

JANUARY 2,

1926

OH HAPPENINGS
Mrs. C. W. Seago
of the community is
at this writing.
farmers are all through
waiting for a good sea-
good attendance at Sun-
pol Sunday morning. Al-
ay night for B.Y.P.U.
and Mrs. Gordon Howell
Mr. and Mrs. Lige How-
Trent Sunday.
omer Greene returned
Sunday from Lamesa
e had been visiting his
nd Mrs. E. H. Grayson,
ynard, Misses Lottie
ace Washburn, Bessie
and Edrie Tiner w
of the writer Su
S. L. and H. P.
yson, Oddis
llie Hardie e.

spent Saturday night with Mr. and Mrs. Lovel Rutledge.
Mr. Marshal Naron spent Thursday night at the home of ye Scribe.
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Tiner were called to Abilene Friday to attend the bedside of Grandma Tiner, who is very low.
There will be a singing school start at Shiloh Monday night, March 8th. Everybody is invited. Will have a bix supper Friday night, March 19th, the proceeds going to pay for the singing school.
Our boys had a very interesting basket ball game at Blair on Friday afternoon. Senior boys came out 24 to 6 in favor of Shiloh. Junior boys 14 to 2 in favor of Blair.
Grace Washburn spent the first part of the week at A. T. Head's, near Trent.
Mr. and Mrs. Bill James are proud parents of a 9-pound boy.

Mr. Gene Cade attended the party out west of Trent Wednesday night.
Miss Pearl Kirk, the intermediate teacher of Shiloh has been on the sick list.
Miss Grace Cain of Golan spent the first of the week with Mr. and Mrs. Manson James.
J. C. Washburn is now at Putnam with his grandfather, Mr. J. R. Wilson.
B.Y.P.U. is progressing nicely. The program for Sunday night will be as follows:
Leader, Grace Washburn.
Scripture reading by leader.
1st part, Ross Young.
2nd part, Charlie Seago.
3rd part, Mrs. Riley.
4th part, Clarence Armstrong.
5th part, Mrs. Alice Howell.
6th part, Bro. Armstrong.
7th part, Mrs. Watts.
Everybody is invited. Be on time at 6:30.
Call 61 to place a want ad in the Mail or give us a news item.

Paint Up!

Paper Up!

We are headquarters for the old reliable
"Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes"

We also carry a large and complete line of
WALL PAPER. You can find just what
want in Wall Paper right here in your
home town at just as good a price as you
will find any where. Why send your mon-
ey to some out of town concern when you
do not profit by doing so? Besides you
injure your home town.

We will be glad to have you see our stock
of paper before you buy. Let us give you
an estimate on your paper and paint bill.

Barrow Furniture Co.



BEGINNING TOMORROW, A REMARKABLE
...SALE OF...

Smart New Dresses

"SUNBEAM" Brand—in genuine
**Aberfoyle Radioux Chiffon and
Mohpac Sports Fabric**

\$6.75

at the Dress Shop is justly proud of—we know fashion wise women and Misses will
delighted with such smart, attractive and practical dresses at so inexpensive a price!
so ideal for summer—Suitable alike for home, street and sports wear.

assortment is composed of the well-known "Sunbeam" Dresses made of the fas-
e Radioux Chiffon, a superior Rayon fabric in a very fine quality and unusual new
patterns. It is absolutely guaranteed sun-fast and tub-fast—also to retain its
luster, and non-shrinkable.

models sketched above are representative of the attractive choice
ered in this assortment. All straight line tailored styles that em-
dy the smartest spring style features. Each individual with trim-
ings of plain white or colored Radioux Chiffon. Also models trimmed
with handwork.

**FINITIVE FEATURES EXCLUSIVE
WITH THESE DRESSES**

rfoyale Radioux Chiffon is an outstand-
Rayon fabric of surpassing quality and
uty. With the exception of the staple
terns, all of the designs are exclusive to
dioux Chiffon and Mohpac fabrics—pat-
ns of a character not possible in any
r Rayon materials.

it perfectly because of their perfect,
r. They have wide, 4-inch hems.
these dresses have been made
in length, and in most instan-
ms can be made from 6 to 8
p.

Regular Sizes 16 to 44

**AMONG THE NEW SPRING COLORS
AND COLOR COMBINATIONS**

- | | |
|----------------|---------------|
| Bois de Rose | Jade Green |
| Pervenche Blue | Poudre Blue |
| Lanvin Green | Coral Pink |
| Beige, Orchid | Sunset Castes |

Red and Tan Combinations

The fine, expensive dyes used in Aberfoyle
Radioux Chiffon and Mohpac make these
clear, lovely colors possible. Even after
numerous tubbings and exposure to the
bright summer sun, they will remain as
fresh and attractive as when they are new.

Extra Sizes 46 to 52

'S DRY GOODS
J. SHEPPARD, Mgr.

WARREN NEWS
By Rose Ellington

The farmers are all about
through putting up their land.
Health of this community is
not very good at present.

Misses Helen McCormick, Vera
Jones, Cordie Ellington are on
the sick list this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur McCoy
spent Tuesday night with his
parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. New-
man and family of Merkel.

Mrs. G. E. Ellington is spend-
ing this week in Abilene with
her cousin, Mrs. Hatfield, who
went to undergo an operation
last Monday.

Mrs. May Peterson and fam-
ily spent Sunday with Mr. and
Mrs. John Hobbs and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Tarvin
spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs.
E. C. Tarvin.

Mr. and Mrs. Hollis McCoy
spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs.
R. L. Newman and family of
Merkel.

Miss Willie Ellington is spend-
ing the week with her cousin,
Miss Irene Hatfield, of the Horn
community.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Patter-
son visited her parents, Mr. and
Mrs. Finch a while Monday
night.

Violet Jones spent last Tues-
day night with Lorena Elling-
ton.

Mr. and Mrs. Hollis McCoy
spent last Friday with Mr. and
Mrs. R. L. Newman of Merkel.

Several around Warren attend-
ed the party Tuesday night at
Mr. and Mrs. Emmitt Howard's.
All reported a nice time.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Harris
spent Sunday afternoon with Mr.
and Mrs. C. T. McCormick.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur McCoy
visited her parents, Mr. and
Mrs. Bass last Sunday.

Miss Lottie McCoy spent last
Wednesday night with Miss
Helen McCormick.

Miss Minnie Bass spent last
week with her sister, Mrs. Ar-
thur McCoy.

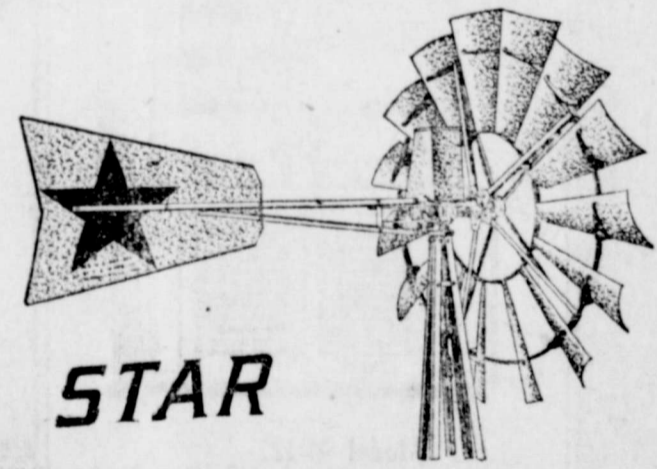
—MOTHER—

"I will not forget you on
Mothers' Day, May 9th. I will
send you a nice box of Mothers'
Day Candy." Call in and place
your order now for Mothers' day
Candy. Hamm Drug Co. tf

Try a Classified Ad in the Mail.

**ATTENTION POULTRY
RAISERS**

Z-I-P Parasite Remover used
in the drinking water will rid
your poultry of Blue Bugs, Lice,
Fleas, and all other insects. Sold
under a money back guarantee
by W. F. Hamblet Grocery. 1244p



STAR

Running-in-oil

You will find in the new running-in-oil STAR the
many features you have always wanted in a windmill
—one oiling a year—your choice of Timken Tapered
Roller Bearings or "NO-OIL-EM" Bearings—two
gears, two pinions and two pitmans—direct center
lift to pump rod—crosshead, guides and pitmans
bearings flooded with oil—a scientifically designed
wheel with angle steel arms and braces and ball-
bearing turn table.

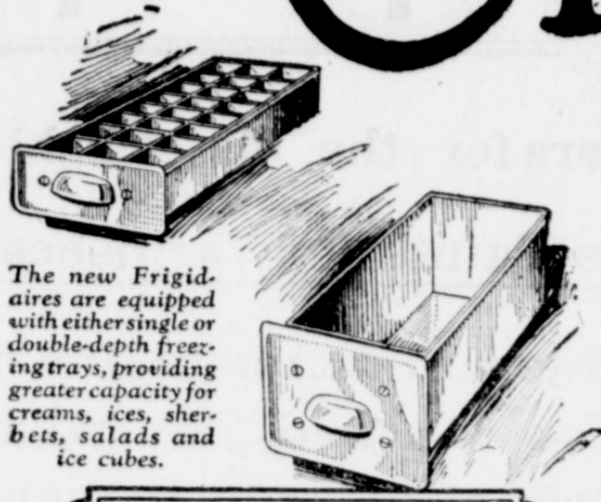
The fans of this new Star are curved to give great
efficiency in an 8 to 10 mile an hour wind. Plunger
pump in crank case floods crosshead, guides and
pitman bearings with oil, and tight cover keeps out
dirt, rain or snow.

One filling of crank case with oil each year will save
many trips up the tower. May be fitted on any
tower.

*The new STAR is the last word in
Windmill construction. Come in
and let us show you this mill. You
will want to know about it whether
you are needing a new mill right
now, and we want you to know
what a really fine windmill we have
in this new Star.*

Crown Hardware Co.

