Gems of Peril

By HAZEL ROSS HAILEY.

CHAPTER XLVII.

It was Louise who finally cleared it all up for them.

Bruce was not there, but that was just as well, for he must have been hurt horribly by the revelation that the woman he loved had never loved him at all. He had been only a rich man's son to her, while the scapegrace De Loma—who, as Mary suspected, had neglected to divorce her—had been the real and only love of her life.

Do Loma was not a count, of course, nor even a true Spaniard. Just a youth of mixed blood and obscure heritage, born in the little country town on the Dixie Highway where Bates had encountered him, staring at the courthouse steeple in such peculiar fashion.

That was an odd thing, but easily understood when you knew what the tragedy of his ill-starred life had been. Even as a limber-legged youth, he had had aspirations—to be a human fly! More daring than the others, he had enjoyed impressing them with his reckless agility, and before long he had become a professional, traveling about with a manager who talked stores into paying him to carry their advertising signs on his back as he climbed public buildings.

Enrique De Loma was too much of a name for the typographers, however, and less musical—his manager believed—than the English version of his name. Thus he became "Harry Hill, the Human Fly" on all the posters. Afterward when he branched out into other professions he often used the name as an alias. This accounted for Bowen's inability to uncover his police record.

But what, Bates interrupted at this point, had the village courthouse to do with all this? Was it merely sentiment that carried him back to gaze upon it years afterward?

"He fell, you see," Louise explained. Apparently she saw nothing funny in her lover's choice of occupation; it was all bitterly real to her.

"He—possibly he tried to—how do you say it? show off a little, for the benefit of the home folks. But the sun was in his eyes, and he missed his step. He was badly hurt—his bones were broken in many places. But he got well. He did not mind the broken bones, but it made him horribly sad that he could no longer be the greatest 'Human Fly' in the world. For you see, he had lost his nerve.

"I alone knew and I pitied him. He wanted to prove his courage to me, to show me he was not altogether a coward. He did daring things—he became a gambler and a thief. He had to be brave for he could not enter by the window, as some do—he had to bluff his way in, and people might see and identify him. But they never did. He was supremly clever, or he would never have evaded the police so long. They knew all about him but they could not prove anything—really.

"As a matter of fact, he was credited with many jobs that he did not do. If he entered a house it was by a ruse, never by the upstairs window! He would have died first."

At the word "died" a spasm of pain crossed her face and she began to cry. "I can not tell any more," she sobbed.

"He left you?" Bates prodded. Louise wiped her eyes and nodded.

"He knew what my work was. He should have believed that I did not have any love for the men I duped. Stupid fools! Again and again I told him what donkeys they were, to let themselves be fleeced by a clever woman. He did not always believe me. There was one man, who kept coming to see me even after he knew—what I was after—his money. I kept these visits secret from Enrique to stop his jealousy. He found out and believed I had been unfaithful to him. He—beat me. Then he went away.

"I saw him again, several times, but he never came back to me. When I saw him again at the hotel I knew I loved him still. I gave him money when he asked for it. How could I help it?"

"And the bracelet? You didn't trust him much, did you?"

"I trusted him not at all," she replied calmly. "Love is one thing, and money is another. Is it not so?"

"Did he tell you anything about the Jupiter robbery, and where he got the bracelet?"

"He told me, but not whose house it was he robbed. That partner of his waited under the balcony and he threw the jewels down to him. He thought he might be stopped going out, but he wasn't. Walked right out and into his car and drove away. He was frightened of going out by the window. That was why he didn't get the necklace—the woman rushed to the balcony, and he was afraid to follow her.

"He got nothing but the bracelet, really. His partner took the rest and fled—after they ran down the boy."

She rolled her eyes in Mary's direction. "Mon Dieu, was he angry when he learned who had got the bracelet! I would hang him, he said, by my stupidity. But he was wrong. It was not I. It was she—!"

They were nearing Key West now. The tug had put a line aboard the "Gypsy" and in a moment hauled her free from the reef with no appreciable damage to her bottom. Mary had sent a radiogram to George Bowen in care of his friend on the Miami paper, telling him of The Fly's confession, and ending: "Have minister at dock. You're to be best man."

Just after sunset they put to alongside the pier at Key West, and the first man aboard was Bowen, looking for all the world like the cat that ate the cream.

"How in the world did you get here so soon?" Mary asked, as he wrung her hand and greeted Dirk effusively.

"The paper sent me down in a plane," he explained.

"Paper? What paper?"

