

Black Sheeps 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 Fanshew. His holiday ended, Amory arrives back at Dara. He meets an Englishman, Spicer, there on development business for a syndicate of which Fanshew is head. Fanshew's name recalls to Amory a long-forgotten incident in which he witnessed the escape of Fanshew 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 Fanshew dictate a message which indicates that the secret of the gold field is known. Amory meets with an accident that lays him up for three weeks. Recovered, he sails alone for Port Moresby. A storm compels him to put in at Thursday Island where he finds Fanshew.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"It doesn't matter," I thought. "Eight miles is only eight miles, and I'll be there not much behind him." I picked up my little dinghy, slung it into the light-green water, and pulled out. I was getting up anchor when it occurred to me to look and see what Fanshew might be about. What I saw puzzled me. He had got his engine going, but not thrown in the clutch. The launch was drifting a little with the tide, but no start had been made. I hoisted sail, and got under way.

When the wind had laid hands on him and mainsail, and we were running fairly, I gave the sheet a turn round its cleat, and looked back. The launch now under way, was beginning to eat up space as it was said she ate up fuel.

"Put on as much speed as you like," I thought, watching her. "I'll do it with this wind—in forty minutes, and that's good enough." Nevertheless I could not feel quite easy; it seemed to me that Fanshew was just the sort of man to keep a card up his sleeve. "What card could he have?" I argued with myself. "I can say enough—and I will—to put a dozen weddings off; and once put off—once let me have time."

I stopped, seized the tiller, and snatched the boat over. "Gosh," I said to myself. "Is that your card, my man? For he had turned the launch, and was heading her—thirty miles an hour—straight for me."

All I had heard of Sir Richard's daring as an airman, in the war, went racing through my head. His fierce attack—his famous stunt—was truly he was stunting now. He might, probably would, cut my boat in two, and spill me in a shark-haunted sea, seven and a half miles from the main land. He might merely wreck him self in the attempt. Anyhow, he meant to try. That was Fanshew. And I swear, even as I saw him drive right down on me, I found time, somehow, to think, "G-d, Richard Fanshew, if you weren't the biggest villain unburnt, what friends we two could have been!"

In the same moment, I had reached for the sporting rifle that lay loaded in its clip beside the deckhouse, fang it to my shoulder, and shot him dead. He fell from the wheel of the launch right down into black blue water, sank and was gone.

The launch, released from control, went ahead furiously. I stayed a minute watching it; wondering whether it would get to the mainland without hitting anything, and what would be thought of its arrival, empty, if it did. I had little thought of myself, though I was vaguely aware that my own life might some day be forfeit, to pay for the life I had that minute spilled into the Pacific ocean. It did not seem to matter very much. Nothing seemed to matter. For now I understood that killing during the red years of war had not been the same as this killing now. I felt myself for the first time in my days, blood-guilty.

The man had tried to run me down. Yes—but I had not even attempted to escape, to maneuver out of his way. I had shot him; not because he was trying to ram my cutter, but because he was on his way to marry Pia Laurier.

With that thought came strange relief; the hell stupidity cleared away from my brain. Had I not said I would give my life for her? Had I not done it, tentatively? If anyone ever came to know of the business of this morning I should hang as sure as God made little apples. Good. Well and good. That seemed to wipe out the stain. I cannot explain; I can only say how I felt about it. I can only tell you that I steered the cutter, with a light enough heart, towards the back of the island, took a great sweep out to sea, and made for Port again by a round that I calculated, would bring me into town towards afternoon.

When I came in, hoisting the yellow flag that asks for the doctor and practice, I was left to walk some time and find my way. The curious part was that I had no question or two.

Scarcely had I landed, before half my acquaintance—it seemed—were about me, vying with one another for first chance to relate the event of the day.

Sir Richard Fanshew had taken out his launch early that morning, and had never come back, and the launch had been sighted actually coming in from Fisherman on its own, till it ran aground on a shoal. When they got to it, there wasn't a soul on board, and no trace of the bridegroom but his gold cigarcase. Fisherman and the surrounding sea had been fruitlessly searched, but the bridegroom had utterly vanished, and it had been necessary to call in the Anglican parson to meet the unlucky bride and break the news.

