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Black Sheep's Gold

BY BEATRICE GRIMSHAW Illustrations by Irwin Myers

THE STORY

On a pleasure trip in eastern waters, Philip Amory, English World War veteran, now a trader on the island of Papua, New Guinea, plunges overboard to save the life of a musical comedy actress, known as "Gin-Sling."

CHAPTER II—Continued

What I wanted, what I was prepared to pull the ship in pieces to get, was another talk with Pia. I knew her mother would nose us out before long; still, the dining saloon, between meals, is a good place for quiet on almost any ship, and I hoped she would be there.

She was, lingering over the last of her breakfast, alone at her table. I ordered breakfast, and asked if I might join her. She bowed her head a little coolly, and I remembered that one could see passing figures on deck, from the open scuttles above us. You couldn't curse Gin-Sling—if you were a man like others, but I had been extraordinary enough to dislike Jinny Treacher, I should certainly have cursed her then, in that she had shorn away a few of my inestimable moments; wasted them for me with the necessity of making explanations.

I don't know what we talked about at first. It was like orchard-robbing—when you run from one tree to another, plucking, eating, cramming, burying, intent on getting as much as you can in the few minutes before you are found and chased out by the farmer with the cart whip. You hardly know what you have had, in the end—only that it has been fun.

By and by all the stewards had breakfast and were gone, and somebody was dusting at the far end of the saloon; and bells sounded, of which we took no note. We were too busy orchard-robbing. I remember about this time, that we began to tell each other the story of our lives. Pia had got to the diamond bracelet, and the day she rode for it and won it on Randwick race course; and an interesting incident that had the prince of Wales in it—when suddenly she checked herself, and said—

"It's all such tush, isn't it? You live a real life. I've seen some secrets and adventures in New Guinea." "Now, I don't know—or perhaps I do—what had helped her to read me as she did; but it is a fact that while she was talking, something that was both a secret and an adventure—and a big one of both kinds—had been floating about in my consciousness. I had never spoken of it, never hinted it, to a soul. It was my chief and almost only reason for burying myself on the wild west coast as a trader, beyond call of civilization; and it might be in the end, the means of setting me free to choose between the wild life and the tame; to choose, indeed, between any and all of the goods of this purchasable world. I had been sitting on the secret with the persistence of a wild fowl on an egg—and now, in an instant, behold it discovered, given over to the girl whom I had not yet known forty-eight hours.

"There is an adventure," I said, glancing about the emptied, silent saloon. "I've never told anyone." Pia nodded, as if to say—"of course; not till I came." It was amazing how we talked without words, that morning on the sea.

"Gosh!" I murmured, collecting myself, and standing up. The captain paused, gave me a kindly nod, and asked me if I was none the worse for yesterday's adventure; said one or two polite things, and passed on. They were all gone in a minute, and I had time to recollect myself, and I blew the ready ears of Pia Laurier.

I did not go out on deck; I did not want to. What I wanted was to be alone, and remember every little thing she had said, done, and looked, in that amazing two hours. It was impossible that Pia should have fallen in love with me—impossible, I kept telling myself fiercely. A girl like that—a girl who had the world at her feet—a girl brought up—

Well, but if she were not in love—a girl brought up like that—that had she been doing? Flirting outrageously, recklessly, with a man she didn't know anything about; a man of whom her family certainly disapproved. If she were not in love with me, I was bound to suppose that this sort of

thing was her usual habit; that she would dodge away from her people to "carry on" below decks, with anyone and every one. There was no getting away from it; if I were not especially favored, then lovely face, pure eyes, never on earth had I seen a girl like her, the eyes of Pia Laurier.

After all—after all—that plunge yesterday—the sharks—I did not want to "shake hands with myself over an exploit that was nothing at all, compared to the things one had had to do as a matter of routine, day by day, during the not-yet-forgotten great war; still, I could not deny that it might have looked well to a girl who didn't know anything about battlefields. Certainly Jinny Treacher—

Sky and sea pale blue with a laugh in the heart of it, and a hint of coming dark that shadowed the laugh, even a some subconscious thought of time that flies, beauty that passes, was won't to shadow the sun of Jinny's merriment. Gulls screaming about the mast-heads, as they scream at break of even—who knows why? In five, my last day, almost done. My voyage over, all but the night and a useless hour or two of early morning; for we were not, after all, to run to Thursday Island; a tender was to meet the ship, and take the passengers off.

What had I done? Where was the link that I had sworn should bridge the space between Pia Laurier's life and mine, somehow, before I left the ship? The answer was—Nothing; nowhere.

Transatlantic telephone calls to the states—many of them quite unnecessary—are a way of getting rid of cash, says a writer in an English newspaper. A few months ago, for instance, a wealthy young American became engaged. A day or two after the happy announcement had been made he had to pay a visit to Europe.

He remained over here for five days. During that time he spoke to the lady of his choice on the Atlantic telephone for a quarter of an hour every morning. Each call cost him £75 (\$1,800) making a grand total of £375 (\$9,000).

Jinny and her crew had never left me alone, from morning until now. The two other girls had been pressed into service; they with Jinny's special posse of youthful admirers, and last, never least, Gin-Sling herself, had combined to keep every moment occupied. Things had eaten, minute by minute, hour by hour, into my precious afternoon, until now it was near sunset, and the west toward which we were running, gateway of the Old World's East, was red with the lifeblood of the last day Pia and I might ever know, together.

