Gems of Peril

By HAZEL ROSS HAILEY.

SYNOPSIS.

Mary Harkness plots to ensnare The Fly, whom she believes "framed" her brother Eddie with the murder of old Mrs. Jupiter, and later killed him. She is aided by Bowen of the Star. Mary's fiance, Dirk Ruyther, believes Eddie is guilty.

Bruce Jupiter is ordered out by his father, who makes Mary his heir. Bruce vows revenge. Mary goes to Miami on the Jupiter yacht, hoping The Fly will be at Hialeah to see his horse run, where she meets Count De Loma, listed as the owner of The Fly's horse. Mr. Jupiter's car is of the same make as that used by the murderer and Eddie's I.O.U. for $15,000 is found in it.

Bowen overhears Bruce and Countess Louise quarreling because she cannot explain where she got a diamond bracelet. Louise says it is Mary's. Bruce makes her give it to Mary, who discovers it was stolen from Mrs. Jupiter.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Mary laid a light velvet wrap about her shoulders and stepped into the hall as soon as she heard Bates' door close. He stood resplendent in evening dress, clawing at his collar, an improved but still a brightly sunburnt young man.

"Lord," he groaned, "I thought this job was a cinch when I took it—but phooey!" He lifted his chin as far as possible out of his unrelenting collar and said resignedly, "Well, let's go."

"It will be cooler on the roof," she comforted him. She had grown rather fond of the little chap in recent days, and she owed him something for the smiles he gave her. She thought of the money Mr. Jupiter had given her and decided suddenly what to do with it.

She put it in his surprised hand and clenched the fingers on it.

"No!" he boomed loudly, aghast. But she made him take it.

"For being a good egg," she said. "How did you come out with your puzzle?"

"Oh, that." He seemed relieved to change the subject. "I didn't get much done on that."

"Well, let the picture puzzle go for the present. More than likely it's just some political candidate he took a dislike to. Even criminals have their politics, I suppose."

Bates rapped on Mr. Jupiter's door, eyeing the necklace meanwhile. "Phew!" he remarked. "Some class, eh? There's going to be several hundred mighty jealous wrens at that party when they glimpse that, believe me."

"Come in!" yelled Mr. Jupiter in a voice that made them both start. As soon as they entered, they realized that he was very angry. Bruce was there, leaning against a chair, examining the tip of his cigaret with half-closed eyes.

Jupiter nodded toward chairs, then turned back to Bruce.

"Go on! Say what you've got to say," he commanded roughly. Mary's heart sank—a quarrel with Bruce at this particular moment? If only the old man would soften his attitude toward his son a little, she thought Bruce might be won to his father's views much more easily. But Bruce's manner hardened to meet his father's.

"Let me get this straight," Bruce frowned. "I'm to understand that you suspect De Loma of being the man you're after?"

Jupiter Senior nodded.

"I despise the chap, certainly, but—do you realize the absurdity of that?" burst out Bruce. "Why he's an old friend of Louise's! She's known him for years, and whatever else he may be, surely it's nonsense to try to make him out a murderer, a—a thief."

When no one spoke, he continued in a tone that struggled to keep reasonable. "I grant you he may not be precisely a lily, but the strict American code of morals, ethics and whatnot. He's nobility, you know. And post-war conditions—I don't say he may not have turned his hand to a shady deal or two, to keep from starving—"

Mary had an impression that he was talking to bolster up his own courage, that behind his scornful front he was frightened. The spectacle of his Louise in the arms of a man of that stripe was horrible to him. Against his judgment he must believe the best of the man or see Louise as horribly smudged by her former association with him.

Mary asked: "You haven't told Louise what we know about De Loma have you?"

Bruce regarded her steadily. "Not yet," he said. "Look here, father, perhaps I can't alter your ideas about this man just yet, but I can alter them about someone else, I imagine. I happen to have certain facts that—well, that—"

"Out with 'em!" the old man snapped.

"I'll be brief," Bruce sneered. "It's this: I think all this pursuit of De Loma is simply a fake on Miss Harkness' part. He is the first man who came to hand. Therefore she points him out as the murderer. Where is the real murderer? I fancy the authorities know best about that. Why, this girl is working you for all she can get out of you, can't you see it?"

Bates moved forward threateningly but Mr. Jupiter held up a restraining hand.

"Isn't it odd that the pursuit of this—phantom, let us say—should take on the general lines of a pleasure jaunt of the first order. Now I submit, father—"

"You submit what?" his father prompted in a level voice.

