

Black Sheep's Gold

by Beatrice Grimshaw

ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRWIN MYERS

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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." Amory becomes interested in Pia Laurier, member of a wealthy New South Wales family. He tells her of his knowledge of a wonderful gold field on the island. "Gin-Sling" tells him Pia is engaged to Sir Richard Fanshawe. His holiday ended, Amory arrives back at Darn. He meets an Englishman, Spicer, there on development business for a syndicate of which Fanshawe is head. Fanshawe's name recalls to Amory a long-forgotten incident in which he witnessed the escape of Fanshawe from a leper colony. He tells his friend Spicer about it and decides to inform Laurier. He goes to Thursday Island to send the message. Amory hears Fanshawe dictate a message which indicates that the secret of the gold field is known.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

The more I thought of it all, the surer I was that Mrs. Brownrigg, before her death, had told somebody about Tatata; and in order to do that, she must have got it out of Grace. Lord knows, it was sensational enough.

Well then! what then! I knew what then. The chain of logic was too clear to miss. It looked as if fortune had delivered Richard Fanshawe into my hands; as if opportunity were there, ready and waiting, for very satisfying revenge. He was certainly fond of Genevieve Treacher, or he would not have taken the risk of spoiling his chances with Pia, by running off with Gin-Sling. She, I made no doubt, could do anything with him that she chose. She would do anything—find out anything—if I lifted my finger . . . for me . . .

Minds are flimsy; they make small trouble about swallowing camels, then balk at something less than a sparrow. I don't know why I, Phil Amory, black sheep, who had just been listening to a private telegram, and planning to act on knowledge thus discreditably acquired, should have decided, suddenly and irrevocably, that I would not do the thing I had been tempted to do, in the matter of Jinny and her lover.

"It's a dirty trick," I said to myself, and shook the thought away. Jinny was not to be seen when I got back to the hotel. I knew she would be looking for me, later on. I knew I should find her at my corner of the veranda, when the great moon of Torres began to sail like a golden galleon among the palm tree tops, and the straits and islands were veiled in fairy blue. I knew what the magic of Thursday—for Thursday is magic, still, despite all—going and decay—would do for me and for her. And I thought of that little head, with its close cascade of shining hair, so very far away. And I took my gear from my room, and marched down to the beach below, where the cutter, out in green water, was swaying with the tides.

Night found me at Cape York, with my telegram ready to send.

CHAPTER V

I have never had a harder task in my life than the framing of that telegram. To say enough, and not too much—to influence Pia's unknown father, by a dozen words wired across a continent, so that he should exert himself to break, or postpone, his daughter's marriage—to show authority for what I conceived, and at the same time conceal the vivid personal interest that had prompted the sending of the message—this I found, in its entirety, more than I could manage. There was no doing the thing well; to do it somehow, anyhow, was all that I could expect.

This was what I produced, in the end:

"Joseph Laurier,
"Laurier Downs Station,
"New South Wales:

"Serious reasons existing against Fanshawe marriage most strongly advise awaiting mail for necessary inquiries cannot sufficiently emphasize necessity delay."

And I signed my name, my insignificant, unknown name, in full—"Philip Cosgrove Amory." Laurier would not know Philip Cosgrove Amory from Adam, but that was perhaps something to the good—all things considered. He would be bound in common prudence to wait the arrival of my letter before giving judgment on the matter. I had done the best I could with the letter; it contained a plain statement of the occurrences on Iota Island, mentioned the fact of my acquaintance with Miss Laurier, and so concluded. No apologies—either the thing was unobjectionable, or it was a service beyond all thanks. No attempt to make capital, on my own account, of the circumstances that had brought me into communication with Pia's family. Just the facts, no more.

I sealed, registered and posted the letter, and put to sea again, with a lightened heart. I had done the best I could, and given time. I could make sure that this unspeakable letter would never place a ring on Pia's finger. As to what might happen to myself, I made no guesses. Like so many men in similar case, I thought I could

be content not to have her, not to drag her down to my own hazardous level, if only I might be sure that no one else would take my place. I pictured her remaining an eternal maiden, never of course, developing into an old maid, for my sake, and was quite well pleased. . . .