"One of the best. When you deserted, I had to get a job quick—no money, no meat—so I bulled them into putting me on the afternoon paper down there. Man can't take a job on a morning paper when he's married. Let the young bloods do that."

Mary gasped. "Married? You?" She pretended dismay. "And just yesterday I thought I was the lucky maiden!"

He flushed a trifle under her good-humored gibe, but quickly recovered his poise. If it hurt to remember his unrealized hopes, he quickly hid it.

"Thought I'd give the minister something to do on the way down," he said. "Bella came along and we were married in the plane. Only time we had—no time for a honeymoon even. Pair of lucky kids, you are! I suppose you'll be taking your honeymoon on this neat packet, and don't I envy you you? Oh, well, some gets the bone and some gets the gravy—that's life!" He was chattering to put himself at ease.

"Thanks for those clippings," Mary told him. "They saved the day Louise simply wilted when they were shown to her. Threw Bruce overboard like an old shoe, and tried to salvage everything she could out of the wreck of her plans."

"What are you going to do with the necklace?"

Mary smiled bitterly.

"I'll give it to you for a wedding present. Want it?"

"Not in my family, thank you! I'll have troubles enough without it." He held his hand about a foot from the floor, then raised it to two feet, then three. Bowen rose abruptly in the midst of this foolery and demanded, "Can a man quench his thirst on this ship?"

"Hi, Steward!' Dirk called, and made various requisitions which that worthy trotted off rapidly to fill.

"I got a by-lined story of your radiogram," Bowen confided. "Wouldn't be surprised if I'm city editor by this time. Going to stay down here and raise oranges and a little hell on the side—no more New York for me! I suppose you'll be going back to queen it in sassiety, Mrs. Ruyther?"

Mary blushed at the unexpected use of her soon-to-be name.

"I think I'd like to settle down somewhere and just live quietly for a while," she laughed. "I've had enough excitement for a while. Do you think your wife will give our wedding a nice little story in your paper? If she will, she can have the first and last story we'll ever give to the press."

"No fooling? That's nice of you! It'll be quite a little feather in her cap, honest. She's over at the hotel now. You'd like her," he added with sudden irrelevance.

"I do like her," Mary affirmed. And then, aware that things were growing a little strained between them, she excused herself and left Dirk and his best man-to-be to finish their drinks together.

Preparations were being made to remove Bruce to a hospital, and while they waited for the ambulance to arrive Mary was allowed to see him for a minute. He was a changed man, she saw instantly, in more ways than one.

"Louise has gone ashore," she told him diffidently. His face darkened but he did not look unhappy. "That's all over," he said. "I meant to tell her so, but if she's gone, so much the better. Tell me about De Loma. Did I—is he—dead?"

"He's dead. But you didn't kill him. It was the fall that did that. Where did you get your gun?"

He looked surprised.

"Why, your young man gave it to me the night we left Miami. He wasn't able to protect you himself and he swore me in as deputy," he smiled wryly. "He was pretty badly worried about you, but too stubborn to tell you. — guess—between us—we've thought some pretty hard things about you—and none of them true."

"Thanks." Mary gave him her hand, and a smile of complete friendliness. "Anyway, I'll be leaving soon."

Bruce did not release her hand as quickly as he might have done. He seemed to be hanging on to his courage, trying to say something that cost him an effort. Finally he managed to blurt it out:

"I'll be taking care of Dad from now on. You needn't worry about that. I wanted you to know," he ended lamely, badly embarrassed by this lapse into sentiment, but in deadly earnest nevertheless. He looked up as his father entered the room, radiant with pride and happiness.

"Mary, my girl—" he began, and his voice broke.. Mary turned away, unable to speak. He stopped her, held her chin tightly between his thumb and finger, while he forced the gray eyes to look into his.

"Take the 'Gypsy' for your honeymoon, if you want her," he said. "And when you're through gypsying around, I want you to bring your husband and—come home."

Mary kissed him swiftly, and ran, tears blinding her. She found Dirk and Bowen seated where she had left them, glasses in hand.

Dirk, the prospective bridegroom, frowned seriously at Bowen the bridegroom, and held out a hand that shook with a highly realistic imitation of palsy. The ice in his glass rattled furiously.

"Like that? Is that the way it gets you?" he asked. "And what do you do if you forget the ring?"

Bowen's imitation of a bored man of the world was highly unconvincing.

"Oh, you get used to it," he drawled. "Now, when I was married the first time—" He saw Mary and stopped, grinning impishly.

"Does your wife know where you are?" she demanded, shaking her finger at him shrewishly.

