

STORY FROM THE START

On the verge of nervous collapse, due to overwork, Gay De-lane, successful New York artist, ane, successful New York artist, seeks rest at Idle Island. She rents a cottage, the "Lone Pine," from an Island character, the "Captain," and his sister, Alice Andover, "administrator." Gay finds the cottage is tenanted by an elderly lady, "Auntalmiry," who consents to move to another abode, the "Apple Tree." Awaking from sleep Gay Image. Awaking from sleep, Gay imag-ines she sees the face of a China-man peering in the window. She settles down in her new home, anticipating months of well-earned rest and recuperation.

#### CHAPTER III—Continued

The farthest of these houses, built at the last stand, where the forest and the shore-line merged, was the Lone Pine. Beyond all others, farther, higher, alone it stood, aloof, remote. Beyond the Lone Pine, on the peninsula of forest land that ended in sheer rocky cliffs, was but one other building. This was known as the

Little Club house. The Little Club had been a daring social venture for a group of Portland business men in the years when sailing was the foremost summer sport along the coast. In those days, every man of means in the city had his own boat, and the Little Club house was their summer rendezvous.

As the men of Portland took up motoring, the vogue for sallboats passed. Year by year the Little club in the cove saw less and less of social life, and finally, for a period of seven years, it had been opened but once each summer, when the remnant of the old group came by motor boat for a great week-end orgy of lobster, fish, and, it was rumored, forbidden brew. For the last three years even this mild burst of diversion had been abandoned, and the famous old Little club was as dead as the oldest gray pine in the woodland.

The Little Club house was built with the natural rock of the shore as n general base, as indeed were most of the Island houses along the coast. A wide piazza circled three sides of the house, and on the north gave it a far view of sea and sky. Gay was not long in discovering this deserted plazza, and sometimes went with her sketching pad, which she carried on all occasions, and sat there, idly drawing in the pleasant shade.

Gay often leaned far out over the plazza railing, trying to see beneath, wishing the distance were less, that she could drop down. And then one day, when her strength had come again, and her most venturesome mood was upon her, she slipped under the railing on the eastern side of the club house, and holding with both hands, now to the wild branches that grew in the crevices, now to the rough and ragged rocks themselves, slowly, stumbling, falling, splashing berself with water in the lower places, cutting and bruising her hands, she struggled on until she reached the little stretch of sheltered beach.

"I knew I could do it," she said cockily, waving away the reproachful stinging of her torn hands. "I said I would, and I did."

She ran at once to the club house, under the plazza. She found a full lower story of the '---se showing there, with a wide door, and two windows, but they were heavily framed in wooden shutters, further protected by stout iron gratings, and secured with heavy patented locks.

Gay shook the rusted lock Impatiently.

"I'd love to get in," she thought wistfully. "Perhaps it is a haunted chateau. Whoever heard of an island without a haunted chateau?"

The little cove was a pretty one, marvelously well protected. On the left side the rocky ledge ran far out, surving like a bow. It was among the rocks on the left that the old boathouse stood, but although Gay pulled at the lock, even banged at it with a stone, it would not yield. Every crack was sealed, and the windows were boarded and barred. "Stingy things," she said crossly. "The way they keep themselves locked up you'd think they were a band of bootleggers."

As she stood in the sandy beach, looking out, her eyes shone with pleasure. She forgot the hard struggle with the rocks, she did not think of her torn and bleeding hands. It was very lovely.

The tide was coming in, nearly full, and she was obliged to move back a step or two to avoid a wetting. But she could not tear herself from the place. And then, as she stood, she saw the incoming waves bore freight -a barrel-no, a sack-no-

Gay watched it curiously and felt the little thrill of excitement that al-

ways comes with thought of treasure

"Treasure trove," she whispered. 'Pirate's prize. Finders keepers." Now it swept far forward on the wave. Then it receded again, sucked back by the outgoing water. But caught full at last by the surging tide, it swept close in to shore

borne by the sea.