In the midst of the clamor, I gathered my goods and escaped, thankful to have passed the barrier that I had



She Was Setting on My Knee By and By—I Don't Know Where I Had Found a Chair.

unconsciously feared—the question I had been awaiting, with anxiety untold—"Did you see anything, hear anything, of an accident?"

I couldn't have convinced any one with a denial of the facts I should have had to deny. But they had deceived themselves; assumed, without question in their eagerness to tell me all about it, that I could have nothing, in my part, to tell.

If I had doubted my safety, I did not doubt it now. I climbed up the long, steep stony path that led to the house where Pia might be found.

The native in a government tunic, who came to the steps, answered my inquiry with "Sinahada, she stop." "Would she see me? I scribbled my name on an envelope, and sent it in by the native.

She would see me. The boy came back to say that, "Sinahada, she talk you come."

It seemed too easy, too simple. I felt almost afraid. This was Pia, slowly coming through the curtains at the end of the veranda. Graver, older, changed, I saw her. I saw, too, that the change was not—as it might have been—the work of the last few hours. Whatever had altered her was less recent than the tragic end of her bridegroom. She had, indeed, the look of one who has been stunned by an unexpected blow, and scarcely yet recovered; but the grief, the wild despair of love parted from love in fulfillment's very hour—these were not hers.

I had almost feared the meeting, been afraid of what I might feel in her presence; might, terribly, with shut lips remember. I thought my love might have been clouded by the shadow of the day, as hers might have been dimmed by time.

I was to learn here, for the first

time and the last—since it was for all time after—what love could mean and do. There was not, between us the least of any difference, distrust, the chill of any "variation or shadow of change." In the flower-scented semi-dusk we met, she who should that day, have been the bride of another man, I who had that man's blood upon my hands, and it was as if the long months since we parted on the great liner, at Goode Island, had been a minute only, and as if nothing, no one, had ever come between.

Nothing of all the explanations, all the talk, that should have been between us two, got itself said. For one moment we stood, filling our hungry eyes with one another, and I think I was, in that moment, as pale as she. Then our arms were round each other and the honey of the sweetest kiss in all the world was on my lips, at last.

She was sitting on my knee, by and by—I don't know where I had found a chair—and we began to talk, but it was not the talk I had figured.

"What are you going to do till we are married?" was the first thing I remember asking her.

And she—"Oh, go home and make it up with Dad and Mother, I suppose."

I did not ask her what she had to make up. I was too busy swallowing a large lump of disappointment. Somehow I had thought—but that, of course, was impossible—a girl with money (and now she had it) and I without even enough cash to buy stores for my trip. . . .

Well, if anything on earth was sure, it was sure that I should have enough to pay for everything I fancied, when I came back from that trip.

The more reason—if reason was wanted—for getting away at once. For leaving her. That hurt.

She went on talking. She sat there on my knee as if it had been a chair, her arms supporting her, round my neck; and yet I felt that, for the moment, she had withdrawn herself a little.

"You see, they thought—at least Mother did; Dad wasn't there—that there was too much hurry about—And now she's faltered; her face turned, in the dusk, a little away from me—About the marriage."

"I did not answer." "Richard cabled," she went on. "He said he was starting earlier than he had expected, on his exploring trip through the unknown parts of Europe. And he said one never knew one would come back. And he asked me to meet him here and marry him before he left."

I was still silent. "I telegraphed," she went on. "I said yes. Mother didn't like it. She said he could put off his trip, come to Government house—do the thing decently. She almost forbade me to leave. But—well, Mother's pretty clever; she knows when to stop. She said at last that if I was bent on marrying some one, it was better Richard than—than—"

"I know." "So she let me go. She couldn't come herself; my sister Anne had joined us, and Mother thought his excellency was rather taken—he's a widower, you know. And that made her determined to stop. If the heavens fell. . . . Well!—So I came. And I—let me go."

I did not struggle to hold her, by so much as a finger or a fold of her dress. I knew that, for the moment, something other than love, or I, had her in its grip. Death. The thought of today, of the man who was to have held her in his arms; lying "tossed with tangle and with shells" at the bottom of the Coral sea. I understood.

She came back as I had known she would, in a minute or two, and, shielded by the darkness, let me wipe the tears from her face.

