Gems of Peril

By HAZEL ROSS HAILEY.

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Mary Harkness plots to ensnare The Fly, who "framed" her brother, Eddie, with the murder of Mrs. Jupiter and later killed him. Mr. Jupiter aids her, as does Bowen of the Star. Dick Ruyther, Mary's fiance, forbids her to investigate further. Bruce Jupiter and a questionable friend, Countess Louise, try to rout Mary, believing she is a gold-digger. They follow The Fly to Miami. Bruce quarrels with Louise over a diamond bracelet given her by The Fly. She says it is Mary's. Mary discovers it was stolen from Mrs. Jupiter the night she was killed. Wearing the famous Jupiter necklace, Mary dances with The Fly, who gets it away from her. He kisses her and Dirk knocks him down. Dirk twists his ankle and faints. The Fly gets away with the handbag but is frightened back by a policeman and returns it and the necklace. Mary has Dirk taken on board the yacht, the "Gypsy." Bowen supplies Mary with proof that the Countess is an adventuress. The "Gypsy" sails with all on board. The Fly begins to realize he has walked into a trap.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER XLI.—(Cont'd.)

Whatever it was, it was plain that he had lost his taste for red-haired young women with promises in their eyes and no intention of keeping them. Well, let him go. He would not be unobserved, wherever he went, even though the excellent Bates was in his cabin, getting a little long-deferred sleep. He was a prisoner with every man on the yacht his jailer. Did he know it yet? Mary could not tell.

"May I inquire why you brought that man aboard?" Bruce demanded angrily as soon as De Loma had departed. "And what does this sudden sailing mean?"

With Louise present, naturally it was impossible to tell him of the night's events. Mary looked doubtfully at Mr. Jupiter, before replying. "Your father hopes to do a little fishing, I think," she answered. "If he can get the right bait."

Bruce looked from the girl to his father and back again, sensing a double meaning in the words.

"But why take De Loma of all people?" he asked, puzzled.

* * *

Mr. Jupiter cleared his throat and made his first contribution to the conversation. He continued to look with innocent, bland eyes at the water decanter in the centre of the table, as he spoke.

"Possibly as a companion for the Countess here," he said. He turned to her with elaborate courtesy. "The man is an old friend of yours, I believe you told us?"

The Countess' eyes flashed. She did not reply. It was not possible for her to be longer deceived by the lamblike exterior he had shown her. The "sweet child" was not so guileless as she had believed. She was beginning to have real qualms. She was a lady not without experience, and she had read such signs before. Nervousness, combined with mal de mer, unmanned her for the time being.

She rose and rushed from the room, Bruce followin hastily, hurling a savage look at his parent as he did so.

"Brute! To harass a helpless woman!" the look said. Mr. Jupiter chewed industriously. His eye glinted humorously in Mary's direction.

"Take back everything you've ever said about newspaper reporters," Mary told him, "or I won't give you what I've got upstairs."

"And what's that?"

"The Countess' history—or part of it. All down in black and white. Newspaper clippings. And George Bowen is the man you have to thank for it."

"Is that so?" Delight made itself evident in the old man's face. "Well, now, if we get rid of that hussy, we'll have to make that boy a little present."

"Wedding present it will be, I think."

Why did she flush as she said it? George Bowen was nothing to her. It surprised her to find that she missed the faithful lad's adoration, now that it was focussed on the attractive Miss Brown. Wanting only Dirk, she still would have found it pleasant to keep Bowen at her chariot-wheels, too. What a little cat she was! It amazed her to discover this about herself.

Was that—could it be—how Dirk felt about Cornelia's dogged pursuit? Was it merely human vanity in both of them? She began to see things in a clearer light.

Remembering Dirk sent her hurrying below to see how he was. The first cloud fell on her day as she opened the door and saw him lying, staring with wide, pained eyes, at a corner of the empty cabin. Her heart turned over with pity for him. He looked gentler, somehow. Loneliness and helplessness can do that to the most stubborn of us.

