IDLE ISLAND

By ETHEL HUESTON

WNU Service

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CHAPTER X-Continued

Rand helped with the Christmas party plans. On little white cards, gay with candles and holly, they printed the invitation.

Auntalmiry's Christmas Party at the Lone Pine Christmas Eve Five O'clock.

Just one week before Christmas, the Budlong boys waded through the snow all over the Evergreen end of the island, and delivered the invitations, one to every house. It could not have been more than ten minutes after she received the announcement that Alice Andover was to be seen sailing grandly up the bill, a sort of full-rigged majesty in her advance. Gay met her beneath the pine.

"Now don't blame me. I hadn't a thing in the world to do with it. I only lent her the cottage as she asked. She did everything herself. She sold everything she owns to pay for it, and it isn't going to cost you a cent. She has gone without jelly, gone without butter, gone without cake, gone without sugar-it's her party, and none of our business, if you ask me."

Alice Andover sank weakly into a chair. "I might have known it. That's the thanks I get. That's how folks take to good, honest, conscientious administration. And then the audacity to invite me to the party."

"Oh, please come! She'll be so disappointed if you don't come. She wants you to see how cleverly she has managed."

"Oh, I'll come. And since she's got the unmitigated audacity to have a Christmas party in spite of my orders, I'll send my presents as usual. Oh, I always give little things-people been here for years-all in the family, you know, and I being the administrator. So you can tell the foolish old woman I'll send my presents as usual. I've never missed one of Auntalmiry's partles yet, not since that first devilcursed one fifty years ago when-"

"Oh, don't. She-she thinks maybe he is the Unknown Soldier at Washington; she-

Alice Andover stared. She opened her mouth, closed it with great firmness and blinked hard at times.

"Unknown Soldier!-Good heavens. What next?" Then she added humorously, with a bright glint in her gray "Well, whatever he is, thank God, it is unknown. That's all I've got to say for Buddy Bridges-Unknown Soldier.

The next day Rand climbed the tall pine and strung it with Christmas lights from topmost point to lowest branches, round and round, a hundred little colored bulbs, and connect. ed them to a switch beside the window where Auntalmiry could turn it on before the party. Auntalmiry was enchanted with the idea of wiring the tall pine; she had not dreamed of such royal welcome to her Christmas guests. For days before the party she talked of little else.

It was only three days before Christmas, the twenty-second of De-



Delivered the Invitations, One to Every House.

cember, in the thick darkness of the early evening, that Ronald Ingram came again.

He entered hurriedly, his manner for the first time showing something troubled, something furtive. glanced over his shoulder nervously, and closed the door behind him

swiftly. "I shouldn't have come," he began hurriedly. "But I had to. I came to Portland to close up some contracts, and I simply stole the time and made the trip over on the afternoon boat to see you. I must eatch the first boat back. Short-but I had to see you. Gay, I have thought of you constantly. Your face bas swum before my eyes, your voice rung in my ears, light little touch of your fingers-' He shook his head impatiently.

"Mr. Ingram," she said with pretty ity, "please don't do that. I as ou I do not like it"

"Oh, you think I am chaffing, But mean it. I-Miss Delane, tell me. If I should sell out-all my interests-my business connections-would you-marry me? Would you even think of it? . I know it is too soon for you to know- But would you let me come where you are, let me see you, try to make you love me- Is there any chance for me at all? I would have some money. I could take care of you. We could go any place-West, or to Europe, anywhere."

There was no doubting the sincerity of his words, the eagerness of his desire.

"Don't," Gay said gently. "You will spoll our pleasant friendship, and l have liked it. It is because you have been away, you have been lonely, perhaps worried. It isn't really I you want. Why, you don't even know me. It is just-woman, companionship, sympathy, soft things. That is all."

But he shook his head, clung to her hands. "Gay, it is you. Nothing else. Nobody else. You. From the moment saw you down in the cove- Oh, I know you don't love me now-but couldn't you? If I get things all straightened out, and-do something else- Gay, isn't there a chance?"

From somewhere down the lane ounded the low siren of a car.

