CHAPTER XII

LYNNE FEELS ASHAMED



joy the balance of this thriller almost ed Bagdad. as well as if you had read the chap- The Ormonds have a relative at Teh- and so he noted and grasped the sigand then te synopsis.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

lics 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, Shaleys 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; redhaired. Quietly brought up, and heiress to substantial wealth.

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

Synopsis

Julian Ormond of the death of Professor Shaley.

expedition which was digging in Per- mured, refusing the money which sia in quest of some ancient gold cups Guthrie offered in payment for their reputed to have been made for Alexan- night's rest, and without further ado der the Great. Guthrie is deeply inter- they rode out of the little tract of ested in the quest, and has financed greenery and blossom on to the arid 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 and said: be abandoned.

Guthrie is astonished at the suggestion of giving up the search, because the Professor's last letter held outgreat 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 and when they came on to the height, the expedition himself.

Julian Ormond believes he knows desert, glittering here and there with where the treasure is. But he needs tracts of salt, lay all around them; the money. He knows that his half-sister, sky was cloudlessly blue and vast over-Lynne Ormond, has recently come into head. her share of their father's fortune.

goes out with him. Lynne, hungry for gloomy eye. But Lynne was set and adventure, decides to go. Julian stirs tense inside and nothing altered the Jove, you did it thoroughly! Where did her indignation by reciting a woeful frigidity of her expression. Her shame story of how badly Guthrie has treated for her behaviour made her determined him. Hitherto, Lynne, though she to hate him. knows Guthrie only by photograph and They rode in silence. They passed the reputation, has admired him.

they part on the worst of terms.

mond set out by car for Bagdad. At the water course, and followed it along Cairo, where the 'plane calls, they learn as far as the very spot where Guthrie that Philip Guthrie started from Croy- had met Lynne.

You can start the story here and en- machine, and may already have reach-, hour on her possible motive for hav-

ters already published. First read the ran, Cousin Sylvia, wife of a Consu- nificance of Lynne's manner as they description of the principal characters lar officer, with whom Aunt Sophie is went on down the wadhi. Her color to stay. Julian pushes on to the des- was a little heightened, she shifted her ert, but Aunt Sophie and Lynne go grip on the camel's rein, he caught the PHILIP GUTHRIE, rich, scholarly, to Sylvia Trent's house in Tehran. gleam of her glance thrown at him unmarried. Is greatly interested in re- Here they learn that Sylvia Trent's nervously. husband has found Philip Guthrie stay- | So, when they came round the next ing in Tehran, and is bringing him bend in the wadhi, and found the dihome to dinner. Aunt Sophie goes to vision of the water-course before them bed and Lynne has dinner in her Guthrie was not surprised to see the

Next day Lynne joins Julian Or- | buried masonry between the hills. His mond on the site of Shaley's last camp. heart leaped at the sight, and he stifled Here, peering through field glasses, she an exclamation-but he was not sursees Guthrie riding towards the camp. prised. Julian's party prpares to abandon the camp hastily. Julian tells Lynne to ride towards Guthrie and delay him by any means she likes. Lynne rides off, en-

Now, continue with the story. You | mond! will enjoy it right to the end.

CHAPTER XI SILENT RIDE

In the sunrise Guthrie was waiting from the camp at Diala. on his camel when Lynne came through the glimmering morning freshness of they had done no good, for all their the garden. He was smoking a cigar-Philip Guthrie learns by cable from ette and his face looked hard and set in the cold early light.

They barely greeted one another. The The Professor was in charge of an old Persian bowed and smiled and murslopes of dust and stone.

Guthrie led the way; and Lynne was so preoccupied with other thoughts that she was startled when he turned

"Were do you want to go?" She hesitated.

"Back to-back to the wadhi where met you."

He made no reply, and they soon picked up the tracks they had made coming down over the hill on the even-

ing before. They followed these over the hill a fresh breeze blew. The wide, rolling

Guthrie felt his spirits freshening up Julian sees Lynne, proposes that she here, and looked at Lynne with a less

country where they had been caught in Lynne makes an appeal to Guthrie the sand storm. They went on without to reinstate Julian. He refuses, and speaking three words in as many hours. Just before noon they descended at Lynne, Aunt Sophie and Julian Or- last into the rough, parched bed of

don shortly after they left, in a faster | He had been speculating for the last

It was nightfall when they arrived down at the camp one night!"

wild, brown faces and glittering eyes. be just as effective.

Lynne was almost too tired to speak "Let's enlist the powers of darkness and a meal of curried beans, she spoke do any damage than the Ilyats!" to Julian about her adventures of the night before.

me. I felt rather ashamed."

