

The Long Green Graze

A Cross Word Puzzle Mystery
By Vincent Fuller

(Continued from Yesterday.)
"For centuries this god has sat there amidst ice that has formed itself into the sacred symbols of our religion. For countless generations its luminous green eyes have gazed out of the dark cavern upon the snows of the Himalayas. It was that image which was violated."

Ghopal paused, but Chalfonte did not move. He sat leaning forward, his hands clenched.
"One year," Ghopal resumed, "we had a guest in our house, your father. We knew little of his name, and we trusted him. He was there at the time of greatest heat, and as the young men returned one by one and were received with rejoicings, he asked about the pilgrimages, and my father told him all."

"The next year he returned with two others, and again my father welcomed him and his friends. They remained until the last of the young men had returned, and then made their departure. Later we realized that they must have returned by night, skirted the village and made the ascent to the cavern of the god."
"A tribesman reported strange tracks. My father, his suspicions aroused, gathered the men of the tribe about him and followed the tracks. In two days they caught up with the raiding party, and a battle followed. Since my people had no firearms, many of them were killed—but so was one in your father's party. Your father and the other men escaped, but on the body of the dead man was found one of the emeralds. The other, your father, must have carried with him."

"The since eye was restored to the image, but that year my people famine for the first time. A good economist might possibly connect that with the coming of the outside world. To my people it meant only that the god was angry. The next year, even greater famine scourged the land and its people, and hundreds died. They tried then the experiment of taking the lone emerald from the god's face, and the next year the famine was not quite so great. Since that time, we have endured, but at great sacrifice. Each year that the emerald has been returned, the famine has been worse. Our wise men concluded that the god was angry at them for recovering only one of his eyes; and since that time, some people of the village have always been searching for the other emerald."

"Early in life, I was consecrated to this task by my father. For many years of my life have been spent

In the search. I was sent to England to be educated, but that education was only secondary to the recovery of the emerald eye. And always the leader of the search carries with him the remaining emerald. It is a belief—surely at it if you will—that the one eye will spy about the other, as indeed at last it has.

"The difficulty was that we thought your father was an Englishman or Frenchman, and for the last few years the search has languished. I had returned to India a few months before I met you, almost ready to give up the search forever. Then you came. As you know, you found our people unfriendly. Outsiders have been unwelcome in our home of recent years, as you may well guess. But something in your face attracted me. You told me your name. You did not notice it, but I noticed it. But to me it meant the beginning of the end of the long search."

"I cannot, of course, after the education I have received, believe in the efficacy of the god with the simple faith of my people. It is not my intellect, which in recent years has made me continue in the search, but the memory of my dying father's charge to me, of the long years of childlike belief, and the memory of the climb that made of me a man. And I can not yet, for all my recent knowledge, wholly shake off a naive belief that it was the god himself who led you back. True, I have not obtained the stone; but how can the Museum to which the stone is willed, receive stolen goods? Surely there is justice somewhere in the world of yours."

"That may be, Ghopal—I'm not sure. But first there's the job of finding the stone itself."
"That is true. But you must remember that I, at least, will have the one emerald eye looking for the other. For surely they will return to me the stone I brought." Saying this, Ghopal smiled, enigmatically, for the first time.

"That was why you wanted to come along with me to America, was it?"
"Of course. I knew that the stone would be, probably, somewhere in your family. How it came to be in your aunt's possession, I don't wholly understand yet."

"That's easy. My father and Emily Dunsenath were engaged to be married at one time, but Emily broke it off. It was then that my father went to India, and returned with the emerald. Emily was in love, apparently, with Alan Dunsenath, then; but my father tried to win her with the emerald. Emily was fascinated by it—she had always loved wealth and all that goes with it. For a time she wavered between the two, between my father and Alan Dunsenath, and at last accepted my father again, and secured the emerald. Then my father would do with her any money. Five years later, though, he married Emily's young sister—who was about as much like Emily as a blowing orchard is like this cell. And now—now I know what my father meant that time."

Chalfonte said, "I remember what it was he said to my mother, one time, when I was a baby. Five years had evidently been discussing the emerald, for my father said—I can hear his words exactly, his very intonation—suddenly it's as if he had just said it: 'There's another emerald like it, Rachel, in India, but I'm afraid I can't get it for you. There's just so much good luck come to a man in his life, and I have you, I'm only sorry I can't get it away from her and restore it. She'd be a lot happier without it.' And I see now, Ghopal, why you started so that night. Aunt Emily showed us the ring."

"Yes, there it was—the end of the search, it remained only to get it. I admit that I would have stolen it in order to get it—if one can be said to steal when he only recovers what has been taken."
"That much is straightened, then, Ghopal. They can't keep you in here now," Chalfonte told him, then, of the jeweler's report. "It may take a little time, of course, but you'll be out soon. I'll have a lawyer down here tomorrow morning. Lushington probably can't handle the case, but he'll be able to tell me a good man who can."

"The turnkey met Chalfonte just outside the door, which he had unlocked in answer to Chalfonte's pounding on it. Burke and Smith emerged from a room in the upper corridor.
"Are you satisfied, now?" Chalfonte exclaimed triumphantly.
"Hardly. . . . It's a queer tale, but I have my doubts. I'm going to talk to the jeweler. You can come up, if you want. I want a written statement from him before the Hindu gets out. He's upstairs now. I had him sent for."