Well, I sailed back to Thursday Island, very late, and all in the dark. And I suppose I was tired, after the long day and its many emotions. I had a theory that I never was tired; it seemed to me a disgraceful condition, fit only for dotards of forty, so I never allowed that it had touched, or could touch, myself. But the laws of nature took no heed of my feelings, and that night, they had their revenge. I fell half asleep at the tiller, rammed the jetty, and was tumbled down into the hold, before my boy could catch me. He picked me up instantly, but the careless moment had done its work. I had a badly cut head and concussion of the brain; and it was my unlucky fate, in consequence, to spend the next three weeks in Thursday Island hospital.

I cannot tell how tiresome, maddening, I found the resultant confinement and delay. It was worst towards the end of the third wretched week, for



That She Had Not Come for the Sole Purpose of Looking at Black Sheep. I Knew as Well as if She Had Told Me.

then, I had calculated a reply by letter might reach me from Laurier Downs. None did, nor was there any telegram. The silence remained unbroken.

Afterward I heard what had happened, and—as one always does—wondered why I couldn't have guessed it at the time. Nobody had died, as I frantically assumed. Nobody had treated me with silent contempt. Nothing had fallen into the hands of Fanshawe, or Spicer—though I had guessed at all these solutions of the mystery. It was simply that Joseph Laurier was in England, not at home, and that my letter, marked "Private," and carefully sealed, had of course been sent on after him. Instead of being opened by his secretary. The telegram had also been posted on; over that, the secretary had used what he was pleased to call his judgment, and decided apparently, that he was less likely to risk losing his billet by sending my extraordinary and unconvincing wire under cover, than by hanging the Laurier's dirty linen out over the cable lines of the world.

Ideal Dwelling Place for the "Simple Life"

The loneliest village in England boasts six names—Wiston, Wiston, Wiston, Wiston, Wiston, Wiston. It is a village of one house and one inn and one church.

This village, surrounded by cornfields and towering trees, has hardly changed since the old cottages were built hundreds of years ago. The village was in existence in 1008.

It has no electric light gas or water supply, shop, telephone or meeting hall. There is not even a village green. It shares a policeman with three neighboring villages.

Many of the inhabitants have never been more than ten miles from home, and the majority of the old farmers and laborers have never been inside

No Record of Wren's Work

There is comparatively no evidence to prove that there are any lives on Iota Island, mentioned the fact of my acquaintance with Miss Laurier, and so concluded. No apologies—either the thing was unobjectionable, or it was a service beyond all thanks. No attempt to make capital, on my own account, of the circumstances that had brought me into communication with Pia's family. Just the facts, no more.

The nurse's white frock came speeding along my veranda.

"There's a lady to see you," she said, bringing up beside the lounge. "Matron says she may come. She's called to inquire before, but she wouldn't come in. She asked to come in today."

I did not ask the lady's name; I thought I knew it. When Jinny Treacher, tall and thin, but graceful, like Tribby, in her very bones, appeared at the veranda's end, I knew my guess was right. More than that—I knew Sir Richard Fanshawe was gone.

Jinny's presence, Jinny's visit, meant that she was according to her own lights, free; that she could call on me with a clear conscience. She was, in her pale muslin dress, with her wonderful fluffy red hair peering under a black hat, the prettiest, most disturbing thing that could have entered the chaotic wards of that hospital for many a day. I could have sworn that every one in sight envied me, when Jinny checked her flitting walk beside my lounge, dropped into a chair, and crossing her yellow silkstockinged knees with an air of entire comfort, asked me how I was.