"Why, that you'd do better to get rid of this woman and forget the other thing. She's broken with her fiance. For what? Because she's after bigger game. You! She's carried me along very graciously because she can't get rid of me. Why, right under your nose she's grabbing right and left whatever she can get her hand on—right now she's got a diamond bracelet of Louise's salted away! How's that for cuteness? De Loma loaned it to Louise, and she got it away from all of us. Why, she's slicker than De Loma dares to be!"

There was a long minute of ghastly silence, broken by Bates' heartfelt exclamation, "Well, I'll be damned!" He laughed then—positively roared.

"That bracelet," Jupiter spoke gently, "was your mother's son. It was part of what the—robber got when he—when he shot your mamma, and got away. I'd know the bracelet anywhere. . I had it made special for her. Why, I believe it's got her initials in it! Did you notice, Mary?"

Mary shook her head.

Well, it has. You look next time. If Louise got it from De Loma, then that proves all we've been trying to prove. Sure as sin he's the man killed your mamma, Bruce. Now, is that enough for you? Anything else you want to say?"

Bruce still leaned against the chair, but there was something altered in him—a sort of crumpling of the spirit that drew a faint pity even from the girl he had just denounced. After all, he was only a rather strong-headed young man who had swallowed an overdose of cynicism and sophistication at too early an age.

Mr. Jupiter spoke to him then more gently than Mary had ever heard him.

"Bruce, my son," he said, "we need you. Will you help us?"

Bruce drew himself up, refusing to meet his father's eyes. He was not yet ready to give in. "There must be some explanation—" he stammered. "Till I've heard both sides, I can't—"

"You'll not speak a word of this to De Loma or to that woman, either!" Jupiter flared. "You hear me? I'll put you under lock and key if you don't give me your promise not to open your mouth on the subject to either of them, until we've had a chance to make an arrest. Promise me."

Mary came forward, laid her hand on Mr. Jupiter's threatening fist.

"Let him do just this, if he will," she soothed. "Ask him to keep Louise away from the hotel for this evening to avoid any further scenes. Keep her where she won't see or speak to De Loma until we've done what we planned to do tonight. If De Loma learns we have the bracelet, it may be dangerous, you see—" she explained for Bruce's benefit. "I imagine you won't want to have dinner with us now and I'm sure she won't."

"You imagine correctly. Nothing would give us greater pleasure than to offer you our regrets." With that Bruce went out.

Mary turned impulsively to the old man. "Don't worry. He'll come around all right! Everything will come out fine—see if it doesn't!" She kissed him lightly on the cheek and was relieved to see his eyes twinkle at her mischievously.

"He certainly slammed you around proper, didn't he, miss?" he teased.

"But look here," he turned serious suddenly, "you oughn't to take a chance wearing that necklace up there, Mary!"

"Just let him see it!" Mary pleaded. "Then I'll take it off—Bates or you can take it away and lock it up again, if you like. He thinks I've got it out of the safe, but he isn't sure. If he shows up tonight at all, this will make him try for it now. I want to know quickly. And then as soon as the police take him, I want to get back to New York."

"That so?" Jupiter seemed surprised. "Now I kinda counted on your going on a little fishing trip as soon as this is over—kinda made up my mind I'd like to try for some baracuda down around Dry Tortugas—"

Mary said tremulously, "I'm afraid I've lost my fish and I must go back and get him!" Suddenly she was crying, to her intense mortification.

They all went out to the elevator together. There was the sound of a telephone ringing, and after listening a minute they decided that it came from Mary's room.

Mary lifted the receiver. "It's the mail clerk, Miss Harkness!"

"Oh," said Mary, "of course. Stupid of me. You've a letter for me, is that it?"

"Not a letter, Miss Harkness, but I wanted to tell you—you've been so anxious for a letter from Mr. Ruyther—that he's here, now."

"Here? Where?"

"Here in Miami? At the Blackstone, I think. But just look at tonight's paper, under 'New Arrivals,' and you'll see it. I have to read it every day, you know, to know who's stopping at the other hotels."

"Thank you! Thank you!"

In a perfect daze of happiness, Mary hung up the receiver.

Dirk was here. Dirk had come! He hadn't written, he had come himself!

(To be continued.)

Troughs For Dogs

London.—If motorcars can get a drink of water on the road, why not dogs?