Ronald listened a moment, but still clung to her hand. "Gay, don't say no. Don't say anything. Just wait, think of me a little, and as soon as I can-I will come again. But try to think of me-if not with love-at least with a little tenderness."

Quickly he lifted her hands, palms upward, kissed them passionately, one after the other, crushed them to his face and went away.

Gay sank into the big chair and buried her face in her arms. A criminal! That artless, boyish, ingenuous man, with the pleading voice and the eager eyes? But even a criminal deserves some kindness of thought from the woman to whom he gives his love. Gay was very kind.

The next day, very early, Rand appeared at her door, dressed roughly for outdoor winter weather, in heavy ollskin coat and breeches. He was hurried in manner, preoccupied. He told Gay he was obliged to run down to Boston for a few days on business,

"Now you sit tight while I'm gone," he cautioned her. "I'm on the trail, and I'm going through with it. I've told the folks I'm looking for a job, and they won't expect me home until they see me. You just walt here. Say nothing to anyone. Do nothing. Don't set your foot in those woods under any circumstances. And at night, Gay, please, to please me, go down and stay with Auntalmiry. And don't worry, for I shan't be in any danger."

said bitterly. "You are going into those woods, to lie under the plazza and watch the clubhouse, and try to catch those murderers. They'll catch you, first, Rand, don't, please don't. What business is it of ours if they break the law? What are their affairs to us? Why should you risk your

"Oh, there's no danger, Gay, not a bit of it. I'll be careful, I promise you. Just a little weather eye out for squalls. No, I am going to Boston. I have gone to Boston. Get that in your mind, and stick to it. I shan't be able to write you, and I may not be home for several days. Just wait for me, and don't worry."

But Gay did worry, worried heartbreakingly. But she would not go to Auntalmiry. Rand might come, and she wished to be there, waiting for him where he left her. He might need her-a shot in the night, a scream of terror-Gay set her small sleek head determinedly. Nothing, nothing in the world should keep her from going to him in answer if he

She was glad for the excitement of the Christmas preparations to occupy her hands, if not her thoughts, through

the dreary days that intervened. It never occurred to her that he would not be back by the twentyfourth of December for the party on Christmas eve. But the morning passed, and he did not come. Gay had no heart for the laughter, the young excitement of the Island lovers, the flushed joyousness of Auntalmiry. Rand did not come. It would be Christmas eve, her Christmas eve, and

Rand did not come. At three o'clock Gay took Auntalmiry by the hand and led her down to the Apple Tree, where she put her bodily to bed, tucking the blankets about her and begging her to take a

sadly needed rest. So it could have been but very little after three when she softly closed the door of the Apple Tree behind her and set her feet in the path through the snow to the top of the hill. And glancing up, ahead of her in the path, saw a man walking toward the cottage. Gay almost called out to him, expecting Rand, because she wanted Rand. But before sound left her lips she silenced the call, for she saw that It was a stranger, one who seemed to make his way unsteadly it the face of the brisk wind from the sea, stagperiog a little.

When he reached the plazza of the Lone Pine, he did not wait to knock, but opened the door slowly and went in, closing it after him. Gay was but a little way behind, and she ran in breathlessly, but stopped short in surprise when she did not find him in the living room nor the kitchen.
"Hello," she called. "Hello! Any-

body up there?" But received no an-

Frightened by the unnatural silence, and mindful of Rand's words of warning, she want to the desk, slipped her pistol deftly into the pocket of her heavy coat, and then she climbed the stairs, watchful and alert. And there indeed she found him,

lying face downward on the soft rug of her bedroom floor. "Wh-what are you doing?" she de-

manded foolishly. "What do you He neither mo ed nor answered. So Gay went to him timidly and bent over him that she might see his face. His eyes were closed, his lips hard

set. She tried to raise him, but his head fell limply from her hands. She shrank away from him, shuddering with fear.

CHAPTER XI

The crisp voice of Alice Andover had never sounded so sweet to Gay's ears as at that moment.