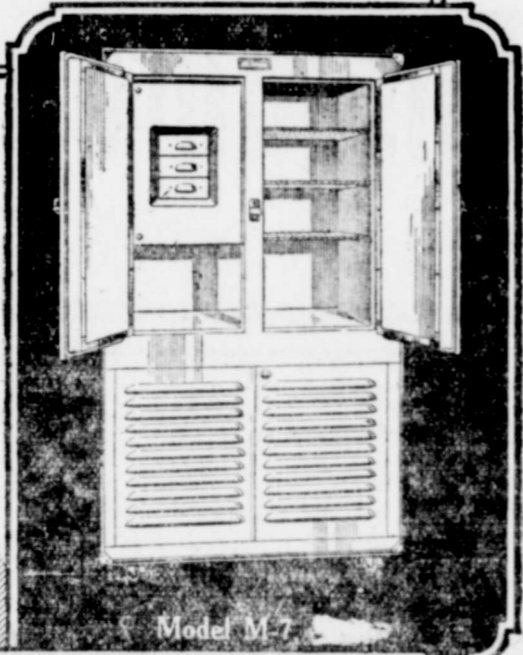
Announcing ~ Metal Cabinet Frigidaire at New Low Prices



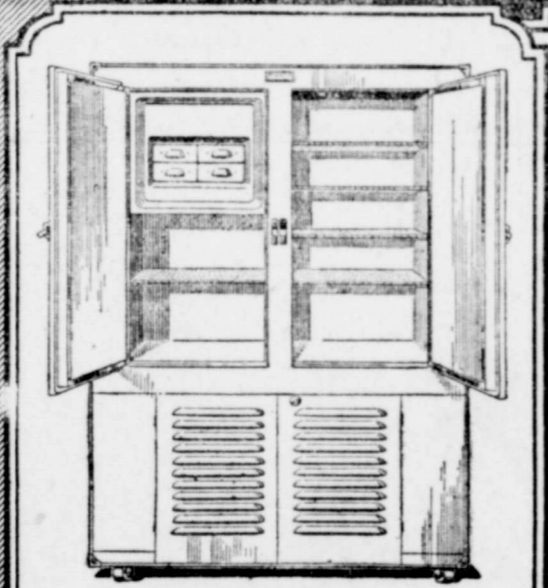
The new Frigidaires are equipped with either single or double-depth freezing trays, providing greater capacity for creams, ices, sherbets, salads and ice cubes.



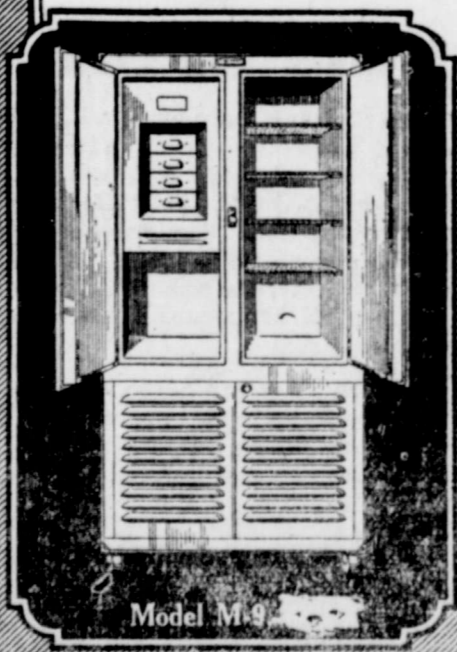
You can have Frigidaire in your present ice-box. The "frost coil" (left) is placed in the ice compartment; and the compressor (below) in the basement or other convenient location. Frigidaire mechanisms for this purpose cost as little as \$190 f.o.b. Dayton, O.



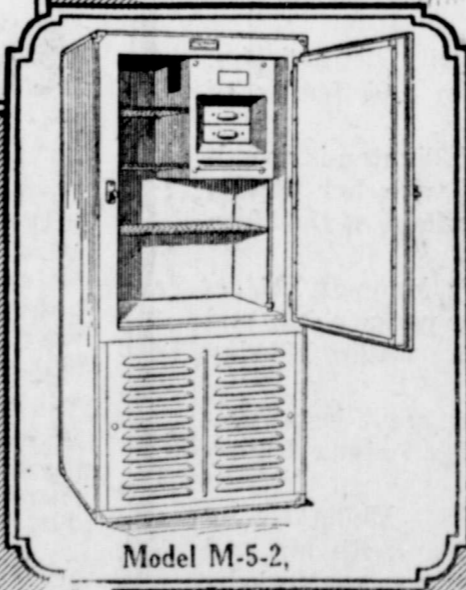
Model M-7



Model M-12



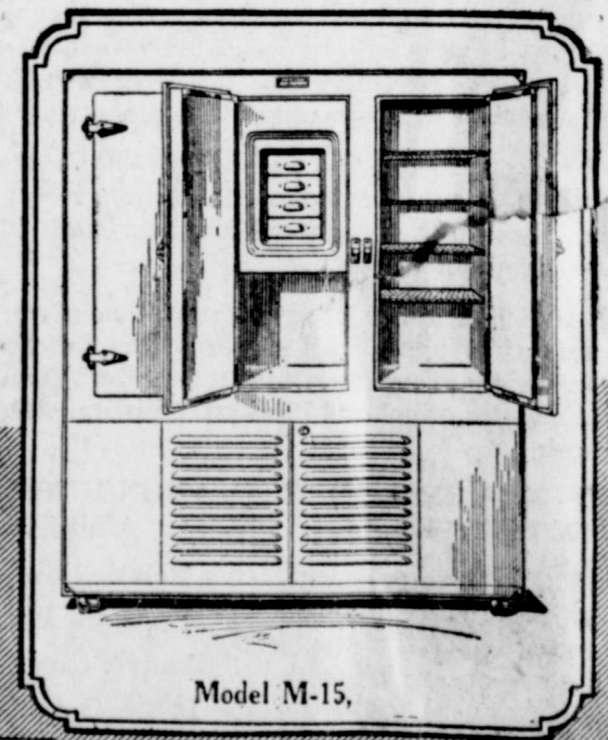
Model M-5-2



Model M-5-2



Model M-5



Model M-15

THE new metal cabinet Frigidaires are here! They offer, at their new low prices, the greatest of values in electric refrigerators. We invite you to visit our display room, see these new Frigidaire models, and learn what a wonderful service Frigidaire can render to your home.

You will be delighted with their beauty. They are built of steel—beautifully finished in enduring white Duco with bright metal trim—lined with heavy, seamless one-piece porcelain-enameled steel.*

And you can be sure, too, that they measure up to the best standards of Frigidaire construction. All of them are equipped with the Frigidaire mechanical units which are already rendering dependable and economical service to more than 100,000 users. All of them are insulated with solid corkboard.

Perhaps you will be especially interested in the Model M-5-2. It is built complete with metal cabinet, has ample food capacity for the average

family, yet is small enough for apartment use. It can be moved as easily as an ordinary piece of furniture and its price is only \$245, plus a small charge for freight and installation.

Or, you may want to see the Frigidaire frost coil which can be placed in your present ice-box, which is equivalent to four tons of ice a year, which never melts, and never requires any attention.

You will be interested, too, in the new arrangements of Frigidaire freezing trays, a choice of either deep or shallow trays for the freezing of large or small quantities of ices, sherbets, creams, and salads—for the provision of a constant and ample supply of ice cubes.

Be sure to visit our display room and see the new Frigidaires. You will find the model which will just fit the needs of your family—you will find its price surprisingly low—you will find that **OUR** payment plan makes it very easy to buy.

Frigidaire ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION

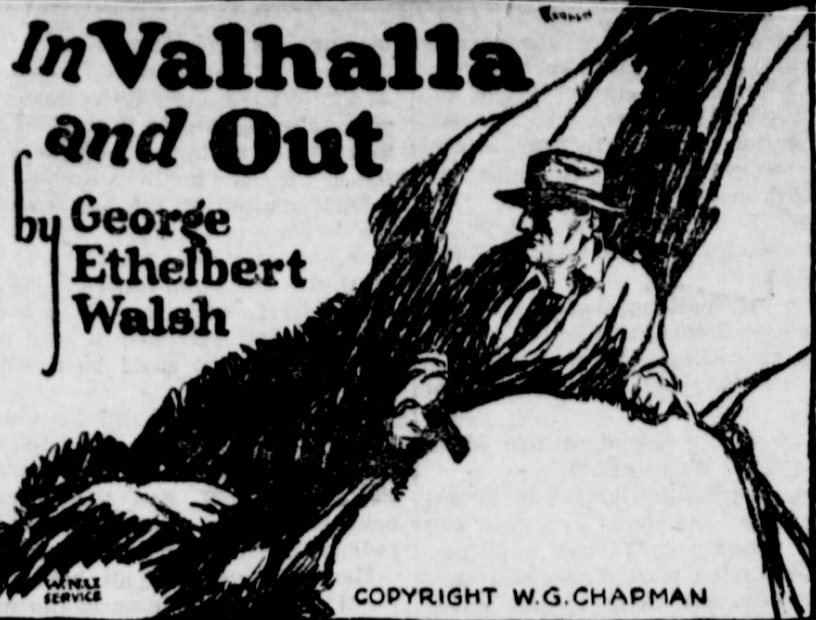
The new metal cabinet Frigidaires have from five to fifteen cubic feet of food space, freeze from five to twelve pounds of ice, are finished in white Duco on steel, with bright metal trim, and are lined with seamless porcelain-enameled steel. *Model M-5-2 has no metal trim and is lined with enameled metal. All prices f. o. b. Dayton, Ohio.

Frigidaire is made and guaranteed by Delco-Light Company, Dayton, Ohio, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation.

VALU E

West Texas Utilities
Company

In Valhalla and Out



Whoever named the island Valhalla, a sort of paradise in the South Atlantic that figures in this story, must have had in mind some of the strenuous characteristics of Valhalla, hall of the gods in Scandinavian mythology. Odin's abode had innumerable doors corresponding to the caves and secret passages of Mr. Walsh's island. The former was the heaven, a place of eternal feasting and daily combat for warriors who had been slain in battle. The island is a millionaire's winter home, designed probably for feasting and recreation, but which through the machinations of certain evil-minded persons in the rich man's entourage becomes a place of combats, dark plots and exciting adventures.