"Oh, I do believe it is a sea-chestwrapped in rugs-or-something," she cried aloud joyously. "Oh, I believe

She ran out a few steps, regardless of the water that splashed about her ankles, leaning far forward, ready to catch hold when it came nearer. Suddenly it turned, swung toward her. Gay cried out, faintly. She saw it, plainly. It was the body of a man. The hands beneath the water showed faintly radiant, the face shone palely. Grating in the sand, surging in the water, it slid up on the shore, swung at her feet, and the receding waves sucked at it jealously.

Stiffing her innate repulsion, Gay thrust out a stiff, resentful, unwilling hand, closed her fingers firmly on the flapping lapel of the coat, and with the help of the next incoming wave, she drew it high up on the sand be-

yond the water line. No hope of resuscitation for that unfortunate. Already it was set in the rigidity of death. And over the temple gaped a great dark bulletwound, where the stiff hair, dripping salt water, clung thickly in the blood that had drenched it, the edges washed flabby-white.

Gay turned away from it, instinctively recoiling, her natural thought to run quickly far from the terrible sight. But as she turned her eyes fell on the hand that lay flung out on the sand, a long fine hand, a hand that even in death suggested the emotions of life, desire, tenderness, passion, that had tingled in its finger-

Gay's eyes hung to it, spellbound, and then, slowly, swept to the face again. It was a tired face, worn, all set into grim hard lines; had probably been a handsome face in life, the head finely shaped, the forehead high, the chin slender and clear-cut. The lips had been delicate and fine before that last grim anxiety had locked them into this hard cast.

Gay shuddered, buried her face in her hands. Then she stood up, suddenly determined, and called for help again and again, her clear high voice ringing and reverberating among the rocks that bound the cove. It was seldom that strollers came through the woods so far, and the cottages were far removed. There was no answer, although she continued to call even when she had ceased to expect response.

And so at last, bravely, she took responsibility to herself, set her lips hard and bent down to draw the body higher on the sand, beyond reach of the tide at its highest point. She lifted the outthrown hand and laid it gently back upon the breathless breast, and spread her wispy handkerchief, pitifully, over the pale set face. Then, in a fresh accession of horror, she ran wildly upon the rocks of the cliff, clambering over them, struggling feverishly in her haste, and her terror was magnified by her flight, so that she sobbed aloud, fell often in her foolish frenzy, and cut herself, but did not feel the pain.

Out of the rocks, disheveled, solled, her pale face streaked with tears, she stopped to recompose herself, adjusted her blouse and belt, and tried to wipe the telltale marks of fear from her face. In a semblance of order at last, she ran through the woods, and down the lane to the Captain's house.

The Captain, shocked by her white and frightened face even more than by the incoherent tale she told, extricated himself from the fold of dog and cats with nervous impatience, and brushed against two granddaughters in his haste to get Gay into a chair before she fainted.

"Do tell," he chattered gently, "dear, dear, now, what are things coming to?-Lida, give Miss Gay here some good hot tea, I'll go right down there and-"

"I'll go back with you and show you," Gay proffered quickly.

"No, no, miss, tea's what you need, quiet's what you need. Lida, give er some more tea-I'll take the boys with me. We'll have to work it up over those rocks some way."

He hurried away, an eager, brave, frail little figure.

Naturally, the Captain did not go direct to the cove. He went first to the Pier grocery store to recount the grewsome tale. Then he stopped by the way to pick up the Budlong boys. two drivers from the taxi stand, Mr. Allenby, the weather man, and Lumley Lane. With these enforcements, and followed by a troop of a dozen or more small boys shouting directions and calling inquiries, with two

or three of the hardler native women trudging along at a respectful distance in the rear, they at last began the hard descent over the rocky cliffs and ledges that bordered the cove.

Helping one another as best they could, scrambling each man to keep pace with the man ahead, all alike anxious for the first frightful, horrid view, they stumbled over the rocks, grunting, swearing softly in the nasai New England drawl, and reached the cove at last, leaning forward, staring about them.