I told her, briefly and, I think, untruthfully. I was anxious to get to the reason for her call. That she had not come for the sole purpose of looking at Black Sheep, I knew as well as if she had told me. But it seemed hard for her to beg. She chattered like a pretty, painted parakeet, asked fifty questions about the nurses and the doctors and the conduct of the place generally, did not wait for an answer to her last, losing patience—I was not patient in those days—I asked her point-blank what she had come to tell me.

"Can anyone hear us?" she asked, half below breath.

"No," I answered her. "Look about you. Nobody nearer than that old chap at the end, and he's deaf."

"Well, then! He's off."

"I guessed that. What else?"

"How soon'll you be ready to go?" she asked me.

"I'm practically ready now."

"It's off—to Port Moresby. By Calms. He'll get his stores there, and he'll attend to some business."

"She cleared her throat. "Business," she went on. "And get away immediately—to Tatata."

I knew it; I had been expecting it—but the word hit me like a stone.

"Go on," I said, with some difficulty; my tongue seemed stiff.

"He wired for a prospect to join him, three weeks ago, and he's come. Tatata is."

"I know all about it. I know," I said getting angry, "a d—n sight more than Fanshawe knows."

"He got it straight," she said, "from some woman who died; she had it from her bloke, who was killed and eat by the cannibals."

"No, but his mate. How could he have got back to tell anyone?"

"I thought," said Jinny, and now she looked away from me. "I thought, somehow, the woman was with the bloke who found it—on the expedition."

"On the expedition. Never, Jinny. That's one thing that a woman can't do yet, an. hasn't done—go exploring in Papua."

"Can't she? Why?" asked Jinny. She was still looking away from me, the candle that burned over behind her gold-brown eyes, was lighted to new brilliance by reflections from the dancing sea.

"The answer's plain. It's because the only things left to find—and New Guinea's got most of them—are so tough that it takes the best men doing their best—more than that—to get through. Exploring means the last ounce that the strongest men can squeeze out of their bodies, driven to the last ditch. It means the male brute, all out. There's no use for women. In a pinch like that."

It seemed that she was not interested. She yawned a little, delicately changed the subject, or rather, went back to the beginning.

"Sir Richard's off, anyhow," she remarked. "He won't be more than a week or two going things together and starting. That's the name of the place, what I told you. And whisper—I'll tell you what he's after—"

She leaned over to me; breathed into my ear a secret I had thought was known to no one but myself.

"Now," she said, drawing back, and nodding wisely, "what do you think of little Jinny for telling you that?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WHY WE BEHAVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS

By GEORGE DORSEY, Ph. D., LL. D.

We Do Not Inherit Instincts

OUR nervous system is no ladder; it is built around a tube. It has plenty of reflex arcs, but it is surmounted by a brain whose big business is to learn and to profit by experience. The baby's spinal cord is largely organized at birth; but its big brain is a clean slate. There is nothing known it cannot learn. With man, plastic behavior reaches its highest point.

We do not inherit instincts, but an instinctive mode of vegetative and reproductive reactions; also an instinctive activity which by the nature of the stimulus says "yes" or "no," a positive or a negative response. With such activity, we can learn to walk and pull the cat's tail; we can form habits. We bump our head against the table; our next response to table is conditioned. We pull the wrong cat's tail; our habit of response to cats' tails is conditioned. That is the way we learn to behave. We do not require instincts; we can acquire habits. If we get set in them, we can forget our brains and live like ants.

Add it up: instincts are inherited habits. Have we more than a chimpanzee? We cannot say. But we can say that both of us have enough to start out in life; if not, we are defective and do not go far. We can also say that our inheritance of reflex arcs exceeds that of the chimpanzee by several ounces of neurons. As a consequence, we have more nervous machinery in general, more neurons to lead, more paths to carry the load.

But the fundamental difference between man's and chimpanzee's inheritance is in parents. Once a chimpanzee, always a chimpanzee; but a man may become a skunk or a saint. Think of all the kinds of people you know!

