

# Gems of Peril

by HAZEL ROSS HAILEY



CHAPTER XII

MARY gave her promise readily enough. She was thoroughly convinced that she was the only one who cared for him besides herself who cared for the truth about her father's death. Even if his interest in her was only a passing fancy, she was grateful to have him. In the present state of her feelings, she was grateful to have him. In the present state of her feelings, she was grateful to have him.

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me. If that's the way you feel," he said. "Keep your ears open up at Shay's—you're liable to hear something. Shay's is The Fly's old stamping ground. If he's still in town you'll see him around there, unless he's hiding out. All I want you to do is tip me off if you see him—I want to get a look at him sometime."

Mike showed signs of distress. "You bring the cops?" he asked fearfully.

"No, no, no! Mike, have I ever pulled a fast one on you? Well, you can trust me. You know that."

They glanced through the clouded glass of the high front windows at a leaden sky which still dripped rain.

"Ever play the horses, Mike?" Bowen asked, casually.

Mike spread his hands. "Some times. No good. I lose much money."

"I see you have. Ever hear of a horse called La Mosca?"

"La Mosca? The Fly—eh?"

"You've got the idea."

"No, that is a new one."

"Never mind. How would you like to go down to the tracks—when your day off? Friday?" Bowen took out his wallet, extracted from it two ten-dollar bills and a five, and shoved them across the table. "I hope the office covers me on this. If they don't I'll be around eating off you, Mike, till pay-day."

But Mike was retreating from the proffered money as if it were fire. "Listen, this is on the level!" Bowen protested. "Take it. You don't have to do a thing but play the horses and keep your ear peeled."

"Yeah? What do you?"

Mike drew the money toward him, pocketed it in one swift movement, and listened hard.

"Find out where the Fly is. He won't be around the tracks, probably, but he's been there lately, and they'll know where to find him. They all know me down there. They wouldn't tell on me, and they can smell a dick a mile away. But you can nose around and get the boot, and maybe a bullet in the gizzard. See?"

Mike nodded.

"Also, you might find out who owns this La Mosca filly. May be just a bunch of mine, but it strikes me funny—you go down, Mike, and I'll be around and buzz you on it; see what you find out."

There was a moment's pregnant silence. Mike turned his back on Mary and leaning toward Bowen poured out a flood of rapid whispering.

"Hey, wait—take it slow!" Bowen objected. When the snake-like hissing subsided the reporter relaxed and waved his away.

"Oh, no, no, no!" he answered. "That's all right. Well, see you Saturday. Don't forget what I told you."

The waiter bowed deeply to Mary, in unperceived fashion, and scuttled away.

"What did he say?" Mary asked fearfully, unable to restrain her curiosity.

Bowen's left eyebrow jerked curiously.

"He was apologizing because he was unable to do the job for us—hump him off!"

Mary laughed from sheer nervousness.

It was still raining, but they were both anxious to get out of the place. Never had fresh air smelled so sweet.

"I'll get you a taxi," Bowen offered, but Mary shook her head.

"I'll take the bus at the corner."

"Sorry I haven't an umbrella for you. Take this, anyhow—it'll keep you dry getting on and off, and you can give it to one of the flunkies when you're done with it. It's none of mine."

Mary looked down at the coat he laid over her arm. It was an English make, well worn. Hastily she opened it and examined it with shaking fingers. Stitches here, where a seam had ripped.

"But—this is my brother Eddie's coat! Where did you find it?" she gasped.

"Why," stammered the startled reporter, "I found it in the upper hall of the Jupiter house that night of the murder. It was hanging over the stair-rail. I thought one of the newspaper men had left it there, so I took it home with me."

(To Be Continued)

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### "Fours and Fives"

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER

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| 53 | 54 | 55 | 56 | 57 | 58 | 59 | 60 | 61 | 62 | 63 | 64 | 65 |

42 To rent.  
44 Twitching.  
47 Trivalent.  
51 Haunts.  
55 To wound.  
56 Playing card.  
58 Labor.  
59 Herb.  
60 To rub out.  
61 Notion.  
62 To care for.  
63 Drain.  
64 Woman's girdle.

2 Opposite of a weather.  
3 Mark.  
4 Chief product of the South.  
5 Chimney piece.  
6 Exclamation of sorrow.  
7 Rodent.  
8 Paragraph in a newspaper.  
9 Auto body.  
10 Important product in Brazil.  
11 Muscel.  
12 Let it stand.  
13 Lacerated.

21 Resembling the normal tissues.  
23 Irritates.  
25 Tedium.  
27 Suitable.  
28 To low as a cow.  
29 Organ of hearing.  
30 To wander about.  
31 To consume.  
33 Collection of facts.  
34 Dower property.  
35 Before.  
40 Said.  
43 Amatory.  
45 Quotes.  
46 Simon called —?  
47 Demonstrative pronoun.  
48 Law.  
49 Metal found in vicinity of Duluth.  
50 Anxiety.  
51 Flower.  
52 Drove.  
53 Scarfs.  
54 Bed lath.  
57 Uncooked.

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