Then they stood erect, with sheepish 'grins, and looked the length and breadth of the cove. There were many footprints in the sand, there were scattered logs, bits of driftwood, the wreck of an old boat, there were shells and seaweed and fallen trees. But there was no drenched seawashed body on the sand, no trace of red blood on the clean yellow, no sign of human driftwood from the sea.

#### CHAPTER IV

Satisfied at last that their eyes did not deceive them, that in very truth there was no body in the cove, the men of the searching party drew together, looked from one to another with sheepish deprecating grins.

"By gar, she done us," roared Lumley Lane with his great guffaw. "The little New Yorker done us right."

Led by the Captain, they tried the doors of the boathouse, of the Little club itself, but all were locked secure and silent. They called a few times, loud halloos, but received no answer.

"Was she flim-flammin', Gamp?" asked one of the Budlong boys.

"No," said the Captain, with his usual soft decisiveness. "She was cryin', her face all streaked and



She Struggled On Until She Reached the Little Stretch of Sheltered

white, tremblin' all over. She didn't alm to flim-flam nobody. She thought she saw something, that's all."

They returned the way they had come, and although the men hung about the Captain's door, hoping for a glimpse of the erratic New Yorker who had sent them on their hard chase for the wild goose, the Captain, considerately, left them without and closed the door behind him.

The Captain looked compassionately at Gay. "There wa'n't nobody drownded," he said gently. "There wa'n't nobody shot. There wa'n't nothing but sticks and stones in the cove."

Gay leaped to her feet glddlly, and the women fell back, respectfully, to give her room.

"There-wasn't?" she gasped. "But there was! He had dark hair, and long fine hands-oh, nonsense!-I can see him this moment as plainly as-My handkerchief, I spread it over his poor face. Did you bring my handkerchief?"

"You're all tired out, Gay," he said gently. "You work too hard. You seen a hallucination, that's all. It was driftwood ridin' in. Seaweed. maybe. Things allus looks like men under the water. There a'n't nobody in the cove, Gay." Gay brushed past him, her hand on

the door.

"Where you goin'?" "To the cove. To see for myself. don't believe a word of it," she declared feverishly, with no thought for he rudeness of her words in the shock of her surprise. "You haven't been there at all. You are deceiving me. Of course there is a body in the

With ineffable patience, despite his weariness, the Captain set out to follow. After a few hot running steps Gay waited for him to come up to her.

"You needn't go, Captain," she said kindly. "You are tired, and it is such a hard way."

"Oh, that's all right. I'm still good on my legs.'

They did not speak again until they entered the wood, when the Captain rather diffidently, broke the silence. "You oughtn't to live there by yourself, Gay. Women ha'n't no call to

live alone. It a'n't accordin' to natur' They get queer. They get to thinkin' things, they get to seein' thingsthosts an' sech. You better go to the hotel, Gay, for the rest of the summer. I'll let you off on the rest of the house. It a'n't accordin' to natur'. livin' alone."

Gay made no answer, but she smiled at him, and when they came at last to the precipitous cliffs that girt the cove, she led the way, stumbling, sliding falling, while the Captain grunted and softly swore beneath his breath behind her. In the cove, at last, she turned with her usual brisk assurance, and flung out a hand toward the spot where the body had

Then her eyes widened, her lips parted and she stared, aghast.

The captain was right. There was no body on the sand. Except for themselves, the cove was void of life. as it was vold of death. Flashes of light swam before her eyes, and she swayed dizzily.

"I'll just sit down a minute to get my wind back," the Captain panted. and dropped down heavily on a low rock, mopping away great beads of perspiration with his red handker-

Gay pulled herself together.

"Somebody took him away while I was gone," she said in a low voice. "I was not fooling you. I left him right here. See, the sand is wet from where he lay."

"It splashed from the surf," he

"I put his hand on his breast, and my handkerchief I spread over his face. Captain, do you think I'm crazy?" she demanded indignantly.

"No, Gay, no, I don't think you're crazy," he said stoutly. "But you hadn't ought to live alone. It a'n't good for women, makes 'em queer; a'n't accordir to natur'."

