

# Black Sheep's Gold

by Beatrice Grimshaw

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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WNU Service

## CHAPTER XI—Continued

"She's right there, if you could see it," I told her. "Thank God you can't. But have you heard anything definite?"

"Only since she went. Yesterday, a boat came in from the west, and there were a lot of men who hadn't done well, and were going away again. But they said some had done well; and they said—I heard them; I listened like a—like a connoisseur."

"What did they say?" I was prepared for misfortune now.

"They said that Smithson—the man you sent—was drinking. And somebody asked them 'What's he drinking? Gin-Slings?' And they laughed most frightfully, and I couldn't hear any more. But it sounded badly. Phil, I can't tell you how glad I was that today was visiting day; I thought you ought to hear it at once."

I thought so, too; her information troubled me more than I chose to say. Smithson had been working the claim satisfactorily enough. Gold in various amounts had been paid into the bank for me, my partner taking his agreed percentage. So far, so good. But the last payments had been, undoubtedly, very far spaced out; and the written reports sent in from time to time were diminished both in number and in size. Solitude of Tatatasta was no longer; the unblasted track was trampled by scores of miners and hundreds of carriers, men from every Australian goldfield were trying their fortune and some were making it— but no one had struck anything, no one even hoped for anything, as rich as the prospecting claim that belonged to me. "I'm sleeping right on the claim at night," Smithson had said. "I and the boys. We're doing wonderful, but we have to be careful nobody goes and jumps it on us." "The Emperor turned up here a while ago," ran another letter (I did not need a translation of that name). "What do you think, he's married Genevieve Treacher, the one they call Gin-Sling. Caxon is here, too. He and the Emperor are working partners. I think they've got a decent claim, but of course nobody has anything the like of yours. Send me up a good dog if you can hear of one, they're worth a dozen sentries."

Then a long period of silence. Then a brief letter, mentioning the dispatch of another parcel of gold, and saying little else.

After that came silence again. I had not heard from Smithson for two months now. And on the top of it came Pia's news that he was drinking.

Then it was that I felt, for the first time, the full weight of my chain. Something was wrong at Tatatasta; I knew that as surely as if I had been there to see. The pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow, so wonderfully found, was in peril. With it was imperiled all the dignity, all the security, of my future life; all the excuse I had for dragging Pia down to the level of a convicted felon. And Smithson, whom I had trusted as if his word was my whole fortune, was falling. And I must stay here; stay in the pebbled prison yard and the foolish chicken-wire cell; work on the jetty, walk a few yards out and back see the white road and the blue sea before me, and know that for nearly four years, at the very best, I could not hope to tread the one or sail the other. Not free, not free!

I think that all the sorrows of all the prisoners in the world—flowed over me in that brief minute when I sat silent, under Pia's troubled eyes, trying to pull myself together and think what must be done.

The silence was broken by Head Jailer Holly, who, with many cracklings and unfolding of his newspaper, remarked briefly that all we had to say must be speedily said. For two weeks I could have no letter, for a month, I could see Pia no more. If she was to do anything for me—and I was becoming plain that by nobody else could anything be done—then we must settle it at once.

But how? The time was almost out. Head Jailer Holly was folding up his paper, rising from his seat. Pia, surely the prettiest, daintiest creature that had ever brightened that sad place—was already putting up a face like a sweet potato rose, for our last kiss. I took it. I held her for a moment closer than usual, moved by some indefinable, dark presentiment. I found words, somehow, at the last moment; words hurried, tumbling over one another. "Take out a power of attorney for me," I said. "They'll let me sign it. Inquire about so-and-so, and so-and-so" (I gave her a few names) "and find which of them will take Smithson's place. He'll have to go up at once; don't wait for letters to me. Write as soon as you can. Good-by, little love" (she was near as tall as I, but the adjective came naturally; Pia would always be "little" to anyone who loved her). "Take care."

