

Banner Serial Fiction

MAIDEN EFFORT

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

CHAPTER XII—Continued

"Take these," ordered Kelsey. He thrust ax and rope into Marne's hands. With a heave he got the squat body across his shoulders. "Keep right back of me," he directed. "If you slip, catch me above the waist."

How they ever reached the side porch, Marne did not clearly know. Kelsey carried his burden to the sofa and lowered it. Hardly could Marne's lips form the whispered question:

"Dead?"

"I don't know."

"I tried," she muttered.

"Of course you did. Nobody could have stopped that beam."

She sat beside him after she had cleansed and bandaged the dreadful wounds across the scalp, then forced some whiskey into the slack mouth. Glunk stirred. His lids fluttered. She uttered a small cry.

"He's alive all right," said Kelsey heartily. "I doubt if it's even a fracture." He was exploring the head beneath his hands. "Skull like a lump of granite. But there's a bad concussion."

They busied themselves putting the patient to bed. He lay disturbingly quiet. Marne asked:

"How are the others going to get back?"

"They aren't."

"Then we can't get any help for Glunk?"

"I don't see how."

There was a long silence, during which she studied her companion's expression. It was somber, intent, repressed. Several times he lifted his head sharply, as if through some impulse hidden from her, and moved uneasily. The explanation leapt to her mind.

"You're in pain!" she exclaimed.

"No."

"Then what is the matter? There's something."

"No. I'm just a little on edge."

"I believe you're afraid," she said slowly.

"Right. I am."

"What of?"

"I'm worried about you."

Marne could not find it in her soul to be frightened. She was too immersed in another thought which, if she had put it into words, would have run about like this:

"Here we are, together. Whatever happens to one, will happen to the other. We're beginning to understand each other. It can't be very bad."

As if he had some inkling of her thought, he looked across the bed at her and smiled. She smiled back, her resolution stimulated.

"Kelsey!"

"Yes."

"We sort of stopped short, didn't we? Isn't there something else?"

"Yes. I love you."

"I thought it might be that," said she contentedly.

and with a hint of a snuffle trying to explain something. Then Marne's clear voice.

"Oh, what does it matter now? What does anything like that matter? Don't bother."

"But I got Kelsey in wrong with you."

"That's all fixed. Pass it, Gloria."

Martin asked Kelsey:

"Do you think it's safe here?"

"No. Get Marne out."

"I guess the old craft'll hold one extra, with a lot of bailing. Though I guarantee nothing if this weather keeps up. Listen to that wind!"

"Then hurry up."

"What about you, boy? Suppose the old shack casts loose?"

"There's a bunch of shore-willows still standing up. If I can get Glunk

"Mart's an experienced boatman."

"The wind's awful." She shuddered. "How soon could he bring the doctor back, if he can make it?"

"A couple of hours, I should think," answered Kelsey, trying to sound more optimistic than he felt. "I believe I could use a nap. Wake me if Glunk is worse."

She fell into prompt and deep slumber.

CHAPTER XIII

It was not Kelsey that woke the sleeper, but a frightened sense that a searchlight was playing upon her face. She opened her eyes and saw, through the window opposite, flashes too frequent for lightning, occurring



The injured Glunk lay there disturbingly quiet.

to that, we might make the big sycamore beyond."

"You might," retorted his friend through compressed lips, "and then again—"

"Cut it, Mart. Get started."

"For where?" Marne was standing in the doorway.

Kelsey said briskly: "Next boat starts in thirty seconds. Are you and Gloria ready?"

"I'm ready. What about you?"

"I'm not going this trip."

"Why not?"

"Well, there's Gunk to think of."

"So there is. I'm not going, either."

"Don't be a fool, Marne. Why should you stay here when—"

"Well, there's Glunk," stated the girl placidly.

"Now, listen to me—"

"And there's you."

"Too much talk," put in Martin.

"We're starting."

Kelsey put an urgent hand on Marne's shoulder.

"Martin will come back for me after he's landed you and Gloria."

A savage gust of the rising gale blew in the swinging window with a crash.