There wasn't a man on the ship who did not envy me, I think for Jinny made me her partner in every game, and if I did not kiss her a dozen times or more, behind funnels, deck-houses, inside alleyways and down companions, it was not because she did not give me fair chance of doing so. I suppose I was freely credited with what I did not take. At any rate I caught the stinging tail of a joke or two, while passing the smoke-room windows on one of Jinny's wild "bloys."

She may have been touched also. At all events she paused, and with a self-possession I had not thought to be in her, faced me, and asked straight out—

"Why don't you like me, Mr. Phil Amory?" "But of course I do," I answered her. "You don't," she stated, coolly. "Not after saving my life and all." "Likin'," I said. "No, I don't like you. If I saw more of you, I should love—you. But likin', that's another thing."

Jinny puzzled this out. She was not used to subtleties. But she could jump to conclusions with fearsome swiftness, and she jumped now. "I know what you mean by love," she said, and suddenly, coarsely, she turned and spat into the water. "Do you know," she said—and she turned so that I could see her face; the bird-like eyes, gold eyes rimmed with dark; the desirous, beautiful mouth, the circling hair—"Do you know what the square emerald ring on Pia Laurier's hand is?"

"Ring?" I said stupidly. Most men notice rings scarce at all. I remembered seeing jewels on Pia's tanned brown-satin wrist—or was it on the fingers, with the dainty white V-marks between, where the sun had spared to strike? "Do you know who set that fashion?" "I didn't know it was a fashion," I answered, still hopelessly at sea. "It was Princess Mary—when she got engaged. All the smart girls have wanted square emeralds ever since. Smoke that."

She whirled, one of her dancer whirrs, and left me. "Come on, girls, I heard her crying, down the deck. "Get the gramophone going again. "Nothin' dance—drink hearty, we'll soon be dead."

So little did I understand what she meant, that I was conscious, at first, only of relief. She had let me go; I could hunt up Pia Laurier, who had been visible all afternoon. Part of my cognage of golden hours was still unspent; I must husband it, use it wisely. Pia—Jinny—

I was hurrying toward the music room, an excellent strategic point for viewing the main companion and the decks—when the full meaning of Jinny's remarks, and of her fierce "Smoke that!" broke on me.

This Mother Had Problem



As a rule, milk is about the best food for children, but there are times when they are much better off without it. It should always be left off when children show by feverish, fretful or cross spells, by bad breath, coated tongue, yellow skin, indigestion, biliousness, etc., that their stomach and bowels are out of order.

In cases like this, California Fig Syrup never fails to work wonders, by the quick and gentle way it removes all the souring waste which is causing the trouble, regulates the stomach and bowels and gives these organs tone and strength so they continue to act normally of their own accord. Children love its rich, fruity flavor and it's purely vegetable and harmless, even for babies.

Millions of mothers have proved its merit and reliability in over 20 years of steadily increasing use. A Western mother, Mrs. May Snavely, Montrose, California, says: "My little girl, Edna's, tendency to constipation was a problem to me until I began giving her California Fig Syrup. It helped her right away and soon her stomach and bowels were acting perfectly. Since then I've never had to have any advice about her bowels. I have also used California Fig Syrup with my little boy, with equal success."

To be sure of getting the genuine, which physicians endorse, always ask for California Fig Syrup by the full name. Is a city housekeeper to be forever resigned to a fresh layer of soot on her window sills every day?

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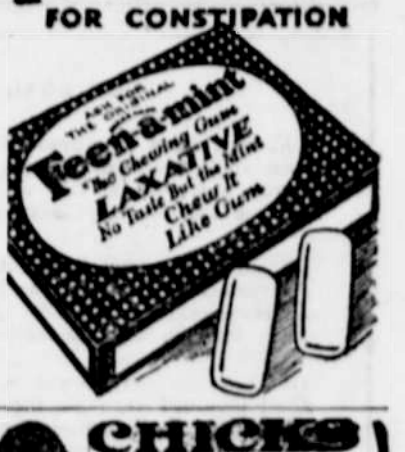
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Whale's Tails for China. Well-to-do Chinese are assured of meat for holiday time. The Thanksgiving turkey over there takes on the shape of a whale's tail. A Japanese steamer has full Tacoma, Wash., for the Orient with 200 tons of salted whale tails included in her cargo. The tall shafts of the great ocean mammals were collected at various whaling stations in Bering sea and the Alaska coast. They are considered a delicacy in China and have become an important article of commerce of the whaling industry.

Fight Salt Marsh Mosquito. The greedy salt marsh mosquito, big brother of the malarial insect, carried no disease, but his size and number make him such a pest that a new organization, the Gulf and South Atlantic Anti-Mosquito congress, will attack him in a correlated campaign all along the south Atlantic and gulf coasts. Airplanes and land machines will be used to spread larval poisons over the marshes.

New Laurels for Early Bird. "Who was it discovered that the worm will turn?" queries an anxious reader. The early bird, of course. The fountain of contentment must spring up in the mind.

For COLDS. We all catch colds and they can make us miserable; but yours needn't last long if you will do this: Take two or three tablets of Bayer Aspirin just as soon as possible after a cold starts. Stay in the house if you can—keep warm. Repeat with another tablet or two of Bayer Aspirin every three or four hours, if those symptoms of cold persist. Take a good laxative when you retire, and keep bowels open. If throat is sore, dissolve three tablets in a quarter-glassful of water and gargle. This soothes inflammation and reduces infection. There is nothing like Bayer Aspirin for a cold, or sore throat. And it relieves aches and pains almost instantly. The genuine tablets, marked Bayer, are absolutely harmless to the heart. BAYER ASPIRIN. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoclonalacetate of Salicylic Acid.