The Leading Lady Sunday School

By GERALDINE BONNER

STORY FROM THE START

While despondent over the enforced hiding of her flance, Jim Dalias, slayer in self-defense of Homer Parkinson, member of an influential family, Sybil Saunders popular actress, is engaged to play Viola in a charity perform-ance of "Twelfth Night" on Gull ance of "Twelfth Night" on Gull island, on the Maine coast. After the play Hugh Bassett, Anne Tracy's fiance, Tells Joe he has heard he is spying on Sybil to learn the whereabouts of Jim Dallas and earn the reward offered by the Parkinson family. The boy denies it, Joe is arranging for a vacation trip. To Anne he betrays his camity toward Sybil. Stokes tells Sybil he has news of Dallas, and to secure privacy they arrange to meet in a small summer house. The a small summer house. The sound of a pistol shot startles the assembled company. Inves-tigation shows a revolver has been taken from a desk in the

CHAPTER IV-Continued

"That's just what we want to know. Where were you?" "Sitting out on the balcony."

"See anybody?"

"No. I've been looking about. I went down the path to the pine grove and round the house but I didn't see

"Why, who could it be?" said Anne, "Aren't we all"-she looked over the standing figures-"No, we're not all here. Who's outside?"

"Mrs. Stokes is." Shine spoke up. "I saw her walking along the ocean bluffs as I came up from the point."

"Sybil is, too," Mrs. Cornell added. "She went out just a few minutes ago I saw her from my window."

"It can't be either of them." Bassett's vexation had given place to a sudden uneasiness. "I don't understand. Nobody could have come over from the mainland with the tide up. I'll go out there-

A sound from outside stopped him. It was a cry in a woman's voice,

"What's that?" someone said, and before an answer could come, the cry rose again-a high wailing scream carrying words:

"Sybil! Sybil! Sybil's dead-Sybil's killed!"

A clamorous mingling of voices rose from the group, combined in a single up-swelling note of horror. The men rushed for the entrance and met Flora Stokes. She burst in between them, white as the ghost of Caesar, with her opened mouth a dark cavity.

"Sybil's murdered - dead - shot." Each word was projected in a scream-

Bassett shouted at her, "Where?" And she waved an arm toward the channel.

"There-from the Point. She's gone -she's dead! She went over into the water. On the top of the cliff. She's murdered-dead-murdered!"

As if she were dead, too, and of no more consequence, they fled past her -a line of people streaming out into the serene catastrophe. Only Anne stayed, her face as if overlaid by a coating of white paint. She went to Flora and seized her by the arm.

"What was it?" she whispered. "Who did it?"

The woman looked at her at first as If not knowing who she was. Then jerking her arm free, clasped her hands against the sides of her head and went across the room staring upward and crying out;

"I don't know. I didn't see-. It's God's truth, I don't know." Anne ran after the others.

CHAPTER V

The moon had risen and hung on the edge of the sky like a great disk of white paper. Anne saw the others running this way and that along the edge of the point. A boat was pushing out from the dock, Stokes in It, and, caught by the current, it shot down the gleaming surface of the channel. There were cries in men's voices and Stokes' answer, bell-clear from the water. Then Shine ran by her, back to the house, grim-visaged with staring eyes.

She ran on through the pine wood up the path beyond. Mrs. Cornell met her, tried to speak with chattering teeth, but ended in a scream and fell upon her shoulder. Over her head Anne saw Bassett flying down the slope to the wharf. Then presently boats moving out from Hayworth They sped buck and forth, up and down, swift black shapes that seemed to be executing some complicated maneuvers along the glittering track of moonlight. She was aware of Bassett's figure leaving the wharf and racing to the house, of Shine thudding by and calling:

"They're here already! I got some one on the wire and I told him to go like hell."

Miss Pinkney's voice answered him from the edge of the Point where she stood like a black basalt statue: "Oh, they're here, all right. Every

feller that has a boat's out. But it's no use; no one who's ever got caught in that current's been found. Shine muttered an invocation and

came to a stop. They all stood speechless staring at the boats—the boats looking for Sybii who half an hour ago was alive like themselves and now Wils-where?