"Oh, I'm going! I'm going!" he whined. And went.

THE END.

He who would be singular in his apparel had need have something superlative to balance that affectation.—Feltham.

Lieut.-Colonel Hassan Hilal, of the Egyptian Army, was riding a mule across the desert. Suddenly there was a deafening explosion. The officer escaped and the mule dropped dead. The mule's foot had detonated a shell buried in the sand since the war.

May Flowers

Whalebone is not bone at all, but an elastic substance found in the mouths of whales.

The world's total of motor-bicycles is placed at 2,750,000, eighty-five per cent. of them being in Europe.

By lighting and heating a beehive by electricity the output of honey has been increased by as much as 17 lbs.

The extra day's pay due to last year being Leap Year cost the United Kingdom £50,000 for the Royal Air Force alone.

Travellers on board British ships run so little risk of death from fire that it works out at less than .00003 per cent.

Last year's output of films was the lowest for twenty years; there was, however, an increase in the number of British films.

Smokeless fuel, motor spirit, and heavy oils can be obtained from any suitable kind of coal by the use of a brick retort of a new type.

We are said to be acquiring gradually the power of shutting our ears to noise; this is Nature's response to the increased noise of modern life.

Swordsticks, consisting of smart malacca and other canes containing a slim steel blade, are becoming increasingly popular in Gt. Britain.

It is claimed that no film rejected by the British Board of Film Censors but afterwards passed by a local authority, has ever proved a financial success.

Private flying is increasing in the United Kingdom. There are now over 400 private aeroplanes on the British Register, while sixteen light-aeroplane clubs receive the subsidy.

Lunches can be served at the rate of 2,000 a day from the £40,000 kitchen installed in the new Bank of England. It is said to be the largest and most costly staff kitchen in London.

Charts are being made for the first time of the dangerous coasts of Labrador by Challenger, the survey ship of the British Navy. It is estimated that it will take fifty years to complete the survey.

For the first time for five years the number of road deaths in Gt. Britain last year showed a decrease on the previous year. The figures were 6,651 in 132, as compared with 6,691 in 1931. On the other hand, the number of non-fatal accidents has increased.

Travelling 20,000 miles by air, a London business man recently did a trip in sixty days at a cost of $1,500 which by other modes of travel would have occupied 180 days and cost $1,800. He visited Palestine, Iraq, Egypt, Uganda, Kenya, Rhodesia and South Africa.

BUD AND LAMB

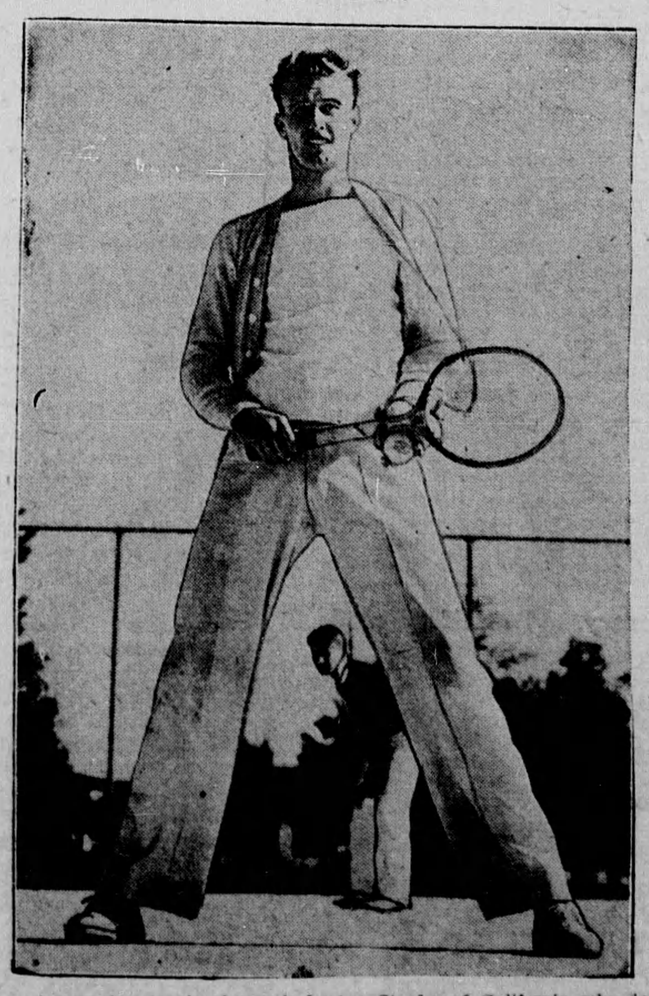
Spring is not soft, it is not gentle,
It is not a season of light song;
If you find this bud and this lamb gentle
You are blind, you are wrong.

They are lovely, to see them is to have new eyes—
But they are not gentle, they have broken away,
By marvellous violence from the close womb;
They triumph, they are not softly gay.

Winter only is the season of gentleness
When the seed and the sheep
Nurture the tempest of another spring
In stillness and sleep.

—Marie de L. Welch.

A Tennis Giant



A towering tennis champ is Lester Stoefer of California who defeated Marcel Rainville, Canada's ace, at Hot Springs, 6—2, 6—3, 8—10, 6—3. He is over six feet and hard ones are pretty soft for him.

The Leader for Forty Years

"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

So They Say:—

"A great substantial advance toward disarmament and toward equality can only be measured by the amount of confidence and trustfulness that exists."—Ramsay MacDonald.

"Because of the anguish of the world's soul just now, I prophesy there will be a great return to that romantic love which is giving, not taking."—Elinor Glyn.

"The solution of our troubles will come when the world realizes we must all be partners."—Michael Arlen.

"We can have no new deal until great groups of people, particularly the women, are willing to have a revolution in thought."—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

"The more intelligent and cultured are, as a rule, the people who find it most difficult to feel fraternally towards their fellow men."—Aldous Huxley.

"It is not good to think too well of the past, and it is even possible to think too ill of the present."—Bertrand Russell.

"To talk of maintaining or improving moral standards without religion is to talk sheer nonsense."—Bishop William T. Manning.

"No two leaves of a tree are identical in shape. Why should we expect the shape of two souls to be identical?"—Havelock Ellis.

"There is an adjective which is ruining the Western world—the adjective 'dynamic'."—Guglielmo. Ferrero.

"Propaganda has become one of the major instruments of government."—Aldous Huxley.

"I believe that in the future we are going to think less about the producer and more about the consumer."—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

"I cannot guarantee myself as the greatest living hokum merchant, but I am certainly one of the best ten."—George Bernard Shaw.

"There is only one rule for good writing—to write that which you really desire to write, in the way which seems best to you."—Branch Cabell.

" Men thought they had achieved a perfect peace, but instead they found to the contrary."—Pope Pius.

"Our danger is that because we cannot see where we are going we do not even try to start."—Bruce Barton.

"Democracy should be redefined as meaning not the equal right of all to hold office but the equal right and opportunity of all to make themselves fit to hold office."—Will Durant.

"Piety and the study of works of devotion seem to go with a predisposition for the reading of detective stories."—Archbishop of Canterbury.

"The worst feature of any kind of prohibition is that if it fails you live under a system of hypocrisy."—John Erskine.

"The American people are to a considerable extent poetic and romantic."—John Masefield.

"For one who has general debility, local weaknesses have their greatest chance of showing themselves."—Sir Josiah Stamp.

"The iron law of supply and demand regulates the production of commodities, but not the production of human beings."—Albert Einstein.

"I have made it a point to try and forget my birthdays."—De Wolf Hopper.

"General prosperity can be hastened by enlisting the unemployed to create — under proper leadership — a desire to buy."—Roger W. Babson.

"Public opinion resents coarseness or vulgarity in motion pictures."—Will H. Hays.

"No people ever hated other people unless they were ignorant of their true character." — Josephus Daniels.

Queen's Rooms Restored

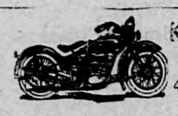
London.—Queen Victoria's rooms in Kensington Palace have been reopened to the public, restored to practically the same condition as they were a century ago when Queen Victoria occupied them with her mother, Duchess of Kent.

Queen Mary, who was born at Kensington Palace, has taken the greatest interest in the scheme for refurnishing and decorating the rooms. She has made a careful inspection to see no detail has been overlooked. A large number of articles of furniture associated with Queen Victoria have been brought to the apartments from Frogmore.

Visitors now see the royal apartments as they were in Queen Victoria's day—the sofa-table, the quaint chiffonier, the tapestry and chintz of the Victorian period, all are there, as well as many of Queen Victoria's toys. The apartments look out toward the famous Round Pond in Kensington Gardens.

Sun, Moon, Stars in Court

Winnipeg.—Magistrate R. B. Graham not only saw Stars in city police court last week, but Sun and Moon too. H. Stars pleaded guilty to driving his car without lights and was fined $4. Wong Moon and See Sun, Chinese, were charged with conducting a lottery and were remanded without plea.



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