Man's inherited habit-to-live can be modified into thousands of ways of living. We do not inherit habits of shaving, wearing kimonos, three meals a day, plug hats, skyscrapers, abhorrence of pork, four wives, faith in Sunday schools, or belief in higher education for women. We do inherit parents who do not want us to disgrace them and who do their best to bring us up in the way we ought to go.

Which means that human inheritance varies from age to age and cradle to cradle. Little the new-born cares about a silver spoon in his mouth—he inherited the habit of responding to an empty stomach; or whether the roof over his head is copper or thatch—he inherited the habit of crawling in out of the wet.

To describe human adjustments in terms of instincts or analyze specific human behavior—or our own consciousness—into instinctive acts, is to stir the mud. Human culture is the accumulated responses of the man-animal to his man-made environment. It accumulates, it varies, because man can and does talk. This seems a hard-slip at times, but in the long run it has had enormous consequences. Without speech as an organ of tool-exchanging, acquiring, and transmitting experiences, human culture is inconceivable.

Life learns. An ameba probably learns new tricks not inherent in original protoplasm. Man also must learn by experience.

We inherit no nail-driving habit. We do not inherit a motor mechanism which feels good when functioning. We took our first lesson in driving a nail when we banged the rattle on the side of the crib. Later, stim of nails, hammer, soft pine, an environment holding other stimuli to activity; countless reflex arcs, some already learned in responses to such stimuli; thumb smashed, probably; but the nail is finally driven. And more nails, and more, until finally the carpenter drives nails from force of habit like an instinct.

It is the first walk that is the hardest. The steps we acquire later in life are mere child's play compared with the first step the child learns to make. Balancing the body on one foot on a wire rope is only possible because we learned first to balance the body on a ball half-inch in diameter.

Do we learn these acts, or are they innate responses that appear in due time? We know that the new-born's legs are not only weak, but are not yet shaped for an upright gait, and that its spine has not yet taken on human curves; legs and spine grow human. Several years elapse before they are entirely human in character. But they are human enough to walk on within twelve or fifteen months.

The great, the essential, the refined, the delicate movements are learned within three years. That little mechanism grows up with us. Throughout life we call upon it to run, to swim, to climb, to dance, to jump, to "hold 'em," to "knock 'em stiff."

(By George A. Dorsey.)

Held Diplomatic Posts

Four Presidents have been diplomat representatives of the United States prior to their Presidency. They are: James Monroe, who was appointed minister plenipotentiary to Great Britain April 18, 1803; John Quincy Adams, who was appointed minister plenipotentiary February 28, 1815; Martin Van Buren, who was appointed August 1, 1821, as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary; and James Buchanan, who was appointed envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary April 11, 1853.

Famous Sculpture

Canova, immortal sculptor, worked eight years to complete the tomb of Pope Clement XIII. The lions carved on the tomb differ in that one is wide awake and menacing; its companion is asleep.

Poisonous Fish

A jellyfish known as the "Portuguese man-of-war" has very poisonous stings that if passed over the skin of a human being he may go into spasms and be prostrated for days.

The KITCHEN CABINET

(A 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

I know that any weed can tell And any red leaf knows That what is lost is found again To blossom in a rose.

—Louis Ginsburg.

THE BACK YARD GARDEN

A little garden at the back of the city lot, a bit of space where green things may grow in neat rows, a half dozen tomato plants, bush beans, carrots, radishes and onions—what a joy it can add to one's life. Even where space is not such a factor a small garden near the kitchen where it may be tended is to be recommended.

A garden south or west of the house gets more protection from cold winds, and better sunlight. Any kind of soil with proper handling will make good gardens. Place the rows so that they get as much spacing as possible making the garden look trim by the proper spacing and placing of seeds. Plan the crops so that the soil is working all summer. The time to plant depends upon the date of the last frosts, which is not always reliable, but many of our vegetables like lettuce, radishes, turnips, spinach and parsley are not afraid of a little cool weather.

