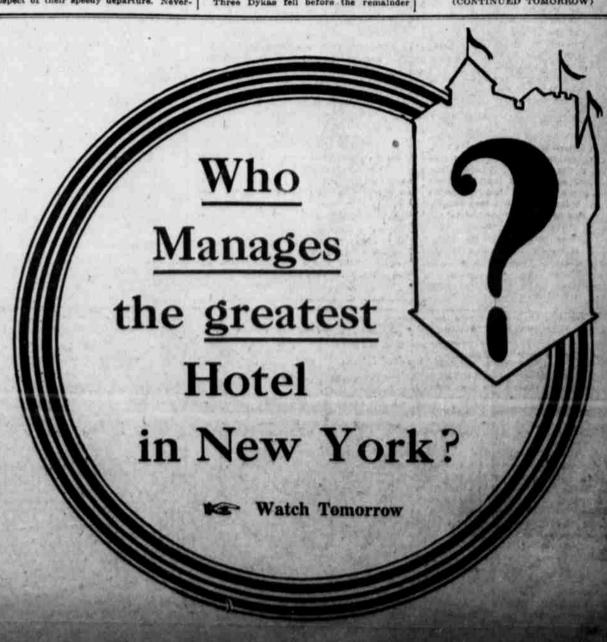
Lered with sullen fire at the strip of sand

The

hend.

casks have burst?" It was not until Jenks had torn the tarpaulin from their stores, and he was wildly striving with both hands to sroop wildly striving drops collected in the up some precious drops collected in small hollows of the ledge, that he real the full magnitude of the disaster w had befailen them.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)



About Collecting Stamps Dear Farmer Smith-I wish that some of the members would send in matter relat-I wrote the other day about the father who BEAT his little boy until all of the members would send in matter relat-ing to stamps and coins. I think it would be interesting. Will you please tell me if the stamps from the belligerent foreign countries will be worth a great deal after the war is over? Also please tell me where I could get some foreign stamps cheaply. ISIDORE SHEVES, N. 6th street. They came back, but what bothered the little fellow, who was 4 last March "I have committed a wrong. I have done wrong. I KNOW that-I acknowledge it. But WHY should my BODY be punished for what my MIND does?"

RAINBOW CLUB

An expert on stamps tells us that the alue of stamps being issued just at presvalue of stamps being issued just at pres-ent in the warring countries abroad will de-pend on how many of them are in circula-tion. The fewer the stamps of any certain variety the greater the value. Until the war is over it will be difficult to estimate just now many of each sort were made; therefore, until then, the value will be un-determined. A list of foreign stamp prices has been sent to you through the mail. We approve of your suggestion that our Rainbow stamp collectors exchange inter-seting matter about their collections through the Rainbow columns. Here is an oppor-tunity for our older members to have a common meeting ground.

A Week on a Farm

Clara Hill is having a very lengthy va-cation at Wildwood. She has explored all the territory about, too I Cape May, Angle-ses, Stone Harbor and many other resorts have had the pleasure of Clara's company this summer. "The best sport of it all," writes Clara, "Is the bathing, and that is most fun when mother and father are along."

A Week on a Farm By MINNNE NERENBRRG. I will just tell the nloest and most in-terceing things that happened each day. Monday—We took a long walk in the morning, played tennis in the afternoon and played games in the evening. Tuesday—We played in the hayloft in the morning and went out in the orchard in the afternoon to pick apples and pears. Wednesday—In the morning we went to the pasture with the cows. In the after-noon we want to town to a sewing circle meeting and stayed to supper with the girl who had the meeting. We didn't get home till 5 o'clock.

till 5 o'clock. Thursday—I helped my mother and sunt and practiced. I don't practice much in the summer because I don't take lessons then. Friday—I helped to bake and then went out in the woods with the girls. Baturday—I packed and then went^{*}mar-heting for my sunt. I left at \$:30 p. m. and my sunt and uncle were sorry I had to gu. I had a fine time.

The Beautiful Rainbow

GRVILLA HURLEY, Danville, Pa. & look! Over there in the sky ! t that pretty thing so high-alt with so much loyely solar

I want to dwell on the matter of punishment, for it is going to come up in Either you will be punished or you will have to punish some one else. I would like to have you answer this question, "Why was the little boy's

In order to be helpful, let us consider these questions and then remember-

ISHED and not why some one punished us. WILLIE WIDEAWAKE'S

ABOUT PUNISHMENT

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor. minute Rover, Willie's dog, jumped on the hammock where Willie was sleeping and— Woke him up ! - RIDE TO THE MOON

Our Postoffice Box

Things to Know and De

I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beau-tiful Rainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY-SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

Fill in with the missing words: If I ware a XXXXXX, with wheels

FARMER SMITH.

The family's discover, I XXXX. Me scon rolling xxxx the asphalted s Like the xXX who skate XX the rink

If we are punished, let us study OURSELVES to see WHY WE GOT PUN-