

(Continued from page 2)

was even now eating of their offering! Health and prosperity would be theirs for at least the duration of this moon! The music abruptly ceased; the dancers sank breathless to the ground; an awed hush fell upon the gathering.

When the fire had died down to a glowing heap of red embers, the silence broke stormily in an outburst of joyous hilarity. The procession started back to the settlement, the riotous merriment continuing all the way, the waving torches making the moon seem pale by contrast.

At a small hut on the outskirts Chimabahal paused, intimating that it was the best they could offer and would in future be tabu to the great white chief. Then the revelers dispersed, the torches flickering like miniature fires among the neighboring huts. The man and the girl were left alone.

The barbaric excitement still tingled in their veins and shone in their eyes, when, for a moment, they looked at each other. Instinctively Barbara caught her breath, putting her hand to her throat, as if to wrestle with something choking her; her torch fell to the ground.

"We-we-can't stay-here!" she muttered, half to herself.

She felt his hand upon her arm; the touch sent a wild tremor through her



"We-We-Can't Stay-Here!"

entire frame. It was as if in her wrought-up state, an electric wire had touched her, imparting strange currents which, with waves of magnetism, dragged her close within their field, while simultaneously repelling her with an unknown fear. Feebly she resisted, but his grip tightened, pulling her across the threshold.

"The natives are watching!" he muttered in her ear. His torch showed the interior to be small and bare, the sole contents being two rolls of reed-matting or "tapestry." Looking her, he fixed the torch in the ground and took up one of these heaps.

"They roll themselves in this, to sleep," he said. "It will make a substitute for a door."

She mechanically helped him to fix it across the opening. Like revelers in a Continental carnival, the natives were too much excited to settle down for the night; the noise outside was still boisterous.

Alan, the same primitive tingling in his blood, talked rather wildly as he arranged the cover.

"We are savages now! Conventions don't count here. As you remarked, these may henceforth be our sole companions. And they regard you as my wife—remember!" Finishing his job, he turned round, his eyes glittering in the dim light. "You must play up, too, for—your own sake. . . . What is it, Barbara. . . . What's the matter? Why—do you look at me—like that?" He caught both her wrists.

"W-we—can't stay—here!" she muttered again, not moving in his grasp. "But we—we've shared a hut before—all these weeks! Why are you afraid now? Tell me!" He bent over her. "Tell me, Barbara—"

"I can't. . . . I don't know. . . . I—I'm not—" Desperately she tried to withdraw her hands and eyes from his. She felt powerless, as if she were slipping down some precipice into roaring torrents which would engulf her, sweep her away from every known landmark. This was utterly different from that other night's fear. Then it had been fear of him, and tangible. Now it was subtle, terrifying, and—of herself, in some strange way.

He drew her suddenly closer; but, with all the strength of her will, she flung herself back in his grasp.

"Don't—touch me! I don't—understand—Oh. . . . Alan—help us both!" The cry was one of desperation. It startled him. For a long moment he gazed deep within her darkened eyes, the blood mounting in his face, throbbing in his temples, his very lips trembling. Then, almost violently, but with a strange look of exultation, he let her go.

"I'll go and see if—if—all's safe outside," he stammered. She heard him leave the hut; and she sank down in the far corner, trembling violently. . . . She heard him enter later; and she buried her

head in her arms. He threw himself down across the threshold without a word.

From outside, the noise of the revelers still came to their ears, growing gradually fainter . . . and fainter . . . until, at last, silence fell.

VIII

After that memorable night, Barbara and Alan had walked back together early next morning, Alan for the most part silent, Barbara talking feverishly of the natives' feast, music, rites—anything to prevent awkward pauses.

past. Barbara, blissfully unconscious of any flaw in this pact of friendship, lost her fear of these childlike folk. Having proved the effect of a random shot from the revolver, she felt safe.