Where one has space for corn, it must be planted after all frost danger is past. Corn is one of the most satisfactory of vegetables to raise. In good soil, with plenty of moisture and heat, with a few hoeings, a crop will respond that will delight the heart. There is nothing equal to the fresh juicy golden bantam or the country gentleman, and later the luscious milky ears of the evergreen.

When the last frost is over plant early beets, onion seed, carrots and such tender vegetables as the bush bean. Now the tomato plants may be set out, the cabbage and eggplant as well as pepper plant and cucumber seed may be sown, also melon and squash. Do not have these neat enough to mix the pollen, or the melons will not be of good flavor.

In the space where the radishes and lettuce were grown early, may be placed the late beets, beans or cabbages. Beans may be followed by turnips or parsnips, early cabbage plants may take the place of the row of spinach. With a little planning on paper one may have a wealth of pleasure from a small plot of ground.

Very early you may serve a: Squash Dish.—Cut slices of salt pork into small cubes, fry brown, add boiling water, mix the pollen, or the melons will not be of good flavor.

SEASONABLE FOODS

This is the time of the year when we like a few lighter main dishes after the heavy meats of the winter.

Macaroni Luncheon Dish.—Fry two or three slices of bacon, add one chopped onion and a chopped green pepper. Place layers of cooked macaroni in a buttered baking dish, add a layer of the bacon and vegetable mixture, half a cupful of cheese, seasoning to taste and repeat. Cover with a can of tomato soup, stirring it in lightly with a fork and bake until thoroughly heated through.

Scrambled Eggs.—Take one and one-half tablespoons of butter, add eight tablespoons of milk, eight eggs—but do not beat. Slip into the pan with the butter and milk and stir with a fork. When creamy add seasoning and a tablespoonful of phosphate baking powder. The eggs will puff up and make a much more attractive and digestible dish.

Lamb Chops.—Take the chops cut from the leg. Brown nicely on both sides, season well and put into a deep Scotch kettle or a heavy aluminum kettle. Over the layer of chops place a layer of thinly sliced uncooked potatoes, a little sliced onion, salt and pepper to season. Repeat until the meat and potato are all used. Put a cupful and a half of water in the pan in which the meat was browned and pour it over the vegetables and chops for two hours. Pile on a platter or chop plate and serve garnished with turnip cups filled with green buttered peas.

To make the turnip cups, cook them in boiling salted water, using small, even-sized turnips and scoop out the centers for the buttered peas.

Now is the time to be looking up the garden seeds and getting the herb garden started. Have a small row of chervil, fennel, summer savory sage, parsley and mint. They need little care and will be a joy forever during the season.

Wild mustard is far more delicate and mild than the kind we use, as a rule. Dry the flowers and powder them by rubbing in the hands.

Mixed cooked bacon and hard cooked egg with butter, salt and pepper for seasoning makes a most popular filling for sandwiches. Serve hot or cold.

Goose liver sausage, liver sausage, summer sausage and frankfurters and small pig sausages fried are liked as a filling for rolls or bread as sandwiches.

Looking Ahead

Some day, an anthropologist tells us, the human brain may work 100 times as efficiently as it does today. Then we had better begin thinking of things to think about.—Stoddard King in the Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Cupid's Chariot

The motor car has a longer courtship range than the horse and buggy, and the girl of today has a larger assortment of beaux from which to pick.—Woman's Home Companion.

Violet Rays Employed to Fight Common Colds

Experiments covering two years at Cornell university seem to indicate that the prevalence of the common cold may be reduced by 40 per cent by the use of the violet ray. The medical director of the institution said:

"In 1926 and 1927 there was not one of the normal students had colds, but among the cold-susceptible students there were weeks when as high as 62 per cent had colds. For two years we have irradiated cold-susceptible students through the dark, cold period of the year with ultra violet lenses over the entire skin surface from ten to fifteen minutes once a week.

"This ten to fifteen-minute irradiation of the entire surface of the body is equivalent to a whole week's sunlight in the summer with only the face, neck and hands exposed. On that basis we got a reduction in cold incidence of 40 per cent."

