

talking sense or nonsense."

er. "You have no idea."

unopened in Bryn's pocket.

her hand out mutely.

sure," she said.

"Tubby's fault," Bryn answered,

.

to bed. Tonight of all nights, Grand-

had it on your mind, you know."

She nodded mutely.

Francisco, but I am afraid she may

not have shown me in a kindly

the explanation which I have r

in regard to my silence in view of

the fact that I am an enlisted man

arbitrary control of any whim of my

superior officers and subject to the

over the whole business, and spent

plain, but of course it was an impos-

sibility to do so.

I don't know whether it has oc-

amount of unsophistication.

knowing to some extent how she had

been brought up, but I did not real-

modern times. I grant you that it

must have been difficult for her to

come down alone to meet me, and

perhaps if I had known just how dif-

state of mind and lack of under-

her objections and explain away her

nothing. Deborah was in a state of

to see her at all, and by the time I

Even as it was, I might have been

lutely unwarranted interference of

some unknown person in the law-

to be willing to take up at once with

a stranger. The fact of Mr. Hol-

worthy's presence was all that rec-

onciled me to leaving her, angry as

The really serious question be-

lawyer, and it is his opinion that

might make a fight for the estate

that would ultimately prove success-

be, from your point of view, an abso-

lute necessity. I have examined the

except through me, and although I

certain circumstances we

nary reasoning.

I was.

under

My dear Mrs. Larned:

conveniences as mails,

CHAPTER VIII-Continued

it was against his lips; his eyes all. It's his." were still on hers, gentle, compelling. But she was afraid; she drew mured, laughing. "You two keep her hand away swiftly and sprang from her chair. "Isn't that . . . is'nt that the car?" she said breath-

It was, Madeline and Tubby had been to town, and when Madeline came up to the veranda Bryn inquired about mail.

"There was a letter for Tubby from Pilar," Madeline replied. Sally stopped dead. She looked

up at Madeline in horror. "From Pilar?" she repeated.

"Who is Pilar?" Deborah inquired.

Sally and Madeline looked at each other. Then they both coughed together. "Just a girl," Madeline said nonchalantly, but Sally at the same moment said, "She's a horrible nasty scheming vampire, that's what she is, and I hate her."

"I wouldn't like her." Deborah said positively, and put her chin up. Simon raised himself on his arms and called down to them through the twilight. "Hi," he said, "what about the other mail?"

"There's more. Tubby's got it," Madeline explained. "In his pocket. He's coming across the bridge now. I can hear his delicate footsteps." Tubby stopped beside the steps, only a few feet in front of Deborah, so that as he took the letters from his inner coat pocket she each envelope . . .

"Simon," he announced, "Nothing for you, Bryn. Sally, two for you. Madeline had hers in town. Anoth-



"She's a Horrible Nasty Scheming Vampire."

er for you, Simon. And here," he said gallantly, "is a letter for you, ize that any girl could possibly, in Mrs. Larned. It looks very inter- this day and age, have remained so esting. Written in a bold, dashing, entirely unaware of all trends of masculine hand, with a very thick enclosure, it carries with it a hint of mystery." He had been holding out Simon's

last letter, waiting for him to take standing of modern life as it is lived, it, as he spoke; so that Deborah I should have been able to overcom had had a moment to take in the meaning of the handwriting on Grandmother's envelope. It was familiar . . . it was dreadfully familiar. A cold icy hand clutched at her heart, and she felt herself turning faint again, as she had on able to overcome Deborah's childish that dreadful afternoon on the terrors had it not been for the absowharf . . . Grandmother was smiling at Tubby's nonsense, waiting yer's office. Deborah will probably for her letter. She did not notice have mentioned him to you, and Deborah's face. But Bryn did. He stood up sharply. He saw Deborah's pained and astonished to discover whiteness. He put out his hand that she had so little good taste as and took the letter from Tubby's. He glanced at it. He looked over at Grandmother.

"He could be arrested for this," he told Grandmother grimly, "Interfering with government mails. Bribery and corruption. The crooked copy of the will I have consulted a game of politics."