"Time up," said Head Jailer Holly. More than ever, did I long for letter day. But when my letter came at last it brought no comfort with it, rather distress and dismay. The power of attorney had come made out for Pia. I had wondered a little but signed it. And now the letter told me that Pia had gone to Tatatasta herself.

"You mustn't worry about me," she wrote. "There was nothing else to do. From all I can hear, it's a woman, and only a woman, who is wanted to look after your interests just now. Don't worry about me; the place is well opened up, and the warden sees that order is kept. I may be a good while; no knowing what I shall find. Good-by, my very dearest. Give my love to the Prince if he comes along. I'm sorry I can't be there to meet him; he is a perfect duck. They say he's going to be married now—lucky prince! But I wouldn't change my own prince for him."

I had plenty of leisure, in the too-long nights, to con over her letter again and again; try to read between the lines of it, and guess at certain

things she had not openly stated. "Only a woman—? What could be meant by that? The reference to the 'Prince' I understood; but it cut sharply despite that pretty saying about her 'own prince,' for I knew that the forthcoming visit of one of England's most-loved royalties would only, for me, add to the weight of the invisible fetters I carried night and day. To know that the town was holding festival, to see, from the high, fenced yard of the jail, mast a flutter with flags, new archways built over roads; to hear the gun-salute and the very cheers, and know oneself set apart from it all, not able even to stand in the 'crowd and send one's hat and one's heart up in a shout for old England and her Prince—this hurt my sense of Empire; made the hard state of prisoner, in anticipation somewhat harder. But I put the thought away; determined not to think about princes and royal visits, which could mean nothing to me. . . . If I had known!

What follows, I gained from Pia, long after all was past.

## CHAPTER XII

Near sunset, Pia came to the last camping place but one, before the field of Tatatasta. She was not alone; the government authorities had sent with her an escort of armed constabulary, since a certain number of these were due to go up to the field in any case. Placed in charge of an old and trust-worthy sergeant, they had served and guarded her faithfully through the



One Could See Right Into the Tent, and the Sight—for That Place and the Time—Was Amazing.

trip—"savages in serge," but true to their salt—and on this last night but one, they were very merry over the near fulfillment of their task. It was some credit to them, and to Sergeant Simol, too, they felt, that they had brought the Sinabada (lady) safe through all the perils and fatigues of the wild bush, and almost reached the field.

Simol did not encourage wandering away from the camp. The government—had "talked strong" to him, before he left, regarding the lady's safety, and all that must be done to ensure it. So, when they were putting up the tents in this last camping ground but one Simol, seeing the lady at the edge of bush clearing, called out to her to be cautious.

"You no go walk-about, Sinabada," he pleaded. "S'pose you want flower, me and my police we gettem plenty. By-n-by one big bush fig he coming, he altogether kal-kal (eat) you."

"There are no pigs about, and I don't want flowers," came Pia's clear voice, just a little tired. "Thank you, Sergeant Simol; I am only looking at that funny light in the bush."

"What name light, Sinabada?"

## "Dutch Treat" Makes No Hit With Modern Girl

To the young man who writes to ask if it is proper to let the girls pay for their share of an evening's entertainment we reply that it is. Perfectly proper but highly improbable.

Experiments have been made in this direction, but somehow or other they didn't work. Even when the girls propose the idea it doesn't make a hit with them if the boys take them too literally in the final settlement. Post-tively, the girls don't like it. May be it is because woman is more conservative than man, and one of her inherited privileges is to say that the woman pays while she sees that the man does it.

