### English Sword Dance

The sword dance, one of the earliest dances, is still performed in Northumberland, Eugland. In this the dancers form in a circle, which remains unbroken while they twist under the arms of one another, until at the end each makes a forward thrust with his short sword so that the interwoven blades form a star.

### Important Letter Change

A. T. C. Hansard in Typographia (printed in London, 1825) says: "The Introduction of the round 's' Instead of the long is an improvement in the are of printing, for which we are Indebted to the ingenious Mr. Bell, who introduced them in his edition of the British theater, published 1791-1802."

### Sin of Ignorance

Browning well says, "Ignorance ts not innocence, but sin." The sin of Ignorance becomes greater and greater as the means of knowledge increases. If an individual neglect to make the most of knowledge in books. conversation, and incidents of the day, he is guilty of an inexcusable fault.

### Time's Changes

The gent who used to complain that too much valuable land was being given over to six-acre baseball lots is now prancing around over a 200-acre golf course, and wishing the course included a whole county so that his ball wouldn't slice out of bounds,-Detroit News.

### Heroic Cure

"To cure an elephant of stomach ache, pin the animal down and let three or four men dance on its chest." Is the newest veterinary "how to" by by one who has done it .- Thomas Prime, a veterinary surgeon of Upper Norwood, England.

### Newfoundland Independent

Newfoundland is a separate entity of the British empire, and bears the same relationship to the empire that Canada does. It has its own parliament, premier, ministry, and issues its own money and bonds without regard to Canada.

### Formed "Açademy" at 14

Cuvier, the greatest of French naturalists, formed, at the age of fourteen, a sort of "learned academy," from among his school fellows, where the merits of various books were seriously discussed.-Gas Logic.

### And Men

If you want something done never ask an idle woman; ask a busy one. Idle women either can't or won't, Busy women work a little harder and quicker and willingly do a little more .-Atchison Globe.

### Conscience, the Guide

The man who fixes upon something that he feels he must do at the expense of everything else if necessary will find the greatest adventure he will ever have on this side .- American Magazine.

# Price of Freedom

No free government or the blessings of liberty can be preserved to any tice, moderation, temperance, frugality and virtue.-Patrick Henry,

# On the Lincoln Highway

The distance from San Francisco to Omaha by the Lincoln highway is 1,908 miles, and from San Francisco to New York city it is 3,323 miles.

# Money Spent in Europe

The United States bureau of forelgn and domestic commerce estimates that Americans spend \$650,000,000 a year abroad, most of it in Europe.

# Expensive Coppers

The rarest of all United States copper coins, the half-cent of 1796, has brought as much as \$400 at a public auction sale.

# Stop All the Gaps

A man should always keep his fences mended and not stop merely with closing the gate.-The American Maga-

Odd Definitions Matrimony: A process by which a male anuexes a critic.-Buffalo

# Maybe So

The cosmetic movement is a cosmic movement-Woman's Home Compan-



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RECTAL & COLON CLINIC PORTLAND INVIENDED TO THE



# CHAPTER XI—Continued

-16-

One second she stood irresolute, doubting her own courage to open the door. But memory of Rand's dearness nerved her. Gripping her pistol with tense and nerveless fingers, marveling, even in that terrible moment, that she did not unconsciously press the trigger, she opened the door. A heavy black curtain hung in thick folds before it. She felt for the corner, and then, breathlessly, drew it back. Only deep blackness beyond. Following the wall on her left, she stepped, slid rather, behind the thick curtain, and guided by the touch of her fingers on the wall, moved forward slowly, breath by breath. Another heavy curtain. Exploringly she felt and fingered it, hesitating a moment to quiet her panting fears.

Suddenly there was a sound, a voice, behind the curtain right at her hand.

"Let's have a look." Gay had barely time to flatten berself against the wall, white face lowered into her dark collar, when the curtain at the other end moved and parted. No light emanated from behind it, but Gay felt that two men came out, carefully pausing to replace the heavy folds behind them, and crossed to the curtained door through which she had entered.

One drew back the black folds of curtain, and pushed the door wide. "No sign of them." The voice was

Ronald Ingram's. "They are late." "He'll give you the devil for taking that fellow on board," said the other voice, one strange to Gay.

"There's nothing else to do with him," Ronald defended quickly. "I'm d-d if I'll croak him. Garman knows I won't. I told him when I signed

"If you let him get away-"

"I can't let him get away; I don't dare. He had been spying on us-God knows how long. Knows everything we're up to, of course. He'd have them after us in no time. No, we'll take him along. Garman can do as he likes. He sticks at nothing, God knows. But they've nothing on me so far. Look, there's the light, they're coming."