Make Plans to Salvage Tin From Ocean Depths

The tin mines of Cornwall, England, supposed to be pretty well worked out, are to be supplemented by dredging up the sands of the sea off the Cornwall coast.

Through the ages the fierce waves of the North Atlantic have been hammering at the rugged coasts of Cornwall and pulverizing the rocks to sand. On shore men have worked out the alluvial deposits and tin production has decreased by half. And now it is discovered that the sands under the sea are full of tin, sometimes as much as 10 per cent. So they have constructed a tunnel under the waves at St. Ives and built a big concrete funnel into which the sand-suckers discharge the sand mixed with water to flow it down to the concentrating mill to separate the tin.

Islands to Meet Planes

Concrete "islands" that may be floated to meet planes crossing the ocean are possible, according to Charles de Frasse, a French inventor, whose model of the novel "seaports" was recently exhibited by the Chamber of Commerce of France. De Frasse says that his islands would be seaworthy enough to take up stations as half-way stops in trans-oceanic flights. Planes would land on them for refueling and take off with the aid of catapults similar to those now used for launching planes from ships. The islands would have hangars and living quarters for permanent crews of mechanics, and two giant 2,500 horse power motors would propel them to their locations.

Miniature Farms

Government officials estimate that there are 5,000 farms of less than three acres in this country to which individuals gave their entire time last year. In taking the 1930 agricultural census, areas of less than three acres will not be listed as farms unless they produced as much as \$250 worth of farm products in 1929. Small areas of more than three acres will be classed as farms regardless of the value of products if the land is actually being farmed.

First Auto Speeder?

Another record is shattered. A man named Auto Jim Quinn has long claimed the distinction of being the first man arrested in America for auto speeding. That was in 1905. Now comes along a statistician of the auto industry who says the honor should go to Thomas W. Shevlin of Minneapolis, who was dragged into court in that city in 1902 and paid \$10 for driving his auto more than ten miles an hour.

Children Like Own Church

Children of Bournemouth, England, have taken to the idea of replacing the Sunday school by a special afternoon service of their own at St. Michael's church. The little ones are supplying their own readers of lessons, choir, organist and wardens. The church at Kew has also established a special chapel for the use of children under eight years of age.

Fishy

The Parana river in Brazil is full of fish that look like dogs.

In his "Crusade of the Falcon" E. F. Knight says:

"The fish we caught were all very fierce, biting everything they came across when landed on our deck, and barking like dogs."

The Stowaways

"Let's stow away on that air liner for America," suggested the would-be emigrant.

"Not that one," objected the other. "The captain always takes the stowaways to parachute and drops them in Iceland."—Montreal New Gobl.

Children Learn to Baster

In some islands of the Pacific where shell money is used, children play with imitation money made of shells and bargain with one another as their elders do.

That Came Later

"How do these grouches get aches?"

"Many of them were not grouches until they did."

Would you like to try this doctor's laxative free of charge?

Every family has occasional need of a laxative, but it should be a family laxative. One that can't form a habit, but can be taken as often as needed. When breath is bad or tongue coated. Or appetite fails. Only a doctor knows the right ingredients. Dr. Caldwell discovered the correct combination years ago. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin combines harmless herbs and pure senna. It starts muscular action and soon corrects constipation. Gently, but surely, it relieves a bilious or sluggish condition. It is mild. Delicious. Effective. All druggists keep this famous prescription ready, in big bottles. Or write Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, Monticello, Ill., for a free trial bottle postpaid.

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"When you forgive an enemy," said Uncle Eben, "mebbe it's best to keep away from him so's you won't be tempted to forget your forgiveness."—Washington Star.

HEADACHES

Needless pains like headaches are immediately relieved by Bayer Aspirin as millions of people know. And no matter how suddenly a headache may come, one can at all times be prepared. Carry the pocket tin of Bayer Aspirin with you. Keep the larger size at home. Read the proven directions for pain, headaches, neuralgia, etc.

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