Of course, when the girls suggest a dutch treat the wise thing is to seem to fall in with the idea, and then to buzz your own girl into granting you the very special favor of letting you pay her shot. You can do this in the strictest confidence and with the safe

**Ladies Make Their Own Shoes**

For the moment Miss Milbanke is still at Senham, still earnestly writing poetry, and as a contrast making shoes. This activity was a by-product of the French revolution. Girls were, for some reason unexplained, taught to make their own shoes, and Annabella learned like the rest—apparently under Clermont's supervision, for of the magazine displays an advertisement for "Messrs. Milbanke and Clermont's superior style of cutting shoes for ladies of fashion." Shoes, it is true, were fragile affairs, made of the thinnest kid or satin. . . . Poetry and shoemaking were part of the daily round.—From "The Life of Lady Byron," by Ethel Colburn Mayne.

"I don't know what it is. It seems like a very big tent, some way off. And I think I heard—but that's impossible."

"What name you think you hear?"

"Corks," replied Pia. "Corks being pulled—and singing."

"Sinabada, me think you lie," replied the sergeant courteously using the native fashion of expressing astonishment. Then, suddenly, slapping his thigh, and leaping—"By —, Sinabada, you no lie, me hearem, too. What-fashion this? (What does this mean?)

"We'd better go and see," said the girl.

"Me and you," declared the sergeant, "we go see. I beggie-parlie, Sinabada, I walk first." He set his sturdy bulk in front, and by the last faint glow of twilight, began cutting a path through the forest, Pia following. A few minutes later, the two came out on the edges of a second clearing; one that seemed to have been made for the sole accommodation of a great white tent that stood in the middle of it. The doorway was wide, the doorframes were hooked back. One could see right into the tent, and the sight—for that place, and that time—was amazing.

There was a table inside, covered with a white cloth. On it were plates of food, tinned delicacies of all sorts; wild boar from the forest; wild turkey, okart nuts, mushrooms. There were glasses. There were bottles. Youth and gaiety and recklessness were embodied, if ever human form expressed them, by the limber, red-headed figure of a girl, who, gaudily dressed, hung over a man lying on a cushioned deck chair. The girl, at the top of her not unmusical voice, was chanting the last revue success, while the man, an emptied glass dropping from his fingers, wailed loudly and interminably that classic of the sentimentally drunk—"Annie Laurie."

Outside, the silence, the stars, black Papua. . . .

To Pia, standing a little way off, within the shadows of the forest, the whole strange scene looked like some vivid cinema picture. Sergeant Simol, staring until his treacle-brown eyes almost started from their sockets, gave forth his opinion candidly—

"I think this one too much pur-pur (magic), Sinabada. More better you-me (we) no stop." Head-hunters, cannibals, the ambush and the spear-plot, never shook the iron nerve of the old sergeant; such things were in the day's work of any policeman. But sorcery—was a different matter.

"Hush, sergeant," warned the girl. "I want to find out about this." For into her mind had crept a conviction, born she knew not how, warning her that this thing had to do with the object of her journey.

"Who is the white man?" she whispered.

Simol pulled himself together, realized that there was no sorcery here, and became at once the smart, non-commissioned officer of every day.

"I think," he said cautiously, "name belong him Si-mission."

"Si-mission? Oh!—Smithson! Sergeant, are you sure?"

"Me savvy. Me too much damn savvy. Bee-fore" (some time ago) him take away one girl belong my village. Fashion belong him, Sinabada. (It is his way.) "Him too much like girl, him plenty bottle goodluck" (bottles of whisky).

"I know," said Pia musingly. "That Phil thought he was sober and reliable."

