

Isobel raised her head, wearily. At the end of a tropic day her heavy mass of hair became faiguing. She would not sagrifice it to greater comfort because the Colonel had implored her not to do so. It was, he said, a part of her regal responsibility. A queen did not part with her crown because of

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not part with her crown because of its weight. Isobel had not protested because she liked to loosen her hair en negligee, and when swimming to see it swirl about her, like algae. "If Uncle is in danger of arrest or disgrace or general rain, my place is with him, Sandy. My love for him is precisely the same as though he were my father. It looks now as though he had felt driven to a desperate and rather childish expedient to shake these leeches off. expedient to shake these leaches off. And it hasn't fooled them one little

"Need that affect your love for me?" Sandy asked.

"Not a particle. But it does affect the perfect happiness I've felt in the perfect happiness I've feit in it. I can't bear to think that you may have been lured here by Uncle to take care of me in the event of something of this sort. It's crush-ing to my pride." "Pride and love frequently clash," Sandy said. "The result of the struggle may be the acid test for less. "That is one way to send me off about my business," Sandy said, "but for some reason it doesn't work." you as happy as I mean to do." "Better than making me darned unhappy," Sandy said. "It would come to the same. Same

to carry

on your commercial con-

struggle may be the acid test for

love." "Perhaps," Isobel agreed, "but it's not entirely pride. Unsie must be hadly broken to do a thing like this. I'd have counted on his facing it out. His magnificence isn't merely pose, nor softening of the brain. That's where his deeper nature lives. And I can't believe that he has ever done anything really criminal." "If so," Sandy said, "it would have been on a grand scale. Some

have been on a grand scale. Some sort of misguided gesture, probably political. Like Jameson's raid, or even Casemate. He doesn't fit in the picture of anything merely wordid." sord

"That's the worst of it." Isobel reed. "For all we know he may e a black-listed Irish or other conbe a black-listed Irish or other con-spirator whose operations have in-volved bloodshed that might have been officially recorded as murder, all polities aside. Or piracy, or banditry, or something of the sort." "And then again." Sandy sug-gested, "it may be all delusional insanity, an insistent idea of para-noiac sort, and these bloodsuckers aware of it and fomenting it to their profit."

bel objected. "Yes, if consistent with his creed at that time."

aware of it and fomenting it to their profit." "That's a possibility." Isobel ad-mitted, "but ever then I should be more than ever bound to stick by him. You see, it's not merely a sense of duty with me, Sandy, or grati-tude for years of kindness and in-dulgence. My love for Undele is in nuy heart, not in my head. Just as any girl might adore a sweet and sometimes silly old darling of a fatter that idolized her." "And so do'I adore you, darling." Tobel reached for his hand and held it. "I know. Such loves don't clash. But I can't bear to have you all wound up in such a ghastly mes.

clash. But I can't bear to have you all wound up in such a ghastly mess. We've got to wait until we get un-wound again. Meantime you've got your business that's going to need all your time and thought." "Not quite all," Sandy protested. "When that happens to a man he might as well be an adding machine. As Napoleon said:- 'I'm here, I suick'."

Isobel smiled. "And as Julius Caesar said . . ." dy interrupted :- "I horned

ted it over and 1 grabbed

it off." "You did those things," Isobel admitted, "and in a truly imperial way. But Bony and Jule never let women jam their cogs. I want you

to carry on your commercial con-quest, Sandy, and not be hampered by me. You've no business idling here at this moment." "I'm not precisely idling, and my show is in good hands. I saw to that. Those interests can wait. If I lose out for not tending my busi-ness, then you share the liabilities just as you may share the assets. I'm going to see the Colonel I'm going to see the Colonel then said:- "That is true. Uncle's nature is big. That's what makes Isobel leaned far forward in her me sick about this. And I simply

know him well a

through." Isobel leaned far forward in her chair, her face thrust out, her lips the land's end of a lovely continent that Sandy's jutting promontory contacted. It was one of those elec-tric hore that for from the poles