The men went back carefully through the heavy curtain, drawing the folds of it behind them. The blackness was like pitch. A prisoner -a spy-who knew everything! They were taking him to Garman who stuck people but by a firm adherence to jus. at nothing. Dear Rand! All Gay's fears fell from her, dead courage lay cold upon her hands. Her thoughts were quiet and consistent.

> "A boat is coming for them. They have taken him prisoner. Perhaps 1 will have a chance to rescue himwith my pistol,"

> Breathlessly she tiptoed to the edge of the curtain, drew it back. Still

blackness within. Her fingers guided her. There was a door now, on the right side, open but thickly "irtained. Her fingers touched it. Yes, a light. They were in that room. Rand was in that room, a prisoner.

She wedged her face up to the curtain where but the slightest fraction of one eye touched the aperture her fingers formed in the folds of cloth. A dozen men in the room, all dressed for cold weather, out-of-doors, heavy coats, heavy hats, gloves in their hands. They were not smoking. There was no fire in the room, but one pale lantern giving light. She saw Ronald Ingram. He was dressed as the others were, with a revolver in his hand. Others had revolvers, too. The Chinaman was there. And there was one other, hands bound behind the low chair on which he sat, his mouth tightly gagged. He too was dressed for the sea, warmly, but he sat hunched down, dejected, cowering.

"Oh, my dear," Gay thought tenderly. Tears came to her eyes. She could not see the face, she had no need. Every line of Rand's face was clear to her heart.

Ronald Ingram looked at his watch. "Be ready now," he said, in a low "Go one at a time. Follow Moy Sen, Walk slowly, feel your way, we can't show a light. Don't talk. You cannot smoke until we are well out to sea. Hodge, you take the prisoner with you, and go first after Moy The rest fall in after Hodge. I'll bring up the rear. Not a sound when we go out." Then he crossed swiftly to the dejected figure of the prisoner. "Now mind what I told you," he said. His voice was low, incisive. "If you make the slightest sound, the least effort to get away"he turned his revolver in his hands suggestively-"that for your pains! You know this place, you know this cove-you haven't a chance in the world to escape. Be ready now, fel-

The men stood up, drew on their gloves. Gay slipped away from the curtain, back to the second one, be-

"A boat is coming-they are taking Rand with them-they are all armed, and he is bound." How her thoughts raced!

Outside in the night again, she stood flat against the wall and waited. It was in her heart to touch Rand as he passed, to draw him out of the line as they walked, perhaps escaping notice in the darkness. Motionless she waited, cool, alert, holding her

There was sudden sound on the shore of the cove, the low plash of oars, a low whistle, the scraping and grinding of a boat on the sand, and again the low whistle.

Then, without a sound from within, the curtain at her hand was drawn aside. The little Chinaman came out and padded softly down toward the shore, his head lowered, looking neither to right nor left. After him came the tall man, Hodge of course, a revolver in one hand, the other thrust through the bound one of the prisoner. Gay's fingers ached about her pistol, but she knew any use of it at that moment would mean only death to Rand, and to herself as well. Perhaps later she might have a chance -he was a strong swimmer-if she could only manage to release the oonds that held him.

Still from behind the curtain came the silent, closely cloaked figures, one after another, silently, and at last no more. But there was a sound within, the drawing of curtains, the click of a latch, the slide of a wooden frame.

Gay did not hesitate. Stumbling a little, she moved out swiftly into the line of silently marching men. Blindly, automatically, unhesitatingly, she followed them, but in her blindness she fell full length on the rocky path. Ronald Ingram came upon her from behind. She felt the touch of his boot at her shoulder.

"Get up, d-n it, and be careful!" His voice was low, less than a whis-

Gay scrambled to her feet, and hurrled after the others. A hand was held out from the boat to assist her, and she was swung up in her turn, with Ronald Ingram behind her, the last man on.

"O. K.?" breathed a voice from the

"Yeh. Let's go."

The boat boat crunched on the sand again, swept into the water. The oars dipped the waves. A fine exaltation came over Gay. She was daring death with Rand. If she could contrive to save him, then she. who had selfishly refused to share his life, would gloriously share his death.

