## IDLE ISLAND

#### By ETHEL HUESTON

WNU Service

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#### CHAPTER VIII—Continued

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There were no guns, no casks, no bottles. The furniture was scant, and of substantial and inexpensive make. There was an oil heater in a corner, and a large tank nearly full of oil beside it. There was an oil cook stove, also, with pans, kettles and dishes. There was fishing tackle strewn about, old magazines, and in a corner cupboard a few rough ends of food: beans, coffee, salt and rice. Some canned things, too, and a piece of salt pork. There were old pipes lying about, cigar stubs and scattered tobacco. The room in every respect was exactly as it would be left by a group of fishermen, lumbermen or hunters.

Officers, inspectors, any one might step into the room, examine it from celling to rough rock floor, and find It above suspicion. Yet Rand knew that within a space of two hours fully thirty men had left that very spot.

With revolver and flashlight in hand again, he left the basement room and went to the stairs. Heavy curtains, thick and wide, covered every door and window so that no possible ray of light from within could be seen from

On the upper floor were sleeping rooms, six in all, and two baths, although the water was not connected and the tubs were dusty and dry. One of these rooms, the one on the north looking down to the cove, Rand knew had been occupied, although but rough blankets were thrown loosely on the bed. Still it and the feeling about it of recent occupancy.

"Gay's gentlemanly Ingram," he thought with a boyish grin, "Couldn't stand it below with the Chinks. No wonder his eyes are sad."

Satisfied at last, he went down, careful to leave everything behind him as he had found it, and clambered up through the narrow basement window again, not without great difficulty. Once more he was obliged to crawl out, head first, and return in order to replace the window as he had found it which he did carefully, edging it tightly in, and blocking it loosely with rocks from without. Then he made his final exit.

"I hope nobody bangs me on the head before I have a chance to argue about it," he thought rather anxiously, as his legs sprawled out from beneath the piazza into the open air.

Evidently, however, the intrusion had been unobserved, and very hurriedly he threw the stones back into place to give the same appearance as before his entrance. Then he crossed the woods toward the Lone Pine.

It was after nine o'clock. Rand was not shaved, his face and hands were scratched and bleeding, his hair was matted with dust and bits of earth and moss, his clothes were grimg. He glanced down at himself, smiling. But he went on,

"I have no right to cheat her out of such a thrill as this," he decided. But he hurried his steps, for he had no desire to explain his appearance to any other but Gay.

Her amazement at his appearance at her door equaled his expectations. "Rand-Rand," she gasped weakly.

"Let me in, let me in," he urged laughingly. "Don't leave me out here with the burden of erime upon me, for the first Chink to take a pot shot

Hurriedly she drew him into the room, closed and locked the door be-

"Rand - Rand - what have you done?" she whispered.

She listened silently while he told, in sketchy fashion, the events of the night. Her eyes upon him were terrifled and troubled. When he finished his recital with a jaunty triumphant gesture, she turned on him passion-

"You shouldn't do such things," she cried thickly. "You should not! You have no right to take such chances. Oh, Rand, what do they care for murder? Think of that poor

It was not until he had been well fortified with strong coffee that she asked him gently, for her sake, to give up this ridiculous, dangerous enterprise and pay no more attention to the activities in the Little club. She said she was sorry she had ever told him anything about the affair in the cove, she felt she had led him into terrible danger,

"I keep thinking of that boy, Rand. They are utterly unprincipled, unscrupulous, I know they are. They would stop at nothing. If anything happens to you, it will be my fault."

Rand tried to reassure her, promised to take every precaution, but he would not consent to give up the undertaking. He was sure he had his finger on a thread that would unravel a vast network of intrigue and crime involving many thousands of dollars, perhaps hundreds of lives. He was going to have the reward the unraveling would entail, but more important than that, he was going to have the sport of unraveling. He would not yield to her

sad eyes!

"Randle, dear," Gay sald, her hands in his hair, drawing his face toward her, "did any one ever tell you that your eyes are sad, too? They are. Very sad. Your lips are merry and your voice is light, but your eyes are always wistful. The voice is what one makes it-but the eyes- Yes, open windows to the soul. Sad, very sad."

#### CHAPTER IX

It was amazing to Gay that the island, enmeshed as it was in a network of lawless enterprise so flagrant as to include open murder, should continue its placid aimless course of every-day, unruffled calm. The Captain fluttered from the hotel drains to the Nixon porch and talked regretfully of the work he did not accomplish on his boat.

Auntalmiry, who after Mrs. Andover's stern denial of a Christmas party, had remained wistful, quiet



Hurriedly He Threw the Stones Back Into Place.

and meek, climbed the hill one day with the old bright happy flush on her cheeks, and old bright light in her weak blue eyes. She was laughing.