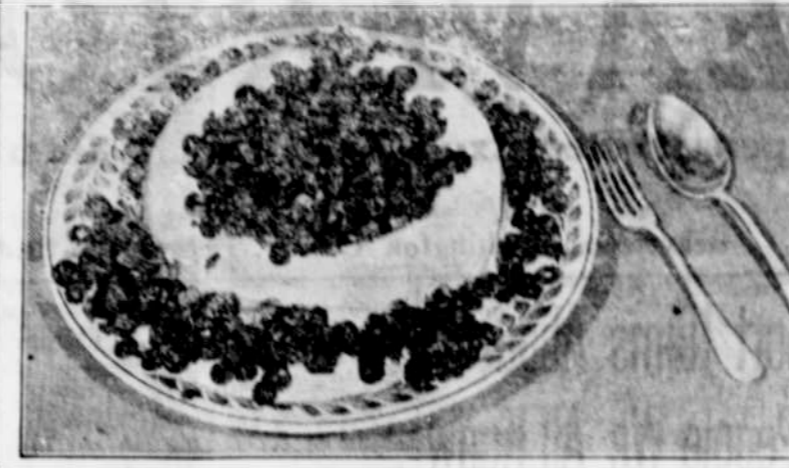
"Him all right, Sinabada, suppose no body showem girl along him, showem goodluck along him. Suppose girl, goodluck showem this man, he 'nother kind." (Untranslatable idiom, suggesting change of character.)

"He's not the only one," commented drily society's pet child. "I think I know who the girl is now. I've seen her before. Only for Phil, she would be at the bottom of the sea. Now, sergeant, you and I are going to talk to these people."

"Me and you, we go," answered the sergeant, swelling out his chest. Mechanically he touched the long bayonet-knife that swung in its sheath at his hip. For lightning, Sergeant Simol loved the bayonet. . . .

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## RASPBERRIES WITH MOUSSE FOR DESSERT



A Mold of Plain Vanilla Mousse With Raspberries or Other Fruit in Season.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

One of the latest and easiest desserts you can plan for a special occasion is a plain vanilla mousse with fresh fruit in its season—strawberries, raspberries, peaches, blackberries, or other fruits that are good when eaten with cream. The illustration shows a molded mousse served with fresh red raspberries.

The bureau of home economics gives the following recipe for plain vanilla mousse. Leaflet 40, "Ice creams frozen without stirring," also suggests many other ways of varying the flavor of a plain mousse.

1 cup double cream 4 tbs. sugar  
1 cup rich milk or 2 egg whites  
1 tsp. gelatin 1/2 tsp. salt  
1 tsp. vanilla

Soak the gelatin until soft in a little of the milk or thin cream. Heat the remainder, and pour over the gelatin. Add the sugar and stir until dissolved, and put the mixture aside to chill. Whip the milk cream. When the mixture containing the gelatin has thickened slightly, beat it to incorporate air. Add the vanilla and fold in the whipped cream and well-beaten egg whites. The egg whites reduce richness, increase volume and improve texture. These proportions will make over four cups before freezing, or, if the egg whites are not used, about three cups.

Instead of the gelatin as thickener, you may prefer to moisten one tablespoonful of flour with a little of the milk or thin cream; add to the remainder, heat to boiling and combine with the whipped cream and other ingredients. Or prepare a custard from the cup of rich milk, three egg yolks and the sugar. Cool, beat and add to the other ingredients as described. Or cut one-fourth cup of marshmallows out in small pieces to the milk or thin cream and follow the usual method.

Mousse made by the above basic recipe may be frozen by packing in ice and salt without stirring, or in a mechanical refrigerator. If packed in ice and salt, the container for the mixture should not be too thick. Large baking powder cans are good for small quantities, or fancy molds may be used. Since the mold must be buried in the ice and salt, seal the opening with a tightly drawn strip of cloth which has been dipped in paraffin or some fat with a high melting point, so that the salty water cannot leak in. Use about three parts of crushed ice to one of salt and let stand for several hours, depending on the shape and size of the mold.

## VITAMIN A FOUND IN DIVERS FOODS

It Is Essential for Growth and Well Being.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

People have become "vitamin conscious," as the advertisers would put it. They want to know whether a given food "contains vitamins." What they often fail to realize is that there are several different vitamins and that each has a different function in a nutrition of the body, says the United States Department of Agriculture. Some foods are a good source of one vitamin and some of another, while a number of foods contribute more than one. If the homemaker wants to give her family a diet containing enough of all the vitamins she must know something about the function of each and the foods likely to supply it in sufficient amount. She can then see that these foods are included in her menus.

