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APRIL ESCAPE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

SYNOPSIS.

Mary Kate O'Hara accepts a proposition made by Christopher Steynes...

CHAPTER XXXIV.

It was after two o'clock now; the music had ceased. The dining room was almost deserted...

Chris leaned across the table, and for a quick second put a warm brown hand over her own. His eyes were smiling, but his tone was all kind.

"Not that it matters," she said dully. "I don't know," she began again with a desperate little laugh.

"You've been telling me, all day," Chris answered. "You told me last night, over the telephone."

"I suppose so," she admitted simply, shrugging.

"A feeling like that," he said, "doesn't last—do you see what I mean? I mean—why, we all do that. We all get involved! But the real thing—the things that are tied up with your family, and your friends, and your home town, and—oh, well, a man's success and future, and children, everything—"

"I'm trying to say something," he recommenced, with a laugh, as her gravely watching eyes gave him no encouragement, "and I don't believe I'm getting away with it."

"Oh, yes, you're getting away with it," Mary Kate assured him, simply.

"No, but suppose—suppose," he argued eagerly, "that the shoe was on the other foot—that the situation was what-do-you-call-it—reversed. Suppose the situation was reversed. Suppose I was begging you to—well,

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When tempted to go out and speculate, investigate and then shut the gate!—The Christian Science Monitor.

you've got your mother and home here, and your brothers and sisters and friends. I've come along, to upset all that—"

Another halt. Mary Kate ended the silence by saying: "You have."

"Damn!" Chris ejaculated simply. "We'll go to the hospital now," the girl said, beginning to gather her things, "and after that, I'll not see you again. I ask you—I beg you," she went on, "not to try to see me again, after today. But something happened to me, last week," she continued very simply, looking down, speaking in a low voice.

"Everything looked so bright, and so—well, I don't know, thrilling to me," she went on, in a dead silence. "Even I—myself, was thrilling, to myself."

"And then, thinking one night, I suddenly knew what it was. I was remembering Burlingame, and all that time last week, and when I came to thinking about you—"

A little shrug, an upward glance from her troubled blue eyes, completed the sentence. She got to her feet. "So that's that!" she finished. They did not speak again as they left the dining room.

But in the yellow taxi, lumbering through the light, sun-penetrated rain that was still falling—falling to his surprise, and to his rather touched relief, she was suddenly her usual self again, a tall red-headed girl eager for experience and filled with interest in everything. She told him the history of the old mansion on Nob Hill, pointed out the college town, and the prison island, the quarantine and naval base islands in the bay, and the old Fair site, lying level along the edge of the sullen gray, rain-flattened waters.

"Do you dread this interview, Mary?" "Not much. I have a feeling that it will come out all right."

"I know what you mean!" she said impatiently, resentfully, in the pause. "That—well, that in a way you're the real girl I've ever met—"

"Am I making sense?" he broke off to ask with a little self-conscious laugh. "Of course you're making sense," the girl said, in the most natural tone she had yet used. But her cheeks were aflame.

"Mary, I want to say something to you," Chris said suddenly, with a quickened manner of tone. "This thing has gone very deep with me. I've done darn-fool things in my life, and I thought this was going to be just one more of them. But it's not. I don't mean what happened Friday night. We're going to get out of this Moody business all right; I'm not afraid of that. I'll square him if I have to join the Socialists, and throw a few bombs myself here and there."

"But it's this other thing that gets me. If you're going to feel badly about it—if you're going to think—How'll I put this? I mean, if any unhappiness for you—"

"Here's what I'm trying to say: You're young and you're very beautiful—you really are. It sounds like a flat thing to say, but really you are—and you're going to be married, and

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Keeps Fruits Fresh Some interesting observation with respect to the application of "quick freezing processes" to perishable fresh fruits and vegetables is contained in the current newsletter of the Dominion Cold Storage Branch.

Chris and Mary Kate pushed open the door, and were in a small, clean, white room, filled with a narrow white high bed, a white chair and a great white-curtained window flooded with afternoon light.

Chris saw these things, after one quick glance at the man who lay bandaged on the bed, his sullen suspicious look turned toward the door. But Mary Kate's look got no further than the invalid's face.

Her breath rose on a quick gasp. For a second she wavered as if she were going to faint. Then with a sob she took the little space between door and bed with a few flying steps, she was on her knees beside the injured man, her face against the hand she clasped in both of hers.

The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE



We had slipped down the burning slope, expecting every minute to be our last, then found ourselves falling into space. We shut our eyes, rather than see the fiercely burning furnace that we believed lay below—the suddenly I found myself choking for breath, deep down in the cool swirling depths of a mountain pool.

I fought my way to the top, and found Scottie swimming in circles up there on the surface, looking for me, with a most doleful expression on his whiskered face.

Above us the woods burned brightly, and down stream the river disappeared in a smoke-filled tunnel of flaming trees. It was through that tunnel we must go if we were ever to get out. The air was alive with hot cinders—and the light was so uncertain that we had no idea whether the sun was shining or not.

When the water grew shallow I waded around slippery boulders, and crawled over ledges where the swift, white current pulled and tugged at my clothes and often swept me off my feet. It was painfully slow work for both of us. Scottie was clutched under my coat and I staggered along as fast as I could.

The stream narrowed, and the rock ledges on either side rose to a height of twenty feet or more. It was a regular gorge. Up over us the woods were burning fiercely, but above the crackle and roar of the flames rose another sound—a sort of deep bass rumble like thunder that broke through a long drawn out note. Falling water, and not very far ahead!

The current grew deeper and swifter, and the gorge continued to grow steeper and narrower. I clung to a ledge for support while I rested. Sure enough. Not a hundred feet along, the stream dropped over a ledge. I crept as closely as I dared. Apparently the water fell twenty-five or thirty-five feet into a round basin and the gorge was considerably wider at that point. It looked for all the world as if some giant with an auger had bored this big hole in the rock, into which the water tumbled and hissed.

Slowly, step by step, we retraced our way back through the gorge. On a flat rock in the stream we sat down to think—the bank was too cool for comfort and the rock was none too cool. Taking off my leather jacket, I carefully cut the heavy leather into strips, using the sleeves and all. When fastened together these strips made a strong rope about ten or twelve yards long.

Now for a place to tie it at the head of the falls. I needed a log that could be wedged securely between the walls of the gorge—that would do it. Finally I found one the right size. Half floating it, I made my way towards the edge of the falls. One false move—and over I'd have gone! Carefully I worked one end into a crevice in the ledge. With one end anchored I pushed the other into place against the opposite wall of the gorge. Then I went back for Scottie.

From my shirt I made a sling. With one end of the rope anchored around my waist, I braced myself against the tree and lowered Scottie down. The rope just reached, and he climbed out on the side of the basin. My turn came now. I straddled the log, took a tight hold of the leather rope, and slipped over. The force of the falls was tremendous. The rope slipped through my fingers, and I spun dizzily around, and with a thump I landed in the shallow water at the edge of the basin. I climbed wearily out and there was Scottie watching me on the bank.

The woods seemed to be getting lighter ahead. I pushed on faster—and soon we were on the edge of the nicest little mountain lake you ever saw. Far up to the right the fire was rapidly working down to the lake. To our left, the woods were burning almost to the water's edge. We were hemmed in again.

Suddenly there was a scrambling in the underbrush—some heavy animal scratching through. Scottie remembered the bears and stood still with every hair standing straight out like a porcupine. The crashing grew nearer.

(To be continued)

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