



by GERALDINE BONNER
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CHAPTER XIII—Continued

It was her assurance that quieted him. She had known from the first he would tell as she had known from the first he had done it. He relaxed and sank back, his eyes closing, and the doctor motioned them to go. Flora followed them to the door and held them there a moment to repeat what she had said—as if, like him, wanting to rid her mind of all its secret agony. It wasn't surmise; she had seen him. When she had turned from the water after her attempt to catch the body she had had a clear view of him stealing through the pine wood, moving noiselessly and watching the house.

"He never knew it," she said. "That night when you, Mr. Williams, nearly caught me on the stairs, I was going to see him, say I knew what he'd done and that I'd help him and lie for him and stand by him. Oh, yes—I don't care what I tell now. He was my husband. I'd loved him and he'd been cursed—cursed and destroyed."

The men closed the door softly as upon the dead. What they had heard and left behind them had taken the zest from their accomplishment and in the glow of the hall lights their faces looked drawn and hollowed with fatigue. Rawson drew out his watch—half past two. The best thing they could do was to get a little sleep, and stepping gently, as befitted a place where so dark a doom had fallen, he and Williams passed into the library.

Sleep was far from Bassett. He would like to have seen Anne, but it would have been inhuman to rouse her, and he went toward the living room where he could think in quiet. He dropped into a chair, his breath expelled with a groaning note, then heard Anne's voice from the gallery above:

"I've been waiting for you. May I come down?"

There she was, dressed, leaning against the railing.

"Come," he beckoned, his heart expanding, his depression lightened, and as she disappeared he pulled up a chair for her. She came in, soft-footed across the rugs, with the whispering words:

"I couldn't rest till I'd seen you and heard. He's told?"

"Everything." They sat, facing each other, close together. "It's solved and ended—the Gull Island murder."

"Is it all right for you to tell me?"

It was all right and he told her.

"So, as it turns out, Anne dearest, all that misery you and I went through was unnecessary."

the rest of this horrible business I'll look around for him. And anyway, he'll see it in the papers, and if he wants to show up, he'll do it himself within the next few days. Now you must go to bed and let your poor tired brain rest."

They walked to the door and there he caught her against his breast and looked into her face:

"It's all over—that fighting and struggling alone, Anne. After this we'll be together, as soon as we can get away from here and find a clergyman to marry us."

They kissed and parted, Bassett going to his room—he could sleep now—and Anne faring slowly up the stairs to hers.

CHAPTER XIV

Anyone watching Gull Island from the shore would have seen the yellow shape of one bright window set like a small golden square in the darkness. The bright window was Anne's.



Panic Had Seized Him and He Had Made a Rush From the Place.

and over against it Anne sat on the side of the bed looking at the floor. She sat perfectly still, held in a staring concentration of thought, reviewing the happenings of the night.

While Bassett had talked to her she had accepted his theory. His belief in it had been so absolute and it was so plausible. Of course a person in her state might have imagined anything. And as she dwelt on the sentence to persuade herself, the vision of the dim shadowy room rose before her from the darkness of the gallery, moving spiritlike as an hallucination might move. But as the memory grew in vividness the shape took form and solidity, the slim boy's shape. She saw again its rapid advance, its sudden stoppage at her words, its lightning-quick turn and soundless flight.

"I did," she said in a whisper, and raised her eyes as if confronting a doubter with the truth. "I knew it—I did see somebody."

Somebody!

The word struck her ear with a startling effect, an effect of discovery, of impending disclosures. Her body shrank together as if in fear of them, her riveted glance grew fixed as a sleep-walker's. She lost all sense of her surroundings, her entire being contracted to a point of inner activity. Before that intensified mental vision a series of pictures passed like the slides in a magic lantern—Shine's photograph, the worn, wide-eyed face of Sybil; Joe playing Sebastian, his costume, his movements, a replica of Viola's; the living room as they heard the shot, dusk falling outside; in the

place where she was born. It was a squalid, underground room, and when they arrived, a blind, decrepit beggar lay on a bed of rags in one corner. The actress collapsed on a rickety chair and burst into tears. Suddenly she leaped up, flung a 1,000-franc note on the table in the center of the room and fled up the steps and out into the street.—New York Evening Post.