"Gay Delane! Where are you? I saw you take that foolish creature home, so I came to see if I could-What is the matter?"

Gay beckoned to her sternly from the top of the stairs. "Come up," she said, and her voice was hollow. 'Come up.'

Alice Andover was never one to hesitate in a crisis. She came at once, breathing hard. Gay pointed dramatically to the bedroom,

Alice Andover gave one wide-eyed glance and saw the prostrate form. "Good heavens, oh, good heavens!

Where did he come from-where did you get him-I mean-" "He came up the hill just ahead of me. Walked right in. Came upstairs, and evidently fell down there. Or lay

down. There he is." Alice Andover crossed the room and stood above him, touching the inert body tentatively with the toe of her

"Drunk," she said disgustedly. 'Dead drunk."

Gay breathed more freely, in some relief. "Oh, is that it? I-was afraid of-oh, terrible things!"

At that moment, spasmodically he moved, and his face rolled back into the light.

"Oh, oh!" Alice Andover's explanation was a startled gasp. "Oh, my God, believe- Oh, poor Almiry. I believe it is Buddy Bridges. Come home to his poor trusting mother-dead drunk. Oh, it is all my fault. Oh, what in the world have I done? Buddy Bridges-poor Almiry. All my

fault." "Buddy Bridges? Oh, really? Oh, Auntalmiry-how happy-" came sickening realization of the pain it would be to the little old woman to have him come home to her like this, dead drunk. Better a thousand times for her to live on in her trusting ignorance, fondly believing him an unknown hero, pure and fine. "Oh, poor Auntalmiry! See here, Mrs. Andover, this drunken creature shall not spoil the poor dear's Christmas party. The way she has slaved, and saved. and starved herself- He shan't! Let her have one happy night-it may be her last, since Buddy came home like this. He shan't spoil it. Not if I have to poison him."

Alice Andover, trained to efficiency by years of hard administrating, suddenly became practical and decided. Being in charge of things always behind her. aroused her latent cleverness.

"We'll just roll him over in the corner out of the way," she said briskly, and cover him up with the rug, and concern to horticulturalists of the let him sleep it off. We'll lock the United States Department of Agriculdoor, and keep him here till it is ture, but they are interested in pro-

askked. "Shouldn't we give him something-"

"Whisky! I wish we had some whisky. If we had time-maybe we could keep him drunk for a week. I don't know just how long it does last, but I know the party lasts all night. and Jerome, Idaho. He may sleep it off."

"I have a little cognac. Brought it in myself-from Paris-in the toe of my dancing slipper. Real stuff," Gay said proudly. "I was keeping it for a wedding, but he can have that."

"Good! We'll give him a bigswig-of it." She brought out the nautical term with a nautical swag-



She Shook Her Fist at the Door.

ger, both doubtless inherited from the ong line of seafaring ancestors. "We'll keep him as-tight as a lorduntil the party's over."

Carefully but sternly they rolled him over half out of sight beneath the window-seat, and covered him.

So Gay brought the precious smuggled bottle of cognac, never yet unsealed, and they gave him a generous swallow, forcing the bottle between his teeth not without much difficulty. He choked over it and coughed painfully, while the conspirators held their breath in a panic above him. But presently he relapsed into troubled breathing again.

That'll hold him for a while," said Alice Andover grimly.

went downstairs. But when Alice Andover moved as if to go to her own home, Gay refused to be left alone in the house with the drunken creature upstairs, and Alice Andover was than seed produced in Wisconsin, Michobliged to remain, fixing herself up for the party as well as she could with Gay's face powder and electric curlers. They had tea to strengthen their shattered nerves, and at five o'clock tiptoed up to the bedroom to give him another potent draught of the cognac. He swallowed this time with less difficulty, and as he drank, to their horror, his eyes opened, eyes large and dark, Gay noticed even in that horrible moment, eyes now visionless, not seeing. When the muffled heavy breathing recommenced, they tiptoed from the room.