She went softly forward, and before he could object, put her arms about him and kissed him on the lips.

CHAPTER XLII.

After the first moment of surprise, in which he had responded to her kiss as of old, Dirk drew away and regarded her steadily. The scorn in his eyes made the blood mount hotly to Mary's cheeks.

"What are you doing here?" he asked roughly. "What do you want?"

"Let me do something for you — isn't there anything I can do?"

"Yes. Put me ashore." The old surliness was in his voice. "It seems to be your yacht, so of course I can only ask—"

"Dirk, please!" She threw out her hands to ward off the unkindness. "You can't think that of me, still!"

"I don't think of you at all."

"That's a lie!" she flared at him. "You were thinking of me as I came in."

"All right. Shall I tell you what I thought of you?"

"No, for it's all too plain!" She bit her lip and tried to get her anger under control. After all, he was ill and he needed rest and quiet.

"I'm going to sit here until you go to sleep," she told him firmly, and sat down with a magazine in a nearby chair. Minutes ticked away in silence. Dirk had turned his face to the wall, after bidding her to do as she pleased. She stole glances at his averted face as he slept, or pretended to sleep. He looked so ill that suddenly she was frightened. Was a sprained ankle as serious as all that?

In a remarkably short time he was really asleep. She rose and was about to tiptoe from the room, when voices in the next stateroom attracted her attention. What stateroom had she put The Fly in the night before, she wondered? Was it three? It must have been, for it was his voice she heard.

"None of your damn business where I got it," he was saying. "I want it, that's all." There was mumbled response, and then his voice loudly again—he must be standing very near the open porthole.

"What do you mean you haven't it?" he half-shouted.

Louise, in a strident undertone, countered with a question of her own.

"Say, whose bracelet is that, anyway? Why is it so important? And how did you come by it, may I ask?"

"Do you think I'd be fool enough to tell you? Give it to me!"

"And what if I tell you I haven't got it? I can't get it, either. She's got it!"

"WHAT!" It was like the roar of a charging bull.

After that there was the sound of the porthole being closed; caution made them lower their voices until Mary had to strain to hear them. She could not catch what they said. Evidently they believed the stateroom next to them to be empty.

By putting her ear to the wall, Mary caught a few words. Gradually the voices lifted again.

"You'd better get out of here before that sap of Bruce finds you here," De Loma warned her.

"Maybe he is a sap," the woman snapped, "but the rest of the family isn't so foolish. I tell you it's a trap—"

De Loma's "Aaah!" was a snarl of unbelief.

"You'll find out!"

* * *

Dirk stirred and Mary held her breath lest he should waken and speak to her. He relaxed and slept on, however, and presently she heard the door of De Loma's room close and footsteps retreat along the deck.

When she thought it was safe to appear she went out, leaving Dirk sleeping soundly. On the forward deck, under an awning, to her intense surprise she saw Mr. Jupiter and De Loma, side by side in deck chairs. What had brought about this amazing juxtaposition, she wondered?

Sensing that Mr. Jupiter must wish to be rid of the man, she joined the tete-a-tete, hoping it would give him an opportunity. But Mr. Jupiter scarcely looked up. He was talking about fishing, and he seemed to be enjoying himself hugely. De Loma was silent, brooding, not paying attention to what the old man was saying—yet somehow more acutely observant of him than he had ever been before. He had never seemed more than faintly aware of the old man's shadowy presence in the group, seeming to dismiss him as a senile old fool unworthy of attention. Now, though the subject was game fishing, in which he could have no interest whatever, Mary noted that he was rigidly attentive to every word the old man had to say.

"No, sir," the garrulous voice rambled on, as Mary seated herself, "I used to hate to gaff 'em—thought it was cruel, and all that. But I changed my mind. You do, when you get older and see more of the world.