Tubby stared at him, his mouth

Shut up," Bryn told him, al- ful, The circumstances are, of course. though he had not spoken. "Not a a marriage between Deborah and word out of you, you iniquitous myself which would take place with your approval. This, unless there scoundrel. Trying to defraud me are aspects of the case with which of my rightful property, indeed I am not familiar, seems to me to This is my letter. I've been looking for it for weeks, longing for it, list of securities named in the will not being able to sleep nights. It's as the source of your present income, a detailed and careful account of and, as you doubtless know only too the construction of the arch of the well, most of them are completely worthless. How you have managed bridge over the . . . over the Volga for the past few years is a mystery, river in Russia. New departure in and may possibly explain Deborah's engineering. I'm sure Grandmother would enjoy reading it, wouldn't she? I suppose this is your idea of a joke. Grandmother, I apologize for having such a stupid and crass insect for a friend."

can to make things easier for you, I have obtained from my com-mander an extended leave of absence, and I am leaving San Diego tomorrow morning to drive up the coast to your home. You may ex-pect me at the latest by Wednesday on, unless I meet with unexpected difficulties along the road. Yours sincerely, STUART OGDEN GRAHAM.

Bryn folded the letter. Tubby thrust his hands into his pockets and began to saunter up and down the room, whistling beneath his breath. Simon put his hands behind his head and stared at the ceiling. Sally was trembling with excitement and clutching Simon's knee, and Madeline walked slowly across and dropped down beside Deborah.

"Well," Tubby said, buttoning his coat and squaring his shoulders, "if "I was . . . I was just kidding he's got to be kept away, he's got hlm, Grandmother," Tubby mut- to be kept away, and that's all He lifted her hand gently until tered. "It isn't your letter after there is to it. After all, there are "Oh, dear." Grandmother mur- Five against one. That ought to lightly down. "I think we ought be easy." me in a perfect state of bewilder-

"You talk as if we were going to ment. I don't suppose I shall ever fight about it," Sally said tearfully. be able to tell whether you are "With guns. It isn't half as blundering or easy as that."

"Not half," Madeline echoed. thrusting the letter into his pocket. "This is going to be strategy. And "Tubby's an awful ass. Grandmothstrategy, Tubby, never was your strong point, if you will remember.' She smiled up at him, a warm ten-Deborah stood tensely before the der smile that made him blink and window, hands locked together, look as if he saw her for the first waiting for Bryn to come down- time. "But you're a darling, Tubby, stairs after taking Grandmother up and you're loyal and strong, and worth a lot more than one of those mother had stayed up half an hour slippery strategists." later, and all the time Stuart Gra-

"Well, gee," Tubby said, bewil ham's letter, filled with all sorts dered, and sat down. "We might bar the road," Tubby

of unimaginable possibilities, lay said hopefully. "Put a gate across Bryn came in quickly and shut it, you know.'

the door behind him. Deborah broke "Somebody would have to guard away from Madeline's arm. She it, of course," Bryn said thoughttook a step toward him. She put fully. "And he'd want to know why he couldn't pass. If I stayed there Bryn drew the letter out. He myself and had a talk with him, Bryn. I never saw anything like it. looked at it. "I don't like opening explaining the situation, it might other people's letters," he said slow- help; but I wouldn't trust him not ly. "It might be only an extraordi- to pretend to go away and then to nary resemblance, Deborah, You've sneak back when we weren't watching just to see what harm he could She took it from his hand and do.'

looked at it. The very touch of the "What you're hinting at," Tubby envelope made her shiver. "I'm said boldly, "is that we've got to capture him, then, and dispose of Bryn ripped the end off the enve- him finally, once and for all. Murlope, and drew out the folded der, I suppose. Of course, it doesn't could easily see them. Idly, as he pages. He glanced at Deborah's matter. Any of us would gladly called out a name, she glanced at face. "Shall I read it, Deborah?" oblige, but it would be nice to Bryn know your plans first. We might straightened the pages and began, draw lots to see who would stab him. That's the fairest way, really."

"What we've got to do," Bryn Naturally I cannot imagine just what Deborah had told you regard- said, disregarding Tubby, "is to let ing the failure of our plans in San him come here, all unsuspecting; but we've got to know ahead of time. We've got to let him come I suppose it is useless for me to here to make sure of getting our boy. Women love that kind of expect that after hearing Deborah's story, whatever it was, and after this long silence on my part, you gates we can be sure of being unto stand on." disturbed." can have any sympathy for me and

the position in which I now find my-self. But I must ask you to accent "I know," Deborah said suddenly, "Joe."