The boat headed swiftly out to sea, and the fine salt spray touched her

# CHAPTER XII

No one questioned Gay's presence in the boat, no one so much as looked her way, or offered her a word. She dropped upon the bench, cowering, just where she was pushed in the pushing crowd. Shyly at first she kept her face lowered into her collar, but later, gaining courage, she dared to look about in search of Rand. Her eyes found him at last where he sat crowded between two others on the opposite side, and there was no opportunity for her to draw nearer to him at that moment,

The three men, Ingram and Hodge, with the one in charge of the boat, stood together and talked. Gay was beside them, but their voices were so low that she could catch only scattered words of what they said, and none but Ingram's, whose voice was familiar.

"Hanging around spyingd-n it, business is one thing, but murder is murder. Do as you like, but I can't have a hand in it. Remember Blakely. Nothing on me but smuggling and coast running. Few years at most. I've got mine salted away. too, believe me.

"Remember Blakely," Was it Blake ly who had come to her in the cove, with the bullet wound in his brow? Not Ingram, then, who caused that gashing wound, but another, Garman, to whom they were taking Rand. Gay's fingers fondled her pistol, tentatively, but well she realized that any such action would be worse than folly, for these were desperate men, and they were armed. Ingram might stick at murder in cold blood. but self-defense would put a different color on his scruples. If she could only get to Rang, slip her pistol into his hands, release his bonds. Still there was no opportunity, and she could think of no subtle expedient to contrive her ends.

She would have liked to fling herself across the intervening space and glove, anemone, bluebell, pink, mignoput both arms tenderly shout those nette, bleeding heart, verbena, candy drooping showlders.

"If I dared, I would. How surprised | his chin far down in the woolen collar they would be. 'Rand,' I'd say, 'kiss me.' I dare say they would all drop dead of astonishment." Her teeth chattered nervously, her knees trembled, cold little smiles wrinkled her "I am going to laugh," she thought, "I know I am simply going to scream with laughter. How absurd this is. Going to sea with a band of murderers.-Ridiculous. People don't do such things. Such things don't happen. I must be losing my mind, I dare say I am crazy, as they think on the Island." A low dry chuckle gurgled through her cold lips. The man at her side turned.

"Cold," he muttered. "They don't put themselves out much to give serv-

Gay's reply was an indistinguishable murmur, but she guarded her thoughts more closely.

The men smoked thirstily. She felt they were not fellows of a common hand, but separate, each for himself, except Ronald Ingram, Hodge and the little Chinaman, and the men who manned this boat. The others held aloof, nor did Ingram show any spirit of camaraderie to one of them. It was some sinister personal business that brought these men together.

Suddenly, in the darkness ahead, the lights of a ship showed up, lights green, and red, and pale.

Gay fingered her pistol nervously, tempted to fire desperately for help, taking the chance that help would come. Watching warily she waited a moment. The boat seemed to be heading direct for the ship, not avoiding it; yes, they were making for it. That ship, then, was Garman's, where they were taking Rand. There was no signaling between the two that she could see, but the great majestic monster of the sea slowed, came to a stop, and the small boat pulled alongside.

Ronald Ingram nodded toward the prisoner. "Bring him, Hodge,"



"Come On In, Ingram-Cold as the Devil."

said, and then ran quickly up the ladder first of all.

Hodge and the Chinaman prodded Rand up and shoved him to the lad-der, which he climbed nimbly enough, though he must have been stiff with the cold and the exposure, as were they all. Gay's first imprise was to crowd forward, to go up the ladder after him, but remembering in time that a nearer view of her person might disclose a lack of mannishness in spite of her boots and knickers. she hung modestly back. One after another they hurried up, and the Chinaman indicated her forward.

Already the ship was heading east. as the men shambled forward into the corridor and up the stairs into the warm bright smoking room, Gay slipped into a corner in the shadow of the door and crouched there, watchful, catlike.

Hodge came in with the prisoner, shoved him unceremoniously into a seat on the opposite side of the door, beyond Gay's sight, and went quickly out again. She slid forward in her seat and

peered around the projection of the door to the opposite corner where Rand sat alone, dejected and sullen, of his coat. Daring the bright lights, she got up

and crossed the room quickly, slipping into the seat beside him, her arm ly-

ing against his. At the unexpected touch and pressure, he threw himself back in his seat suddenly and looked at her. For the first time she saw his face. She never knew how she repressed the cry of horror that rose instinctively to her lips at the sight of him. She had never seen him before. The face was sly, vicious, hard, the most evil face of all she had seen that night. It was not Rand. She was alone at

sea with the murderous band. Her flesh crawled upon her quivering nerves as she shrank back. She was sure he could not fail to hear the great pounding of her heart in her

throat, the sob on her lips. Rand, Rand!-The name beat in her ears, throbbed in her pulses. Sheer terror, panic seized her. She grew frantic in terror and despair. She edged away from him, farther, farther, until she reached the door, where she peered out into the dim corridor. Now and then sounded the whir of bells from below; the spit of steam and the pound of the engines increased