As soon as he saw the fleet in oper-

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ation, Bassett ran to the house. He had to find Flora and get fuller information from her before he called up the police, and not seeing her outside, he supposed she was still there. The great room was almost dark. He felt for one of the standard lamps and pulled the string. The gush of light fell directly over her, close to him sunk in an armchair, as still as if she too, had ceased to live. He had expected difficulties in getting a coherent statement from her, but she told him what she had seen, briefly and clearly, as if she had known he was coming and was ready for him. She had skirted the island and cons

to that part of the path which faced the Point. A hollow intervened, extending to the water's edge in a mass of shelving rock. Across this hollow she saw Sybil appear on the end of the Point, coming up from the opposite side, and almost immediately heard the shot. Sybil had thrown up her arms, staggered forward and gone over the bluff. It all happened in a flash and Flora, though describing herself as dazed, had run down the path into the hollow and out on the rocks thinking she could catch her. But she saw the body go swirling by-far out of her reach, caught and borne along in the current. She had watched it. stunned, then had come to her senses and staggered back to the shore-and ran to the house. On the way there she had seen no one and heard noth-

Eassett left her and went to the library to call up Forestville, the county seat. It was the starting point for hunting parties to New Brunswick, and Bassett, a sportsman in his leisure hours, had stayed there several times assembling his guides and gear. On his last trip, two years ago, trouble with a guide had brought him in contact with the sheriff, Abel Williams. Over legal wrangling they had struck up a friendship and he remembered Williams as a man of some capacity. straight and fair-minded. If he was still in office it would simplify motters; to start out with confidence in the director would be a vital gain. He walted, the receiver against his ear, a foot drumming on the carpet, then a deep and growling voice hummed along the wire. It was Abel Williams.

Williams would be down as soon as he could, with Mr. Rawson, the district attorney-an hour and a half to two hours, the roads being bad. The shore people had been told it was an accident-that's all right, couldn't hold an inquest anyway without a body and it was a good thing to keep 'em off. Better not let anything come out till they'd got the situation in hand, easy to fix at that end as the United American Press man was off fishing. They'd do a good deal better if the press was held off for a spell. Seeing where the Island was and that there was no one on it but their own crowd, it would be possible to keep things out of the public eye till they had the work well

Bassett looked at his watch-nearly eight-probably two hours to wait The best thing he could do was to get them together and keep them as quiet as he could. As he went down the path his mind collected and marshaled in order the facts he would have to present. They had all been in the house except Stokes on the balcony and Flora walking round the island. Stokes eaten into by a hopeless love, Flora on fire with fealousy and hatepassions that make for murder. "God. what's going to be the end of this?" he grouned to himself.

He found them in a group near the pine grove, excitedly conferring together. Stokes had just returned with the electric torch and they were preparing to search the ground for footprints. Bassett brought their activities to an end and shepherded them to the house. With dragging feet and lowered heads they trailed up the path and filed into the living room.

Here, under the radiance of the lights, they looked at one another as if expecting to see startling changes and fell greaning into chairs, or sat, stiff and upright, with rigid muscles. Bassett had told them when the auhorities might be expected and as the your drew near, dread of the drama in which they found themselves stilled their tongues. The sea breeze, freighted with the acrid odors of uncovered mud and seaweed, blew through the room. Bassett rose and

closed the garden door, and eyes shifted to him, hung on his hand as it slid the bolt.

He crossed to where Anne was sitting by the entrance. She had her back to the room and was looking out at the lights of Hayworth dotting the shore. He stood behind her chair and put his hand on her shoulder. Her fingers stole up and rested on his, icy cold. He bent till his head was close to hers and whispered:

"Bear up. Thank God this can't touch you in any way."

Her fingers pressed an answer but she said nothing.

Shine came toward them: "Those fellers were lucky who got off this afternoon. I might have gone with them if I'd had the sense."

Anne answered this time: "Yes, they were more fortunate chan we are.

