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Flexible Rock Found In North Carolina

Raleigh, N.C.—A strip of rock that actually bends has been placed in the North Carolina State Museum at Raleigh, as a specimen of one of the interesting things found in the Linnville Mountains of this State.

While the rock, known technically as "itacolumite," a variety of quartz, has no commercial value, reference to it has been made in writings dealing with curious objects. Specimens on display here have been arranged so that museum visitors can, by pulling an iron rod, demonstrate to their satisfaction the flexibility of this rock.

ISSUE No. 10—'33

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 a reporter of The Star. Mary's fiance, Dirk Ruyther, believes Eddie guilty.

Bruce Jupiter, in his father's bad graces, vows to rout Mary, whom he believes is a gold-digger. Jupiter has made Mary his heir. Mary goes to Miami on the Jupiter yacht, hearing the Fly will be at Hialeah to see his horse run. There she meets Count De Loma, old acquaintance of Bruce's friend, Countess Louise. De Loma is listed as the owner of The Fly's horse. Jupiter buys a second-hand car of the same make as that used by the murderer, and finds Eddie's I.O.U. for $15,000 in it.

Bruce and Louise quarrel over a diamond bracelet. Mary discovers it was stolen from Mrs. Jupiter and locks it in the hotel safe, taking out the Jupiter rubies to wear at a hotel fete. Dirk arrives with the party of Cornelia Tabor, Mary's rival.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Some time during the remainder of the first dance, which had become a horrible nightmare to Mary. She felt a severe bump—and looked around to see Bates, perspiring and apologetic, piloting a strang woman awkwardly nearby.

De Loma's start and quick leap aside startled her more than the collision between the two couples. Though Bates bemoaned his clumsiness and begged a thousand pardons, De Loma's look would have slain him if it could.

It was not until she and Bates were left alone together at the table while De Loma, to whom there was no dance but the tango, went to speak to the orchestra leader, that she learned the little incident had been intentional.

"He's got a gun," Bates whispered to Mary. "He carries it on the right side. Did I step on you?"

"Some," Mary confessed, wriggling a bruised toe, "but anything for the cause."

The press of so many extra guests had made service slow. Mary noticed that their dinner as still in its early stages. Unless he chose to walk out and leave his food uneaten, Dirk was committed to remain where he was for some time at least. Well, she would make that time memorable for him, she resolved fiercely.

Mr. Jupiter, who had ben roaming restlessly along the low wall that edged the roof, ostensibly looking at the Ambassador's famous "view," now came back and leaned down to speak to her.

"Mary, I'm going down to the Gypsy. I can't sit here and see that fellow gyrating around out there like a —like a damned top. He ought to be dancing on the end of a rope. I'll put him there, too! It makes me sick to watch him."

He did look as if he were under a severe strain. Mary said she would follow soon, and added in an undertone to Bates, "Hadn't you better go with him?" Bates appeared worried. The old man looked far from well, but there was the necklace to think of.

"I'll put him in a cab, anyhow," he finally decided, "and be right back; and I want to stop and see how the boys are coming with the searching of De Loma's room.

"I'm not afraid, but hurry back!"

"Listen! You better give me that!" Bates leaned forward. "With that gun The Fly's liable to think he can stand 'em all off and try something desperate."

"But I can't give it to you here!" Mary whispered impatiently.

"Pull your wrap up while you unfasten it. Drop it in your napkin and lay the napkin on the table, and I'll pick it up. I'll watch."

Mary did as he said.

Mr. Jupiter was tramping around the room to the exit. Mary suddenly saw De Loma and the orchestra leader end their confab, and De Loma turn and walk swiftly toward their table.

"He's coming!" Bates rose hurriedly as she spoke, grabbing the napkin and stuffing it in his inside pocket quickly. He cut straight across the room and caught up with Mr. Jupiter at the door.

De Loma dropped into the chair beside her.

"Ah, these American orchestras!" he scoffed. "They know nothing but the jazz. Would you believe he has not a single tango on the program for tonight? I told him, 'Play me the tango, and you will see something!' He will play it, but he thinks not many in this crowd can dance it—they are older folk, mostly. For them he plays the waltz!" He shook his head in amazement. "What good is riches if you can only dance the waltz?"

He was deadly in earnest about it and in her relief at having the necklace out of her possession and safely tucked away in Bates' pocket, Mary almost laughed. She as seeing a new and strange side of the man.

Then he noticed that the other places at their table were empty.

"They have gone and left us, eh? The old one? And Bates, too? Ah, but the night is young!" He turned toward her, switching on his passionate manner as if it had been an electric light. He made as if to take her hand, but Mary moved away convulsively. So long as he did not try to make love to her, she could endure him—but not that.

Now she became aware of something under the napkin on which her right hand rested—the necklace! Bates hadn't taken it after all! In his hurry he had seized an empty one and stuffed it in his pocket without looking—and the Jupiter necklace was still here, underneath her hand.

She might have picked it up and put it on again—afterward it occured to her that that had been the sensible thing to do. But at the moment she was too panicky.

Almost as if he read her thoughts, De Loma suddenly noticed the absence of the rubies.

"You have—lost your necklace?" he asked in a choking voice, pointing to her throat.

"Oh, no," she managed to laugh. "I was so warm, and the stones are so heavy, I just took it off."

His sinister face relaxed. She saw his eyes creeping over her, the table, her handbag, searching it out.

"But you had me frightened for a minute!" he chided her. "Such a valuable string could easily become—lost in a crowd like this."