"Pretty soon we can't any of us get anywhere," stated Martin. "This wind is getting ugly."

"Then how do you figure on coming back for Kelsey?" queried the girl. She swerved away from Kelsey's hold.

"Get going, Gloria," snapped Martin. He turned to the other girl. "Do you want us to drag you down and throw you in?"

Crossing the room, she settled into a massive arm-chair, and wound herself into it, with arms and legs. "You'd have to take this, too. Sit-down strike," she announced.

"Marne!" pleaded Kelsey.

"I'd do anything in the world for you but that," she laughed. "I like this place."

"Coming, Gloria?" barked Martin.

"I don't know. I-I-I-I feel like a rat, leaving them—"

"Beat it, my child," directed Marne. "We don't need a chaperon tonight."

The pair struggled out into the uproar of the elements, Martin shouting over his shoulder: "I'll be back if I can make it."

Kelsey was white to the lips, but he put on an easy air. "Stout fella, Martin," he approved. "Doesn't waste time on useless motions."

"Are you going to scold me?"

"No."

"That's good. I don't feel I could quite take it, just now. I'm going to look at Glunk."

Presently she called out from the inner room: "He's bleeding again. Bring me the cloth and basin, will you?"

Care of the sufferer occupied them both for a time. When the immediate job was done, the girl said:

"Do you think there's any chance of their not making it?"

in a sort of spaced rhythm which stirred vague associations in her still confused brain. She sat up in her chair.

"What's that?"

"Someone's playing funny tricks with my car-lights, I should say."

She crossed to the window. "It isn't funny tricks. They're trying to signal."

"How do you know?"

"It's Morse code. Short for dot; long for dash."

"Then it must be Holmes. He used to be a telegrapher. But what's the use? I can't read it."

"I can. It was in one of my courses. 'K. H.' What kind of code is that?"

"My initials."

"Of course. How dumb of me! They're taking a chance you might know Morse. Wait. I'll answer."

When the flashes lapsed into darkness, she operated the window shade, sending out the letters: "O. K. O. K."

At once the message began to come over, Marne spelling it out for her companion. "B-O-A-T S-U-N-K, boat sunk. W-E O-K; they're all right, thank God!" she completed the reading: "Will stand by till morning. What time is it, Kelsey?"

"Close to midnight."

"There's a lot of night left."

"Yes."

"That eliminates the doctor-man. There's no other way of his getting here, I suppose."

"I can't figure any, unless he had a hydro."

"Glunk seems easier now," she announced after taking a look.

"Then we can think about ourselves for a change." He came over and stood above her. "Marne, there are too many loose ends hanging between us. I've got some things to say."

She looked up at him with eyes that begged his forbearance. "Not tonight, Kelsey, dear. Do you mind?"

"Why not tonight?"

"Look at us," she said. "We're all worked up. We're off balance. And you're going serious on me."

"Deadly serious."

"Let's wait till tomorrow. When we're quite normal again."

He could not find it in his heart to say to her: "There may not be any tomorrow for us." He sighed and nodded.

"You are sweet to me. You understand, don't you?"

"I'm trying to. Why don't you turn in and get some rest?"

"Doesn't appeal to me at the moment. I wish we had something to do."

"That's easy. Remember the canoe that Martin picked out of a bush?"

"With a hole in it as big as our two heads?"

"That can be patched. I've had it in mind to do it, in case we might develop a yen to go paddling."

"Would she carry us?" she asked dubiously.

"I think so. In an emergency."

"What kind of emergency?"

"Oh, well, if this aged mansion sprung a leak."

She stared at him soberly. "I see," she said. "What do you want me to do?"

"Help me dig up anything in the line of patching material."

Careful search brought to hand tools, strips of wood, paint, and tar. It was a rough bit of patchwork that Kelsey contrived, but he went about it in a workmanlike way which commanded Marne's respect.

"There," said he to his assistant after two hours of absorbed toil. "By morning she ought to be watertight."

"I'm sorry it's finished, though," she mused, giving the little craft a final pat.

"Why?"