George Ethelbert Walsh is one of a small group of writers who are proving that good sea stories did not become extinct with the passing of the sailing ship. While steam, electricity, the radio and other modern developments have lessened the perils of the ocean, they have not diminished its charm, mystery and romantic qualities. There are still many far places, many sparsely inhabited shores and many islands out of the paths of commerce that are ideal spots for adventure. Human passions have not changed and the sea, no less than the land, furnishes all the materials which a novelist needs for stirring, red-blooded stories. The modern tale of the deep can be made, and in this case is, as fascinating as anything produced by story-tellers of an earlier generation.

Mr. Walsh has been writing sea stories, western stories, boys' stories, animal stories and others dealing largely with adventure and outdoor life for more than thirty years. He was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., and graduated into writing from newspaper work. His serial stories have appeared in most of the leading magazines and weeklies and his books have had a wide distribution. He is the author of some-thing like 60 serials and novels. He is a member of the Authors' League of America and makes his home in Yonkers, N. Y.

CHAPTER I

Dick Van Ness was smoking and idly angling off the end of the private dock, a place where he had no business to be, when a pleasure yacht slipped down the river and came to anchor in midstream nearly abreast of him. At first Dick was no more than mildly interested, for he knew the screen of spiles would effectually conceal him from view on the water front; but a moment later he began leaning forward, forgetting his fishing pole and the glowing pipe in his hand, so eager was he to read the name on the stern.

"The Pelican!" he muttered, frowning. "It's the old Beacon. I'm sure of that! I'd recognize her anywhere."

Then came pleasant and unpleasant memories to occupy his thoughts. His fishing tackle was neglected, and when a fish nibbled at the bait he made no responsive jerk.

"Cutler got the yacht in the final breakup, I suppose," he mused. "That's why she's renamed."

Before the financial crash came that ruined his father, Dick had only to signify a desire to take a cruise in the Beacon and it was at his service. Now the yacht was Steve Cutler's, the man who had profited by his father's downfall.

He stopped in his musings to watch a small boat being lowered over the side of the yacht. When it came plunging through the water under the powerful oars of two sailors, Dick gathered up his line.

"This must be Cutler's private dock," he grinned. "Rotten luck to be caught fishing on it. But"—reflectively—"he wouldn't recognize me—never had a speaking acquaintance with him. Guess I'll wait."

There were only two passengers in the boat—a medium-size man, with dark hair and gray eyes, and a nose inclined to hook a little at the end, and a girl in her early twenties, with fair hair and blue eyes. Dick studied them closely from his hiding place.

"If that's Steve Cutler," he mused thoughtfully, "he's younger than dad was by twenty years. Thought he was older."

He turned his attention from the man to the girl.

"Cutler wasn't married," he resumed after a pause. "Therefore, she"—meaning the girl in the boat—"can't be his daughter. A guest, maybe."

The sailors warped the small boat alongside the float, and the first to come ashore was the one who held the center of the stage. The easy, graceful way in which she jumped to the float, a little recklessly, it seemed at a distance, won Dick's admiration; but her companion, who had leaped forward to restrain her action, appeared annoyed and distressed.

"You should be more careful, Miss Alice," he protested, landing clumsily. "Please don't be so reckless."

For reply the girl laughed merrily. "Oh, fudge! I'm old enough to look after myself. There's uncle wailing to me."

She flaunted a strip of gauzy lace in the air in response to something white fluttering over the rail of the yacht.

dismissed and were rowing lustily back to the parent craft. The girl continued watching until the small boat was hauled out of the water and swung to the davits of the yacht.

"I wish uncle had come with us," she observed; then, speaking half pettishly, "I don't see why—"

A sudden gust of wind tore at her lace scarf, and in her effort to recover it she jerked both hands upward. Something light and glittering flew in the air and landed with a splash in the water. A little exclamation of dismay escaped her lips.

"Oh, my hand bag!" she cried. "It's in the river, Mr. Blake! Please get it! It's full of my papers and cards—Oh, what shall I do!"

She ran to the edge of the float as if to plunge in after the bag, but a restraining hand detained her.

"If I signal for the boat to come back and pick it up, Miss Alice," replied Mr. Blake calmly. "Don't do anything rash now!"

"But it's sinking, and the tide's carrying it away. Oh, can't you get it for me?"

"I'm a poor swimmer, Miss Alice," he apologized weakly, "and the tide is strong. I'll have the boat back in a few minutes."

"Oh, dear, it will sink before they get here."

At this juncture both were startled by a voice that seemed to come from the air directly over their heads. Dick had risen from his hiding place, and stood in clear view on the end of the dock.

"I think I can get it for you," he announced calmly.

They glanced up at the tall, lithe figure, as if it were an apparition. Mr. Blake frowningly and Miss Alice with the light of expectation in her blue eyes; but if either thought to see him plunge recklessly into the river the disappointment was mutual.

Dick was calmly gathering in his line for a cast. In more than one-casting tournament he had won out against all contestants. The bag was floating down on the tide, fifty feet away, sinking gradually below the surface as the water soaked in it.

The long bamboo pole was not the kind he would choose for a casting tournament, and lacking all pretense of a reel to control it, the line was liable to whip and snarl in the wind; but there was a heavy sinker on the end, and Dick gauged this against the wind before he threw.

The two below watched the hook and sinker describe an arc in the air, hesitate a moment over his head, and



The Two Below Watched the Hook and Sinker Describe an Arc in the Air.

then as if propelled by some invisible force both went hurtling in a graceful curve directly for the floating bag. It seemed for an instant that Dick had overestimated the distance, and something approaching a sigh escaped the girl's lips; but a second later it was changed to an exclamation of pure delight.

"Oh, you've got it!" she cried, clapping her hands.

The hook had caught in the lace mesh, and as if he were hauling a trout out of the stream Dick lifted the bag from the water, and swung it within reach of the eager owner.

"If you'll unhook my catch," he said, smiling, "I'll be obliged."

Before she had the dripping bag clear of the hook, Mr. Blake was mounting the steps to the dock. A near view of the man's face was not friendly. He was clearly annoyed.

"That was a lucky throw of yours, my man," he said. "Of course, you know fishing is forbidden on this dock,

but as you've done Miss Cutler a service we'll overlook that."

He fumbled in his pocket and drew out a bill. "I'll reward you for saving the bag," he added. "But you must positively leave the dock, and not return. Here, take this!"

Dick glanced from the man's face to the bill extended to him, a slow, slumberous anger in his eyes. Then he suddenly smiled and took the bill. Crumpling it in his hand, he made a wad of it, and deliberately thrust the hook through it.

"This might be good bait for suckers," he remarked. "Anyway, I'll try it."

He flung the money-baited hook back in the water, and calmly resettled himself on the pier. Mr. Blake glared furiously at him, his eyes glinting dangerously; but before he could speak Alice Cutler was up the steps and by his side. Dick could see by the amusement in her eyes that she had witnessed the whole proceeding.

"Oh, let him fish here as long as he wants to, Mr. Blake," she exclaimed impulsively. "I owe him that much."

Dick smiled into her eyes, but when she flung into her bag for something his face grew red and hot.

"Now please don't use this for bait," she said merrily, "but keep it until some day you may need it. It's more than a card of introduction. I'll redeem it in any way you ask at any time."

Dick looked at the white piece of pasteboard thrust into his hand. It was an ordinary visiting card, with her name engraved neatly across the face.

CHAPTER II

About the shabbiest trick that fate can play on us is to bring us into the world with a silver spoon in the mouth, and then, when we grow accustomed to it, change it into cheap pewter metal. It leaves an unpleasant taste for years after, and some never quite get rid of that tin-coppery-brassy flavor.

Dick Van Ness was an amiable young man, without more than his share of faults and possibly with as many virtues in a potential state as the average man carries around in his system, when fate subjected him to this acid test.

How he met it is not necessarily nearly so interesting and spectacular as many fiction writers would invent for their heroes. He was a bit put out by it, considerably chagrined and disappointed, but being young and in fine health he thought the world was his oyster, and he could open it.

A chip of the old block, why couldn't he make a fortune as easily as his father? There was no reason, except that apparently he didn't inherit the peculiar quality of mind that had made the elder Van Ness a power in the financial world.

Dick didn't know it at the time, but it was revealed to him in the course of years. Combined with the utter lack of all experience and training, the handicap was fatal. He drifted and floundered, driven from pillar to post, making fool mistakes that an office boy could have put him straight on, and in the end he returned in disgust.

Dick had a vein of romance in his system, inherited from his mother perhaps, and a love for adventure; but neither of these had found lodgment in the elder Van Ness, which may have accounted for his remarkable success in finance. They are not necessarily incompatible with achievement, but they have to be held in subjection when business calls.

Self-acknowledged, and by common consent admitted by the world, to be a failure, Dick had no scruples in giving full vent to his imaginations. Forgetting his fishing, he dreamily pictured scenes quite different from the footsteps of the watchman.

He effected his escape from the private dock with much greater celerity and safety than the previous owner of his fishing tackle. Once on solid land again, he gave a last wistful look at the Pelican.

"I'd sell my right hand for a long cruise in her again," he sighed. "I'd even be willing to go as a deck hand."

He stopped, and looked startled at his own suggestion. Why not? Then he answered himself with a sad shake of the head. Because he had no experience or references, they would not employ him even as a deck hand. Deck hands had to know something.

"And I don't know anything worth knowing!" he blurted out in disgust.

Nevertheless all that afternoon and evening the fancy clung to him that his future was in some way inextricably mixed up with his father's old yacht and the girl who had rewarded him with the gift of her visiting card. She had promised to redeem it in any way he asked, at any time, and if he went to her and begged a berth on her uncle's yacht she would undoubtedly grant his request; but such a course was repugnant to him, and not to be considered.

Late in the evening Dick, still lingering in the vicinity of the waterfront, as if fascinated by the smell of the ships and the salt brine across the harbor, rubbed elbows with a couple bound in the opposite direction. The night was dark, and the waterfront poorly lighted; but for all that Dick recognized one of the men. He stopped abruptly in his tracks, and watched the receding figures.