"There, there, sweetheart," I found myself saying, as one consoles a crying child, when its fit of tears is past. "Don't mind about him. He wasn't worth—"

"It's not that. It's because I'm not sorry—not really sorry. Almost glad. I never should have done it. I was mad, to promise. But you—you—"

As clearly as if she had spoken them, I heard the words, "You left me."

"There was something," she said presently, "something I didn't quite grasp about it all. If ever you know any more about the whole thing—Richard's trip, and the hurry he was in, and whatever else I mayn't have heard—I know you'll tell me."



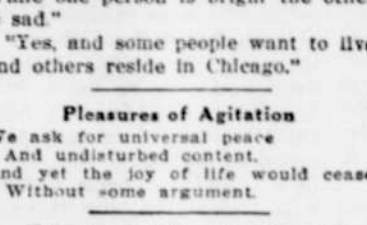
On the Funny Side

The disheveled stranger made his way into the police station. "Are you the sergeant in charge?" he asked.

"I am," replied the man in uniform, who was seated at a desk and writing in a large ledger.

"I'm lost," said the disheveled man. "You are—eh?" replied the sergeant. "Well, if you can prove that anybody's missing you, we'll take up the case."

AND SO IT GOES



"Life is a peculiar thing, isn't it? While one person is bright the other is sad."

"Yes, and some people want to live and others reside in Chicago."

Pleasures of Agitation
We ask for universal peace and undisturbed content. And yet the joy of life would cease without some argument.

Transferred the Attachment
Old friend—I expected to hear of your marriage before this. If I remember rightly there was quite an attachment between you and Miss Main chance.

Lothario—That attachment's broken off. But she's suing me for breach of promise and put an attachment on my bank account.

Lot's Men Like That
"He doesn't seem to know his own mind."

"Well, I heard she was off visiting her mother for a couple of weeks."

No Other Name for It
Old Lady (sympathetically)—And don't you have any profession?
Old Man (digging ditch)—No, ma, I work.—Capper's Weekly.

A Striker
Howell—I have to "punch the clock" at my office.
Powell—Well, it has hands and can strike back.

ROPED
"Mary roped Tom."
"Lassoed him, eh?"
"Yes, lass lused him."

Thrift
A tolling friend of yore I met. He worked himself 'most out of debt And then got in still deeper.

Oil Can
Mazie—How was the new toy friend you dated with last night?
Daisy—Well, he'd probably been grand forty years ago when a girl spent the evening sitting on a sofa beside her beau, looking through the family album.



The Kitchen Cabinet

(By 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)
Oh, East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, border nor breed nor birth
When two strong men stand face to face tho' they come from the ends of the earth!—Kipling.

A FEW BRAN DISHES
The value of uncooked bran as a laxative food is so well known that it need not be mentioned here. Uncooked, unswetened bran may be used in combination with any foods to add roughage to the diet. One must know, of course, that all people cannot use irritating roughage, but the majority of people need all kinds to cleanse the alimentary canal, aid digestion and further elimination. When one objects to taking a tablespoonful or two of bran in a glass of water, add it to the cereal, or make some—

Bran Macaroons—Beat one egg, add one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, one-half cupful of brown sugar, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one and one-half cupfuls of uncooked bran and such flavoring as liked. Mix well and drop by teaspoonfuls on buttered baking sheets. Bake in a moderate oven until brown. These are small cakes that the children may eat without harm.

Bran Muffins—Take two cupfuls of flour, one and three-fourths cupfuls of milk, two cupfuls of bran, one beaten egg three and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-third of a cupful of sugar, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt and three tablespoonfuls of melted shortening. Drop into well greased muffin pans after mixing and beating well. Bake thirty-five minutes in a hot oven. Sour milk with the same amount of baking powder and three-fourths of a teaspoonful of soda may be used in place of the sweet milk.

Bran Date Bars—Take one cupful of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of bran, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one and one-half cupfuls of chopped dates, three-fourths cupful of nuts, chopped, four beaten eggs and three tablespoonfuls of milk. Sift and mix the dry ingredients, add sugar and bran, mixing well, then add the nuts and dates. Beat the yolks, add to the milk, stir this into the flour and bran, lastly fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Bake in a thin sheet in a shallow pan. When cool cut into strips and roll in granulated sugar. These will keep a long time. Cut into squares this makes a delicious dessert. Cover with crushed pineapple and top with whipped cream and a cherry.