The corridor was empty, dimly lighted. Gay edged outside the door and stood a moment uncertainly. Doors down the corridor, to the right and the left. One stood open-a cabinthere were chairs, a desk, bright lights. If only she could gain access to some passenger, some traveler, she thought she could not fail to gain protection. Gay slid slowly along the wall until she was beyond sight of those in the smoking room. Then, with a desperate flying leap, she gained the open door, the shelter of the cabin. It was empty of occupant.

Steps sounded on the stairs leading up to the smoking room, a voice called

Gay flashed a frightened glance about the room. Beneath a shelf of books along the wall of the cabin a wide bunk was made up, the blankets turned back. Beneath the bunk showed a foot locker. But the bunk was wide, and Gay was not large. With movements quick as thought itself, she squirmed under the bunk at the foot, behind the locker, and wriggled up until she was out of sight from the room. In the silence she moved up a little, so that she could stare out from behind the shadow of the foot locker.

The cabin was unusually large, with a bath adjoining. The desk was covered with books, papers, writing equipment. There was a typewriter. On the walls were fles of papers, more books, professional instruments, and on a row of hooks were coats, caps, uniforms-men's things. Gay's heart sank. It was a man's room, a sea-man's room. There was gold braid on the cuff of the coats on the walls, four

"Oh, dear heaven," gasped Gay. "It is Garman's cabin!"

Her eyes swam dizzily, her head reeled. Garman-who didn't stick at murder-poor Blakely-

Instinctively, half realizing what she was about, she started to shudder out, feet first, from beneath the bunk. But she was stayed by sudden noises, steps and voices in the cor-

"Bring us coffee, Burt .- Come on in.

Ingram .- Cold as the devil." The voice was deep, assured, with

a pleasant quality in its depth. Two men, Ronald Ingram and the captain, stepped quickly into the room, pulled off their gloves and wraps, drew chairs up to the desk, their backs to

Gay, crouching there in her stuffy woolen garments, watched them furtively, one eye riveted to the captain between the trunk and the great boot. A large figure, broad, not tall, with a massive head, and dark soft hair in great abundance. The face was like the face of a saint, mild and spiritual. very dark. The lashes of the eves were dark and silken, the eyes both mild and kind. Gay's fears stilled a little at sight of his benevolent face.

He busied himself with the papers until the boy came with coffee, which both men accepted in silence. As soon as he had gone, the captain took up the business in hand: "Papers all right?"

"Fine. Best set he ever turned out. Perfect."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# 

No Appeal Possible From Birds' Judgment Most people have seen large num-

bers of birds gathered together in a field or on a hill. But how many know they were probably holding a court martial on one of their fellows? These bird courts are held periodically, chiefly by crows, ravens, or

sparrows. The prisoner is brought into the court and a general croaking ensues until judgment is delivered. Should the unfortunate bird be found guilty, it is set on by the rest

and pecked to death. Stealing sticks from another bird's nest is, apparently, a crime that does not call for such drastic punishment. Six or so of the other birds simply proceed to break up the offender's own nest!

Should an offender in the sparrows'

Old Flower Favorites

Some of the old-fashioned flowers are: Larkspur, Iris, hollybock, phlox, peony, columbine, spirea, poppy, evening primrose, rocket, lupine, fox tuft, tiger lily and Wy-of-the-valley.

court be guilty of a crime not serious enough to deserve the death penalty, its sentence is delivered by a few sparrows who rush at it and inflict the necessary punishment. It is then forgiven and received back into the

# Nelson's Column

The Nelson column in Trafalgar square, London, cost the comparatively small sum of £28,000, including the statue, but excluding Landseer's four lions, which were not added until 1868, nearly twenty-five years after the completion of the memorial itself. This long delay in the delivery of the lions sorely tried the public's patience. and when they were eventually forthoming opinion was by no means unani nous concerning their artistic merit. Many cruel jests were uttered at their expense, one being that the old lion on top of Northumberland house re fused to acknowledge them as breth-

Self-confidence is the first requisite to great undertakings.



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### The Dusky Pedant

Lawyer-Can you tell me if the defendant was expensively garbed? Rastus (A witness) 'Deed she was, sah, Ah knows expensive garbage when I sees it.

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