"Mr. Blake," he mused, placing ironic emphasis on the name. "Wonder if he's going aboard the Pelican."

He meditated in silence a few moments, and then followed. It was easy to keep the couple within sight without exposing himself to view. They were walking in the direction of the private dock, and Dick had no doubts about

their objective. He took advantage of every favorable street lamp to study their backs, and once, when the second man stopped to light a cigar, he got a glimpse of his face.

"That isn't old man Cutler, either," he said, frowning. "Too young for him, and too big and husky. If I remember rightly he was a small, wizened, dried-up man."

The one accompanying Mr. Blake was anything but that. Tall, square shouldered and bony of arms and legs, he was the very picture of health and muscular strength. Dick caught a glimpse of gold braid on an arm sleeve, and the flash of something on his cap.

"The captain of the Pelican," he breathed.

He smiled as he recalled the amount of gold braid and emblems that his father's skipper wore. Captain Johnston! Where was he? Had he lost his job with the sale of the old Beacon? Apparently he had, for this one was the very antithesis of the short, fat navigator of the yacht under its former ownership.

The dock was in dense gloom, except for red lights burning at the end, and a white one at the entrance. There was no sign of a watchman, and as the men were unchallenged Dick followed. When they stopped abruptly at the head of the steps leading down to the float Dick was within twenty feet of them. He slid behind a spile and remained motionless.

"You'd better coal early in the morning, Captain Brent," Mr. Blake was saying. "Take enough aboard for a couple of months. We may need it. We don't want to get caught short."

"Reckon not, Mr. Blake," replied the other chuckling. "I would sort of let the cat out of the bag if we had to sneak into some harbor for coal before the time was up."

"Yes, we must guard against any such contingency. I'll phone to Blank's pier the first thing in the morning for all the coal you can store aboard."

"What time'll the old man want to come aboard?" queried Captain Brent, puffing volitionally at his cigar.

"Shortly after sundown. Lay off here at sunset, and when you see the signals send the boats ashore."

"There'll be a lot of dunnage, I s'pose?"

"No, nothing but light traps—chiefly personal things of Miss Cutler's. Most of the baggage will go aboard earlier. I'll see to that."

"You say there'll be four of 'em?"

"Yes, Mr. Cutler, Miss Alice, her maid and Doctor Alster."

"And yourself?"

"Certainly!" said Mr. Blake, a little tartly. "I'll come down with the party."

"All right! I'll have everything ready. Reckon, now, if I don't have any trouble finding that island we'll have a pleasant voyage."

"Why do you say that?" demanded Blake unsmilingly. "Have you any doubts about finding it?"

"Why, no, if the map you gave me's correct."

"Well, it is!" snapped the other. "I've verified it in every particular. You don't think I'd slip up on such a small thing as that when there's so much at stake?"

"No, I reckon not, but it's a bit puzzling in places. Some of them dots and marks looks like as if they'd been put there for private use. You don't s'pose, now, that captain was up to any misleading tricks, marking the location wrong and shifting the channel buoys, do you?"

Mr. Blake smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"You forget," he said coldly, "that I'm running this little expedition, and I never make mistakes. The chart is correct."

"All right!" replied Brent, moving toward the steps. "Then we'll pick up the island in a couple of days. We stopped and stared out into midstream. 'Why don't they send that boat ashore?' he added irritably.

"Here it comes now!"

"Well, I'll be going. I got to put in a night doing some figuring."

Blake nodded, and waited for him to descend the steps, then walked to the end of the float. A few minutes later the yacht's tender appeared, and Captain Brent was whisked out into the gloom. The man on the end of the dock remained motionless until it was gone, and then turned and walked briskly away.

Dick's first impulse was to follow and then he changed his mind. He came from behind his hiding place and stood near the steps, watching the lights flickering on the river and running over again in his mind the words he had heard.

They were a little puzzling; but the main fact was clear to him, Steve Cutler and his niece were starting on a long cruise in the Pelican the following evening, sailing under the cover of darkness, which might or might not mean anything unusual. Mr. Blake was to accompany them, and according to his own statement, he was running the expedition.

Their destination was some island whose exact location was a mystery to Captain Brent. Who was Mr. Blake, and what island was it? Dick puzzled over the situation for a long time. He recalled the reference to some mysterious captain who might have played a trick on them by marking the map wrong. Who was he?

for that baffled Dick for a long time. It was hours later when the truth seemed to dawn upon him.

"That's it!" he exclaimed suddenly, bringing his two hands together. "It's a treasure hunt, or something like that. Old Cutler's come into possession of some old sea captain's chart of an island where the treasure's buried. And hog-like, he's tricked the owner of it, and intends to gobble up the whole thing. It's like Steve Cutler!"

He went over the conversation again, sentence by sentence as he recalled it, and in the end his conclusion was strengthened. All the facts fitted admirably into this theory. With the chart of the unknown island in his possession, Cutler intended to pay a visit to it and, if there was any treasure on it, dig it up and add it to his already swollen fortune. In the event of its proving a hoax he could hush up the matter, and no one but a few of his servants would be any wiser.

"A treasure hunting expedition in the Pelican!" Dick mused thoughtfully. "What an adventure! I wish I were going."

He cast longing glances at the yacht in midstream. The wild idea entered his head of swimming out to the craft and smuggling himself aboard. As a stowaway he might make the trip and bluff it out when discovered.

But this was impractical for several reasons. The tide in the river was strong, and even if he made the yacht safely the chances were ten to one that he could not climb aboard unobserved. That, he concluded, would have to be his last resort.

The yacht would coal at Blank's pier in the morning. Could he disguise himself as a coal heaver, and, during the bustle, hide in one of the bunkers? Dick knew every nook and corner of the craft, and he felt if he could once get below decks he would be safe from discovery.

Then the card that Alice Cutler had given him jogged his memory. He took it out and stared at it in the gloom as if trying to read some message from it. For a long time he sat in puzzled silence, frowning at the bit of white pasteboard. Then an eyelid flickered, and his lips parted; a smile slowly spread across his features, and a chuckle broke the silence.

"I could work it," he mused, "with a little luck. I believe I'll try it in the morning. At the worst I could say it was just a lark—an original method of making her redeem her promise."

He chuckled softly, and waved a hand as if in farewell to the city that had treated him so shabbily. "I'll bet," he murmured, "it will be a big improvement on this smoky, goddess city of Mammon!"

CHAPTER III

Dick Van Ness proceeded deliberately to put his little scheme to the test; but first he provided himself with a few hours of sleep to refresh the body and steady the nerves. By daylight he reviewed the situation calmly, and decided that the plan was as feasible as it had appeared the night before.

He ate a hearty breakfast at a nearby restaurant, and then ordered a huge batch of sandwiches, wrapping each one in oiled paper as if for a picnic. Leaving these to be called for later, he paid a visit to a dry goods store where he selected an oblong paper box big enough to contain a man's suit of clothes. With wrapping paper and stout twine, he returned to the restaurant for his sandwiches.

They only half filled the box. The rest of the space was stowed with

bottles of water and sweet drinks, pickles, olives, fruit, cakes and candy. The proprietor of the restaurant smiled when he clapped the cover on the box.

"Looks as if you were loading up to last a week," he remarked.

"I may need it," replied Dick frankly. "I'm going where grub may be hard to get. I don't want to take a chance."

As he paid for the food and trouble, the restaurant man made no further inquiries, and Dick volunteered no additional information. When the box was wrapped, he borrowed pen and ink, and wrote on the outside:

"Miss Alice Cutler,
Steam Yacht Pelican,
Blank's Pier."

"I guess that will do admiring his chirograph."

Five minutes later he was already on his way to Blank's pier, a swift su-

They Only Half Filled the Box.

They Only Half Filled the Box.

They Only Half Filled the Box.

They Only Half Filled the Box.

They Only Half Filled the Box.

They Only Half Filled the Box.

whistling nonchalantly, with the box under his arm, he walked toward the end.

No one challenged him, and when he reached the Pelican's side he stopped. A dozen grimy men were storing coal aboard, a deck hand checking off on a card the number of bags carried into the hold. A small gangplank was thrown from the main deck to the pier.

Dick started up this and reached the deck before anyone challenged him. Then a booming voice right behind him caught his ear.

"Hello, there! What d'you want? Don't you know this is a private yacht?"

It was Captain Brent. "Sure!" replied Dick nonchalantly. "It's the Pelican, isn't it? Mr. Cutler's yacht?"

"Well, what if it is?" growled the captain.

"Nothing, except I guess I'll take a rest here. Hot day, isn't it?" He removed his hat and began wiping his forehead.

"Yes, it's hot, but it may be hotter if you don't look sharp. What you got in that box?"

Dick smiled and winked. "If I knew, cap, I don't know that I'd tell you, but we'll both have a guess. Miss Cutler didn't take me into her confidence. Maybe it's a bathing suit, or a diving dress."

"It's for Miss Cutler?" queried Brent, picking it up and reading the name and address. "Well," slowly, after weighing it with both hands, "she ain't here. Leave it, and I'll give it to her. I'll put it in her cabin."

He started to walk away with the package, but Dick rescued it. "Not so fast, cap," he said good naturedly. "She didn't tell me to leave it—she said not to leave it. If she wasn't here when I called, I was to wait half an hour. Then if she didn't appear I was to carry it around to her house."

The skipper looked a little puzzled, and gave the package another sharp scrutiny. "That's queer," he muttered. "I didn't know she expected to come aboard this morning."

"I'll bet she didn't know herself," grinned Dick. "That's why she said not to wait for her longer than half an hour. She gave me this card to make sure I could find her home."

He fingered the card carefully, and when Brent reached out a hand to take it he let him have it. The man stared at it a moment, and then returned it. Dick felt that the card would remove any suspicion that might find lodgment in the other's brain.

"All right," he said finally. "Stay on this deck, and when the half hour's up go down that gangplank you came up."

"Sure! You don't think I was going to jump overboard and swim, did you?"

The spring frowned and eyed him with disapproval. Dick tilted out a cigarette, and added: "Any objections to smoking, cap? I'm dead for a few whiffs."