THIS AND THAT
Place one teaspoonful of grated orange peel or lemon peel in the tea pot when making tea. It gives a delightful flavor and makes ordinary tea taste like the expensive tea.

Mild Rarebit—Cut one-half pound of cheese into small bits. Sprinkle crumbs over the bottom of a buttered baking dish, cover with one-third of the cheese, and seasonings, using one and two-thirds teaspoonfuls of salt, one-third teaspoonful of paprika; when the dish is full add one and one-half cupfuls of milk and set into a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven thirty-five minutes.

Junket With Bananas—Place thinly sliced bananas in sherbet cups. Prepare one junket tablet by crushing it and dissolving in a tablespoonful of water. Add to a pint of lukewarm milk and stir until well mixed. Pour over the bananas and let stand in a warm room until set. Flavor milk with lemon extract.

Kiddies' Delight—Beat three eggs very light, add four tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of vanilla, a grating of nutmeg and a pinch of cinnamon; mix well and add to three cupfuls of milk. Chill and serve cold.

Apple Souffle—Add four and one-half tablespoonfuls of tapioca and a little salt to one cupful of scalded milk. Cook in a double boiler until the tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add one-half cupful of sugar, cool and add the beaten yolks of three eggs, one-half tablespoonful of lemon juice and one cupful of grated raw apple, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and bake in ramekins or casserole set in water. Serve hot with sweetened whipped cream, flavored with almond.

Cheese Souffle—Take three tablespoonfuls of quick cooking tapioca, cook in one cupful of milk until the tapioca is clear. Add one cupful of grated cheese, stir until melted, cool, add three beaten egg yolks, one teaspoonful of salt and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Place in a pan set in water and bake until the souffle is firm. Serve at once. This serves four.

Neenie Maxwell
Juries Not Universal
There are several nations which do not have jury trials for the manner of the United States and the British empire. France has abolished the jury system in all civil cases and Germany revised its Judiciary to eliminate the jury in practically all cases.

Tedious Quest
Captains of industry are forever talking of looking for \$50,000 a year men. But they never say where they are looking—probably to prevent a traffic jam.—American Magazine.



An Ailing Child

Are you prepared to render first aid and quick comfort the moment your youngster has an upset of any sort? Could you do the right thing—immediately—though the emergency came without warning—perhaps tonight? Castoria is a mother's standby at such times. There is nothing like it in emergencies, and nothing better for everyday use. For a sudden attack of colic, or the gentle relief of constipation; to allay a feverish condition, or to soothe a fretful baby that can't sleep. This pure vegetable preparation is always ready to ease an ailing youngster. It is just as

harmless as the recipe on the wrapper reads. If you see Chas. H. Fletcher's signature, it is genuine Castoria. It is harmless to the smallest infant; doctors will tell you so.

You can tell from the recipe on the wrapper how mild it is, and how good for little systems. But continue with Castoria until a child is grown.

AUGUST FLOWER

—brings almost instant relief from terrible colic pains. Banishes heartburn, nausea, sick headache, biliousness, sluggish liver, constipation. Promptly restores good appetite and digestion, and regular, thorough elimination. GUARANTEED.

Ends DYSPEPSIA/Quickly!

Sold at all good drug stores.

"Oh Promise Me"

At some time in her life Cupid pleads to every attractive woman. No matter what her features are, a woman who is sickly cannot be attractive. Sallow skin, pimples, sunken eyes, lifeless hair—these are repellent. DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY is just the tonic a run-down person needs. It enriches the blood, soothes the nerves and imparts tone and vivacity to the entire system. In liquid or tablets, at drug store. Send 10c for trial package of tablets to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, in Buffalo, N. Y., and write for free advice.

The Outing
Tommy—Good morning, Mrs. Brown. Did you enjoy your holiday?
Mrs. Brown—Holiday? What holiday? I haven't been away.
Tommy—Oh, I thought you had. I heard mother say that you and Mr. Brown had been at loggerheads.

Many people talk themselves into positions, but frequently they are awkward positions.