Visit to Birthplace Upset "Divine Sarah"

It is generally believed, and the Encyclopedia Britannica records, that Sarah Bernhardt, the noted actress, was born in Paris and that her parents were a mixture of French and Dutch and of Jewish descent, but the most recent version of her origin says she was born in Amsterdam, Holland, of Jew parents. The authority for this version is Lyon van Lyer of Amsterdam, who revealed the purported true story of the actress' birth at a dinner in Amsterdam not long after Sarah Bernhardt's death. He claimed that her father was his brother. Van Lyer related that once when the Divine Sarah visited Amsterdam, she sought him and asked to be shown the

summer house—with its shrouding vines—it would have been almost dark.

Suddenly a recollection flashed up, clairvoyantly distinct—Joe at the flat trying to make Bassett give him the part of Sebastian, imitating Sybil's walk. That picture brought her to her feet, brought a smothered cry to her lips. The spots of light had joined, run together in a leaping illumination.

On the bureau lay the key of Joe's trunk that she had brought from his room after their last interview. She snatched it up and ran to the door, out of it, along the gallery. In Joe's room she turned on the light and unlocked his trunk. She went through it to the bottom looking for his Sebastian costume. It was gone, every appointment of it. She had not needed the proof, she knew that she would not find it, that it was Joe, dressed in that costume, Stokes had killed.

The rest of it—Sybil alive, hiding somewhere! She saw the gray dawn on the window—the night was over, the house would soon be stirring. She locked the trunk, turned off the light and stole out on the gallery. She did not go back to her room but kept on down the hall to the top floor staircase. Half way up she heard from the floor above a sound, so faint, so furtive, that it would only have been audible in the dead dawn hush. She made a rush upward sending her voice, low-keyed but passionately urgent, ahead of her:

"Sybil, Sybil, if it's you, wait. It's Anne. I'm coming to help you."

The door of the bedroom opposite the stair-head was open. Against the pale light of the window, poised with one hand resting on the raised sash, was a boy's figure—surely the figure she had seen in the living room two nights before. It was so completely boyish, the cropped round head, the knickerbockers and belted jacket, that she could not yet be sure and went forward with slackened gait, peering and murmuring fearfully:

"Sybil, it is you?"

The figure left the window, came nearer, silently, creeping, with a hand raised for caution. She saw the face then, pinched and haggard, strangely altered with the curling frame of hair clipped close, but still Sybil's.

It was so extraordinary—such a gulf of unknown happenings lay between them—that at first they said nothing. Anne spoke first.

"Joe," she said. "It's Joe that's dead."

"Yes, do they know?"

"They know nothing. They think it was you. It's all over, Stokes has told. But, oh, what is it? I can't understand—it's like a fearful dream."

The words died away and a sudden violent trembling shook her. With the joints of her knees like water she sank on the side of the bed, gripping the other with her shaking hands, pulling her down beside her.

"Tell me, tell me," she implored. "Why is he dead? Why did he pretend he was you? What was he doing?"

They sat, clinging together, two small huddled figures in the gray light. Though the house below was as silent as the tomb they spoke in subdued voices, question, answer, surmise. Each knew a different aspect of the story, brought her own knowledge of Joe's motives and actions. In that whispered exchange they pieced together the separate facts, combined them in coherent sequence and came to a final enlightenment.

Joe had met his death in his last effort as a police spy, his last effort to get the Parkinson reward. Leaving his room to come down and make ready for his departure, he had heard the voices of Stokes and Sybil in the living room. Sybil remembered Stokes' upward look and question about someone moving in the gallery—Joe creeping to concealment behind the arch. The nature of their conversation would have held him listening; here was his last opportunity to get the information he sought. He had heard the rendezvous in the summer house. Its open situation offered no hiding place outside, but knowing that it would be almost dark inside, he had conceived the idea of putting on his Sebastian costume and impersonating Sybil.

