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STORY FROM THE START

On the verge of nervous collapse, due to overwork, Gay Deane, 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, "administrators." Gay finds the cottage is tenanted by an elderly lady, "Auntamiry," who consents to move to another abode, the "Apple Tree." Awakening from sleep, Gay imagines she sees the face of a Chinaman 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 sailboats 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 a 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 piazza, 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 piazza 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 herself 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 piazza. She found a full lower story of the house 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, curving 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 borne by the sea.

"Treasure trove," she whispered. "Pirate's prize. Flinders 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.

"Oh, I do believe. It is a sea-chest—wrapped in rugs—or—something," she cried aloud joyously. "Oh, I believe it is!"

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 beyond 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 bullet-wound, 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 fingertips.

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, helplessly determined, and called for help again and again, her clear high voice ringing and reverberating among the rocks that bounded 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, soiled, 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 her 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 gressome 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 harder 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 nasal 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-flamm'n', 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 Beach.

white, tremblin' all over. She didn't aim 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, considerably, left them without and closed the door behind him.

The Captain looked compassionately at Gay. "There wa'n't nobody drowned," 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 giddily, 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

Seaweed Harvest of Importance in Japan

Japanese soldiers do not give much trouble 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 round the rice and used as a "rife" to 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 much 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 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.

Hard to Get Around

Dr. Van Fardieach of the American medical commission, recently assigned to work in the Near East, remarked that medical effectiveness in the Orient 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 vaccinated 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 occasionally, 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 before 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. Amoreta 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 on the sill as if to attract her attention. She shooped it away, but it came right back and dropped a shiny, new dime on the sill and flew away, not to return.

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."

Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

The whole world knows Aspirin as an effective antidote for pain. But it's just as important to know that there is only one 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, rheumatism promptly relieved. Get Bayer—at any drugstore—with proven directions.

WESTERN GIRL STRENGTHENED

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Manchester, So. Dakota.—"I was in a terribly weak and run-down condition when a friend told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I began taking it and after a short time I felt 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 Compound I finally gained my strength back and also gained considerable in weight. I will gladly answer letters from women in regard to your medicine."—Mrs. Otto J. Geyer, R. F. D. 1, Box 20, Manchester, So. Dakota.

SCHOOL FOR MEN

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To Cool a Burn

Use Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh. Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

Beneficent Sneeze

A 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.

Broadcasts Good News

Whittier, Calif.—"Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and the 'Golden Medical Discovery' have been used in our family off and on for a long time and they have always given us entire satisfaction. I have taken the 'Favorite Prescription' and so has my mother. It was a wonderful benefit to us. I think it has no equal."

Are You Listening In?

The SUNSET-DYPTINT Singers are broad-casting a program of original songs, duets and quartets over Columbia National Radio Stations at 6:30 p. m. every Thursday (Eastern time) beginning Thursday, March 8. \$500 Prize Contest for users of SUNSET-DYPTINT is now in full swing. Prizes announced at each broadcasting from 15 Radio Stations.

Bobby's Explanation

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



ASPIRIN

The whole world knows Aspirin as an effective antidote for pain. But it's just as important to know that there is only one 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, rheumatism promptly relieved. Get Bayer—at any drugstore—with proven directions.

Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticester of Salicylicacid