Vitamin A, for instance, is essential for growth, well-being at all ages, and successful reproduction. A deficiency of this vitamin leads to the weakening of the body tissues and increased susceptibility to bacterial infection. If laboratory animals are given a diet lacking in vitamin A they develop infections of the eye and other parts of the body. It is thought that similar inflammatory and infective processes in the human body occur when there is a deficiency of vitamin A.

Fortunately, the body has the power of storing this vitamin to a considerable extent for future needs. An abundant supply of it in early life undoubtedly safeguards the body against later infection as well as provides for present requirements. This does not mean, however, that the need for vitamin A is confined to the young. Nursing mothers, especially, should have food containing vitamin A.

## Strawberry Shortcake Is Fine in Any Emergency

You thought of having strawberry shortcake for dessert—but there wasn't time to make any sort of foundation for it—either sponge cake or biscuit dough, and yet you have plenty of whipping cream, and unusually fine berries. Try this suggestion from the bureau of home economics:

1 quart selected 1/4 tsp. salt  
ripe strawberries 1/2 cup or more  
1/2 pint double powdered sugar  
cream

Wash the berries well, drain, and cap. Whip the cream until stiff, add the salt and sugar, and continue the whipping until all are well blended. Fold the berries carefully without crushing them into the cream until each berry is coated. Serve at once. If the berries stand after combining with the cream, the juice is likely to be drawn from them and the cream thinned.

## Vegetable Souffles

Vegetable souffles are nice as the main dish of a hot-weather meal. They are made by combining a food material, as cheese, meat, or vegetable with a heavy white sauce and eggs. The eggs should be separated and the whites folded in last. The whole is then baked in a moderate oven until firm. The eggs used furnish part of the protein required in the meal.

## HOUSEHOLD NOTES

Even charming clothes depend upon the posture of the wearer for their effectiveness. . . .

Make breakfast more interesting by an occasional addition of chopped dried fruit to muffins or cereal. . . .

pinkish towel pinned to one end

## PATTERN POCKETS FOR SEWING ROOM



Pockets for Patterns on Screen in Sewing Room.

A folding screen is often part of the sewing equipment. It may be used either to cut off the view of disorder or for protection during fitting. It often serves as a place on which to pin up partly finished work and various ways have been devised of making such a screen hold small sewing accessories. When not wanted the screen is folded up and put away.

One use of this kind is shown in the picture, taken by the bureau of

home economics of the United States Department of Agriculture. Pockets similar to shoe bags were made on a width of material as large as two panels of the screen. Osanburg, a durable and inexpensive household cotton fabric, which has become widely known, was used for the 30 pleated pockets hung on the screen. Patterns, and findings are then stored in a very handy way within reach of the person working at the sewing machine.

## Watermelons Source of Two Important Vitamins

Refreshing, juicy, fine-flavored watermelons have still another virtue for the consumer who is interested in food values. Watermelons have been found, by the bureau of home economics of the United States Department of Agriculture, to be a good source of two important vitamins, A and C, and to contain detectable amounts of vitamins B and G.

The growth and good physical condition of the laboratory animals in the tests for each vitamin indicated that the watermelon in their diets supplied the vitamin being studied. All the experimental animals ate the watermelon readily, and the guinea pigs developed a keen watermelon appetite.

The feeding experiments were confined to the Tom Watson variety of watermelon, which makes up about 90 per cent of commercial shipments. Other red-fleshed varieties are similar to the Tom Watson in structure and are similarly handled, so it is believed that the results of this study apply to the watermelon crop as a whole.

of the ironing board is useful in pressing garments with embroidery or buttons. . . .

Overcrowding the refrigerator cuts down its efficiency. Air must circulate freely if the proper temperature is maintained. . . .

Extra rhubarb or strawberry juice left during canning may be canned in jars by itself for later use in jelly, summer fruit ices and beverages, pudding sauces or gelatin desserts. . . .