Mrs. Cornell, between sobs, spoke up: "But even if we were here they can't suspect us. We've got alibis, we're all accounted for. We were all in-"

She realized where she was going and stopped. There was a portentous silence. Shine almost shouted, poluting out at the channel;

"The tide's falling fast. They can't get into the dock here. How will they make a landing?"

Bassett answered: "In a cove at the upper end of the island. They've a dock there for low water. They have to make a detour that's all.

Flora, who had been sitting with her hand over her eyes, dropped it and sat erect. Her breath came from her in a loud exhalation that was almost a groan. Every pair of eyes shifted to her, watchful, questioning, apprehen-

"Do you feel ill, Flora?" said Bassett, moving to her side.

"No-no," she looked wildly about. "But this waiting-it's so awful."

Miss Pinkney suggested a glass of water, but Flora waved a hand as if pushing it away. Stokes rose and moved to a seat beside her. "They'll be here soon now."

She sank back and closed her eyes. Her husband bent a sember, sidewise look toward her, then laid his hand on one of hers. Her own turned and the thin fingers twined like clinging roots

"It won't be hard," he reassured. Purify. "Just give them a clear account of what you saw."

She waved the other hand in front of her face, like a person in unendurable pain, who makes a vague distracted gesture for silence.

Anne spoke from the door: "There's a light moving out from the

The statement shook them. There was a simultaneous stir of feet and bodies, a heave of labored breaths. Bassett went to the entrance:

"Yes-that's a launch. They're com-

ing. I must go to meet them." He looked over the company, the haggard faces all turned toward him. Some of them were an expression of yearning appeal as if he was their nly source of strength in this devas-

"Now, remember there's nothing to get scared or rattled about. They'll ask you questions and what you must do is to answer them accurately-not what you think or imagine but what you know. Keep that in the front of your minds. The clearer you are in your statements the quicker you'll get through. And please stay here, Lord. just as you are. They'll probably want to see you right off.'

A benumbed silence followed his departure. Anne moved from the door to a chair nearer the others. Stokes withdrew his hand from Flora's and straightened himself, jerking down his waistcoat and craning his neck up from his collar. The low rippling murmurs of the receding tide were sin gularly distinct. Suddenly the shrill whistle of a launch pierced the night outside. Mrs. Cornell leaped as if the sound had been a weapon that had stabbed her:

"Oh!" she cried, "why do they do that? Isn't Sybil being murdered enough to stand!"

"For God's sake, keep your mouth shut," Stokes flung at her, glaring. The savage quality in his voice penetrated Mrs. Cornell's encasing terrors. She shrunk and slid the look of a frightened animal at Shine. Then the silence settled and they sat like

those who have looked upon the head of Medusa. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Tender Notes Burned by Mrs. Washington

After George Washington's death his | readily conceive that her motive may widow burned every letter that she had received from him, with the ex- seclusion ception of three or four that escaped apparently by accident,

No one has ever elucidated the motive behind this letter burning episode. Martha Washington knew at the time, indeed, the whole world knew, that George Washington was a star of the first magnitude in the field of history and that every scrap of his writing would be treasured and printed. Did she feel that his letters to her were so sacred in their intimacy that posterity had no right to read them?

But there are other tenable hypotheses. She was antidemocratic and antipublic to an extreme degree. Considering her as surrounded by such | in it; an autumn 'twas that grow the limitations of perspective, one may more by reaping. Shakespeare

have been simply one of aristocratic

In destroying his letters she effectually effaced herself, for she lived only in his reflected light. But that may have been what she wanted. The highest form of pride is a disdainful humility.-The Nation.

Earn Penny a Day

One cent a day represents the average income for the majority of working people in the country districts of India.

Lavish Giver For his bounty there was no winter

Lesson

Lesson for February 20

SERVING IN AND THROUGH THE CHURCH.