So argued an animals' friend, with the result that it has been decided to provide all the A. A. telephone boxes in England with drinking troughs for dog travelers. As almost every main road and secondary road in the country is provided with these boxes, "Faithful Tray" will be able to "wag his tail and wet his lip" whenever and wherever he chooses.

"New" Sphinx Discovered Near Second Pyramid

Cairo, Egypt.—A hitherto unknown sphinx was reported to have been unearthed near the Second Pyramid by Prof. Selim Hassan of the Egyptian archaeological department of the University of Cairo.

Twelve Mastabas, ancient Egyptian tombs, also were reported to have been discovered.

The man who rises without pulling other down usually pulls others up with him.—Forbes.

Goiter Takes its Toll

Stock owners are advised to take time by the forelock, and thereby prevent loss by goiter in calves, lambs and pigs, that are due, to be born, during the late winter or spring. This can be done by giving the pregnant animals on your farm, a small quantity of iodine in some form. If you farm in a goiter district, do not delay giving the unborn animals this protection. The calf and lamb crop can be saved from goiter, by giving the pregnant cows and ewes free access to a salt lick that contains potassium iodine, at the rate of one ounce of potassium iodine to each 100 pounds of salt. The little pig crop can be protected by giving the pregnant sow, each day a tablespoonful of a solution, made by dissolving ½ ounce of potassium iodine in two quarts of water. This use of a small quantity of iodine in some form, to prevent goiter in young animals is necessary in the greater part of the older farming sections of Canada, excepting the sea coast districts.

Plane Service from Britain Trans-Canada to Far East

Britain persists in her progressive conquest of the air. Sir Alan Cobham will soon attempt a non-stop 10,000-mile flight from Great Britain to Australia, re-fueling in the air from tanker planes stationed along the route. These long flights from Croydon and other airdromes in England to the ends of the earth are becoming quite ordinary events in the annals of Imperial Airways Limited. Sir Eric Geddes, just back from an 8,000-mile trip to Cape Town, states that the regular time for this route is to be cut to seven days, with Armstrong-Siddeley monoplanes. This year the great British-Indian service is to be extended to Australia with off-shoots to Hong Kong and Tokio. But particularly interesting to the people of this country is Sir Eric's prediction that within two or three years at the latest Imperial Airways Limited will have a regular trans-Atlantic and trans-Canada air service from the British Isles to the Far East. "That," he says, "will take our commercial services right around the world." The air-ports under construction by way of unemployment relief all across the Dominion will come in handy in connection with this far-flung project.

Keeps Upholstery Clean

Raising the car windows when parking in a busy street is one way of keeping the interior clean which apparently escapes many motorists.

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND
"SALADA"
TEA
"Fresh from the Gardens"

Baggage-Room Voyaging

Terry and I have discovered a delightful way to travel! We found it quite by chance yesterday, when I went to question the baggage master about a mysteriously delayed crate, and Terry trotted along at my heels. The man was busy when we arrived, so we were left to our own devices for a time. Terry really deserves credit for the idea, since, if he had not almost immediately begun to sniff at the various crates and boxes with his inquisitive fox-terrier nose I should never have thought of looking around myself. It took me but a few moments to discover that a baggage room is a veritable hemisphere.

The trunks nearest me were evidently unseasoned travelers, bound only for neighboring towns. But over in one corner I spied a steamer trunk, generously tagged. It was toward this venerable globe-trotter that I turned my attention. What a gay collection of labels! Most of them were partially eradicated through time and many voyages, but this made them all the more priceless. I stooped to examine them more closely. Bristol, Toulon, Lugano, Amalfi, Assouan. One, slightly larger than the rest, caught my eye—Srinagar. Suddenly, I saw the haughty Himalayas rise above the green Vale of Kashmir. Srinagar—and the seven bridges over the Jhelum. Gondolas on Dal Lake—the gates of Shalimar.

"You wanted to see me, Miss?" The voice brought me back to the baggage room. Yet the very room was different—now that I knew its possibilities!

Eat Spinach If You Would Be Beautiful

Philadelphia.—Any woman can be beautiful, according to Dr. J. Howard Crum, plastic surgeon of New York—but she must be willing to eat spinach.

"What you eat is the answer to how fast you age," Dr. Crum told delegates to the trade display and fashion show. He promises a beautiful complexion to any woman who would each day eat a generous portion of a thin-leafed vegetable, follow it with a goodly dose of spinach or carrots, and top them off with a quart of milk.

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