Alice Andover, because the opening of his eyes had frightened her, was freshly furious. She shook her fist at the door when it was safely locked

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Flint Axes of Stone Age Found in Sweden

a Stone age peddler in flint axes has been found by some workmen in a gravel pit in the Swedish province of Soedermanland. The peddler's hoard consisted of a number of light-gray flint axes of exquisite shape and workmanship, evidently hidden in the ground by the trader, who seems to have wandered a long way from the south of Sweden to barter his axes for the precious furs of the hunters of the Soendermanland forests. The poor peddler seems to have met his death, for he never returned for his axes, that now are said to be the best find of its kind ever made in that part of

Almost every week new important

Sentence That "Stumps"

The spelling of this sentence is said to trip up many of the best ste-"It is agreeable to view he unparalleled embarrassment of an harassed saddler or peddler serenely sitting upon a cemetery wall gauging the symmetry of a perfectly peeled potato."-From the Outlook

The 4,500-year-old-stock-in-trade of | discoveries of treasures hidden thousands of years ago, runic stones, grave mounds, and wall drawings, are reported from different parts of Sweden, the soil of which has turned out to be a vast treasure house for archeologists .- Kansas City Star.

Easy to Please

Mr. Merryweather had bought a new pair of shoes through the post. When they arrived he was entertaining a bachelor friend.

"You won't mind if I try these on now?" he asked his visitor, and proceeded to undo the parcel. He slipped his foot into one of the

shoes, only to withdraw it with a sticking up in the heel. "You'll send them back at once, of

ourse?" said the visitor. replied Merryweather, "I don't think so. The hall was probably put there to keep one's foot from sliding forwards."-London Answers

The Ohlo river is derived from the

Old Prejudices Upset by Tests

Argument Is Found in Value of Oversized Potatoes for Seed.

(Prepared by the United States Department

Phases of the moon and position of the horns still govern planting operations, particularly of potatoes, in many sections of the country. The light or the dark of the moon, or whether the horns point upward or down are of no concern to horticulturalists of the viding information looking toward set-"Will be stay drunk all night?" Gay | tlement of some of the other disputed questions dealing with potato planting.

William Stuart and several assistants report on experiments in potato planting carried on in leading potatogrowing districts, Norfolk, Presque Isle, Maine; Greeley, Colo.,

Merits of Potato Sets.

Growers have long disputed the comparative merits of potato sets cut from the stem and and from the seed end of the tubers. Some previous experiments seem to nave indicated considerable superiority for one end or the other. The seed values of the two ends probably differ somewhat in different varieties. Results varied with the weight of the set, according to numerous tests, and the data as a whole seem to indicate that as the weight of the set increases there is a greater response from the apical (seed) set

than from the basal (stem) set. Another fruitful source of argument is found in the value of oversized tubers for seed. Most growers of seed potatoes have a strong prejudice against using large-sized tubers. After three years of experiment the investigators conclude that "sets from oversized tubers are evidently as productive as those from normal-size tubers, and in seasons when a considerable proportion of the seed stock grows too large to satisfy commercial demands it may be recommended for seed purposes. The chief objections that have always been raised in regard to oversized tubers are that there is more wastage in cutting, involving a larger quantity by weight to plant an acre, and in addition that they are slightly more difficult to cut.

Use of Immature Seed.

Several experimenters have claimed great advantages from the use of seed dug when it was somewhat immature. Departmental experiments at three stations were inconclusive. At the Idaho station the increased yield from immature seed ranged from 77 bushels an acre for one variety to 180 bushels an acre for the best of three varieties.

Italian Red Clover and

Alfalfa Seed Worthless

Results of tests conducted at several experiment stations show conclusively hat red clover and alfalfa seed from Italy are unfit for use anywhere in the United States. Alfalfa seed from South America also has been declared unfit for use in certain parts of this country. It now begins to appear that a similar study of adaptation must be conducted with red clover and alfalfa seed from different sections of the They locked the door upon him and United States and adaptability areas located and defined. It has been discovered now that red clover seed produced in the Williamette valley, of Oregon, produces less hardy plants igan or Minnesota and may prove to be as undesirable as Italian seed.