Lynne flushed.

were you. You see you haven't had hidden so many centuries ago. a decent chap so for as women are the skyline. concerned—I know nothing about him as a matter of fact. But still, he's probthings that he doesn't really feel. I place is haunted." fancy he imagines that perhaps you're rather easy to deal with, being a somewhat unsophisticated type. The easiest way of drawing a person's sting, you know, is to appear to admire them.'

ing led him on a wild goose chase;

were two men on camels leading

And down below were more camels

and more men and a figure in khaki-

Cartwright. Cartwright come over

This then must be Praemmon. But

was already there.

his eye defiantly.

rode towards them.

"Hello, Lynne!"

"Helle, Julian!"

ining the ruins below.

there?"

you go last night?"

at a perilous pace.

doing down there?"

procedure of Lynne's tricking him.

he urged his camel on, with his heart

beating high at the prospect of exam-

"How did you keep him away for so

pened? Who are the others down

"Cartwright — Guthrie's assistant

arrived here half an hour ago. But we

got those seals effaced yesterday. By

Lynne told him what had happened,

about the dust storm, and their stay

in Yezd; though she did not feel that

it was necessary to mention the un-

toward scene in the garden on the pre-

"Good work, Lynne!" was all Julian

As the camels picked their slow way

along the water course the quicker sounds of horses hoofs ringing on the

stones drew their attention; they looked around to a horseman fly round the curve of the wadhi right behind them

Lynne's heart jumped in her breast as she saw that it was Guthrie; he had

exchanged his camel for one of the horses Cartwright had brought over from the camp, and as he came abreast

of them Lynne saw that his face was livid and his eyes were black with fury.

He reined in his horse, which shied

"What the devil does this mean, Or-

"What do you mean?" said Julian;

"You ought to be shot!" said Guthrie,

his smile was mocking and defiant as

in tones of ringing contempt. "You've

destroyed a most valuable archaeolo-

gical find in order to suit some rotten private game of your own! It's sheer

"What have I destroyed?" scoffed Julian. "My good man, you're raving!"

"I don't know what the deuce you're

He pulled his horse round and with-

out so much as a glance at Lynne,

turned and rode back by the way he

"I thought he'd take it like that!"

said Julian, with a forced laugh, his

Lynne was more than a little shaken

"He's furious!" she said, in a troubled

"He thinks he's been worsted," said

It was as good an explanation as

any other. All Lynne's misgivings when she had seen Julian destroying the

seals crowded back into her mind,

by the scene which had just passed.

Julian, "and he doesn't like it."

and were dismissed.

face flushed and eyes uneasy.

voice.

up to," Guthrie said bitterly; "but I

know that you're a pretty poor speci-

the other faced him accusingly.

conscienceless vandalism!"

mond?" he cried. "What have you been

and curvetted nervously away from the

Lynne flushed, deeply mortified in spite of herself. Very likely what Julian said was true-though it had never occurred to her.

"Yes-as you say, he might," she collection of scattered stones and halfmanaged to say

But she still felt deeply mortified any feeling of shame about the part she had played towards Guthrie in tricking him had wholly vanished now. So that was why she had led him She was the old, ruthless Lynne, who had first determined to win the Cups Coming up the slope to meet them of Alexander from a man whom she disliked and despised.

counters Guthrie, and pretends to be third-Guthrie recognized the yellow "Now what are we going to do?" she beard of the foremost rider, Julian Orsaid. "If we don't do something to make him shift away from that well we'll have to wait until he has dug up every inch of ground round Diala, and turned over every single stone; then he'll be fed up with not finding the Cups and go home to Englnd and leave us a free hand."

efforts to mislead him, for Cartwright "I've thought out our next step, said Julian. "We're going to try what He shot a glance at Lynne, who met may seem rather a ridiculous trickbut it's one that will probably work. "So that was the idea, was it?" he The place that Guthrie thinks is Diala -but which we know is really Praem-Lynne made no reply, but urged her non-has the reputation of being camel forward to meet Julian, as he haunted, among the tribes out here. The men at Shaley's camp were always very jumpy at night, and one or two deserted while I was there. Heard some They glanced at Guthrie, looked at peculiar sounds at night. These people one another, and both smiled. It was believe in spirits, ghosts, demons, and more galling to Guthrie than the whole all the other horrors of the nether world. That belief of theirs is going to He kept an expressionless face, howbe the basis of our next move." ever, and would not allow his exasper-

"Yes?" said Lynne, eagerly. ation to be seen. Ignoring them both "We're going to lie low round that camp of theirs at night. Wail and moan so that they'll think they're surrounded by ghosts and devils. Take my word "Good work, Lynne!" said Julian, as for it, Lynne, they'll be in such a soon as Guthrie was out of earshot. crawling funk by the end of a week that Guthrie will have to shift the camp somewhere else to stop them "Oh, I just led him away-it was easy," said Lynne, feeling unwilling to

Lynne was amused and intrigued. Her discuss the matter. 'What has haponly doubt was:

"I can't imagine Guthrie giving way to any fears of that kind!"