"A killer's a killer, the world around—and that's what a barracuda is," he insisted, snapping his head about to nod it emphatically at the immobile face of the man beside him. "Yes, sir, a barracuda is a cold-blooded murderer—nothing else! They ain't no use feeling pity for that kind of a varmint. They're put in this world for sport, and for no other reason. For a man to try his wits against. Lord, there's nothing like the thrill of bagging one of those fellows!"

He lapsed into silence, which remained unbroken for several minutes. Mary, in her chair, with her head leaning against the back, could not see De Loma's face. Why, it was a parable Mr. Jupiter was speaking to The Fly, nothing less. Had The Fly the brains to understand it?

Apparently he had. He got up suddenly, and with no more than a nod to excuse himself, walked away. He had a fine air of nonchalence, stopping at the rail to peer at a passing ship, lighting a cigaret, ambling off.

Mary breathed "You made me shiver when you talked like that!"

(To be continued.)

NEIGHBORS TALK

"I am employed in a theatre and it is a problem to make ends meet, as I help support my mother and sisters. I like to dress well but haven't very much to spend on clothes. To give the appearance of variety to my slender wardrobe I change the color of a dress or stockings as soon as the things become faded. I always use Diamond Dyes for the work—using them as dyes for dresses and as tints for stockings. I have always gotten such perfect results that our neighbors talk about the great number of new things I have.

"I learned about Diamond Dyes from our wardrobe mistress. She says she has tried all the dyes on the market but none do such splendid work and are so easy to use as Diamond Dyes. I understand they are the world's most popular dyes—and they deserve to be."

L. P., Montreal

Off To The Junk Yard

After more than a million miles in the transcontinental mail service the old 400 is junked. Major Bishop, Allan Winslow, Clare Vance and other world-famous pilots have flown it.

Plant That Drills Through Ice

The strange mechanism by which a plant may drill its way through solid ice, so that thick beds of blue blossoms appear to be rooted in ice, is described by Dr. Casey A. Wood, associate of the U.S. National Museum, in a recent publication of the Smithsonian Institution.

The plant, we are told in a press release from the Smithsonian, is the blue Soldanella alpina of the Swiss Alps. Says Dr. Wood, in the Smithsonian Annual Report:

"In the autumn the soldanella develops thick, leathery leaves, well provided with fuel, such as starch and protoplasm, for the coming winter. These lie flat upon the ground, expectant of the snow and ice sheet which may cover them to a depth of several feet.

"When the spring arrives and the hot sun melts most of the snow and some of the ice, water trickles down the rootlets and arouses growth in the sleeping plant.

"Internal combustion ensues within the floral tissues. The resulting heat melts the ice about the uprising flower buds, and the stem pushes its way upward. More water flows to the roots.

"Increased activity is induced, and finally, after several setbacks, the plant, especially if its race is run along the margin of the ice-sheet, soon tunnels a passage to the air and sunshine.

"So long as the heat given off from the growing stem and the buds is sufficient to prevent actual solid freezing of the parts, the soldanella is indifferent to the surrounding ice-cold temperature. It undergoes the usual transformations, is fertilized by early bees, and forms many hundreds of wonderful blue flower groups that crowd the margins of the neve, some of which look for all the world as if they were beds of bloom actually rooted in and growing out of a thick layer of transparent ice.

"If one now examines the leaves of the plant it will be noted that they are no longer thick and fleshy, but are thin and papery. They have yielded up their carbon compounds as fuel to melt a tunnel in the ice, and the production of buds and blossoms, on the flower stem above the ice mantle."

Modern Office Typewriter Sixty Years Old

The typewriter, which for years has been so important an adjunct to every business office, has just passed its 60th brthday. The event was celebrated by a New York women's organization, and very properly so, for perhaps nothing in modern life has tended to bring more women and girls into business life than this device. With this anniversary the age-old argument is revived as to whether we should celebrate the birth of the idea or the completion and placing on the market of the instrument which is the embodiment of the idea.

