

English Sword Dance
The sword dance, one of the earliest dances, is still performed in Northumberland, England. 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 art 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 is 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 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 "Academy" 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 Logie.*

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 people but by a firm adherence to justice, 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 foreign 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 Magazine.*

Odd Definitions
Matrimony: A process by which a male annexes a critic.—*Buffalo News.*

Maybe So
The cosmetic movement is a cosmic movement.—*Woman's Home Companion.*

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CHAPTER XI—Continued
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"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 breath.

There was sudden sound on the shore of the cove, the low splash 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 bonds 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 whisper.

Gay scrambled to her feet, and hurried along 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 boat.

"Yeh. Let's go."

The boat boomed 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 not 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 face.

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, covering, 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 spying— No, d—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 Blakely 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 Rand, 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 flip herself across the intervening space and put both arms tenderly about those drooping shoulders.

"If I dared, I would. How surprised 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 lips. "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 service, eh?"

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," he

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

Hodge and the Chinaman prodded Rand up and shoved him to the ladder, which he climbed dimly enough, though he must have been stiff with the cold and the exposure, as were they all. Gay's first impulse 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 manliness 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 shuffled 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.

"Come On In, Ingram—Cold as the Devil,"



"Ob, 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 corridor.

"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 the bunk.

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 eyes 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 numbers 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' 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 fold.

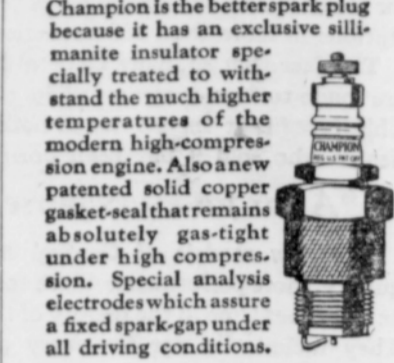
Old Flower Favorites

Some of the old-fashioned flowers are: Larkspur, iris, hollyhock, phlox, peony, columbine, spirea, poppy, evening primrose, rocket, lupine, fox glove, anemone, bluebell, pink, mignonne, bleeding heart, verbena, candy tuft, tiger lily and lily-of-the-valley.



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