Grasshoppers Have Well

Balanced Mineral Bodies You have, no doubt, observed, and often heard people remark about chickens and turkeys doing so well where they had range and had access to a lot of grasshoppers. Do you know that a grasshopper's body, when chemically analyzed, shows that its body is made up of a perfectly balanced mineral mixture? The grasshopper's body contains a large per cent of vital minerals, and that's the secret as to why chickens and turkeys do well on them, and are always seen chasing grasshoppers. The same is true of other bugs and worms, and is one of the main reasons why poultry do so well on free range.

........ Agricultural Notes

Make repeated plantings of beans and corn so as to have a continuous supply of these vegetables.

For carrots, no fresh manure should

be applied. It makes 'em knotty and rough, and they often crack. Carrots like a sandy soil, not too rich.

Some of us don't have much success with lettuce after the hot weather comes. The secret of making it do well then is to provide some shade and give it plenty of water.

In a small home garden, plants can howl of pain. There was a large nail be saved from cutworms by putting a collar of stiff paper in the ground around them. This should go into the ground two inches and reach that high

Watch the young cabbages and nip the cabbage worms. When white butterflies put in an appearance they mean cabbage worms. A spray with Seneca Indian "hee-yah," meaning an arsenic compound will check them beautiful river."

Don't Make a Toy Out of Baby -Babies Have Nerves-

By RUTH BRITTAIN



Much of the nervousness in older children can be traced to the overstimulation during infancy, caused by regarding baby as a sort of animated toy for the amusement of parents, relatives and friends. Baby may be played with, but not for more than a quarter of an hour to an hour daily. Beyond that, being handled, tickled. caused to laugh or even scream, will sometimes result in vomiting, and invariably causes irritability, crying or sleeplessness.

Fretfulness, crying and sleeplessness from this cause can easily be avoided by treating baby with more consideration, but when you just can't see what is making baby restless or upset, better give him a few drops of pure, harmless Castoria. It's amazing to see how quickly it calms baby's nerves and soothes him to sleep; yet it contains no drugs or opiates. It is purely vegetable—the recipe is on the wrapper. Leading physicians prescribe it for colic, cholera, diarrhea, constipation, gas on stomach and bowels, feverishness, loss of sleep and all other "upsets" of babyhood. Over 25 million bottles used a year shows its overwhelming popularity.

With each bottle of Castoria, you get book on Motherhood, worth its weight in gold. Look for Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the package so you'll get genuine Castoria. There are

Christmas Cards

The earliest example of the art of making Christmas cards is attributed to J. C. Horsley, R. A., who in 1846 made designs of this character. Subsequently the demand for these tokens became enormous, and at present Christmas cards are often of much artistic merit in both design and coloring

If You Need a Tonic, Get the Best!

Fresno, Calif .- "It is not long since I was all rundown in health and finally decided to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, as I knew of other people in my neighborhood who had constantly relied upon Dr. Pierce's remedies and always received satisfactory results. I took only a few bottles and by that time I had regained my normal health.

"Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are good, too."-Manuel Y. White, 539 Callisch St.

All dealers sell Dr. Pierce's Pellets, 30 cents for 60 Pellets. When run-down you can quickly pick up and regain vim, vigor, vital-

ity by obtaining this Medical Discovery of Dr. Pierce's at the drug store, in tablets or liquid, or send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buftalo, N. Y., for trial pkg. tablets.

Just Wait!

"My play will be produced tomor-

"How thrilling!" "Yes, the manager said he would produce it for me tomorrow if I would call for it."-Montreal Star.

One of the secrets of enjoying life is not to want more of anything than

Thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Denison, Texas.—"I think there is no tonic equal to Lydia E. Pinkham's



Vegetable Compound for nervousness and I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash Constipation. can certainly praise your medicines for what for me and I

in the future. I can do any kind of work now and when women ask me what has helped me I reco your medicines. I will answer any etters I receive asking about the -Mrs. Emma Gregg, Route 3, Box 53, Denison, Texas.

FIRST AID TO BEAUTY AND CHARM