British people cherish the knowledge that Henry Mill, a London engineer, was the first who applied for a patent for a writing machine. This was in 1714, but the inventor left no drawing or description of his device. It was, however, on March 28, 1873, that the Scholes and Glidden machines, known as typewriters, were placed on the United States market. Four hundred of them sold the following year. It was an invention of Charles Scholes and Samuel Soule and Carlos Glidden, three Americans, and was covered by a patent, registered five years previously. The intervening years had witnessed other inventions of this nature by Americans, Frenchmen and Englishmen, but none of them were marketed. All were intended for the benefit of the blind, and had raised or embossed letters.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

He does not understand the value of wisdom and friendship that does not know a wise friend to be the noblest of presents.

The sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any kind of their number, is self-protection.—John Stuart Mill.

Women of Arctic Circle Demand 1933 Styles

Manufacturers in the Norwegian boot and shoe trade report that women are fastidious about footwear however far from civilization they may be. At Hamerfest, nearly 300 miles beyond the Arctic Circle, it has ben found impossible to sell them a pair of shoes in last year's style. They follow the fashions, it is said, almost incredibly closely in all colors and designs. There is no cheating them and he is ill-advised who thinks to work off a surplus of the previous season's models in the Arctic Circle.

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Why Haystacks Burst Into Flames

Haystacks sometimes catch fire through spontaneous ignition.

The reason was recently explained to chemists attending the American Association for the Advancement of Science by Dr. C. A. Browne of the U.S. Bureau of Chemistry and Soils.

Says The Science News Letter, a Science Service publication (Washington):

"Hay losses from this cause in the United States run into big money; approximately $20,000,000 a year, Dr. Browne said.

"Ths is enough to endow a big university or build a couple of first-class cruisers. Research that may eventuate in the repeal of this unauthorized tax is therefore judged very much worth conducting.

"Many chemists for many years have observed, experimented, and speculated over the question of how a haystack can make itself hot enough to catch fire. A part of the answer was easy enough, once it was demonstrated that the life processes of plants generate heat no less than do those of animals. The digestive ferments in half-cured hay will raise its temperature appreciably; but even more important than this is the fermentive action of bacteria and other micro-organisms, which carry on the process to an even higher temperature.

"Nevertheless, the major part of the riddle remained unsolved, for the highest temperatures attainable by living bacteria are still many degrees short of the ignition temperature of hay. Bacteria alone can make hay hot, but they can not set it afire. They are killed by their own self-generated heat before the hay even chars, let alone bursts into flame.

"The puzzling temperature gap can be bridged, Dr. Browne is convinced, by examining the decompositon products given off by the action of the bacteria on the hay. The first thing that happens is the conversion of part of the starches and celluloses into sugar, which then proceeds to ferment. Buried deep in the haystack, without access to the outside air, the fermentaton takes place under oxygen-deficient conditions and does not proceed to the normal end-point. Instead of the complete chemical breakdown into carbon dioxid and water, the fermenting process produces complex gases rich in carbon and hydrogen but lacking in oxygen. At the same time the surrounding layer of hay acts as a heat insulator, driving the temperature higher.

"The gases generated by the imperfect fermentation have an avid hunger for oxygen. If a little reaches them, they absorb it eagerly, generating still more heat. If they are kept blanketed in until a large supply of air suddenly has access to them, they are very apt to react with the oxygen so energetically as to produce actual flame."

Professor—"Man belongs to the highest order of animals. What is the next lower order that always comes after man?"

Stolid Pupil—"Woman."

Student Officers Draw Salaries

Lima, Peru.—The government has ordered that all public and private employes called for military service as officers of the reserve shall draw their full salaries during the two months' training course. On the conclusion of their training those called for service in the regular army will cease to draw civil pay. The remainder will return to their former positions.

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