"No, not if you stay outside," was the surly retort.

When he walked away, Dick moved a camp stool near the railing and contentedly puffed away at his cigarette. He was apparently interested only in the scene on the dock, and never once turned his head sideways or backward. He felt that eyes were watching him, but he wasn't sure.

The minutes sped along slowly, and the third cigarette his head was on one side as if he slept. He once or twice.

was conscious once of a catlike step coming around the forward bulkhead, and halting near him, but he continued to snore peacefully. Twenty minutes, and he was still in the same position. Out of the corners of his half-closed eyes, he saw Captain Brent go down the gangplank and walk aft where the men were finishing their job of coaling the yacht.

Once out of his sight a remarkable change came over Dick. He sat slowly upright, and gazed swiftly and keenly around the deck. He was alone on it. Not a person was in sight.

Without further delay he picked up his package and darted for the main saloon cabin. Once in it he closed the door softly and stared around. The place was vacant. He gave vent to a chuckle of relief.

The cabin was not much changed from the days when his father owned it. The furnishings had been re-upholstered, and the woodwork done over, and a few pictures distributed around; but in the main it was exactly as he had always known it. It was home to him, and a great desire to shout and proclaim the fact made him lighthearted for a moment.

But a babel of voices on the deck warned him that any moment Captain Brent might return, and find him gone. He crossed the richly carpeted floor in a few strides and came to a halt in front of a paneled wall. He gave one swift glance up and around it, and then dropped down on his knees.

His hands shook a little as he fumbled at the base with nervous fingers. His breath came and went in little sharp, tremulous waves. He knew that the critical moment had arrived that would decide the success or failure of his scheme. Like a bank burglar opening a safe, with the fear of the police bent on his brain, he pressed his hands up and down skillfully with precision, hunting for the combination that had dimmed in his

exultant cry as he touched the combination. The moldy smell of the old safe was in his nose. He was alone in the world. He was alone in the world. He was alone in the world.

With one finger pressed on it for fear of losing it, Dick got his knife out of his pocket and opened the smallest blade. Inserting the point of this in the crack he pressed it hard against something that gave forth a soft tinkling, metallic sound.

The effect of his manipulations would have startled Captain Brent had he appeared then, but to Dick it was no more than he expected. The narrow panel before him slid slowly to one side, revealing an opening in the wall about the size of a small stateroom.

The secret compartment in the wall had been designed by the architects of the yacht to satisfy a whimsical fancy of Dick's father. It had been used as a storage place for special papers and securities that the elder Van Ness often carried away with him on long cruises. It was never designed for human occupancy, and when Dick glanced in it he felt a chill of doubt.

The dust of years had accumulated over the floor, showing that it had not been used by the present owner of the yacht. Dick had guessed right that the secret of it had not been passed on with the sale of the craft, and no one, in refitting the interior, had stumbled upon the spring that opened the panel.

It was just about wide enough and long enough for a man to stretch himself and move about without bumping his elbows or scarring his shins. It was high enough for the tallest man, with an open register above through which the air of the cabin escaped. The presence of this register of iron grillwork, instead of exciting suspicion, allayed the curiosity of anyone inquisitive enough to want to dump the walls to see if there was a hollow space behind.

Approaching footsteps on the deck brought Dick out of his reverie of indecision. With a shudder he wiped away the worst of the dust and stepped inside. He hesitated again before closing the panel. Then Captain Brent's booming voice aroused him.

"Where's that young fellow with the package?" he called angrily. Dick touched the spring and watched the panel slide noiselessly in position. At the same moment the cabin door opened with a bang, and Brent stamped inside.

"Search the yacht!" he commanded. "If you find him bring him to me. I'll teach him to snoop around. No, not in here! He's not in the cabin. Search below decks!"

Nevertheless, he made a careful examination of every possible hiding place in the cabin. Dick, holding his breath, heard him tramping around, opening and closing doors and lockers, and even thumping the soft cushions. Once he stopped in front of the register, and remained quiet for so long that Dick feared he had discovered some clue.

The spring had been a little rusty, and possibly it had not closed completely. The presence of a little dirt or rust near the crack might excite Brent's suspicion. Dick drew a sigh of relief when the man finally moved away, and after another tour of the cabin walked outside on deck.

"It's an even chance, cap, that I'll go with you on this little trip," he mused, grinning to himself. "Anyway, you'll have a hard time finding me."

A little light entered the compartment through the register, and as the air from the cabin escaped through this the suction created kept his narrow quarters fairly well ventilated.

"I won't smother," he reasoned, looking up. "Plenty of air." He glanced at his package and smiled again. "Grub and drinks enough for a week."

Unconsciously, he drew forth a cigarette and started to light it, but checked himself. "Smoking forbidden," he said in a rueful voice. "That's hard luck!" Then in a relieved voice, he added, "At night when everybody's asleep, I can light up. The ventilator will carry away the smoke and odor."

After that he tried to make himself as comfortable as possible in his narrow quarters. It was some satisfaction to know that he would be far more comfortable than in the coal bunkers, where he had first thought of hiding.

"As a stowaway I'm pretty well off," he decided. "Nothing to do but eat, drink and sleep, with a quiet smoke at night." He opened his box and distributed its contents around in the corners, counting the number of sandwiches and bottles of drink. Making a mental calculation he concluded that, with careful rationing, he would not suffer for a week. Then, making a pillow of his coat and box, he lay down and tried to kill time with sleep.

The noises outside did not alarm him. Coal was still pouring into the bunkers, and the tramping of many feet, accompanied by loud orders and oaths, convinced him that the search was still going on. Now that he felt secure this did not concern him, and listening dreamily to the confusion of sounds he dropped off into restful slumber.

He woke with a start finally. Unable at first to collect his senses, he sat upright and stared around him. Over his head a stream of electric light entered through the register. Outside voices sounded so clear and distinct that it gave him a shock at first. The jar and vibration of the yacht told him they were under way. A querulous voice was saying:

"Blake's a fool, Alice. I don't think this trip will do me any good. I could rest at home—don't need a change at all—never did like salt water—sure to be seasick. . . . Where's Doctor Alister? He'll have to give me something to make me sleep. I'm wide awake as an owl. What's that infernal racket about?"

"I don't know, uncle. I'll find out. Please don't excite yourself. You know the doctor says the change will do you good."

Dick recognized the voice of Alice Cutler.

"It won't" came the explosive contradiction. "It will make me worse! Go on deck, and send Blake to me—no, send Doctor Alister! I've got to have some relief from this pain. Tell him to hurry."

There were soft footsteps across the carpeted floor, and a moment later the cabin door opened and closed. Dick could hear loud, stertorous breathing of one in great pain.

CHAPTER IV

Without premeditation Dick had placed himself in the position of being an eavesdropper to every bit of gossip and conversation that took place in the main cabin. In planning to get aboard the Pelican he had hardly given consideration to the thought that the open register would admit any and all sounds. He was a little startled when he found how distinctly even a whisper was carried to him. It was as if the cabin was a great sounding board, with its focal point of wave vibration at the register over his head.

The first night he learned from detached remarks things that both enlightened and bewildered him. Steve Cutler was going on a cruise much against his own will, through the urgent advice of Doctor Alister, the family physician, and of Mr. Blake, his private secretary, with Alice, his niece, as a loving but firm co-conspirator. The theory of Dick's that the cruise was to hunt for some hidden treasure received a severe jolt.

The yacht was bound for Valhalla, an island off the southern coast, that had been fitted up at great expense by the millionaire for a quiet winter resort. It was a small, isolated island without any communication with the mainland, and far enough from the lanes of travel to protect the occupants from visitors and curiosity seekers.

Cutler was a sick man, according to the testimony of his physician, and unless he took a rest of a few weeks the inevitable breakdown would follow. Angered both at the doctor who condemned him to a period of isolation, and at nature for playing him such a shabby trick, the old man fumed and fretted.

When he realized the actual situation Dick regretted the course he had taken. The romance of the voyage suddenly lost its flavor. There was a chance of adventure on a deserted island, with a party of searchers for buried treasure; but a small privately owned place, even if it were a mere dot on the ocean far from land, offered little of romance and less of adventure. There would be servants on it, a small army of them, perhaps; formal gardens and cultivated fields; conventional summer houses, golf links, tennis courts, and all the artificial inventions of civilization to amuse visitors. There would be hardly a wild nook or cranny where he could hide and make himself comfortable.

Disgusted by the outlook, he felt inclined to abandon all secrecy and step forth from his place of concealment and confess. They could do nothing more than hold him as a stowaway and make him work for his passage. On the whole that would not be onerous. The presence of Alice Cutler would add a little zest of romance to the experience.

The second night out his cramped prison began to tell on his nerves. Too much inaction was worse than too



"We'll Be There by Tomorrow Night, Won't We, Captain?" It Was Mr. Blake Speaking.

much exercise. Scrubbing the deck under the angry eyes of Captain Brent seemed preferable to remaining in the narrow compartment.

The main cabin was deserted, and Dick struck a match to light a cigarette. It was his one consolation, and now that he was indifferent about his future he lost his usual caution. Only one electric light was burning in the cabin, and the stillness of the place got on his nerves.

"I'll get out tonight and take a good rest on one of those cushions," he mused. "Captain Brent will get a jolt when he finds me there." He grinned at the thought.

Suddenly he became conscious of the presence of some one in the cabin. The soft fall of a foot on the thick carpet near his hiding place was fol-

lowed a moment later by the opening and closing of a door. Another footstep, heavier and clumsier than the first, reached his ears. The two met not far from the open register, so that their whispered words could be distinctly heard.

"We'll be there by tomorrow night, won't we, captain?" It was Mr. Blake speaking.

"Yes, if nothing happens. The barometer's falling a little, but I guess we'll get ahead of any storm. It seems to be breaking behind us instead of ahead."

There was a second or two of silence. Then Blake added:

"You understand just what to do? When I give the signal you must sail away. Don't stop to ask questions, and don't mind what others say. Get off at once, and hang around Marsh inlet until you get a wireless from me." "Suppose your wireless ashore don't work?"