"Oh, it is a lovely morning, Gay, a lovely morning. Coming on to Christmas now, isn't it, coming on to Christ-

"Y-es, it is. Did-Alice Andover say you could have the party, after

Auntalmiry burst into joyous gentle laughter. "Oh, my dear, when I think of Alice Andover-dear Alice! She is a fine woman, for all her faults, one in a thousand. But when I think of all her administrating, and her bossing, and her scheming-and all she gets for it-oh, no," she interrupted herself, trying to sadden her exuberance, "oh, no, no Christmas party this year. Oh, no!" She shook her little silvery head, but could not shake away that air of joy.

She said she had only come to horrow a bag, a good-sized hand-bag. She wanted to take-some things--over to town. She said she would like to keep it several days, if Gay did not mind. and promised to be very careful of it. She chose the larger of two hand-bags Gay gladly offered, explaining that she wanted it to hold-well-plenty.

A few days later she came again to explain that she was not yet through with the bag, and to suggest to Gay, if she did not mind, that perhaps it would be better not to say a

word about it to Alice Andover. "She's a fine woman," she said loyally, "one in a million, a credit to the island, a typical Maine character. A capable administrator, too, and all that. But once in a while she getswell, as you might say-just a wee bit

Alice Andover, too, climbed the hill to the Lone Pine.

nosey.'

"See anything of that foolish old woman down there?" she inquired, jerking her head impatiently toward the orchard below.

"Once in a while. Not often." "She's up to something. I don't trust that woman. You watch her, and if you see anything out of the way, you tell me. I'm the administrator, and I've got to keep an eye on

It was disappointing both to Gay and Rand that with all the little threads of mystery within their grasp, nothing happened. They kept shrewd watch of forest, clubhouse and shore, but all remained silent and deserted, so that after a few weeks her interest waned. Rand, however, continued faithfully to go to the clubhouse every night, for he knew that eventually the gang would come again, and he was ready for them.

He had inquired about boats leaving Portland harbor at the time the Chinese immigrants left the clubhouse, and found there had been seveld to her.

"And first of all, I'm going to show for the south, three for Europe, and of the moon, which damages the your sad-eyed friend. He's a crook, one which had called at the port com- plants.

looked up the records of every one of these boats, and tabulated the information, bur the name of Ronald Ingram was not connected with any of them. So he was obliged to await their return, and daily scanned the sailing reports for news of them.

October faded goldenly away, and November settled down grayly over the Islands of Casco bay.

About noon on the third day of November, a cold rain set in, driven by a hard wind from the northeast. By midafternoon the first nor-easter of the season was raging along the coast. The rain had turned to cutting bits of ice, like burning chips from steel. All afternoon Gay sat in her window-seat, listened to the wind lashing the bare trees of the dear little forest, watched the white sleet which tore past the window on great gales of wind, and looked down to the sea, snow white with foam. Finally she fell asleep.

It was evening when a step on the porch and an accompanying whistle wakened her. She sprang to her feet and went forward, dizzily, to meet

Gay took his hands, let him gently to the window-seat, sat beside him. "Rand," she said evenly, "if you

want me to marry you, I will." 'Now, say it again, slowly. I don't think I understand."

"Yes, you do. If you want me to marry you, I will." "If I want you to marry me-you Rand repeated slowly. He

kissed her. "Thanks, Gay, but I way sighed a little, sighed in relief perhaps. Certainly she smiled, but it was a drawn smile that did not touch

her darkened eyes. The island shut itself up, more and more, behind the protective screens and storm windows that presaged the coming of winter. The women baked, and sewed, and chatted. The men got in the last of the wood, sorted the winter apples, went over the furnaces and the plumbing.

Mrs. Alice Andover came to the cottage, but not often, for she was fond of creature comforts, and her enthusiasm for the winter climate of her native state was limited to an oil burner in her furnace, a birch log in her greplace, and a pretty Parisian knitted scarf about her aristocratic shoul-

"What's the old fool doing now?" she demanded, with the brusk nod toward the orchard that meant Auntalmiry.

"I don't know," Gay said evasively. "I don't see much of her."

"I've been there a dozen times, and never nobody home," Mrs. Andover complained. "There's no fool like an old one. She's a perfect gadabout. Let's go down and see what she's up

So they went down the hillslope and knocked at the door of the Apple Tree. There was no answer, although distinctly they could hear slight sounds within, quick shuffling, muffled footsteps, the sly creaking of a door. then silence. Alice Andover turned the knob, but the door was locked. She marched grimly around the house, Gay following, and tried the kitchen door, only to find it locked

Shamelessly she peered in every window, one after another, but there was nothing to see but the tidy house, empty.