One evening, shortly before Christmas day, having prepared their supper, she wandered down to the shore, waiting for Alan's arrival. Sitting idle upon a rock, she watched the spray and foam glistening in the sunshine against the distant reef, her thoughts occupied by a variety of small things—chief among them being a cottonless future! The constant mending of their combined wardrobe had drained her slender resources of thread. Pins had been resorted to that day. Alan sat on one and swore loudly; she smiled lingeringly over the recollection.

Her face sobered and she leaned forward, then rose quickly to her feet. Slowly moving through the clear water, not far from the shore, appeared a large gray outline suggesting in its general shape an airship. Barbara drew in her breath quickly, watching the silent bulk glide slowly by until, making a large circuit, it disappeared in the direction of the reef.

It was, she guessed, a shark.

For the first time the remembrance dawned upon her of islands in the Pacific ocean being often shark-infested; the recollection brought, in a flash, full realization of the risks Alan took when he swam with her to land.

With another chaotic tumult of mind, she remembered Alan's further risks when saving all necessities for their comfort, his stubborn refusal of her offers of help, his stringent commands against bathing in the lagoon. . . . She realized, too, his consideration in not mentioning this horrible danger to add to her dread of those which already menaced their lives.

A wave of gratitude—or admiration—swept over her, and she covered her face, hiding the hot involuntary blush, shutting out the sudden, unbearable glory of sky and sea.

Presently, lowering her hands, she turned her glowing face inland. . . . With a gasp, she grew rigid.

A heavy cloud of smoke hung in dense plumes over the hilltop! Even as she looked, a long jagged flame leapt up . . . then another, and another. . . . The beacon was on fire! She gazed at it, fascinated. What did it mean? Rescue at last? The rescue for which they had looked, and longed, and lived, all these weeks and months . . . Suddenly, like a heavy cloak, all the previous excitement and exultation fell from her.

A feeling as of a cold wind, full of vague foreboding, chilled her heart in that warm evening air.

IX

Near the blazing fire stood Croft. His hands hung loosely at his sides; his gaze was fixed upon the distant, heaving water. At the sound of the girl's hurrying steps, he turned quickly. "A ship!" he announced briefly. "No."

Silently they looked at each other; the man inscrutable as ever, the girl clasping and unclasping her hands, her lips a little tremulous. In the turmoil of her emotions, she sank upon the ground at last, and buried her head in her hands.

Croft looked at her, his own feelings in much the same chaotic state. The hope of once again playing the part among his fellowmen—dear to a man of action—of achieving the ambitions ruthlessly destroyed at the very moment of attainment, had been raised and dashed almost simultaneously. But in that same moment he faced the full knowledge of what all this Eden-like existence meant to him—the immensity of his increasing hopes, bitter-sweet in their uncertainty. And, as the flames ascended, he faced abruptly the probable termination of it all!

He controlled, but not without difficulty, the emotions rioting within his breast, when those tense few minutes, fraught with so much meaning—such crucial pages in the Book of Fate—relaxed. When the far-off spiral of smoke faded into the clouds, as the distant vessel vanished, he leaped upon a boulder and threw his arms wide. The gesture might have been a welcome to freedom, or an acquiescence in the inevitable; in either case it savored of "kismet."

He turned suddenly toward her. "I am sorry," he said. "I feared it would upset you—today."

"Why today?" she asked curiously. A look of incredulity crept into his face.

"It is December twentieth. Wasn't that to be your wedding day?" She sank back, staring at him blankly. Twice she opened her lips to speak, but no words came. At last, slowly, she turned her gaze seaward.

"It was," she murmured. "I—had—forgotten." Again her head dropped into her hands.

Low as the words were, he heard them. A wild joy flashed through him. Because he dared not trust himself or his voice, he left her—dashing, with

From that day another paradoxical phase opened before them. For, though they now had many surface interests in common to heighten their companionship, the wall between was yet more strengthened. And, this time, it was the girl who unconsciously built up the crumbling bricks with hasty fingers, not daring to look at that yawning precipice beyond.

From a pocket-book diary they were able to keep count of the days and nights which flitted by so rapidly now. The natives left them alone; save when, at Croft's command, they brought rolls of reed-matting, or swords, spears, implements. Only one, as he knew well, still hid defiance under the cloak of subjection, hiding his time.