His room was next to Sybil's. He had heard her come upstairs and from his window could command the Point. When Shine left it he had gone down, passed the balcony where Stokes was waiting, and hearing his following footsteps, moved with that close imitation of Sybil's gait to the summer house. There the dim light and the drooping curls of his wig enabled him to carry through the deception. Stokes' wild speech, followed by the drawing of the pistol, had terrified him. Confronted by a man armed and half mad, panic had seized him and he had made a rush from the place.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Improved Uniform International Sunday School Lesson

BY REV. F. B. FITZGERALD, D.D., Dean, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, (©, 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for May 8

PETER AND THE RISEN LORD

LESSON TEXT—John 20:1-10; 21:15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT—Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ which according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Jesus Forgives Peter. JUNIOR TOPIC—Jesus Forgives and Restores Peter. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—The Risen Lord Appears to Peter. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Fellowship With the Risen Lord.

I. Peter and John at the Empty Tomb (John 20:1-10).

John does not enter into a description of the resurrection of Christ or attempt a proof other than that the tomb was empty and that Jesus had repeatedly manifested Himself to the disciples after the tomb had been found empty.

1. How they came to know (vv. 1, 2). The information was brought by Mary Magdalene out of whom Jesus had cast seven demons (Mark 16:3, Luke 8:2). Prompted by love for Him she went early to the tomb, "while it was yet dark," "she was last at the cross and first at the grave, she stayed longest there and was soonest here." Her love for Jesus was genuine, though her knowledge of His resurrection was defective. She could not rest till she had done her utmost for Him because she realized that great good had come to her from His hands. The reason we work so little for the Lord is that we have such a dim sense of His saving grace.

2. Their investigation (vv. 3-10). The news of the empty tomb, which Mary brought with breathless haste, so moved John and Peter that they both ran to investigate. Upon arrival at the tomb John gazed upon it, but Peter entered it. John, with holy reverence, hesitates. Peter, with impulsiveness, enters the tomb at once. Their respective actions are not to be explained on the basis of degrees of love for the Lord, but to temperament. The investigation convinced them. The removal of the stone from the sepulcher, the arrangement of the grave-clothes all convinced them that it had not been done by an enemy.

II. The Charge of the Risen Lord to Peter (John 21:15-17). Jesus put to Peter the three repeated question, "Lovest thou me?" Then He gave him a commission. This shows that supreme love to Christ is the one essential qualification for serving Him. Love is the spring from which all Christian activity flows. He asked, also, to show that there are three classes in the church which demand care and attention. These three classes need special care and food.

1. Feed my lambs (v. 15). This first charge relates to those who are beginning the Christian life—the babes in Christ. The word "feed" means more than instruction. It means in addition to instruction that proper surroundings, influences and examples should be provided. As a Christian minister, Peter was to be an example, provide the proper surroundings and do the proper teaching for the young Christians, those just beginning the Christian life.

2. Tend my sheep (v. 16). This charge shows a different class. It means to shepherd the sheep. It has application to the mature class of Christians. The duty enjoined therefore is to care for those who have passed out of their childhood into maturity. He must feed the sheep, give them proper instruction, guide them, lead them and discipline them. For this ministry the essential qualification is love.

3. Feed my sheep (v. 17). The implication here is that Peter was charged with the responsibility of caring for aged Christians. The word "feed" is much the same as in the first case. It means that for the aged Christians the instruction ought to be such as will be suited to their needs. This needs special emphasis today because much attention is given to the young people, but in many instances the old people are neglected.

III. Follow Me (vv. 18-23). In verse 18 is given a clear prophecy concerning Peter's death. It was to be by crucifixion. Peter once shrank from the cross, but now the Lord holds it up before him. It is not the Lord's death on the cross, but Peter's own. He teaches here that the Christian's death is for the glory of God. Whatever may be before us, even the cruel cross, the Lord's command is to follow Him.

Our Hope Our hope lies not in the absence of danger, but in the presence of Christ, who is able to control the storm. No church with Christ in it can be wrecked or lost. More of the living Christ, more of His love, of His teaching.—Western Recorder.

Costs Self-Denial To keep in good grace with one's own self often costs self-denial, but it pays a mighty dividend.—Herald of Gospel Liberty.

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