"The old fool is in the closet," Alice Andover sald grim'y. She rapped smartly on the window. "Auntalmiry, Auntalmiry, come out! We see youcome on out, you big ostrich!" But there was no answer.

"She's up to something," Alice Andover said anxiously. "She's mad about that Christmas party. All for her own good, and that's all the thanks I get.

to hold up two of them, one in each

hand, he was surprised on looking

through both lenses to see the weath-

ercock on a neighboring church

steeple greatly enlarged. Excited by

this discovery, he ran to his father

and told him what he had seen. The

father immediately took the two

lenses and repeated the experiment.

The result confirmed his boy's report

and the father set to work at once.

fixing two movable lenses on a board

-an idea suggested to him by the

varying view he had obtained by mov-

ing the lenses in his hands-and thus

the first rude telescope came into

Moonlight and Plants

There is an impression that moon

light injures plants. This is a fallacy.

The moon shining brilliantly implies

a clear night, and this in turn meaus

a markedly lower temperature, even

to the extent of ground frost-and it

First Rude Telescope Evolved by Accident When the son of a Sixteenth cen- | being. Shortly after the news of this tury spectacle maker in Holland discovery had leaked out, a friend picked up some spectacle lenses in his wrote to Galileo in Italy describing father's shop one day and happened the contrivance of the Dutch optician

#### The Button in History

The button is a product of modern

castle Weekly Chronicle.

and it was from this description that

the Italian inventor built the tele-

scope that made him famous-New-

civilization, since the ancient people did not have any such form of holding their clothes together. They were first used for ornamental purposes. The next step was the use of the button and loop, the buttonhole being last in the development. Buttons were first employed in southern Europe in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth centuries. Their manufacture in England did not commence until the reign of Elizabeth. The earliest mention of the buttonhole in literature occurs in the year 1561. While men's outer garments are still made with buttons and buttonholes, the trend of the present is away from such fastenings. Almost all women's clothes and many men's under garments are now made without bus

and I'll prove it to you. Him, and his | ing down from Canada. He had | I thought, just to pacify her," she said flercely, "I'd let her fix little bags of candy and nuts for the children, though they don't deserve it. Throwing snowballs, chasing cats, breaking windows- But just to please her. So I ordered fifty pounds of Christmas candy sent to her." "Oh, that's just dear of you-"

Alice Andover frowned at her. John pays half. I'm only the adminstrator. John pays half. She's got fruit, she's got vegetables, her cupboard's full of canned goods, and her cellar full of coal and wood. She can't want for anything. Can she?"

It did not seem indeed that she could. Her larder had been bounte ously and glorious stocked-a hundred pounds of sugar, brown and white, cereals, rasins, dried fruits, beans, canned goods. No, certainly she could not be in need of anything. Besides, there was her charge account at the grocery, and her modest account at

"You don't suppose she would go on a starvation diet to spite me," said Alice Andover anxiously. "I don't think she knows enough to do that,"

When Alice Andover had gone, Gay went down again alone. Mrs. Andover's anxiety had communicated itself to her, and Gay was persistent. She meant to find out if Auntalmiry stood in need.

She anticipated a long wait on the door-step, and she intended to wait. So she was a little surprised when Auntalmiry, who had evidently been watching and knew she came alone, opened the door to her first light tap. "That was not nice," Gay said severely. "Alice Andover is very uneasy about you. It isn't right to worry

Auntalmiry burst into soft but joyous laughter, unashamed.

"Oh, the administrator. When I think of Alice Andover-" Auntalmiry was quite speechless with secret satis-

"But why did you keep us out?" "Now, Gay, don't be cross. It's just a litle secret of mine. You'll know before long. I was doing something I didn't want Alice Andover to know about. Now let's have a nice cup of tea. It's good to see you

But for all her pleasantness Gay returned at last no wiser than she

November did not live up to the threat of its coming. The weeks passed. But two days before Thanksgiving, Gay wakened in the morning to find the island thickly blanketed with snow, the trees pendant with it, the valley submerged. And great cloudy flakes whitened the air.

means only slush, and grime, and

She sat in the window-seat and watched it for hours, tracing the countering glaring headlights, simply course of the great white flakes, and listening for the soft little kiss with which each dropped among his brothers. By afternoon all the low brush and shrubs were thickly covered, the forest was a solid glistening wall, and the line of boats upturned on the shore was like a row of grave mounds. The afternoon waned, and finally, a little depressed with the silence and the aloneness of it all, she was aimlessly tidying up her rooms when she heard a gay voice calling:

"Hello, the house. Come out, and see the sun."