contacted. It was one of those elec-tric kisses that fly from the poles of bodies that are highly charged but physically remote, so that the full force of the exchange is con-centrated in the points approached, as if to fuse them. Shy lovers used to enjoy this rare form of stabiliz-ing their individual tensions before the technic of such exchange be-came more coalescent. They drew back a little breath-less. "That is one way to send me

mitted. "I acted on impulse." "That's the only action worth re-acting to," Sandy said. "Just as emotion is the only good reason for any. To get back to the Colonel, I can't help feeling that this stuff of his has got some deeper motive than his has got some deeper motive than his has got some deeper motive than "On I don't know. A quartette of globe trotting grafters, probably. Ship and hotel swindlers. Con his has got some deeper motive than we know. Something up the royal sleeve beside the royal elbow." "Whatever that may be it's kind," play the roles of man servant and Isobel insisted. "Something has companion. Give caste to the other happened to him in the last two two."

years. He has turned gentle. He wouldn't hurt a fiy. That is literal, because I've seen him open a win-dow to push out a cluster of fruitwasps, rather than to crush them. Vinckers coming down. Walking out and man." "Perhaps formerly his convic-tions were not the same," Sandy suggested, "so that his actions cor-responded to them. If he had ever responded to them. If he had ever he doctrine of might, he I can't believe that he was ever a to where they sat he said casually:

suggested, "so that his actions cor-responded to them. If he had ever believed in the doctrine of might, he would have followed it consistently. If he had thought it the strong man's part to help himself, he would have done that thing, regardless." "Not to the hurt of others," Iso-"It may save a lot of trouble for you Vinckers if you call this trea-sure hunt a bad bet." Sandy said. "Don't forget that you're under British jurisdiction here. B. W. I.

British jurisdiction here. B. W. I. law is apt to be summary." "I don't know what you're driv-ing at," Vinckers said, "but a few words between us in private would help clear the situation." "It's clear enough for me al-ready," Sandy retorted. "I can prove an attempt at murder on you, now."

something may have happened to make him believe that he had been entirely wrong. And once believing that, he acted on his new convic-

with me, Crewe, you can assure yourself that I'm unarmed, then let Isobel walk to the other end of the terrace for a few moments. Call in

tion." Isobel appeared to turn this in her mind. "You've scarcely had time to hear much about Uncle's past," she said, "so he must have told you something. himself. What was it?" "No more than that practically all he cares about is yourself. And that the whole of his effort was now directed to safesmanding your the safesmanding your men, if you like." "T'm not afraid of you, armed or unarmed, Vinckers. It's merely that I think you a blackmailing black-guard and I don't want any deal-ings with you at all. Is that plain?" "More plain than politic, Crewe. You're apt to be mighty sorry for it." "That's my affair. Now clear out

"That's my affair. Now clear out before I lose my temper."

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## A Friend to Be Proud of

THEN

YES, TOMMY IS ALL WELL AGAIN -

OME MORE KIDS FROM YOUR

MOTHER SAID - OH, HERE COMES

TO SEE YOU TALKING

TO ME

## WELL, YOU KNOW I LIVE ON THE OTHER GWAN, YOU'RE JUST FOOLIN' ME -SIDE OF THE RAILROAD TRACKS - I AIN'T T ISN'T YOUR FAULT IF YOU AIN'T GOT NICE CLOTHES OR ANYTHING - IF ANY OF THE SNOOTY KIDS SEE YOU RICH - BESIDES, I THINK YOU'RE AWFUL NICE - AN'I WANT TO BE FRIENDS WITH YOU - EVEN IF YOU DON'T WEAR SWELL CLOTHES AN' LIVE IN A GREAT, BIG HOUSE TO ME - THEY MIGHT BE MAD AT YOU-



**Misleading Looks** 

TALKING

## By JIMMY MURPHY



**THIMBLE THEATRE-Starring Popeye** 

TOOTS AND CASPER

Copr. 1937, King Feat

OH, HELLO, CORA -

DIDN'T SEE YOU AT

ROTHER FEELIN'

BETTER

L -IS YOUR LITTLE



It's a Pleasure!

By SEGAR