"The offices were quiet when they reached them. The stenographers had left, and no business was being transacted. Mr. Kunkle was waiting for them.
"Look here, Mr. Kunkle, is this the straight dope you're handing us on this jewel? Sure you haven't made a mistake?"
Mr. Kunkle drew himself up to his full height of five feet three. "Mr. Smith, I did not come here to be insulted. Mistakes are not made on jewels as valuable as that."
"No offense, Mr. Kunkle. We just had to be sure. Only I want an affidavit with all the facts, and I want as many expert names on it as you can get. Have to have it before this chap can be let out."

"You shall have it in the morning. Is there anything else you want to ask of me?"
"Then I have one suggestion to make: that in the future you do not ask me to come over here merely to verify my word. Good evening."

When Mr. Kunkle had gone, Chalfonte asked permission to telephone, and shortly had secured the name of a lawyer Lushington had recommended, was out of town and would not be back until nine-thirty that night. Chalfonte made an appointment to meet him at ten at his home.
Then he called Burke aside. "Have a cigar, Burke—have two or three. And here's a twenty-dollar bill. See that Ghopal Rose has a good meal, will you? and anything he wants. And get himself into as decent a place as the building affords. You can give any change there is to the neediest man you know. And here—take the rest of these cigars—I never smoke 'em myself. I'm going out and get dinner in some place where there are lights and music."

As he left the building Chalfonte glanced around. He was being shadowed. "Well, that shadow is going to have an easy time tonight," he said to himself. "I hope he has enough cash on him to pay for a good meal, because Homer Chalfonte is going to eat long and heartily."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

"Distance Lends Enchantment."



THE NEBBS

SHE SAID IT WITH FLOWERS.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess
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BRINGING UP FATHER

Registered U. S. Patent Office

SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

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ABIE THE AGENT

OVERLOOKING THINGS.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



TILLIE, THE TOILER.

By Westover



Barney Google and Spark Plug

A LITTLE UNDERGROUND WORK.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck
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On the Atlantic

--Day by Day--

By O. O. M'INTYRE.

On the Atlantic, April 7.—This evening I watched the Olympic rig gallantly through a squall. The sun was out but ahead were low, lowering clouds. We ploughed into the dark through the curtain of slashing rain. Mountainous waves crashed and the wind shrieked. One wave 70 feet high hit the bridge.

In 30 minutes we were in the sunshine again. Then the sun began to vanish leaving the vague violet of the sea and the pearly dusk of the sky. Suddenly the west went black and stars blazed out against the velvet plush of night. No wonder a seaman never tires of the sea.

I have been doing considerable reading aboard ship. Among the books I found interesting were "Stacy," "Thomas the Lambkin," "Gold," "Beggars of Life" and Gamaliel Bradford's "Samuel Pepys." I commend them all. I also read "White Light Nights" for the second time and found it awful.

On the voyage from Europe, owing to the situation in time as the ship proceeds westward, it is necessary to put watches back every 24 hours from 35 to 45 minutes. As I have a new watch I fear to tinker with it and never know the time. I see no reason for knowing time on a ship anyway.

It is somewhat like the old yarn of the negro in jail calling out to another negro on the street: "What time is it?" The pedestrian replied: "What difference does it make? You ain't goin' anywhere."

The leading news in the daily "Globe" or "Ocean Times," today was from Constantinople. It read: "The Angora assembly has approved of martial law in Kurdistan." Still each passenger welcomes its daily visit. There is much good material in it reprinted from exchanges.

I notice in it an advertisement of the Restaurant Marquise in Paris, which has a line reading: "A feature: A visit to the cellar." That is also a feature of almost any visit to a home in America.

Ships stewards appear to have names different from the average man. Among those I recall in crossing are Skilling, Tweedle, Light, Mucsic, Clout, Pedy and Waser.

In every ship smoking room one finds those tweedy looking habitual voyagers. They generally have mighty cigars in their mouths and mugs of champagne in ice pails beside them. They are maniacs of motion—never content to be in one spot for long. They seek no casual acquaintance. I sat next to one who was reading the Echo de Paris. A steward evidently knew him from other crossings and they talked. As he told of his travels, the world shrank to the size of a thin dime. Since last they met he had been to Zealand, Central Asia and Tibet. He was on his way to New York. Two days there and then to San Francisco to embark for Japan. He was of enormous build and heavily bronzed and drank glass after glass of champagne with gargantuan gulps.

Then, too, there is usually one of those amiable old gentlemen on every ship who seems to take a philanthropic interest in the ship's management. He hangs about the meals and the steadiness of the ship. He is always drawing people into the friendly circles in which he happens to be. The one on this ship is really a good sort, yet it is a strange world, and I think most of the passengers look upon him as a trifle ridiculous and wish he were not so affable. I even find myself avoiding him.

A Scotsman parades the deck in kilts and other regalia. His knees are bare, but I notice he wears spats. That is perhaps Scotch thrift, for spats do save the wear and tear on shoe leaces.

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