She turned to Bryn. "Yes. Joe is in the navy, completely under the our nearest neighbor's boy. Before you came," she explained, "when Joe's father brought us any mail restrictions of anyone on board a ship out of touch with land and such from town, or anything we didn't expect, he used to sound a call on And now for Deborah's story.
What she has told you, I do not know, as I mentioned before, but hunting bugle he made himself out a horn he has there. A kind of looking at the matter from her point of a deer-horn. He's terribly proud of view, and trying to be just and of it, and he loves to do it. He's generous, I am forced to the conclutaught Joe, too, and you can hear sion that whatever she told you must have been both exaggerated and biit for miles. Why not . . . why I was very much disturbed not have Joe watch the road? Nothing could get past him, especially if all my shore leave when in San you told him enough to make him Francisco trying to find her and exsee how serious it was. And the minute he sees the car he can sound the horn, and we'll have alcurred to you, Mrs. Larned, to think most fifteen minutes to prepare." how completely ignorant of the world and its ways Deborah is. I was prepared, of course, for a cer-

"Well, there you are," Bryn said, smiling down at Deborah. "We're all right, aren't we?"

"We're . . . all right," Deborah said, and her lashes dropped to her cheek at the look in his eyes.

. Bryn, very boldly, had proposed a starlit walk to Deborah, and to his ficult, if I had realized Deborah's surprise she had made no excuse, charming, and I am so glad for Bryn. She had been pale and weary after the excitement of the letter, and give Deborah my love, now that some solution had been difficulties. As it was, I could do reached, she put it behind her with relief. She walked along beside frantic terror before I had a chance him in silence, holding to her face, reached her, she was beyond ordi- from time to time, the sheaf of clove-pinks he had gathered for her beside the walk. Their perfume, heady and sweet, drifted up to him. "It's a beautiful night," he said steadily.

"Yes." "What's it like up here in the winter time, Deborah?"

"Oh," she replied, "it's beautiful, love it. We get ever so much snow, just here in the valley, but it doesn't last long. When it comes. it makes me think of Lorna Doone. Do you remember? When the snow tween us is that of your husband's was so heavy and thick, and they will and Deborah's estate. With my were all winter-bound?"

"What do you do with yourself

when you are snow-bound?" "There was always plenty to do. Mending, you know, and sewing. and keeping the house in order."

"But in the evenings?" She glanced up at him, "Some times it is a little dull," she said "But Joe's father brought us a load of logs each fall, and we would put one on the fire, Gary and I, and sit beside it reading. Or playing chess." ible to the surface craft being at-

said. "We'll get a radio this winter, shall we? And how about a appearance and obvious lack of ad- kitten or two? A hearth isn't real. ter pours in up to the inside door vantages. In any case, no mitigation of your circumstances may arrive ly complete without a kitten."

She murmured something under am deeply hurt and mortified, not to her breath. Bryn bent toward her.

friendship which has existed between voice, "I said, you would probably our families for so long, to do what be bored. The road will be impassable as soon as the rains set in. You will find it very dull, shut away from the world for so long." "No," he said. "I'd be looking at

> She caught her breath. "You'd . . you'd get tired of that." "I'd never get tired of looking at

you. Don't you know how beautiful you are, Deborah? You're the prettiest thing in the world."

"Oh, no. No, I'm not." She bent her head and lifted the pinks to her lips. She held them there, sllent,

"Deborah." "Yes?"

"Do you . . . like me at all?" She did not answer. Bryn could near his own heart pounding. He

She stirred. "You have been more than kind to me," she said, "and to Grandmother, too. I am very grateful." She put her hands be four men of us here, and Burch. side her on the wall and jumped to go in," she said quickly.

She did not speak on the way back to the house, except to murmur "Thank you" as he held the door. Once inside she went directly up the stairs, quickly, as if she wanted to get away from him.

For a long time Bryn stood at the foot of the stairs, thinking, wondering, remembering. Then, slowly, he went on up, and down to Tubby's room.

Bryn shut the door behind him and sat down uninvited. He looked at Tubby. "You do a lot of thinking these days," he said commiserately. "It must be quite hard on

"Huh," Tubby retorted, meeting his gaze, "you don't look any too peaceful yourself. And yet, here am I, doing at least half your thinking for you, and damn' near all the worrying. Lord, you're slow, I suppose you haven't told her yet how you feel about her, have you? Using the correct technique?" "What do you mean?"

"Well, one of the first rules is for gentleman to confess his tender passion first. I suppose you had sense enough to do that?"

Bryn drew a deep breath. "I don't know. I can't remember. I don't think so. What I wanted was to find out how she felt. I know how I feel."