They're impossible to manage when tents were in darkness. they're in a funk; and it ought to be the simplest thing in the world to put on the top of the cliff and waited of the estate which was rightfully them into one. We can try it; if it while Julian moved along it to take doesn't work we'll do something more up his position some distance away

"Arrange with some of the Ilyats to breast. raid the camp and break it up; with a

little money and encouragement they'd be only too pleased to have some fun

at Kel-el-abir. Fires burned outside the Lynne looked doubtul. She realized huts of the Kyats, and the smoke rose that something of the sort might have up into the flawless sky. The brown, to be done. But the harmless diversion ragged people came out to meet them, of lurking round the camp and moanthe dogs ran barking, and the children ing like a disembodied spirit was very skipped about. The firelight glowed on much to her taste, and would probably

when they arrived, but after a rest first!" she said. "They're less likely to

PREPARATION

"I realy felt rather dreadful, leading rise, Julian and Lynne, accompanied Company, was lost with the death of Guthrie away," she said. "He wasn't so by Haffi, set off once more into the Mrs. Eli Tessier, one of Sudbury's oldbad, you know. He tried to look after desert. They made a long detour south, est citizens, last Friday night. The ocand coming up on to the ridge of hills togenarian resident died at the home Julian remarked: "The biggest cad behind Guthrie's camp, looked over at of Frank Varieur, 372 McNaughton Teris often particularly amiable where wo- the long-sought objective-Praemnon. race, where she resided. Mrs. Tessier men are concerned, you know, Lynne." There was the camp Shaley had made, was in her 89th year. actually among the ruins; and Guthrie "Yes; I suppose so. But still I was drawing his water supply from the Ducharme's Funeral Home to St. Ann's couldn't help feeling rather ashamed." very well in which Shaley believed Roman Catholic Church at 9 o'clock "I wouldn't waste my feelings if I the Cups of Alexander to have been

much experience of men of Guthrie's Leaving Haffi with the camels, Julian ype, Lynne. Beaumont Magna isn't the and Lynne climbed to the summit of tery beside her late husband, who presort of place in which one meets them. the ridge and looked down. They lay I'm not saying that Guthrie's not quite on their faces so as not to be seen on

"The wind here makes the weirdest noises." Julian told her, "I think that ably pretty adept at looking all the that is what makes them think that the Lynne looked down over the barren,

stony slope of the wide valley and shivered a little, even in the bright sunlight for the desolate land was | she was married to the late Eli Tessier very dreary. "There was a battle here and the de-

feated army left its bones,' Julian said "I've often found human bones about here-centuries old, I suppose." Lynne shivered again and said:

"I don't know that I'm not going to be as scared as the natives in the camp will be when I hear myself making weird noises about here at night!" They rode perhaps not more than

two miles from Guthrie's camp ,and in an outcrop of craggy rocks on a hillside, well concealed from the view of anyone passing over the surrounding country, they made camp.

Here they remained until nightfall and then, leaving Haffi with the camels, Julian and Lynne set off on foot over the dark country. In half an hour they came to the ridge and looked down on the lights of Guthrie's camp half a mile away. There was no sound but the whispering of the sand as the night wind stirred its surface. The stars winked magnificently overhead. Julian had with him two long black garments which he had bought from the Ilyats at Kel-el-abir; and these he and Lynne put on. Lynne was too tense with excitement, even to smile at what seemed rather like preparing for a fancy dress party. In a moment or two they were moving cautiously down the slope towards the camp.

The stillness of the dark desolation, and the nature of their mission suggested an eeriness which made Lynne's spine creep.

She wanted to laugh but at the same time she thrilled with dismay at the idea of being caught at this game by

About fifty yards from the camp the slope of the hill dropped abruptly; and lying at the foot of the low cliff covered with bush was the camp. It consisted of two large and two small bell tents. There was a fire lighted in the open space between them; and the figures of the five native servants sat and reclined round this.

Lynne lay down among the bushes on her right. She watched the camp million dollars. while her heart pounded away in her

(To be Continued)

Death of Descendant of Famous Hudsons

Mrs. Eli Tessier's Passing at Sudbury Breaks Link with Hudson Bay Co. Founders.

(From Sudbury Star)

A living link with the third geneation of James Hudson, one of the sons Next morning in the sparkling sun- of the founders of the Hudson Bay

The funeral service was held from Monday morning. Rev. Father S. Lemay officiated and Mrs. Tessier was buried in the Sudbury Roman Catholic cemedeceased her some 21 years ago. The pallhearers were: four sons, Joseph, Eli, Demase and Adelard, and two grandchildren, Frank and Andrew Tessier.