## Super Hosepipe Used by Malay Tin "Miners"

One of the most extraordinary ways of extracting metals from the body of this world of ours is that to be seen in the tin mines of the Malay States. With the exception of precious metals, such as gold, silver, platinum, and radium, tin is now the most valuable in the world. Often the tin-bearing ground rises cliff-like from the plain. Mining is then carried out not by orthodox methods, but with the help of a super hosepipe. This hose throws a thin jet of water at a pressure of more than 200 pounds to the square inch. Until one has seen such a jet it is almost impossible to realize what it is like. The strongest man, for instance, could not cut through the jet near the nozzle of a hose with a heavy sword. If he tried, a broken blade, and probably a broken arm, would result. The jet is directed against the face of the cliff, which crumbles away almost as if it has been blown up by dynamite.

## America's Gold Producer

Ontario can still boast America's richest gold producer in its rightly famous Hollinger mine inasmuch as that mine has yielded, up to the end of 1928, gold to the value of \$145,000,000. The production of so much gold has entailed the mining and the milling of 17,000,000 tons of ore. The Hollinger's present subsurface workings, if placed end to end, would reach from New York to Albany and a little beyond, a distance of nearly 150 miles, and its underground railroad system has a length of more than 91 miles.

## Saved Baby Squirrels

Soot had filled an unused chimney at Dover-Foxcroft, Maine, to within 17 feet of the top, and that situation together with a rope induced gray squirrels to set up housekeeping therein. When an automobile killed another squirrel a kind-hearted man used a flashlight to investigate the old, unused chimney and discovered five babies. Rescued and fed with a medicine dropper, they are now a part of Dr. W. A. Purinton's family circle, and are expected to grow up and live happily ever after.—Indianapolis News.

## Where He Drew the Line

A fine example of self-denial was that exhibited by a rotund Detroit. Although he had had only a light snack, consisting of two English mutton chops, weighing about a pound each, seven broiled kidneys, eight or nine broiled mushrooms, five ears of corn on the cob, a soup of asparagus, six rolls, a bowl of soup, ten crackers, a quarter pound of cheese, and four cups of coffee, he steadfastly refused potatoes. "Potatoes," he explained, "are fattening."

## "Passing the Buck"

Things go so nicely in the flat upstairs last night that I finally went up and knocked on the door.

"Bogus," I said, "here's something I want you to read." And I handed him a sarcastic article I had clipped out of a humorous paper about the family upstairs.

"Heh, heh, heh," he said, when he had finished it. "That's pretty good. Lemme have it, willya? I wanta show it to the family upstairs."—Life.

## New Radio Lighthouse

A new kind of radio lighthouse, invented by a Glasgow engineer, is to be installed at Cumbrae on the Clyde. Hitherto wireless lighthouses have sent out signals by which ships provided with the necessary apparatus can tell their position and their distance from land, but the new invention is a kind of wireless telephone, and mariners listening will be able to tell instantly how far off from the lighthouse they are.

## Electric Dog

A French engineer has invented an electric dog that jumps, barks ferociously and even tries to bite when— theoretically—a burglar throws the light of a torch in its face. The invention works on the principle of electric cells which set up a current when a ray of light reaches them. This in turn starts the motor that makes the dog act like a real animal.

## Another Einstein Theory

Prof. Einstein's theory of life, he expresses thus: "Never forget that the fruits of our work are not final in themselves. Production is meant to enable and make our lives easier, to give our lives a touch of beauty and refinement. Never shall we allow ourselves to be degraded into mere slaves of this thing we call production."—The American Magazine.

## Negotiated Famous Treaty

J. Q. Adams, Henry Clay and Albert Gallatin were the American commissioners who concluded the Treaty of Ghent, which ended the War of 1812, in 1815.

One of the deepest satisfactions is winning the affectionate friendship of a man who is hard boiled.

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