"There you go, old dunderhead. She doesn't know how you feel, does she? That is, you couldn't expect her to be any more sensible than you, under the circumstances, and you're as blind as an owl. So you just asked the girl where she stood and omitted to mention your own state of affections first? Bright

Bryn gazed at him dazedly, Tubby groaned. He reached over to the table beside him and lifted Pilar's letter, open, its words leaping out from the page. "Read that," he commanded. "If anything can sober you up, this will."

"I don't want to read it. It hasn't anything to do with me."

"That's just what you'd like to think. Let me tell you, my son. It may be addressed to me, but if I hadn't been here with you, I'd never have seen it. She knows darn well that I'll pass the word on to you."

"What word?" "Take it. Read it." Bryn took it, and sighed, but settled down to it.

My dear Tubby: I do hope you are having a pleasant visit away up there in the mountains. I must say I was completely taken by surprise to hear that you had gone, and without telling anyone your address! But Bryn naturally would not care to have the world know the location of his idyllic retreat. Isn't it romantic? I think it is too thrilling, and together with every one else, I can scarcely wait to meet his bride. I hear she is beautiful and completely Do give him my kindest regards, and

Affectionately.

Bryn looked up. "How does she know Deborah's name? How does she know you're here with us?"

"I'll bet a nickel she searched the records of the license bureau for the answer to your first question. And for the other, Sally and Simon left a forwarding address. Pilar would get what she wanted or die in the attempt."

"Well, why shouldn't she?" Bryn demanded. "She should have been told, as far as that goes, I thought you would tell her something to satisfy her. She's one of the gang, isn't she, and, after all, we did go around together pretty steadily, Tubby. If she's upset, I don't blame her much. It would have been only common courtesy on my part to write and tell her the whole story, but it was too damned awkward. I tried.'

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Torpedoes Under Water

A submarine is armed with torpe does which can be fired while submerged, aim being taken by means of a periscope, which alone is vis-"It sounds very pleasant," Bryn tacked. When a torpedo is fired from a submarine, the outer door of the torpedo tube opens and waof the tube. In order to reload the tube the outer door is closed, the inner door opened and the water in mention my disappointment and the general disruption of my plans, I am willing, for the sake of the "I said," she replied, lifting her the submarine and is pumped out. the tube rushes into the bilges of



"Six Men in a Boat" By FLOYD GIBBONS Famous Headline Hunter.

T ISN'T often that heroes get the medals they deserve for their brave deeds, but here's one that did. He is John Garnish of Brooklyn, N. Y., and if the reward is any criterion of the deed, John must have done the most heroic act of the century.

He got, not just one medal, but two. And in addition, he was presented with a gold watch and two life saving certificates.

Now I've got you wondering what a man could do to deserve all that stuff for one act of heroism. Well, John just threw away his life, that's all. He just tossed it out on the waters-chucked it into the laps of the Fates. And it was nothing but dumb luckor maybe an act of Providence-that it came floating back to him.

It was September 9, 1922. The Lamport and Holt line steamship Euclid picked up an S O S call from the Hamburg-American liner Harmonia. It was 6 a. m. and a storm was raging in the Bay of Biscay, through which the Euclid was plowing its way, but the SOS was urgent-the Harmonia was sinking rapidly-and the Euclid was only a few hours' run away. The skipper ordered the ship about and set the men who were off duty to lowering all available Jacob's ladders over the side and making them fast.

Stricken Ship Wallows in the Heavy Seas.

John Garnish was a fireman on the Euclid. He was one of the men off duty and working on the Jacob's ladders. He saw the whole rescue from start to finish, and wound up by getting right into the thick of it.

The Euclid reached the Harmonia at 9:30 a.m. after having fought its way through a sea that had seriously injured one of the sailors. "What a sight she was," says John. "I have been through the World war in the merchant marine-have seen ships torpedoed and sunk-have watched oil tankers burst into flame, drop out of the convoy and go to the bottom. But the Harmonia is one ship I'll never forget.

"As we approached her, she was lying on her starboard side, her rails almost in the water. The lifeboats on her port side were useless on account of the list. Of the starboard boats, only a few had been able to get away because of the heavy sea. We saw dozens of corpses floating in the water. But the storm made it impossible for us to lower our own boats. We could only stand by and wait.

Craven Crew Seeks Refuge in Life Boats.