"It will work. I'll see to that. I'm something of an expert. If anything's wrong with it, I'll soon repair it. Don't worry about that."

"You think you can keep the old man quiet?"

"He won't bother me any," was the quiet reply, accompanied, Dick imagined, by a smile of confidence.

"Well, good night! We don't want to be seen together alone. I shan't speak to you again unless the others are around."

Dick heard them move across the cabin in opposite directions. Captain Brent went outside on the deck, and Mr. Blake crept back to his stateroom.

Dick forgot his cigarette and permitted the light to go out. He was pondering the words of the two men. They puzzled him, and awakened in his mind the old suspicion that there was something in the cruise not put down in the itinerary of Steve Cutler.

"I guess I'll sleep over it," he decided, smiling. "Maybe I won't show myself quite yet. Blake's a slick chap, and Brent looks like a prize fighter."

He slept fitfully until morning, and with the dawn of a new day came a new resolution. He would see the adventure through as planned, and not expose his hand until they landed. In the hope that he would overhear more conversation to enlighten him he kept his ears open every time anyone entered the cabin; but as it was a beautiful day most of the passengers remained on the deck, and nothing of consequence happened.

It was late in the afternoon when a commotion on deck aroused him. From the tramp of many feet he concluded that something unusual had happened; but he was a little disappointed when Alice Cutler passed through the cabin and said to her maid:

"Get my things ready, Marie. We'll land before dark."

Once again the desire to step out of his hiding place surged up in Dick, but he suppressed it. Now that relief from his intolerable position was in sight he didn't want to make a bad break. If the family landed before dark the yacht would be partly deserted, and the opportunity of stealing forth unobserved would come to him.

Half an hour later the screw of the yacht slowed its revolutions. Dick judged they were approaching land or passing through some crooked channel that required caution. The engine-room-bell changed repeatedly, and the yacht varied its speed accordingly.

Then came a slight jar and vibration. Sharp orders from Brent, another jar, and then the propeller ceased its activity. They were at Valhalla, and the voyagers were landing. Dick listened impatiently to the bustling commotion outside until it subsided. He waited a full half hour after that to make sure they were ashore.

Then he quietly touched the spring that controlled the secret panel, and as the latter flew open he craned his head forward. The cabin was empty. With a smile of relief he stepped out.

One foot had scarcely touched the carpeted floor when a shriek that filled the cabin with echoes startled him. Around the way from him, with her back to the opposite wall, crossing herself with both hands, stood Marie, her eyes bulging with fear. She had seen him emerge from the dusty compartment, materializing out of a blank wall, as it were, and all the superstition of her nature was aroused. Shriek after shriek filled the cabin.

Dick's first impulse was to step back and hide again, but the girl's discovery of him made that course impracticable. He closed the panel with a touch of the spring, and sprang back into the gloom of the cabin. The door of a stateroom stood open, and through it he plunged without looking around.

At almost the same instant Captain Brent appeared in the cabin, and demanded of the maid, "What's the matter? What're you yelling for?"

Marie was unable for a few seconds to recover her wits. She kept on shrieking and crossing herself until the skipper shook her by the arm.

"Quit that!" he commanded. "Shut up, and tell me what's the matter." "A ghost, captain," she stammered between chattering teeth. "It came right out of the wall—come—come—"

"Ghost, your grandmother!" growled Brent. "Now—"

Dick waited to hear no more. The stateroom he was in opened directly upon the deck. He slipped the catch noiselessly and stepped out. It was dark, and there was no one on that side of the yacht. In the gloom he saw the dark outlines of trees and rocks, with the land rising abruptly from the water to a sort of peak, topped off by a low, rambling structure, whose chimneys stood silhouetted against the sky like gaunt fingers.

Lights twinkled here, and there in the distance. A few lanterns, others

moving, and voices broke the stillness occasionally as one called to another. At his left the phosphorescence of the ocean gleamed fitfully in the half light. The yacht had landed at a dock that jutted far out into the water.

Dick glanced at the end, measured the distance to the island, and decided that his safest way would be to drop overboard and swim ashore. The commotion in the cabin, caused by Marie's screams, had extended to the dock, and running feet could be heard approaching.

Climbing over the rail he lowered himself with a rope until his feet touched the water. He shivered a little at the chill, and then dropped noiselessly in the cold brine and began swimming quietly toward the shore.

Marie's alarm, after all, helped him, for it drew the attention of the whole crew to the cabin, and by the time anyone thought of searching the outside of it Dick was pulling himself upon a rock completely sheltered from view. He sat there wringing his clothes when Marie, accompanied by Brent, crossed the gangplank and landed on the dock. She was still protesting that she had seen a ghost.

"He came right through the wall, Cap'n Brent," she moaned. "I nearly fainted when I saw him."

"You'd better not tell Mr. Cutler you saw a ghost on his yacht, if you don't want to be fired," replied Brent. "Now get up to the house or Miss Cutler will—"

"Captain," interrupted a voice out of the darkness, "what's all this noise a'out? Mr. Cutler sent me down to inquire."

Dick recognized the voice of Mr. Blake.

"Nothing but a hysterical woman," growled Brent. "She thought she saw something—a ghost—and she let out a shriek like a fog whistle. Hustle her up to her mistress. I got enough to do without looking after her."

"Oh, Mr. Blake," wailed Marie, "on my word and honor I saw something—a man—"

"Thought you said it was a ghost," jeered Brent.

"Well, sir, it was a man—ghost—a tall young man, with dark hair and black eyes, with—a white face." Brent laughed hoarsely. "We got a lot of dark men in the crew, Marie—good-looking, too."

"But I never saw him before; he was not in the crew. He was different—a gentleman."

Blake and the captain exchanged glances, and the latter finally said: "Well, if he's aboard, Marie, I'll find him, and when I do I'll bring him up for you to identify. If he's a gentleman he won't try to frighten you again; but between you and me and the fishes, I don't believe there was anybody. If there was it was one of the crew."

Brent turned and walked away. Marie shuddered, and murmured, "Oh, no, sir, he wasn't one of the crew. I know all of them." "Go up to the house, Marie," Blake interrupted sharply. "Your mistress is waiting for you."

CHAPTER V

In the darkness Dick had little opportunity to explore his surroundings with any degree of satisfaction, and rather than risk discovery through blundering he contented himself with watching the yacht tied up at the dock, until the moon came up. Then with its rays making everything as clear as day he climbed the rocks and cautiously made his way in the direction of the house.

It was a big rambling affair in the moonlight, low of roof, but spread out over so much ground that it bulked large and formidable. It blended so well with the rocks and trees that it seemed a part of the landscape, growing naturally like a huge mushroom from the ground itself.

Lights twinkled in different windows, but a portentous silence seemed to brood over it. There were no voices to break the silence; no laughter, no music, nothing of human origin.

Dick concluded that the occupants were so tired with their long sea trip that rest and sleep were demanding their attention. This conclusion seemed corroborated when the lights in the windows began to go out, one at a time, until the great building was wrapped in gloom.

The last light to be extinguished was on the upper floor in the front of the building. When it disappeared Dick shivered slightly as if left suddenly in the cold.

But almost immediately it flared up again, brighter than before. It seemed for an instant that an increase of its candlepower had been miraculously given to it. It twinkled brilliantly for a moment, and then went out again.

This did not startle Dick; but when it appeared again and went out as before he blinked. He stared at the window, watching for its reappearance. It came in time, twinkling an instant as before and then went out for the last time.

"Looks like a signal of some kind," he mused. Then recalling the words of Blake to Captain Brent, he swung around and glanced down at the dock. A peculiarly bright light was shining from the masthead of the yacht, and as Dick looked it dipped three times, then remained motionless.

"That's Brent answering," he said.

First up at the window and then down at the yacht he glanced, watching for a renewal of the signals, but they were not repeated. The house was wrapped in darkness, and the lights on the yacht stationary.

But the latter did not remain so for long. While Dick looked they began moving seaward, gliding through the darkness with an almost imperceptible motion.

gently had received his signal. Mr. Blake, and was leaving yacht for Marsh inlet, then for further orders by wireless.

"I wonder what it all means," Dick mused. "I suppose I ought to arouse old man Cutler, and tell him—"

He was suddenly cut short by two shadows moving across the moonlit way in his direction. He had been time to duck behind a clump of bushes before they were upon him. Dick caught sight of a man and woman, but their identity was uncertain until they began to talk.

"I tell you, Marie," Mr. Blake was saying, a little irritably, "you must be careful or you'll spoil the whole plan for us. If you appear too familiar with me, Miss Alice will take notice. It was risky for you to call me out. Suppose she'd caught you at my door?"

"What difference does it make if she did?" was the quick retort. "You love me, don't you? Then what else matters? Miss Cutler has her lovers. I don't see why I can't have mine, too."

"Don't talk that way, Marie," interrupted Blake harshly. "We can't be ordinary lovers—not here!"

"Why not? We were in the city. Why is it different down here? Isn't the moonlight beautiful?"

"Yes," replied Blake moodily. "It's a good night for sailing. Captain Brent will be out of sight long before morning."

"Where is he going?—not back home?"

"No, he'll hang around until I want him—out of sight, of course. I'll instruct him by wireless. He stopped suddenly, and asked: "How does Miss Alice take it? She doesn't suspect anything, of course, does she?"

"No. Why should she? But in the morning—shrugging her shoulders—"it may be different. She was furious when she found the servants weren't here."

"Of course. I expected that, but she'll blame me, and not you. That's why I'm sending the yacht back—to get the servants—taking the responsibility upon myself, you see. Mr. Cutler may rave and tear around, but he'll quiet down. How's the medicine working? Did Alister say?"

"No, he doesn't tell me much. I don't know. But Miss Alice is worried about her uncle—more than about the servants."

"Too bad—for her sake." "There was genuine sympathy in the voice, and Marie turned quickly and glanced at him.

"Why should you be sorry for her?" she asked, with awakening jealousy.

"Why!—Oh, no reason whatever," Blake stammered. Then halting abruptly, he added, "we must go back now. You're lucky if you can reach your room without disturbing Miss Alice."