Thus, for a while, all danger seemed throbbing pulse, toward the palm grove. Was there a singing in the air around, as if every bird upon the island had mistaken coming night for the dawn, or was it the inward song of his heart?

For long Barbara sat where he had left her, without looking up, though knowing that she was alone. She faced her shrinking soul for the first time; the beacon burned itself out beside her; the sun sank lazily in a sky aflame.

Until today she had taken for granted the supposition that, underneath the growing enchantment of this land, the craving for Hugh and rescue still predominated. . . . Full of shame, she realized this supposition to have been but a bubble burst at this first test. She understood, with a sense of abock, the small space now occupied by Hugh in her thoughts. Yet—he seemed, in memory, as dear as ever. Tears brimmed in her eyes; she realized, at last, how this very dearness proved its vast separation from love.

Like a bird newly aware of freedom after narrowly escaping capture, she stood up and looked around with lingering eyes, which now knew how close a hold the brilliant scene had upon her heart. If ever rescue came, it would bring pangs of grief instead of the unalloyed joy she had supposed. . . . Again her thoughts turned to Hugh, wondering what were his feelings today. . . . And her sensitive heart smote her, overwhelming her with renewed shame.

Hurriedly she set about laying supper, hoping vainly to still the awakened depths; then sought further occupation. Her glance fell upon her luggage. With sudden decision, probably induced by a hazy idea of recapturing the instincts of civilization to combat unruly emotions, she seized a box and opened it.

When presently Croft returned, he was met on the threshold by a wistful-eyed figure clothed in something soft and white and altogether womanly, instead of the blouse and old skirt. He stopped abruptly; then with rather grim lips, smiled.

"So we returned to civilization in spirit, if not in fact?" His uncanny knack of reading her motives caused her to give him, as usual, the swift deep-sea glimpse which he sought.

"Alan, I want to tell you something." "What is it?" he asked, breathing quickly at what he saw in her eyes. "I saw a shark today. And," hurriedly, "I—oh, Alan! I realized all you have done for me, all you have risked and spared me—"

"All my invisible hero, in fact?" She ignored the flattery. "And I feel simply full of—of—" "Of—what, Barbara? What?" "Gratitude—" "Gratitude!" He turned away, with a short laugh. "I can do so little in turn to make things tolerable for you here," she went on in the warmth of her heart. "Your life was so full—" He looked round again quickly. "No fuller than yours with the man you—" "Ah," she interrupted passionately. "Don't! I—know."

Her voice went into silence. For a long time he sat watching the darkness creep swiftly over the water. A fierce craving for advice, sympathy even disapproval, so long as she could unburden her agitated mind, mastered the girl. She took one of her old impulsive plunges.

"I am so troubled!" she exclaimed suddenly. "Tell me just what is troubling you," he answered, his voice softening. "Loneliness?" The clasp of his fingers encouraged confidence.

"No, no! This wild life, this lovely island, seem to creep up and up, engulfing me, so that I—dread the thought of the old restricted existence. Alan, it's terrible. It—It's intoxicating—it frightens me! I never crave for the world and a wider sphere, as I did in Derbyshire. I know I ought to be pining for rescue; to long for—fer—these at home; to be unhappy! I've tried, honestly! But—"

Laughter interrupted her. "Tried! Have you really? Then—you are happy here?" "That's the trouble; don't you see? I don't know why, but I am. I was even glad when the ship didn't come tonight! It's just as if there's some spirit in this island which—draws one up and up— Do you think me utterly heartless?"

He laughed again; and she wondered at the exultant ring of it. "I think you're a goose—waking up! Have you only just realized the—'spirit'—on the island?" Then he became serious. "How could your unhappiness help those in England? They have long ago given us up for dead. Besides, no forced emotions are worth anything."

"No. That's the chief point; they shouldn't need to be forced. Hugh—once—called me heartless—" He drew her hands downward, pulling her up close behind him.