"It's been something to keep us busy."

He glanced at her face, strained and wan. "You'd better go up and get some rest," he advised compassionately.

"I couldn't go to bed. Suppose Glunk wanted me?"

"All right. Make me some coffee, then." It would be easier for her, he figured, if she had something to do.

She not only made the coffee, but scrambled the two remaining eggs, and contrived some tolerable toast. After they had eaten this in great content, Marne fell asleep again.

Moans from the bed awoke her. Struggling to her feet, she groped for Kelsey's hand in terror.

"Is he worse?"

"I doubt it. Another touch of delirium, I expect."

Slowly the bandaged head turned toward the rear wall, and seemed to shrink between the massive shoulders as if from the brutality of another blow. There was a sharp shock, a more strident note from the darkness outside. The ancient mansion trembled throughout its frame.

"That was a boulder," said Kelsey. "No harm done."

"Does that mean that the cliff is giving way?"

"I don't know."

Glunk groaned and lay still. A rill of water darted in quick angles across the floor.

"Time to move to higher ground," prescribed Kelsey with determined cheerfulness. "Give a hand with the canoe."

They bore their handiwork tenderly up the three steps leading from the dining room and set it in the hallway close to the front door. Kelsey returned to get Glunk, who seemed to be in a semi-coma.

"Listen," said Marne. The wind was whooping overhead.

"It'll begin to be light in less than four hours," reckoned her companion.

"You are sweet to me. You understand, don't you?"

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Steady Egg Production

Key to Poultry Success

"Manage the laying flock to keep production above the 50 per cent level every month of the year."

That's a new year's resolution recommended to Minnesota poultrymen by Cora Cooke, extension poultry specialist, University farm, St. Paul.

The flock that was highest in the 1938 record flock project sponsored by the Minnesota agricultural extension service proved that steady production is safe from the standpoint of the hens and builds production that means profit. The top placing flock of 189 hens averaged 221 eggs per hen during the year. Most significant, however, was the fact that the flock placed among the 10 high producing flocks in 9 of the 12 months.

Tom Thumb Orchards

Tired of climbing 40 feet up to pick their choice fruit, apple growers are looking to midget trees as the remedy, declares the Country Home Magazine. By using a dwarfing rootstock, such as Jaunne de Metz or French Paradise, nurserymen produce trees that mature at a height of about 10 feet. These are planted 15 feet apart, compared with 35 feet for ordinary trees. They are much easier to prune, spray and pick. Some 20 standard apple varieties are now available for purchase in dwarf sizes, according to Dr. H. B. Tukey, horticulturist for the New York experiment station at Geneva, and a pioneer in this field.

Sweets for Steers

On cold winter days, corn covered with blackstrap molasses apparently tastes as delectable to steers as buckwheat cakes and maple syrup do to men, declares the Country Home Magazine. H. J. Gramlick, formerly of the Nebraska experiment station, feeds two pounds of molasses daily to each of his steers as an appetizer. When the price of corn is high he steps the daily dose up to five pounds. His tests show that a pound of molasses is 85 per cent as effective as a pound of cracked corn in putting on weight.

Fighting Bang's Disease

Four years ago the federal government began testing for Bang's disease and slaughtering infected animals. The work was started as an emergency measure by the Agricultural Adjustment administration to reduce the cattle population of the United States. More than 1 1/2 million cattle with Bang's disease have been killed since 1933. There have been more than 25 million tests made in nearly two million herds. The infected animals came from a total of more than 11 million cattle tested.

Various Calendars Used by Japanese; Count From Emperor's Accession Date

Although the Christian calendar is the business standard in Japan, there are other calendars, some of them bewildering to foreigners, also in use, says one authority.

The present year is 1938 in Japan as in America for foreign commercial and many domestic purposes. However, it is more usual for Japanese among themselves to count the years from the date of the emperor's accession. This is year 13 by that reckoning. For ceremonial occasions it is 2598—that is, the number of years elapsed since the coronation of Japan's first emperor, Jimmu.