"Why go in?" Marie murmured. "The moon is beautiful."

"Yes, but it's getting late. Come now, you must leave. I'll see you to the door. No, we'll say good night here."

It was a perfunctory kiss he gave her, but it awakened slumbering emotions in the girl. She flung both arms around his neck, and drawing his head down lavished kiss after kiss on his lips, cheeks and forehead.

"You're my man," she said emotionally. "You love me, and I love you. If you ever love any other woman I'd die. No, I'd kill her—kill you! I'm that kind, Allan. You understand?"

"Don't make a scene, Marie," replied Blake, trying awkwardly to disengage the arms around his neck. "This is no time for such talk. Of course we love each other."

"Are you sure—quite sure?" she demanded unexpectedly, looking him in the eyes.

"What a question!" he said rebukingly. "Why do you ask it?"

"Because," she replied slowly, "sometimes I think you—you care for Miss Alice—and if you had the money you would rather have her than me."

"The moonlight must have affected your brain, Marie," he laughed unceremoniously. "I can't imagine what else put such a notion in your head. I have to be pleasant and companionable to Miss Alice. I owe it to her because of my position with her uncle. That's all there is to it."

Either satisfied by this explanation or unwilling to pursue the subject further, Marie nodded, and they retraced their steps to the front door of the gloomy house. Dick waited until they had disappeared, and then drew a long breath of surprise.

"Things are getting as muggy and thick as the weather," he reflected aloud, "and that's saying a good deal, for there'll be a storm before morning."

This prediction proved true, and within half an hour the rain fell. Dick hurried down to the dock and found shelter in a boathouse filled with canoes and catamarans. In one of the former he curled up and fell asleep.

It was morning when he woke. The sun was shining directly in his eyes, pouring through an open doorway in which stood a figure that he did not instantly recognize. It was apparent from her eyes and face that she had seen him first, and had been dubiously watching him as he slept.

"Hello!" he said, sitting up with a grin and blinking at the strong rays of sunlight. "You got the surprise on me. I was out late last night. What time is it?"

"It's early," was the calm reply. "You needn't apologize. The sun is up."

"You rise with it?" he added, noting the speaker for the first time.

Alice Cutler nodded. She dressed in an athletic outfit, and her hair

ANNOUNCEMENT

I take this method of announcing to my friends and to the public that I have purchased the E. B. Barnes Variety Store, and will continue same with a large and complete stock of Racket Store goods. I will appreciate your trade. Come in and see what I have to offer.

L. C. PATTON

\$3,600 JOB

—“While clerking at \$25 per month, I took Draughon's Home-Study Bookkeeping Course. On completing it I accepted a position as bookkeeper at \$100 per month. I have just accepted a position with a large manufacturing concern at a salary of \$300 a month and expenses. I never fail to boost Draughon's,” writes B. H. Wilkinson. The Draughon training will bring similar opportunities to you. Phone, call or mail the coupon to Draughon's College, Abilene, Texas, today.

Name
Address 25t2p

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Rogers of Dallas spent Christmas day with the former's mother, Mrs. Maude Rogers.

Mr. Earl Thornton, efficient employe of the Merkel Lumber Company, is just completing a handsome new bungalow home, located in the south part of the city. Earl has practically built this new home himself, working on same after hours and evenings.

IT HAS LASTED

Merkel People Must Believe Such Convincing Testimony as Mrs. Williams

No one in Merkel who suffers backache, headaches, dizziness rheumatic pains or distressing urinary ills can afford to ignore this twice-told story of a Merkel resident. It is confirmed testimony, telling of lasting benefit from Doan's Pills—a stimulant diuretic to the kidneys. It's evidence that no man or woman in Merkel can doubt.

Mrs. A. D. Williams, Merkel, says: “I had a dull ache in my back. I also had headaches and my kidneys acted too freely. After using Doan's Pills, I was relieved.” (Statement given May 5, 1919).

On May 6, 1925, Mrs. Williams said: “Since Doan's Pills cured me I haven't had kidney complaint.”

60c. at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Expecting car choice colorado lump coal Friday or Monday. Swafford, phone 44. 1t

The Merkel Mail

Published on Friday Morning by The Merkel Mail Printing Co. Thos. Durham, Editor-Mgr.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

In Taylor, Jones, Nolan and Fisher Counties, per yr. . . . \$1.50
Outside these counties, yr. \$2.00
IN ADVANCE

TELEPHONE No. 61

Entered at the postoffice at Merkel, Texas as second class mail.

CHILDREN GATHER AT B. M. BLACK HOME

On Christmas Day at the home of Mr and Mrs. B. M. Black there was much happiness and joy when a number of their children gathered to spend the day with these most excellent old people and feast in most excellent Christmas spirit.

On the 24th Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Dresser of Lubbock came in and on the morning of the 25th Mr. and Mrs. Archie Smith and four daughters from Maverick, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Howell, Oscar Black and wife from Abilene and Mr and Mrs. Mack Martin and children from Sweetwater, W. C. Black and wife of Trent, 21 in all, Soon after their arrival they began to unpack their boxes and fairly loaded the table with an abundance of good things to eat such as ham, turkey, chicken and cakes and all the trimmings that go with such a delightful spread, until finally the table was so heavily loaded as to fairly groan under the burden.

After all had sumptuously enjoyed the fine dinner the afternoon was spent in general conversation until time came for each to depart for their respective homes. The occasion came to a close with a prayer by Rev. W. H. Howell.

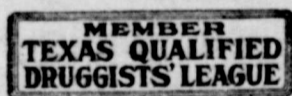
Mr. W. N. Farris, formerly of this city, but now residing at Friona, Texas, was here on business first of the week.

Mrs. E. L. Turner and children and Miss Rennie Burns spent several days first of the week with the former's parents at Bomarton, returning Wednesday.

Mr. Andy Brown, for many years connected with the Liberty Hardware Company prior to last year, is again with them, where he will be glad to meet old customers and friends.

STOP ITCHING

If you suffer from any form of skin diseases such as Itch, Eczema, Tetter or Cracked Hands, Poison Oak, Ring Worm, Old Sores or Sores on Children. We will sell you a Jar of BLUE STAR REMEDY on a guarantee. It will not stain your clothing and has a pleasant odor. For sale by MERKEL DRUG CO



Legally Registered Pharmacist

Merkel Drug COMPANY

S. D. Gamble, Mgr.

SPECIAL

Complete ELGIN Watches

\$11.00 and Up

Also a good value in

DIAMOND RINGS

From \$15.00 Up

PRESLEY'S

Jewelry & Gift Shop

Expert Repairing

209 Pine St. Abilene, Texas

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Good dry Oklahoma Ear Corn. Better come early. Garrett Grain Co. 1tp

FOR SALE—One young mule, cash or good note. J. Ben Campbell, phone 246. 1t3

FOR SALE—A double row Moline planter only planted 200 acres of land. Will sell cheap. E. D. Coats. 1t

FOR SALE or Trade for farm land, well improved sheep and goat ranch in Uvalde county, 1280 acres at \$12 per acre. Apply at Merkel Mail office. tf

FOR SALE—A good mule, a 2-room cultivator, some good Kasch cotton seed, and a few full blood Red Roosters. See G. L. Shuff on route five. 1tp

Baker & Wheeler will appreciate your patronage in fresh and cured meats of all kinds in season. Call on them for fresh pork, sausage, steak, cured meats, roasts, etc. tf

For good Kasch Cotton Seed see Earl Lassiter. 1t2

FOR SALE—Complete Cafe fixtures at Wingate, Texas. Write Box 306, Winters, Texas. 1t3p

FOR RENT—Two unfurnished rooms, the Rufe Tittle place on Oak street. Apply to W. A. Whiteley, Merkel, Texas. tf

FOR RENT

ROOMS—Have two furnished rooms to rent for light housekeeping. A. J. Canon. 1t

FOR RENT—Two furnished rooms for light housekeeping, to couple. See C. E. Conner. 1t2

LOST AND FOUND

STRAY BULL—I have at my place a stray bull about 2 years old with dim brand on left thigh and one horn off. Owner can get same at my place three miles east of Merkel. C. E. Jacobs. 1tp

WANTED—To rent 175 or 200 acres of good land on the halves. Can furnish myself. See G. W. Bishop, Merkel, Texas. 1tp

D. J. Curb and family spent Christmas with relatives at Blackwell, enjoying their visit very much. And just think of it, Mr. Curb reports having gone fishing and absolutely caught 'em until he had plenty and to spare, right here in the dead o' winter.

Mr. J. E. Richardson and family returned first of the week from Stephenville, Texas, where they had been called to attend the funeral of the former's mother, Mrs. S. L. Richardson, one of the pioneer and aged citizens of that community. We join Mr. Richardson's many friends here and elsewhere in extending to him deepest sympathy.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Burgess were down during the holidays from Childress where the former is superintendent of the city schools of that city, for a visit with their many friends. Mr. Burgess is a very fine school man and Childress is indeed fortunate in securing his valuable services.

Superintendent J. A. Summerhill returned Wednesday from Midland where they spent the holidays with friends and relatives.

Mr. F. M. Smith spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Smith, at Stanton, Texas.

Renew your subscription to the Merkel Mail before it expires

The New Year
The beginning of a New Year
always calls for changes
TRY US FOR---

- ☞ Gas, Oils and Tires
- ☞ Satisfactory repair work
- ☞ Quick battery charging
- ☞ Honest filling station service

We wish you a
Happy, Prosperous New Year

EVERYBODY'S GARAGE

“Our Customers must be Satisfied”

STOCKHOLDERS MEETING

The annual meeting of the shareholders of The Farmers State Bank, Merkel, Texas, will be held at the office of the Bank at 4 o'clock P. M. on Thursday January 14th, 1926, for the purpose of electing Directors and such other business which may come before the meeting. R. O. Anderson, Vice-Pres. 11t4

Mr. Eli Case is having his home in the southwest part of the city remodeled, a new sleeping porch added, a fresh coat of paint and other improvements which when completed will add very much to the appearance and comfort of his already nice home.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank each and every one who in any way assisted us during the illness and death of our dear wife and mother, and especially do we wish to thank Dr. Grimes and Mrs. Gilmore. We appreciate the beautiful floral offerings. May God's richest blessings rest upon each and every one is our prayer. J. M. Dunn and family. 1

Mr. O. R. Golightly and family of Floydada were guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Golightly during the holidays.