"I'm going to talk quite straight, Barbara. I gather the real fact is—you are not fretting for—Hugh?" She made no reply; but the fingers in his closed spasmodically. He went on, his voice low, and deeply earnest.

"Love can be forced least of all. If circumstances combine to prove that mistakes have been made, it is no good struggling against the knowledge! However painful, it is better than a lifetime of vain regret. One of the cruelest tragedies in this funny old world is the ease with which such mistakes can be made—unconsciously—all in good faith."

He turned his face upward and caught the glint of tears in her eyes. "Ah my dear! Don't take it so much to heart."

She gave a strangled little sob. "He—cared. Hugh will ever be—faithful. He is the truest—" "Yes I know; one of the very best. But marriage with him wouldn't have satisfied your nature. You know that."

"Oh!" she cried startled. "But I shall still marry him—if we get rescued. Please don't think me so disloyal as all that!"

He smiled over this third unconscious appeal for his good opinion. "D'you call it loyal, then, to carry out a compact when the very motive upon which it was founded has proved an illusion? You would be living a lie all your life—unfair to you both. Surely he wouldn't wish it?"

"You don't quite understand," she protested. "I am just as fond of him. It would still be the same."

"Barbara," he said softly, "the love of man and woman is not fondness." She could not speak. Her heart seemed to rise in her throat and throb there; her limbs trembled. In sudden panic she tried to free her hands, her womanhood realizing his manhood as it had never consciously done before. The instinct of the wild bird to flee and hide was hers. Her turmoil communicated itself to him, in that vibrant silence. He looked up into her face, seeing there what he had but glimpsed on the night in the natives' hut.

"Barbara!" he whispered shakily. "Barbara! Be true to yourself—" With a little cry, she wrenched her hands free. As he sprang to his feet

she turned, and, without a word, fled into the hut. . . . He stood still for a minute; then he drew a quick unsteady breath, and strode to the shore, to pace up and down up and down far into the night. . . .

Barbara lay awake throughout long hours facing in terrible isolation the great question of sex. What she had dimly realized and vaguely feared, since that revealing moment during their visit to the natives, now loomed up in its naked reality to alter the whole aspect of their life here together. She faced the true position; realized clearly that she and this man were cut adrift from all the safety of other human companionship, all the restraints of civilization, with this terrible, eternal attraction now menacing them. Escaped from it was impossible. She understood now the nature of the abyss yawning below the precipice which had threatened her of late. This new knowledge illumined the past, even to the strange magnetic attraction, half-fear, in the early days of their acquaintance. It terrified her, shaking her confidence. Her one shield and protector in all they had faced now appeared in the light of the enemy against whom she had no ally!

Turned and Fled into the Hut.



Turned and Fled into the Hut.

When she remembered the close clasp of his hands, the pressure of his head upon her breast, her pulse throbbed and her face burned. It must quit, she told herself repeatedly; this delightful, impossible tenderness between them must be stopped at once. She must resolutely hide her womanhood, showing nothing but the sexless comrade!

As soon as the soft light of dawn had entered the tiny room, she rose. Taking her scissors, she cut through handful after handful of her long thick hair, wasting no regrets upon the luxuriant tresses piling round her bare feet.

So far, so good! But it happened that Barbara's heart remained unshorn of its sex, with all its natural tendency to look well. When the hair was cut short to her neck, she hesitated; picked up the diminutive mirror; laid it down; picked up the scissors; hesitated again—then laid them down, and gave her head a vehement shake. The short waves and curls, free from all restraint, followed their own sweet will, waving pliantly around her small head, clustering about her ears.

Alan stood in the outer doorway, watching a bird preening its bright plumage on a rock. He turned in surprise at her early appearance; but the words of greeting died upon his lips. "What have you done?" he ejaculated.

She laughed self-consciously, giving her "hobbed" head a shake, eluding his eyes. "Oh! I—just thought I would cut my hair," she replied, with elaborate carelessness. "All your beautiful hair!" he murmured, his gaze never leaving her. "Girls are out of place here!" she observed.