Daughter Is Healthy Now

"My thirteen-year-old daughter Maxine was troubled with backache and pain when she came into womanhood. I knew Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound would help her because I used to take it myself at her age. Now she does not have to stay home from school and her color is good, she eats well and does not complain of being tired. We are recommending the Vegetable Compound to other school girls who need it. You may publish this letter."—Mrs. Floyd Butcher, R. #2, Gridley, Kansas.

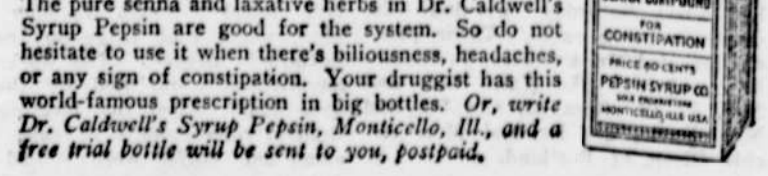
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Now, Hubby!
"Everybody in the town knows about it. Some are taking her part and some his."
"And a few eccentric individuals are minding their own business. I suppose."—Vancouver Province.

Not So Far, at That
First Suburbanite—How far do you live from town?
Second Suburbanite—Exactly ten gas stations, twelve hot-dog stands, eight sandwich shops and two hundred and thirty-nine billboards.

Family doctor's laxative instead of harsh purges; trial bottle Free

Old Dr. Caldwell's prescription cannot form the cathartic habit. It can be given to the child whose tongue is coated, or whose breath is fetid, or has a little fever. Or to older people whose bowels are clogged. Its ingredients stimulate muscular action and thus aid the bowels to more normal functioning. The pure senna and laxative herbs in Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin are good for the system. So do not hesitate to use it when there's biliousness, headaches, or any sign of constipation. Your druggist has this world-famous prescription in big bottles. Or, write Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, Monticello, Ill., and a free trial bottle will be sent to you, postpaid.



Youthful Lovers Made Victims of Unkind Fate

One of the minor executives in a large New York office and one of the secretaries had been carrying on a secret romance for some time, although no one in the establishment was aware of it.

Being an up-to-date young man, the executive, who had been known only by his first name, Philip, to save embarrassment, carried on his courtship in a modern manner. Instead of writing her letters in the preliminary stage of his campaign he conceived the idea of waiting until the rest of the office had gone home and then speaking a few words into the dicta phone she used.

The next morning she would put on the ear phones and hear something along this line: "This is Philip, sweet heart. Don't forget I love you."

But one day the secretary was ill

and could not report to work. The result was that her substitute, starting to transcribe the letters on the cylinder, heard the love message and burst into laughter.

Philip was unable to stand up on the razzing he received daily thereafter and soon found another position.—New York Sun.

Sharp
Psychologists claim the late Marshal Foch as one of their own because he did not take his problems to bed with him. He dismissed them from his mind and devoted bedtime hours to sleeping. In the morning, refreshed, he had the solutions, which apparently had worked themselves out in his sleep. Foch, however, put a different construction on the apparent miracle. He said:

"It seems to me that the mirror before which I shave myself gives me the answers."

Teacher's High Importance
Let the soldier be abroad if he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage—a personageless imposing in the eyes of some—perhaps insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust in him, armed with his primer against the soldier's full military array.—Lord Brougham (1779-1858), Speech, 1828.

Ouch!
Cholly Clumps—Yesterday I was in the company of the one I love most.
Mrs. Pepper (sweetly)—I'm surprised you don't get tired of being alone so much!

Not Local Colors
The Old one—Yes, this is a sunset painted by my daughter. She studied abroad several years.
The Young one—Ah, yes! I understand now—I can't remember having seen a sunset like that in our country.

Enjoying a Joke
Mattiosian—I tell you, you can't find a man anywhere who enjoys a good joke better than I do.
Mitohevelo—Guess that's so, I have heard you tell the same joke 40 times and laugh at it every time.

Lucky Dog
James—I've always had great luck in love affairs.
Lucille—Why, what do you mean? Aren't you unmarried?
James—Yes, that's just where the luck comes in.

Making It Useful
Mr. Neight—How'd you have your new pearls; in a necklace or a dog collar?
His Wife—I think a dog collar's the best. It's so handy to tuck a napkin in when we're dining out.