For centuries it was the practice to change the era every time something epoch-making happened, or when there occurred some earthquake, drought, pestilence or famine which needed to be quickly thrust out of the present into the past. The ruler who changed his eras most was Godaigo, the ninety-sixth emperor.

One of the most important milestones in the world's recent history was the arrival of Commodore Perry at Uruga in the sixth year of Kael (1852). Despite his friendly reception his visit was viewed as a bodelful portent and after his departure the era was changed to Ansei (Peaceful Reign) to blot out the memory of the event. Perry returned next year, however. And in the second year of Ansei occurred the great earthquake which killed more than 100,000 persons.

Emperor Meiji, ascending the throne in 1868, put a stop to this ancient practice of frequently changing the year-name. He decreed that each emperor should use but one year-name, beginning and ending with his reign.

FARM TOPICS

EAR-TAGS REVEAL DAIRY CRIMINALS

Is Equivalent to Fingerprinting in Humans.

Equivalent to fingerprinting in humans, is the "ear-tagging" system that reveals dairy cows and families that are enemies to profitable dairy farming.

New York state is one of the states co-operating with the United States bureau of dairy industry at Washington in permanently identifying all animals in dairy herd improvement associations, according to Professor S. J. Brownell of the Cornell agricultural extension service.

The purpose of the identification and permanent records is not only to apprehend the dairy criminals, he says, but to eliminate the unfavorable influences in breeding future dairy cattle. Every cow is put on her own production record and farmers get a complete analysis of breeding efficiency which reveals the value of every bull in every dairy-herd improvement association breed.

The system locates and identifies outstanding brood cows for selection of breeding stock and provides a means of tracing family strains. The records are analyzed to identify an inheritance for high ability in producing milk and butterfat, and the influence of these superior animals may then be disseminated throughout the general dairy cow population.

The same principle applies in official testing with breed organizations which record the "fingerprinted" cows and bulls. Both purebreds and grades need more of it, says Professor Brownell.

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HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



DEAR MRS. SPEARS: I had been wanting some really handsome velvet roses to pep up an evening dress. I was thrilled to find in your Book 2, instructions for making them from materials I already had. I would also like to thank you for the knitted rag rug in Book 1. My Mother spent many happy hours making it last winter.

"I thought you might be interested in a luncheon set I have just finished. It was planned to go with a set of blue dishes. There are four mats and a long runner in medium blue linen with bands of old fashioned needle weaving in darker blue across the ends. Just two edges of the napkins are banded with the weaving."

We can imagine how attractive

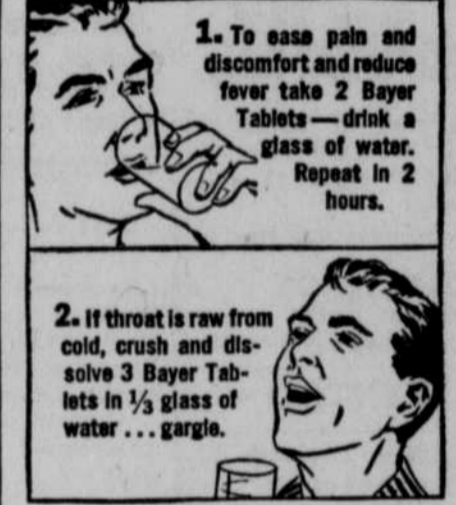
the table must be set with these mats and the blue dishes. Some of you who have pink dishes might like to try the same idea in tones of rose. Use a rather coarse linen. Prepare the work for the weaving by drawing out the fabric threads as for hemstitching. Each step is shown here in the diagram. Either linen or mercerized embroidery thread may be used.

Sewing Book No. 2, Gifts, Novelties and Embroideries, contains 48 pages of step-by-step directions which have helped thousands of women. If your home is your hobby you will also want Book 1—SEWING, for the Home Decorator. Order by number, enclosing 25 cents for each book. If you order both books, copy of the new Rag Rug Leaflet will be included free. Those who have both books may secure leaflet for 6 cents in postage. Address Mrs. Spears, 210 S. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.

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This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold infections.