W. O. Boney represents the San Antonio Joint Stock and Land Bank. See him for 6% money. tf

C O Z Y THEATRE

FRIDAY and SATURDAY, January 1-2

Universal Presents

JACK HOXIE

“DON DARE DEVIL”

A Blue Streak Western

—Also—

An Adventure Picture

WILLIAM DESMOND

—in—

“THE ACE OF SPADES”

Chapter No. 1— “THE FATAL CARD”

And Educational Comedy

MONDAY and TUESDAY, January 4-5

DOUGLAS MacLEAN

—in—

“7 KEYS TO BALDPATE”

George M. Cohan's Greatest Comedy, from the Novel by Earl Derr Biggers.

A Paramount Picture

Also Universal Comedy.

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, Jan. 6-7

PETE MORRISON and LIGHTNING

—in—

“SANTE FE PETE”

—Also—

Larry Semon Comedy

MOLINE DISC PLOWS

Cost a trifle more to start with but cost far less to operate.

We can furnish you names of hundreds of farmers in Taylor, Jones and surrounding counties who have used their Moline Plows for 20 years and are still doing good work with them.

Terms, either cash, half cash, or all on next Fall time.

Your credit is good here

E. S. Hughes Co.

ABILENE, TEXAS

TO GIVE YOU BETTER SERVICE

We announce the addition of an extra man to our Auto Supply Department, in order that we may properly serve the auto owners of the Merkel territory.

In this connection, let us thank you for the patronage that has meant the continued growth of this department of our business. We trust that each transaction of the past year has been such that it will merit a continuance of your patronage during 1926.

To this end, we resolve during the new year to carry a still more complete assortment of Genuine Ford Parts, Tires, Tubes and Accessories of all kinds, to maintain our standard of quality merchandise at fair prices, and to give you still better service than we have in the past.

West Company



Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Edwards and son of San Angelo are guests in the home of Mrs. Besie Smith.

Expecting car choice colorado lump coal Friday or Monday. Swafford, phone 44. It

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd L. Grayson of Burleson, Texas, have been the guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Grayson of Merkel this week. They were accompanied by Mr. Ernest Hill and his sister, Miss Dorothy Hill, also of Burleson.

Miss Ellen King of Abilene was a guest in the home of Mr. and Mrs. V. L. Merritt last week. Miss King was the nurse of Mrs. Merritt when she was in the Baptist sanitarium last winter. When she has finished her training in this work Miss King's ambition is to go as a missionary to China, where she desires to become a surgical operator.

We are informed that Mr. P. E. Rape and family left this week for Nolan county where they will reside in the future. They have many friends here who regret their departure from the Merkel community.

TO OUR FRIENDS AND PATRONS

Beginning January 1st, 1926, our credit business will be strictly 30 days.

Our reason for this is our bills have to be paid on the 1st. of each month and we cannot carry any past due accounts.

Magnolia Filling Station

NOTICE

If you want a home or want to buy land for an investment, I can show you the land you want to see. It is the Yellow house and Spade Lands located near Levelland and Littlefield. Free transportation, and priced right. See me if you want to go see this land.

T. J. (Tom) COATS
Merkel, Texas Phone 2

Expert Repairing

The way we repair shoes, it is really more of a re-make rather than a repaired shoe. Naturally the service a re-made shoe gives is almost equal to a new shoe.

GOODYEAR SHOE SHOP
176 Cypress, Opposite Gambill's. Abilene, Texas

DR. E. E. COCKRELL
CURE PILES without the knife—no detention from work. Office practice only
Rectal and Skin Specialist
Marander Building. Office Hours 8 to 12 a.m., 2 to 5 p.m. Phone 353. Abilene, Texas

Baptist Announcements

All regular services Sunday and throughout the week. Let's start the New Year right by all going to our places of worship on the first Lord's day of the year. Why not include in our new year's resolutions one that will mean we are to be more faithful to our Lord and to our church during the coming year. Some of us are doubtless entering the last lap of the race of life. This may be true of the young as well as the old, it may be true of the well as sure as it is of the sick. Be that as it may, let us make 1926 the best year of our life. May we not only seek that our own life will be more noble and clean, but let us seek also to help some one else to turn their faces Heavenward. Let us bring them to Jesus, the only One that can guide them to the better world.

You will find a welcome at any church in town. Start the new year right by worshipping in one of the churches Sunday.
Ira L. Parrack, pastor.

Methodist Church

While making your New Year's resolutions do not neglect to include God and the church. Start the New Year right by attending services next Sunday. Worship at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

The public is cordially invited to attend our services at the Methodist church Sunday.
W. R. McCarter.

Presbyterian Church

Sunday school at 10 a.m. Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Senior Christian Endeavor at 6:00 p.m.

Junior Christian Endeavor at the 11 o'clock hour. Let us make a record attendance at both the Sunday school and preaching services for this is the first Sunday in the New Year.

Christian Endeavor Program

Leader, Dorris Russell.
Topic: "How does God Show His Loving Care?"
Scripture reading: Luke 12:6-8; Pet. 5:7; Ps. 23:1-6.
Talk by Leader.
Song; Clippings; Question.
Song; Mispah.

DORA NEWS

Thursday afternoon, after the Dora girls had dressed the Christmas tree and had it ready for old Santa to arrive, the tree split in the middle, falling on one of the girls, which caused a bit of fun as well as hard work. Fortunately they had another tree which they put up. So Dora boasts two Christmas trees.

The Dora Baptist church called a meeting Saturday evening and discussed plans for a new Baptist church building, which will be erected as soon as sufficient funds can be raised. The cooperation of everybody will be highly appreciated by the Dora Baptist church membership.

A SPANISH WEDDING

On Christmas night, at eight o'clock, Judge W. W. Wheeler, in his usual happy manner pronounced the words that united in marriage Pablo Luna and Antonia. The beautiful and impressive ring ceremony was observed, adding interest and beauty to the happy event, and another unique feature was the use of a Spanish interpreter.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Wood, and Miss Lena Moxley of Abilene.

Following the happy event refreshments of cake and cocoa were served to all present, and dancing and music lasted until a late hour.

Messrs R. L. McLean and G. B. Neill, of route three and five, respectively, have our thanks for the renewal of their subscriptions to the Merkel Mail. Mr. Neill also had us send the Mail to his daughter at Eastland.

DOGS REPORTED WITH HYDROPHOBIA HERE

Sor some two weeks there has been quite a "mad dog" scare in and around Merkel, it being reported that a dog from this city became affected with hydrophobia and bit many dogs about the city and country, and since that time other dogs have been suspected as being mad. As a result many dogs have been killed and others have been penned up, but there is yet a lot of absolutely worthless currs still running around the city and country.

We are also informed that on last Sunday a young girl was attacked by a large bull dog on a farm near the city and badly bitten. Later the dog was killed and the head sent to Austin to the Pasteur Institute where an examination showed that the dog had been suffering from Rabies, and notice was wired to a local physician who is now treating the young lady.

With the above facts before the people, there is no reason why steps should not be taken to prevent further danger of some person being bitten by a worthless stray dog. If the dog owners do not kill or put up their dogs, the Mayor and city authorities have all the authority necessary to banish all the dogs in the city at least.

HAMBLET TO REOPEN

I will open a new grocery store next door to Woodrum Filling Station and will have a complete new stock. I invite all my old customers to return. Have no "fatted calf to kill," but will give the prices on your needs, and will appreciate your future patronage as I have in the past. W. F. HAMBLET. It

Mr. Vernon Simpson, who has been connected with the Liberty Hardware for the past year, has accepted a position with the Crown Hardware Company, where his many friends will find him in the future.

REAL ESTATE, FARM LOAN FIRE INSURANCE

After a Fire--

you'll find no satisfaction in figuring up the amount of insurance you should have had. But there is a lot of satisfaction in knowing that your property as it stands today is fully covered by dependable fire insurance.

Our fire insurance policies are dependable.

W. O. BONEY
MERKEL, TEXAS

Consult your Insurance Agent as you would your Lawyer.

YOUNG WIFE AFRAID TO EAT ANYTHING

"I was afraid to eat because I always had stomach trouble afterwards. Since taking Adlerika I can eat and feel fine." (Signed) Mrs. A. Howard. ONE spoonful Adleriko removes GAS and often brings surprising relief to the stomach. Stops that full, bloated feeling. Removes old waste matter from intestines and makes you feel happy and hungry. Excellent for obstinate constipation. Merkel Drug Co., in Trent by R. B. Johnson.

Miss Mary Kate Campbell who is teaching in the Canyon public schools, also Miss Rubye Reagan, primary teacher at Noodle, accompanied by Mr. Leonard Jenkins, visited Mr. and Mrs. V. L. Merritt Saturday night. Miss Campbell was intermediate teacher at Noodle last year.

AN APPRECIATION

We take this method of thanking our friends for the shower of blessings they brought to our home on the night of the 23rd. The presents were too numerous to mention. May you live long to bless others, is our prayer. We hope to live so that you will have no occasion to regret having given us those good things for Christmas. Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Cypert. It

Try a Classified Ad in the Mail.

Len Sublett

Water well Driller,
all work guaranteed
first-class.

Merkel, Texas

1926 Will Demand Much From the Service of ELECTRICITY

The year that has just closed was a constructive year. This community and the state made great progress and in doing so it called upon the Electrical service for much expansion and improvement.

The New Year promises to see still greater growth of this essential public service. This community is growing and new uses and extended requirements upon the Electric service to aid in growth and development show increasing need for co-operation and understanding between the people served and the Electric service.

The interests of this company and of this community are the same, neither can prosper and serve to the fullest extent without the aid of the other.

Let's make 1926 a year of understanding and achievement by working together for the good of this community.

West Texas Utilities Co.