"I asked Mr. Bates to lock it up for me," she said, deliberately, answering his unspoken question. His face hardened, seemed to lock together as if he were shutting in his feelings with a titanic effort. At that moment the orchestra began to play "Two Tears."

Unsmiling, he tapped out his cigaret and said, "It is the tango. Will you dance it with me?"

"Will you pick up my glove, please?" Mary asked, on sudden inspiration. "I think I dropped it over there." Surprised, he bent over and made an effort to locate the glove, which lay where she had thrown it—under the table. There was nothing for him to do but get down on his knees and pick it up.

In that moment Mary unclasped her purse on the table, slipped the necklace into it and clasped it again. She was shaking out a fresh handkerchief to account for that loud snap of the handbag's fastener when he arose.

The problem was far from solved, Mary realized. Where was Bates? she wondered.

Reluctantly she rose and let De Loma's arm encircle her. She dreaded to dance—with Dirk there, watching.

De Loma broke in upon her thoughts, nodding toward the table.

"Do you leave your purse there like that? How careless you are!"

"It's safe enough," she shrugged. And indeed, she felt, the danger was about the same either way—whether she left it lying there, or carried it with her. And there was the chance Bates would come back in a moment and take charge of it.

"Besides," she added, "there's nothing in it." He did not believe her, she knew. "Let's not dance," she said suddenly.

"Not dance? But this is the tango they are playing expressly for you and me. Here," he reached out and stuffed the handbag into his pocket. "I will take care of that for you. Come!"

Where, oh, where had Bates gone, and why didn't he come back? Wildly her thoughts flew, devising ways to get the purse away from him, trying to guess what he meant to do.

To cover her fright she flirted with De Loma with a sort of feverish vivacity. She knew he was a hideously bad actress. She read the crafty, exultant gleam in De Loma's eyes for what it was—a sure belief that he had the Jupiter necklace in his pocket at last.

He played up to her in kind—looking down at her with veiled eyes and a mocking smile that had triumph in it and enjoyment of her terror. Dirk! It came to her as a faint gleam of hope . . . if he could be made to help. They passed and repassed the table but Dirk never once looked her way.

She dared not ask De Loma for the bag, for fear of revealing its contents to him with certainty . . . he would not give it up now without showing fight, she felt sure.

Never in her life had Mary behaved other than decorously in public, but she was not behaving like a lady tonight. She let the rhythm of the music take her and do with her as it would. De Loma, catching fire from her, invented steps, rediscovered old ones. They danced as one—and it was a sight to stir the blood.

The floor began to clear, the entire room to grow still, watching them with breathless attention. "Bravo!" someone cried, and someone else, unable to resist the rhythm, began to snap his fingers.

Dirk was watching now. Mary saw his eyes on her, like slits, through the fog of cigaret-smoke. Cornelia watched, too. Mary felt a wicked thrill of joy.

De Loma, apparently wishing to impress the open-mouthed Ethel, now wheeled about and aimed their steps deliberately at Dirk's table. The hovering spotlight included the three watching faces in its white, revealing glow. Mary saw Dirk's hands trembling violently.

She felt herself whirled about, her body bent back. Above her De Loma's grinning, gloating face like something in a dream—then she felt his lips on her mouth.

In the next instant Dirk, whitefaced, his eyes blazing with murderous fury, had sent De Loma hurtling backward with one hard blow. From the floor, where she sand when De Loma's arm released its grip about her, she saw Dirk hurl himself at the reeling man a second time . . . saw De Loma throw back his coat and reach for his gun.

"Look out!" she screamed and threw her arm before her eyes. She crouched where she was, terror-stricken, waiting for the shot she was sure would come.

(To be continued.)

Orphans Get Free Education

Rome.—Two thousand orphaned children of railway employees started to school recently at the expense of the Communications Department.

The Leader for Forty Years

"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

Stamp Shortage in Ecuador Brings Call for Paperhanger

Guayaguil.—"Say, Jim, come here! You were a paperhanger once."

The remark was overheard at the stamp window of the postoffice in this city where two Americans were mailing letters. The reason is that Ecuador's supply of five and ten-cent stamps is exhausted and one and two-cent stamps have to be used. Ecuador's postage stamps are over size and the average envelope scarcely supplies space for ten one-cent stamps on a letter to the United States or twenty on a letter to Europe, and it does almost require a paperhanger to stick them on.

It is reported that a new supply of five and ten-cent stamps has been ordered from Germany, but in the meantime office workers may develop tongues like ant-eaters from having to lick several square yards of stamps for every mailing.

HOME LIFE

No piled up wealth, no splendor of material growth, no brilliance of artistic development, will permanently avail any people unless its home life is healthy, unless the average man possesses honesty, courage, commonsense, and decency; unless he works hard and is willing at need to fight hard, and unless the average woman is a good wife, a good mother, able and willing to perform the first and greatest duty of womanhood, able and willing to bear and to bring up as they should be brought up, healthy children, sound in body, mind and character, and numerous enough so that the race shall increase and not decrease.

Nature's Sternness

Nature forgiveness does not know,
Her low: You reap that which you sow.
The high, the low, the rich, the poor
Her rigid ruling must endure,
All fare the same,—fire burns, seas drown
The titled Lord, the village clown,
The spendthrift, though deferred his bill,
All obligations must fulfil.
Esau his rights away may cast,
But no tears can undo the past.

'Tis well 'tis so! If she passed by
Our reckless deeds, we would not try
Our faults to mend; but since we know
Her strict demands, we wiser grow
And on our ways more care bestow.

—Alexander Louis Fraser

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