She ran down to find Rand, in snow half to his waist, at her window that led to the valley, which he was struggling to raise from without. Gay caught up a warm cape, and

ran to help him. "You darling!" she cried, in warm

welcome. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## The Cream of the Tobacco Crop

# CIGARETTES

LUCKY

LLOYD WANER Noted Star of the Pittsburgh Pirates, writes:

"When I arrived at the Pittsburgh training camp I noticed my brother Paul smoked Lucky Strikes exclusively, and he explained why, You will agree that we were in a close and exciting Pennant race and it certainly called for splendid physical condition to withstand the tax and strain upon one's nerves and wind. Like Paul, my favorite Cigarette is Lucky Strike."

Llayd Waner

## It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

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#### New Type of Goggles Ideal for Motorists

A new type of dark glasses for outdoor wear at tennis, golf and other sports, and said to be especially useful for auto drivers at night when meeting cars with glaring headlights, has been produced in the optical works of the Zeiss firm at Jena. The basis for the new type protection consists of two wedge-shaped pieces of glass fused together. The upper member of the pair is made of a dark, gray-brown glass, while the lower part is clear and uncolored. Goggles made "This is beautiful, it is worth living from this material are thus very dark for," Gay thought. "How childish to at the top, shading off gradually into live always in a city where snow clear glass at the lower edge. This sky, while permitting an unclouded view of the ground. Motorists, enduck their heads a little and look through the tops of their goggles until the offending car has passed, when they again make use of their normal vision through the lower parts of the

#### New Experience

It is said that Charlie Chaplin began his career as a circus performer. Before "going on" each night, it is declared. Charlie would put a sack of peanuts in his hip pocket for an elephant friend. The pachyderm would shuffle up behind Charlie, thrust his trunk into the hip pocket and snuffle gratefully.

On one occasion Charlie thought he would give the elephant a real treat. So he placed some nice, fresh, sticky popcorn in his pocket. The elephant could not get the candy out. Nor could be extricate his trunk. At this point in the story Charlie

always pauses for effect. "You've heard an elephant trum-

pet," he will say, "but did you ever hear one trumpet in your hip pocket?" -Kansas City Star.

#### Trapping Tomato Moth

The use of electricity in exterminatng tomato worms is being demonstrated on the farm of L. W. Purdum & Sons, Danville, Va. Having tried all recommended measures for the control of the tomato worm without success, Mr. Purdum conceived the Idea of trapping the tomato moth before it could lay eggs. A simple trap with a 40-watt lamp was constructed. A three-quart pan containing kerosene is suspended from the reflector about 6 inches below the lamp. The lights attract the insects and in flying against the globe they drop into the kerosene underneath.

#### Bronze and Brass

The composition of the bronze used by primitive peoples during the socalled Bronze age was an alloy of copper and tin. Bronze has continued in very extensive and general use down to the present day. It resembles closely brass, which is an alloy consisting mainly, if not exclusively, of copper and zinc.

Easy street needs no zoning law.

#### A Gentleman of Quality Maid-Go away!

Tramp-1 want you to know I'm a gentleman!

Maid-All right, go to the front door and I'll tell you the same thing.

## HELPED DURING MIDDLE AGE

Woman Took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Denver, Colo.—"I have taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vege-



and will take more. I am taking it as a tonic to help me through the Change of Life and I am telling many of my friends to take it as I found nothg before this to help me. I had

so many bad feelings at night that I could not sleep and for two years I could not go down town because I was afraid go down town because I was very of falling. My mother took the Vegetable Compound years ago with good results and now I am taking it during the Change of Life and recommend it."—MRS. T. A. MILLER, 1611 Adams Street, Denver, Colorado.

### ASK FOR ALLEN'S for PAINFUL FEET

#### Removing the Cause

Stranger-I represent a society for the prevention of profanity. I want to take profanity entirely out of your life and-

Jones (calling to his wife)-I say, Mary; here's a man who wants to buy our car!—Stray Stories.

### Quickly Relieves Rheumatic Pains

12 Days' Free Trial

To get relief when pain tortured joints and muscles keep you in con-stant misery rub on Joint-Ease. It is quickly absorbed and you can rub it in often and expect results more speedily. Get it at any drug-

gist in America. Use Joint-Ease for sciatica, lumbago, sore, lame muscles, lame back, chest colds, sore nostrils and burn-ing, aching feet. Only 60 cents. It

FREE Send name and Address for 12 day trial tube to Pope Laboratories, Desk 3, Hallowell, Maine.

## Joint-Ease

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 17--1928.