LESSON TEXT-Matt. 5:13-16; Acts 2:42-47.
GOLDEN TEXT—We are inborers together with God.—I Cor. 3:9.
PRIMARY TOPIC—Praising God in

JUNIOR TOPIC - Serving in the Church, INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOP-

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOP-IC-Living and Working Together in the Church.

There is an utter lack of connection between the subject chosen by the lesson committee and the passages of Scripture selected. The first exhibits the responsibilities of the subjects of the Messiah's kingdom, and the second pictures the graces which were upon the members of the primitive church. Definite recognition should be given this in our interpretation of the passages

I. The Responsibilities of the Sub-Jects of Messiah's Kingdom-(Matt.

The whole mass of mankind is shown in the Scriptures to be corrupt-the whole world in moral and spiritual darkness. It is the high p-ivilege and solemn responsibility of the subjects of the kingdom to exert a saving and uplifting influence on the world in which they live. They are to live such lives as to purify and enlighten. This can only be done in the measure that they personally know Jesus Christ, the King, and strive to make known His glory and power to others.

1. "Ye are the salt of the earth" (v. 13).

The properties of salt are: (1) Penetrating. This means that the disciples must not separate themselves from the world, but thrust themselves into its activities. Sait must be brought into contact with the

substance to be affected by it. (2) Purifying. The influence of the disciples of Christ is to uplift and

(3) Preserving. Salt has the tendency to arrest decay. The influence of believers tends to save the world from perishing in its own vices.

2. "Ye are the light of the world" (v. 14). Light illuminates and warms. In order to perform its mission, light must not be hidden. The city built

on a hill was not intended to be hid. This world is dark and cold. Many are the pitfalls and snares set by the devil. Believers in Christ should so live that the unwary ones be kept from falling into them

II. Characteristics of the Primitive Church (Acts 2:42-47).

The behavior of the members of the early church was as marvelous as their gifts of speaking with tongues and performing mighty miracles. It was the result of the Holy Spirit in their hearts.

1. They sought instruction from

those who knew the Lord (v. 42). This is always so. The unfailing mark of the spirit-filled believer is eagerness to receive instruction from those who have been taught by the

2. They abode in fellowship with one another (v. 42). Spirit-filled believers have an affection for their kind.

3. They observed the memorial sacrament of Christ's death (v. 42). Those who have entered into fellewship with Christ will faithfully ob-

serve this memorial. 4. They continued in prayer (v.

A sure mark of the spirit-filled be-Hever is a life of prayer. 5. They were together (v. 44).

This unity was the result of their having been baptized into the one body of which Christ is head (I Cor. Margie. 12:13).

6. They had a community of goods (vv. 44, 45).

They sold their possessions and distributed them to all men as they had need. This proves that they were under the power of the supernatural. It is not a natural thing for one to abandon his title to earthly possessions. 7. They were filled with gladness

and singleness of heart (v. 46). Those who are really born from above are filled with great Joy and will devote themselves to the doing of good to others.

8. Praising God and having favor with all the people (v. 47). Such unselfishness gained the at

tention of the people and induced them to yield themselves to God and such as were being saved were added unto them.

Fullness of the Spirit God cannot give fullness of the

Spirit to him who does not have such fullness of trust as to yield his life to Him.-Echoes.

Self-Will The queer thing about self-will is

that it kills the very thing its wantsfreedom.-Southern Methodist.

Christ Opens the Door

Christ opens the only door for the ascent of man .- Southern Methodist.



In Later Years of Life

Good Elimination is More Than Ever Important.

AS we grow older, there is apt to be a gradual slowing up of bodily functions. The kidneys are the blood filters. Proper function cleanses the blood stream thoroughly. Sluggish function is apt to permit some retention of uric acid and other poisons. This tends to make one tired, listless and achy -to have drowsy headaches and dizziness and perhaps a toxic backache. That the kidneys are not functioning properly is often shown by scanty or burning passages. Elderly people recommend Doan's Pills in this condition. This tested diuretic is endorsed the country over. Ask your neighbor!

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"There are others," announced Maud. A news item tells of an unpublished manuscript dated 1590, which is a

whole lot of rejection slips.

Kissed

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