A moment's reflection, and he had decided on his course. "I see. Henceforth, then, we are—two gay dogs together? What a good idea!" His tone was cool enough to reassure a dozen nervous women. She was conscious of a great relief as she joined him in the doorway.

(To be continued)

In Illinois (the state of Herrin) L. M. Hight, former Methodist minister, and Mrs. Elsie Sweetin have been sent to the penitentiary for life and for 35 years respectively for poisoning each others' spouses so that they could marry. What mental peace could they have expected, married, each knowing that the other had murdered one mate and might repeat?

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE No. 3 "THE FOUR ANGLES"

Here's a dandy puzzle for beginners and for old hands at the game. Several unkeyed letters, but only one technical name and one abbreviation. These facts and its all-over interlock make it not such a hard one after all.

Grid for Cross-Word Puzzle No. 3. A 10x10 grid with some cells shaded black. Numbers 1-37 are placed in the starting cells of the words.

- Horizontal. 1—Together, 6—Says, 11—Roman tyrant, 12—Decay, 15—Article of apparel, 16—Blow of a horn, 17—Anthropoid, 18—Comfort, 19—Hotels, 20—Small green vegetable, 21—Source of lumber, 22—Finch, 23—Peril, 24—Wishes for, 25—Prepare for table, 26—District, 27—Kind of dog, 28—To scoop out, 29—Girl's name, 30—Plot of ground, 31—Conveyance, 32—To exchange, 33—To cheat, 34—United (abbr.), 35—Free of defects, 36—Story, 37—Observers, 38—Golf club, 39—Heavy hammer, 40—Hunted. Vertical. 1—Unfastened, 2—Element in air, 3—Metal, 4—Small children, 5—Dealer in cloths, 6—Trom, 7—Encourage, 8—Hip, 9—Other, 10—Horses, 11—Enclosed, 12—One, 13—Negative, 14—Obtained, 15—Earn, 16—Organ of head, 17—Part of verb "to be", 18—Primary color, 19—Old horse, 20—Begins, 21—Make over, 22—Fox trotter, 23—To let loose, 24—Weathercock, 25—Fuel, 26—Acted part, 27—Earned, 28—Part of leg, 29—Superfluous growth, 30—Wood of the glockhol plant.

Solution of Puzzle No. 2

Solution of Puzzle No. 2 grid. A 10x10 grid with words filled in: CENTAL BASSO, ALERT CELLO R, BURY JELLY SO, ADO FULLY LEA, LE BADLY SEAS, A DRUGS DEALT, SPEASE SEEK S, SLANT JLEDS S, LAND STEMS TO, ITS MARES SOL, MENTULIP LOUD, EBICEP FALSE, REEKS LADDER.

BARBER SHOP First-class Work J. W. STEPHENSON.

Confectionery for the Affectionary

If the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, then the road to a woman's good graces is via a box of chocolates and bonbons. Of course only the daintiest morsels will accomplish that end, and "best" mean Clark's. "Where there's a candy box, there the heart unlocks."

Clark's Confectionery

Senator McNary appears to have succeeded in getting liberal appropriations for Oregon improvements restored to the slate from which they had been erased.

New Words, New Words Thousands of them spelled, pronounced, and defined in WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

Here are a few samples. broadcast, agrimator, Blue Cross, rotogravure, askari, Fascita, cyper, Rikedag, stippo, Red Star, mud gun, sterol, paravane, Ruthene, Swaraj, megabar, rollmap, taiga, plasmon, sugamo, sokol, shoneon, potosis, soviet, precool, duvetryn, restlor, S. P. boat, Czechoslovak, camp-fire girl, aerial cascade, Air Council, Devil Dog, activation, Federal Land Bank. Is this Storehouse of Information Serving You? 2700 pages, 6000 illustrations, 407,000 words & phrases, Concise, authoritative, Dictionary. Write for a sample page of the New Words, specimen of English and Latin Roots, Part G. & C. HERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.