Gay smiled rather wanly. "I am sorry for all the trouble I have caused I am sure you know that I had no desire to deceive "ou, deliberately. I am very sorry. Will you go on home now, and leave me? I have my sketch pad in my pocket. I am going to draw the face from memory, and perhaps you will recognize it. I want to do it while it is all fresh in my thought."

stood firm against him, and his objectight back and dropped a shiny, new tions dwindled. He went off at last, a sturdy little figure, for all his frailty to return. and his bent shoulders.

Gay picked out a seat for herself among the rocks and fell at once to work. She could see it all so vividly that her flesh crawled as she reproduced the picture from memory-the small bit of sand below the rocks, the limp body in its drenched clothes, the dark hair, the fine head, the gaping wound, and outflung on the sand the pale hand, long, slim and powerful, the hand of a gentleman, hand of a scholar, hand that betrayed intenstiy of feeling. It was the hand that had stirred Gay most deeply, and when it lay before her in her penciled sketch, delicate and strong, she buried her face in her two hands and burst into nervous weeping. But in a moment she controlled herself, shook away her tears crossly, and dabbed at her eyes with the back of her hand, lacking the wispy handkerchief that was gone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# \* Seaweed Harvest of Importance in Japan

rouble to the quartermaster's department. In the field they are capable of great endurance on a diet of dried rice, dried fish, dried seaweed, and pickled plums. The seaweed is wrapped ound the rice and used as a "relish" o it. Given a tiny fire, a stewpan, and the rations mentioned, they are perfectly content, whatever the weather and however long the marches,

Seaweed is grown specially for food purposes, being cultivated with as nuch care as any other crop. After the typhoon season, the women may be seen bearing great loads of young trees which have been stripped of their leaves, though all the small branches are left intact. These are

Disguised Compliment

A bond man in New York added to his activities the pose of "gentleman farmer" on Long Island. Before leaving his place for a trip to Europe, he sald to his head man: "Flaherty, I have to be away for a

month or two. I hope everything will run smoothly on the farm." "Oh," said Flaherty, heartily, "ye don't do a bit o' harm, sir, when you're

Japanese soldiers do not give much | drawn into the weed on the shore, acres of brushy saplings being arranged in long, parallel rows where the tide ebbs over them twice daily. Gradually, the green fernlike weed collects on the branches, and flourishes there until the farmers harvest it. It is then carefully picked over and dried for future use

One Thing to Live For

Mrs. Nagger had married a wealthy husband and as a consequence had spent much of her married life to travel. At home she had had her erery wish gratified almost instantly. In fact nothing interested her any more. She was bored with life "Sometimes," she said one after-

noon to Mrs. Holland, who had dropped in for tea, "sometimes I feel I have nothing in the world for which to live."

Mrs. Holland shook her head sadly, then suddenly brightened. "Well, there's spite, my dear, there's

Stands in High Place Let us never forget that the culti vation of the earth is the most impor tant labor of man,-Daniel Webster.

#### Hard to Get Around

Ignorance Like This Dr. Van Fardleah of the American medical commission, recently assigned to work in the Near East, remarked that medical effectiveness in the Orl-

ent would never be established until the masses were better educated. "A peasant woman," he said, "had several children and when one of them was taken ill, we insisted that

the others be vaccinated. Much against her will, she finally consented, "Two days afterward she stormed into the relief hospital and upbraided us because one of the recently vac-

cinated children was dead. "'Dead!' I exclaimed, 'but how could he be dead? He was all right when we vaccinated him.'

"He fell down and broke his neck,' scoffed the woman. 'A lot of good vaccination does.""

# Quart of Water Cleans Kidneys

Take a Little Salts If Your Back Hurts, or Bladder Is Troubling You

No man or woman can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasion ally, says a well-known authority Eating too much rich food creates acids, which excite the kidneys. They become overworked from the strain get sluggish and fail to filter the waste and poisons from the blood. Then we get sick. Rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, dizziness, sleeplessness and urinary disorders often come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys, or your back hurts, or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, begin drinking a quart of water each day, also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water be fore breakfast and in a few days your kidneys may act fine.