"A lifeboat from the Harmonia came toward us, and our skipper saw that it was filled with members of the crew. He ordered them to go back



Six Men in a Little Boat Reached the Sinking Liner.

and rescue women and children. Instead, they scrambled and fought for the ladders until our skipper brought the ship around to the weather side and their boat was swamped by the heavy sea."

It was one of those disgraceful things that happen ever so often in sea disasters. The captain of the Euclid gave orders to fish the panic-stricken sailors out of the water, and turned to the chief officer. "I won't order my men to take a boat out in that sea," he said, "but if any of them want to volunteer, they can go ahead."

John Garnish heard him say that. So did another fireman. Both of hem volunteered on the spot. John wasn't the only hero on that boat that day, nor the only man to earn-and deserve-watches, life-saving certificates and a flock of medals. Three more sailors and the chief officer joined with them, and they lowered a boat into the raging sea.

Heroic Volunteers Risk Lives in Desperate Rescue Venture.

The wind and waves buffeted the little boat about like a cork. The six men in her were tossed high in the air on the crest of every wave until it seemed little short of miraculous that their cockleshell boat wasn't capsized and swamped. They fought like fiends against the power of the Atlantic, and at length they reached the stricken liner.

"We came close under her stern," says John, "and soon discovered that this was a mistake, for the sea was washing up on her well deck. We pulled out again, and came back in amidships. I caught one of her port holes with a boat hook, and a sailor grabbed one of the blocks that was dangling over the side of her davits. Passengers now started jumping from the saloon deck. Many of them missed the boat and landed in the water, but we got them. We started back for our ship loaded down with 40 people, and I never thought we'd be able to make it.

'Half way between the two ships we saw an upturned boat with four women and a little girl clinging desperately to the bottom. It was a pitiable sight, but we could do nothing until we had unloaded our passengers. However, we reached the ship safely, got all our people aboard, and then set out to aid the upturned boat."

John Rated a Flock of Medals for This Feat.

That was the most terrible part of the whole adventure. The men at the oars were already exhausted by their grueling trip to the Harmonia, but they rowed on until they reached the upturned lifeboat.

After a bitter fight they got there-pulled the castaways into their boat and brought them safely back to the ship. Then, the brave crew of that little boat dragged themselves aboard the Euclid with the cheers of the people they had rescued ringing in

Other ships began appearing on the scene now, and helped with the rescue work. The Harmonia sank, and the captain, the last man aboard, was rescued by the crew of the Kingsford Castle. But a hundred lives had been lost in the excitement and panic that reigned aboard the stricken vessel before the Euclid had reached the scene.

Watch Child's Posture

to Avoid Later Illness

When the child is old enough to sit, stand, or walk alone, we must the formation of faulty habits in the use of his body. Poor posture and in a parallel position, rather than toeing out: if his ankles sag instraight spine if he sits crookedly, or sits habitually on one foot; if his clothing pulls heavily or unevenly on the shoulders; or if he is made to use adult furniture which does not fit his body.

A child may have one shoulder keeping.

other, a hollow back, and a flat chest, and yet his mother may not be conscious that he is anything but continue to be on our guard against | the perfect specimen she would like him to be! Those of us who do health examinations can see this weak muscles will follow if he does | demonstrated daily. Mothers do not not bear his weight evenly on his see it because they have not been feet; if he does not hold his feet | taught to look for it. They see their children through a rosy glow of mother love which can be almost ward; or if he walks on the inside blind. Train yourself to look at of his foot. A child will not have a | your child when he is undressed for his bath-really look at him; cultivate a seeing eye. Note whether he uses both sides of his body equally well, and see whether he is symmetrically formed or not .- Dr. Josephine H. Kenyon in Good House-

higher than the other, one shoulder

blade on a different level from the

Say Boundary Dispute Caused Trojan War; Helen a Myth

Debunkers now tell us that the Trojan war was probably the result of a boundary dispute, and was not caused by the abduction of Helen. the beautiful wife of King Menelaus, by Paris, and that Helen was a myth. Still, Helen's story must have happened somewhere; it's too good a story just to be made up, even by a war office propagandist.



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Watch Your Kidneys!

Be Sure They Properly Cleanse the Blood

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stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as nature intended—fail to remove impurities that poison the system when retained.

Then you may suffer nagging backache, dizziness, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, puffiness under the eyes, feel nervous, miserable—all upset

e-all upset. Don't delay? Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are especially for poorly func-tioning kidneys. They are recom-mended by grateful users the country over. Get them from any druggist.

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