Born on Calumette Island, Que., on January 30, 1849, the deceased moved to Pembroke in her early youth. She came to Sudbury about 40 years ago. Mrs. Tessier was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Francis Clouthier, and

at La Pas, Que., in 1868. Surviving are four sons, Joseph, of Pembroke, Eli, of Sudbury, Demase, of Sudbury Junction, and Adelard, on the Sudbury-Garson Mine Road; and two daughters. Mrs. David McPhail. Saskatoon, Sask., and Mrs. Joseph D'Amour, of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. Fifty-two grandchildren and 60 great grandchildren also survive.

James Hudson, a Scot, settled in the James Bay territory over a century and a half ago. The famous explorerhunter died five days after his wife, the of the early life on James Bay were country around James Bay, branching out to take up their residences in various sections of the easta direct descendant of the famous ex- fly dope which only increased the dog's Hudson and Caroline Goodwin. Her founders of the Hudson Bay Company. Mrs. Tessier, through this relationship,

died he left a unique will. It was pen- himself and threw himself into the ned in crude fashion on a 12-inch water. Emerging, he shivered and shook square of buckskin. Alex Villemaire, of until the boys took pity on him and Renfrew, a great grandson, had possession of the document for some time. but the buckskin will was lost in a fire

to millions of dollars, is in chancery all four feet and Bill wonders why. court in England, awaiting proof of relationship before it can be disposed

sier had often remarked on different conference, left the courthouse arm in There was a light shining in one of occasions "that she could find the arm without even a glance at the object "If the men refuse to stay, Guthrie the large tents, in which no doubt, grave of James Hudson if she were to of their affections. It was reported will have to leave. He'll have no choice. the Englishmen were sitting; the other | go to Renfrew. She had visited it with | they decided neither of them wants her mother several times." She often him now. said that "if she could secure the share hers she would be on easy street." The estate is said to be worth about 150

Less than six months ago, Mrs. Tessier, 88 years of age at the time, enjoyed her first airplane ride. On March

Infinite care insures uniformity-They never vary in Quality!

15 this year she had a 20-minute ride over Sucbury and the surrounding district. After the trip into the clouds she told interviewers, "it was great."

Veracious Stories of "Whispering Bill" Smith

Readers of The Advance will recall reference made in these columns to "Whispering Bill" Smith, one of the early prospector-residents of the camp. Old timers here will recall with happy memories the man himself. Accordingly all should be specially interested in the following from last week's Northern Miner "Grab Samples" column:-

"Whispering Bill" Smith has been camped in Ossian township in the Larder Lake country all summer, working on a copper prospect. He suspects it is another Noranda and, he says, as the planes fly over every day from Kirkland Lake to Noranda, he feels he must be on the line of strike.

Bill took Bill. Jr. to camp for the summer and Bill. Jr. brought his dog. Visitors to the camp were prone to remark that this dog looked the dead spit of a skunk. The dog, no doubt in former Caroline Goodwin. No records an effort to add to the likeness, got involved with a real skunk one day and left on the death of Hudson and his the results were just too bad. The battle wife, but their children grew up in the did not last long but the onsequences

One of the crew suggested "Flit" and this was tried with dire results, as it ern provinces. The late Mrs. Tessier is nearly killed the pup. Then they added plorer, her mother, the late Mrs. broadcasting power. Finally, in disgust. Clouthier, being a daughter of James the men chased the pup out of camp and made him stay out. The effect on maiden name was Elizabeth Hudson. "Skunky" was pitiable. Not only had James Hudson's father was one of the he to suffer the physical inconveniences incidental to his state but he was obliged to accept ostracism and the menwas a granddaughter of the famous ex- tal strain was too much. He went down to the lake, either to commit suicide or When the famous explorer-hunter to make an attempt to de-perfume accepted him back into the camp, on

Incidentally, Bill, who is noted for his veracity, relates that he met a The great Hudson estate, amounting moose in the bush that was shod on

Huntingdon Gleaner:-In Denver, of. In addition to the late Mrs. Tessier, Paul B. Helsel was in court charged Ray Villemere, of Copper Cliff, and his with bigamy. He had a wife in Oregon, brother, Alex, of Sudbury, there are in it was charged, at the time of a later Sault Ste. Marie, six relatives who marriage in Colorado. Both women claim to be descendants. They have were present to testify in the case. The fyled their claims for a share of the judge ruled the Oregon wife had the stronger claim to Helsel. At the end Sometime before her death, Mrs. Tes- of the trial, the two wives held a short



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