This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to flush and stimulate the kidneys; also to help neutralize the acids in the system, so they no longer cause irritation, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to help keep the kidneys clean and active and the blood pure, thereby often avoiding serious kidney complications.

### Pigeon Liquidated Debt

Pigeons were welcome visitors at the window of the Cincinnati (Ohio) apartment of Mrs. Amoretta Fitch, always receiving a few morsels of food until their hostess discovered they had begun to eat her cherished window plants. Then she put up a screen to shut out her feathered callers. A few mornings later a single pigeon came to the window and hovered about The Captain demurred, but Gay tion. She shooed it away, but it came on the sill as if to attract her attendime on the sill and flew away, not

## Oh, Transparent Man

Doctor-You had better be X-rayed. Patient-There's no need. Get my wife-she is always able to see right through me.

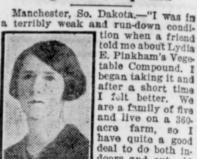
# A Very Woman

"Is your wife fond of listening in?" "No; Margaret much prefers speaking out."

The product of a tight shoe or an oak tree is a-corn.

# WESTERN GIRL STRENGTHENED

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



tion when a friend told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I began taking it and after a short time I folt better. We are a family of five and live on a 360. acre farm, so I have quite a good deal to do both indoors and out. At

first I was unable to do anything and had to have a girl, but after taking the Vegetable Com-pound I finally gained my strength back and also gained considerable in weight. I will gladly answer letters from women in regard to your medi-cine."—Mrs. Otto J. Gever, R. F. D. 1 Box 20, Manchester, So. Dakota,

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#### To Cool a Burn Use Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh Money back for first bottle !! not suited. All dealers.

Beneficent Sneeze

sneeze relieved C. A. Kinney, eighty-three years old, of Seneca, Pa. from the effects of injuries he suffered in a fall downstairs about two years ago. He had been unable since to move his head and neck freely. Then came the sneeze, something snapped, and his head and neck functioned normally.

Revenge is not so sweet as a change of scene that utterly shuts out the object of vengeance.

#### Broadcasts Good News

Whittier, Calif .- "Dr. Pierce's Fa-Prescription and the 'Golden Medical Discovery' have been used in our family off and on for a long time

and they have al-ways given us entire satisfaction. I have taken the 'Fa vorite Prescription' and so has my mother. It was a wonderful benefit to us. I think it

to us. I think it has no equal.

"My father always took the 'Golden Medical Discovery' when he felt rundown, and it never failed to build up his general health in a very short time."—Mrs. J. S. Hillyard, 113 S. Whittier Ave.

If your druggist is out of the "Medical Discovery" or "Prescription," send 65 cents to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for a package of the tablets.

N. Y., for a package of the tablets.

# Are You Listening In? The SUNSET-DYTINT Singers are broadcasting a program of original songs, duets and quarters over Columbia Nation-wide

The SUNSET-DYTINT Singers are broad-casting a program of original songs, duets and quartets over Columbia Nation-wide Radio Stations at 6:39 m. every Thursday (Basiern time) beginning Thursday, March 8:5,000 Prize Contest for users of SUNSET and DYTINT and by sing. Prize Radio Stations each broadcasting from 15 Radio Stations each broadcasting from 15 Radio Stations of the station of the stati North American Dye Corporation Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 9--1928.

# Bobby's Explanation

Little Sister-I wonder why February has 29 days every fourth year? Little Brother-Don't you know, silly? It's so that people born on the 29th of February can have a birthday once in a while



The whole world knows Aspirin as an effective antidote for pain. But it's just as important to know that there is only one genuine Bayer Aspirin. The name Bayer is on every tablet, and on the box. If it says Bayer, it's genuine; and if it doesn't, it is not! Headaches are dispelled by Bayer Aspirin. So are colds, and the pain that goes with them; even neuralgia, neuritis, and rheumatism promptly relieved. Get Bayer—at any drugstore—

Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart