

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

PHILIP GUTHRIE, rich, scholarly, unmarried. Is greatly interested in relics of ancient civilization.

PROFESSOR SHALEY, a distinguished archaeologist. In charge of a small expedition financed by Philip Guthrie, the professor has been seeking in Iran (Persia) some ancient gold cups reputed to be hidden there. Shaley dies without discovering the treasure.

JULIAN ORMOND, Shaley's young assistant. Takes charge on Shaley's death until Guthrie orders him home and dismisses him.

HAFFI, Julian Ormond's Persian supervisor.

LYNNE ORMOND, half-sister of Julian Ormond. Pretty; twenty-five; rehaired. Quietly brought up and heiress to substantial wealth.

MRS. BLAKEMAN, Lynne's Aunt SOPHIE, by whom Lynne was brought up.

PHILIP GUTHRIE learns by cable from JULIAN ORMOND of the death of PROFESSOR SHALEY.

The Professor was in charge of an expedition which was digging in Persia in quest of some ancient gold cups reputed to have been made for Alexander the Great. Guthrie is deeply interested in the quest, and has financed the expedition.

Julian Ormond, who sent the cable, is the second-in-command. His message, besides announcing the death of his leader, recommends that the quest be abandoned.

Guthrie is astonished at the suggestion of giving up the search, because the Professor's last letter held out great hopes of success.

Accordingly, Guthrie wires to Ormond calling him home for consultation. On meeting, the two quarrel. Guthrie dismisses Ormond, and decides to go out to Persia and take charge of the expedition himself.

Julian Ormond believes he knows where the treasure is. But he needs money. He knows that his half-sister Lynne Ormond, has recently come into her share of their father's fortune.

Julian sees Lynne, proposed that she goes out with him. Lynne, hungry for adventure, decides to go. Julian stirs her indignation by reciting a woeful story of how badly Guthrie has treated him. Hitherto, Lynne, though she knows Guthrie only by photograph and reputation, has admired him.

Lynne makes an appeal to Guthrie to reinstate Julian. He refuses, and they part on the worst of terms.

Lynne, Aunt Sophie and Julian Ormond set out by car for Bagdad. At Cairo, where the plane calls, they learn that Philip Guthrie started from Croydon shortly after they left, in a faster

machine, and may already have reached Bagdad.

The Ormonds have a relative at Tehran. Cousin Sylvia, wife of a Consular officer, with whom Aunt Sophie is to stay. Julian pushes on to the desert, but Aunt Sophie and Lynne go to Sylvia Trent's house in Tehran. Here they learn that Sylvia Trent's husband has found Philip Guthrie staying in Tehran, and his bringing him home to dinner. Aunt Sophie goes to bed and Lynne has dinner in her room.

IN A SAND STORM

They rode on steadily, in silence. They were nearly two-thirds of the way toward the higher sandhills in the south when Guthrie realized the meaning of that dull brown haze in the northern distance.

"We're in for a sand storm!" he said. And as though to support his statement, a gust of sand in the wind pricked their faces as they stared northwards towards the oncoming haze.

"Can we go on through it?" Lynne asked.

"Not a chance!" said Guthrie. "What we have to do is to do all we can to survive it!"

She looked at him incredulously, but his face wore a grim smile which convinced her that he was not joking.

"We'll make for that patch of scrub over there," he said, pointing to some low, olive-grey bushes ahead, and they urged their camels onward.

"Do they last long?" Lynne cried as they rode on through the rising wind.

"Anything up to twelve hours," Guthrie replied, and her heart sank at the reply.

Twelve hours, perhaps, out here with Guthrie sheltering from a sand storm; twelve more hours keeping up this deception which was already beginning to prick her conscience badly! It would be giving Ormond and Haffi plenty of time to do their work at Praemon. But for all her courageous spirit, she felt a little chill of fear. She was frightened by the loneliness, the tremendous pace of the gale which had so suddenly sprung up. Great shapes and veils of wind-born sand were hurrying as high as hills across the west, so that the sun already shone as a dim red disc.

"Extraordinary sight, isn't it?" Guthrie cried to her.

And then, none too soon, they reached the patch of scrub. A few scattered thorn bushes not more than five feet high. The sand was whirling all about them blindingly by the time they were off their camels. Guthrie forced the camels to their knees behind one of the thickest and highest of the bushes; Lynne helped him, her face and neck whipped by the sand, which pricked even through the cotton of her shirt. The sky began to grow darker.

Guthrie turned away from the camels with a large grey army blanket over his arm, which he had taken from the pack on his camel's back.

"It's unfortunate you haven't a blanket on your brute!" he shouted at her, through the wind. "Lie down under this! As far under the shelter of that bush as you can get!"

"What will you do?" cried Lynne.

He gesticulated; finally came nearer to her and shouted:

"Share it with you!"

He turned away and began unstrapping the load from the back of his camel.

Feeling all too helplessly obedient, Lynne crept in as far as she could under the shelter of the bush alongside the camels; there she sat for a few minutes, waiting, with the blanket hugged in her arms.

In a moment or two Guthrie came towards her, crouching, through the haze of flying dust; but the sand was flying so thickly now the necessity to get protection from it at any cost was so great, that both of them were saved the awkwardness of any hesitation. In a moment they were lying face downwards on the sand, with the blanket caught under their feet, and pulled well down over their heads.

It was very dark in this improvised tent, and very hot under the smothering folds of the blanket. Lynne's eyes, her mouth and her ears were full of grit; the only sound was the howl of the gale and the thin singing of the flying sand; but soon, as she lay still and the minutes passed, she became aware of the sound of Guthrie's breathing, and began to think about the oddity of the situation.

Hardly a month ago Guthrie had been unknown to her, a face in a photograph which she had rather liked; then suddenly, he was her sworn enemy. And quite unexpectedly she found herself leading him on a wild goose chase, by means of a trick through a strange and savage country. And now here she was, sheltering from a sandstorm under a blanket with him.

ALMOST LOST

Should they talk, or make conversa-

tion or what, in their stifling darkness? "It's getting very warm," Lynne remarked at last, in a muffled voice.

"Devilishly," said Guthrie, and she could tell from his voice that his face was turned towards her as he lay.

He too, was intensely aware of the girl's nearness, and as he pillowed his head in his folded arms, the situation appeared odd enough to him to make him smile. Hot and uncomfortable as he was, thoughts of this young woman kept chasing one another through his mind.

"Will this go on for very long, do you think?" Lynne asked.

"I hope not," said Guthrie.

They were silent then for what seemed an eternity. The hot blast whistled and howled, the blanket flapped as the air got under it. It got loose at Lynne's feet, and would have blown off on Guthrie's side also, if he had not reached over and held it down by her shoulder.

"Look out! Try and catch it again!"—That's the way!" said Guthrie, and Lynne managed to catch the end of the blanket down again with her feet.

"Sorry—I was afraid it would go altogether!" Guthrie apologized hastily, as he drew back; and Lynne, for a moment or two was as conscious of the pressure of his arm across her shoulder as though it still remained there.

"It was silly of me to let it go—but I didn't know it was working loose," said Lynne, trying to wipe the sand out of her mouth with the free hand that was not holding the blanket down.

"It'll be so heavy with sand in another hour or so that we won't have to hold it down," Guthrie said. Her hair as he had leaned over her, had been faintly perfumed as it brushed his face.

Gradually the heat, the grit, and the discomfort overcame them both so that they forgot one another, but lay in an anxious silence, wondering when the ordeal might end.

It must have been over an hour later when Lynne was awakened by the muffled voice of her companion asking: "Would you like a drink?"

"It doesn't matter."

"But are you thirsty?"

"Yes, dreadfully!"

Lynne's throat was intolerably parched and her lips were dry. It seemed to her as she listened that the sound of the wind was less now, though the blanket lay heavy with the weight of sand on her body.

She heard Guthrie crawl out from beside her, and it seemed an age before he came back. When at last he lifted the blanket to crawl under it, she saw that the racing veils of sand had thinned considerably.

The blanket dropped again shutting them into a little world of darkness. And then the trouble began.

"Where is your water flask?" Guthrie's voice inquired casually in the dark.

"There was one in the flap on the camel's saddle." Her mouth, her ears, her eyes were all too full of sand for her to give much time to thought. Lynne replied without thinking.

"Well," said Guthrie, his voice close to her ear. "I've got it—and it's full. Why did you tell that you had no water?"

Lynne was dumfounded. She had forgotten about the water.

"Didn't you know that the water was there?" asked Guthrie.

She was silent.

"This whole business about you being lost was a trick, wasn't it?"

Lynne bit her lip and would not reply. She was ashamed, but Guthrie fancied that she was laughing at him.

"I don't understand your game in the least—yours and Ormond's," he said bitterly. He felt like getting up and taking his camel and riding away. But in the storm it was useless to think of it.

After a moment or two he said calmly enough:

"Well, here's the water. Will you drink first?"

Lynne was deeply mortified; she wished above all things that the part she had played had not been so underhand.

"I'm not thirsty," she said, and her lips were dry as she spoke.

"A moment ago you said you were frightfully thirsty. Or was that in the hope that I'd get suffocated by sand on my way to get the water?" came Guthrie's voice in the dark.

"YOU FOOLED ME!"

Scarified by the justice of this remark, Lynne realized how impossible it was to go on sheltering under his blanket. She rolled over sideways into the open, and getting to her feet, made her way through the gritty haze towards the camels. The wind buffeted her, and the sand stung her face and neck, but the sky was clearing; here and there she could see the horizon through the stifling haze, and she saw with a vast feeling of relief that the storm was not

going to last as long as Guthrie had feared.

In a moment or two, as she crouched on her knees in the shelter of a bush, protecting her face from the flying sand with her arms, Guthrie came to her side. He cast a doubtful glance round, crouching down to escape the rush of sand over the top of the bush. His hair was white with dust; sand stood on his eyelashes. Seething with wrath he held out the water flask and said:

"Darn it all! Here we are in the middle of a sandstorm in the middle of a desert. You're engaged in some sort of conspiracy against me. You fooled me pretty thoroughly down there in the river bed. You ought to be jolly glad I don't wring your neck and bury you in a nice grave out here with a stone or two on top! Do you think anyone would ever find you?"

Lynne laughed in spite of herself.

"You're not a murderer," she said.

"No—only a damn fool collector of ancient rubbish—and much, much too chivalrous. I don't believe in chivalry—look here, will you drink that water?"

The last demand was made with such explosive exasperation that Lynne took the bottle to save further trouble, and drank a long, grateful draught.

"Now lie down under a blanket," said Guthrie, as she handed the bottle back to him, her head bowed, and her eyes half-blinded by the sand.

He stood up and held out the blanket. Lynne, blinking through grit, could see very little; she rose, intending to protest, and Guthrie, without further ado grasped her by the elbows and pushed her down on to the ground.

Her protests were drowned as the blanket descended on her, she lay in muffled darkness, alone this time and very conscious of the absurdity of the situation. Evidently, in spite of his usually even manner, one must not annoy him too much.

She ventured to peep out after a moment or two when she got her eyes clear of sand, and she saw him sitting huddled with his back to the wind a few feet away from her.

But the wind was dying, and in an-

other ten minutes only a light breeze was carrying loose eddies of dust over the surface of the sand. A new difficulty arose, though, in the fact that the sun was sinking and it would soon be dark.

"Well," said Guthrie. "There's no going back to Dalia for me to-night! Where you want to go I have no idea. If you want to come with me you can. But I'm afraid I don't feel inclined to follow your lead any further."

"All right," said Lynne. "Then we'll part."

Guthrie paused as he finished tightening his camel's girth.

"Where are you going?"

"Back to where you found me," replied Lynne.

"You can't get there before dark!" said Guthrie.

"Never mind," said Lynne coolly; but for all her coolness her heart misgave her as she looked at the empty wastes. Even now she was not quite certain—was it over the most easterly of the two sandy ridges behind them that the dried-up water course lay? Or was it behind the other?

"What do you propose to do?" Lynne asked Guthrie, after a moment.

"There's a well, a small oasis called Yezd, which ought to be about three miles away, on the other side of the hill over there. I was going to try to find it and spend the night there, but if you are going back to the waddi, I suppose I shall have to go with you."

Realizing that it would be better to keep him away from the river-bed and the ruins of the fort as long as possible Lynne said after some hesitation:

"I'll follow you to Yezd, I think."

"Very well," said Guthrie, as though it were a matter of complete indifference to him, which it was now.

And a few minutes later they set out, with Guthrie in the lead.

After the storm the sand lay over the hills so smoothly, so glitteringly in the sun that it had the appearance of new-fallen snow. The wind soon dropped to utter quiet as quickly as it had arisen, and now not even a haze of dust could



be seen in the south where the storm had passed away.

They rode in silence until the sun was low on the horizon, and when they rode over the saddle of the hill Guthrie had pointed out, they saw below them in the neck of a wide valley, the dark cluster of trees, so rare a sight in the eternal dusts of the plateau. Wherever there was water, life sprang riotous from the soil; in this lonely spot grew planes and mulberries, hiding with rank verdure the low roofs of a few flat huts and the decayed walls of what had once been the dwelling of some wealthy merchant; low and rambling, in a shady garden of roses growing in wild profusion, the house was decorated with blue-green faience which gleamed in the twilight as Lynne and Guthrie rode along the track beside the wells.

A few Hyats gathered to stare at them. An aged man with a white beard and a high astrakhan hat emerged from the house, and after some hesitation came to welcome them.

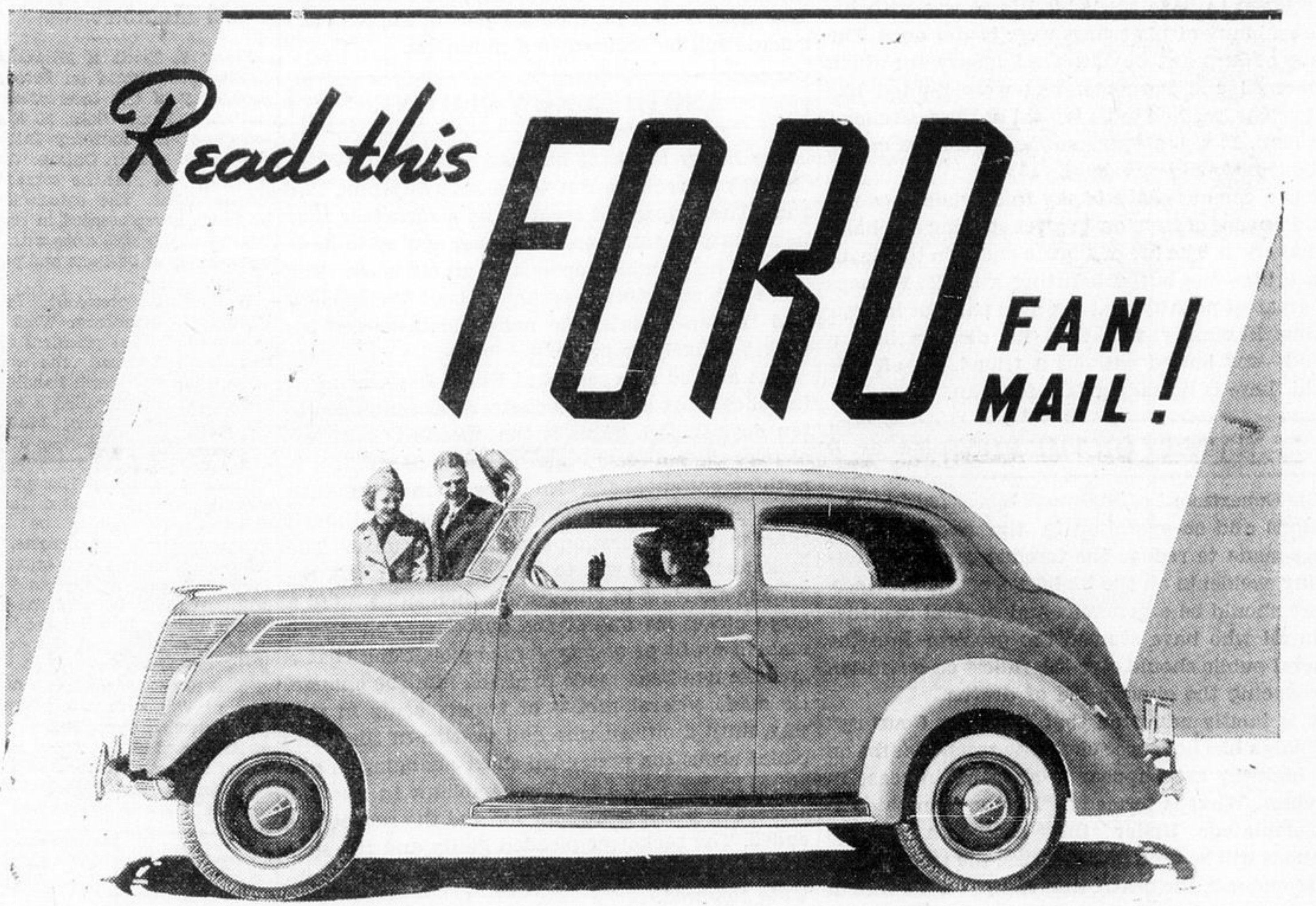
Guthrie explained, in Arabic, that he and the English lady had been held up by a dust storm and could not get to their destination before dark. Bowing a trembling head the old Persian begged them to accept the hospitality of his roof for the night.

"What do you say?" Guthrie asked Lynne. "Shall we go in?"

"Very well," Lynne replied, after a moment's hesitation.

(To be Continued)

Fergus News-Record.—W. Perkins Bull, noted as historian of Peel County (among other things) was the speaker at the nurses' graduation at the Midland hospital. He was so taken with the beauty of the class that he wished he could bestow a "paternal kiss" on each one of them, but he compromised by kissing the superintendent. A local doctor remarked that Mr. Bull had done something in twenty minutes that he hadn't been able to do in twenty years—kiss the superintendent. Thus encouraged, Mr. Bull presented a copy of his book about doctors to each of the nurses (getting a kiss in return). Not to be outdone, Hon. William Finlayson presented a gift to one of the nurses—and kissed her. Now we can understand why some Fergus men made such a fuss about the abolition of the training school for nurses in the Fergus hospital.



Read this FORD FAN MAIL!

V-8 owners report 22-27 V-8 miles per gallon of gas

- Reports Clyde Young, Emo, Ont.: "My Ford V-8 was purchased in December and immediately driven 3000 miles through most trying conditions — snow-drifts three feet high in Northern Ontario. My gasoline consumption — most of which was at high speed — averaged twenty-two miles to the gallon! Oil consumption was not noticeable."
- J. L. Sayers of Edmonton, Alberta, writes of his 1937 Ford V-8 Tudor Sedan: "Pleased to say the car is giving remarkable service... am getting an average of twenty-five miles to the gallon of gasoline."
- "My gas mileage on a recent trip on Vancouver Island, on which I covered approximately nine hundred miles, was greater than twenty-five miles a gallon. This covered all driving conditions — starting, stopping and city driving," writes C. P. Ritchie, Vancouver, B. C.
- Advises R. G. Rothluff, Matsqui, B. C., of his 1937 Sedan: "Checking the gas consumption at four thousand miles, I have averaged twenty-five miles to the gallon right through. Better than I'd expected!"

• The facts of Ford V-8 economy are confirmed by the findings of owners who have written in from all over the country. Read the extracts from enthusiastic letters quoted here. Talk to people you know who drive the thriftiest Ford in V-8 history. They tell us, and they will tell you, that the Ford V-8 goes a long way on mighty little fuel. Owner after owner reports 22 to 27 miles on one gallon of gas. You can't beat a car that combines dependable V-8 performance with economy like this!

That's just another reason why this year's Ford V-8 is the quality car in the low-price field. A demonstration will convince you that it's your car. See it at your nearest Ford dealer's. Seat your family in its roomy interior. Make your own "traffic test" of V-8 pick-up and Easy-Action Safety Brakes. Enjoy the Ford Centre-Poise Ride making all roads smooth. Watch the fuel gauge. You'll find the Ford V-8 has everything you want in performance, safety, comfort and economy!

TUNE IN Ford Universal Rhythm programme, 9 p.m., E.D.S.T., Columbia Broadcasting System, every Sunday.

FORD V-8 \$30 A MONTH, with reasonable down-payment, buys any new Ford V-8 Car under Traders Finance National Plan.

The Quality Car in the Low-Price Field

McDOWELL MOTORS
AUTHORIZED FORD SALES AND SERVICE

Timmins: Service 440 Sales 415

SOUTH PORCUPINE BRANCH
corner Moore and Golden Ave. Phone 54

For Your Supreme Enjoyment

CANADA'S FINEST CIGAR

10¢

PANETELAS OR PERFECTOS

Punch CIGAR