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GREAT NEW MYSTERY SERIAL By Ernest Lynn

Chapter LV. Olga was tired. Too tired for the hospital if I'd wanted. I'm paying sleep the nurse told her she needed. And though she ached in every nerve and muscle, still there was luxury in the clean, cool sheets, in the fragrance of cut flowers that

were on the table. casionally the thought of some of the many experiences that had been hers the last few days would cause a shudder.

"I wonder how it came out?" she said. And then, "if only I could be out of here-and know. . . . Sam Church. . . . It seems impossible. and yet. . . . oh, I wouldn't put it past him. . . . I hope he gets his.' She tossed restlessly. "And with him out of the way, it means that Jim and the girl-oh, Jim, no! And yet, why shouldn't he? Who am I? What right have I to expect

Tears coursed down her face and dampened the pillow. "I'd never do. I guess." And then, with a catchy sob in her voice, she cried, "Oh, Jim, I tried so hard—tried so hard change." She lay there a long time,

-she's his kind, and I'm not,

guess. . . . I guess anyone can see

in the dark. . . . And Jimmy Rand downstairs was breaking all the rules of the hos-

"Really," insisted the night superintendent, "It's against regulations. It's after visiting hours, and besides, Miss Maynard is not to be disturbed under any condition."

going to see her-now. I've got to see her." "But can't you wait till morn-

ing?" "Now. I brought her here.

could have brought her to another

me off." "Really, Mr. Rand, it isn't question of who pays the bill. Rules

are rules, you know." "Then in this case there'll have i She lay there thinking. And oc- be an exception. I tell you she can' rest until she hears from me. It's important; she has to know. She'll be just a bundle of nerves until she hears from me that everything has come out all right."

"Well, if you're really going to insist, I suppose-" "Thank you. I knew you'd under-

Which was not so at all, for she

didn't. He walked up the hall and up the stairs, in the wake of a young nurse. His head was thrown back and his lips formed soundless words.

The nurse stepped into a room, and he heard low voices, saw a light. Then she was out in the hall again. "You may go in now."

He had thought to enter on cheery note of laughter, but the sight of her lying there, pitifully house, but she was not there. Her white, was unnerving, and his hand mother told him that a young man was trembling violently as he laid it named Barry Colvin had been there

"Olga, are you all right?" "Yes, Jim. I'll be out again in week. Rest is all I need."

She smiled bravely. "Now tell me,

"Oh, it was Church, all right, He's confessed. Jensen's dead, and "I don't care," he answered. "I'm I'm not sorry." He stopped and regarded her gravely. What he was about to say was not going to be easy. He said to himself, "Mustn't back down now." "Olga," and he squeezed her hand

hard, to steady his own, "I" But her eyes were searching his face and, somehow, he couldn't go on with her looking at him like that. What they read there he did not know, but they seemed to be reaching to his very thoughts.

"Jim, you're hurting my hand." She drew it away and placed it on his. "Don't talk, Jim. Just sit there."

Long minutes passed, and a cheery little clock on the bedside table ticked loudly. . . . Her hand still lay on his. .

"I'm awful glad," she was saying presently, "that everything turned out all right for you. For your sake Jim, and for mine."

"Olga," he protested, "you know very well I never doubted-" But she silenced him by placing

her finger against his lips. "I know you didn't, Jim. It's wonderful to know that you believed in me all through." Then she said, "Have you told Mary yet?"

"Why haven't you?"

"Because I came here first, Olga, Jim." to tell you I-"

"Don't say it, Jim. I know what it is-it was written all over your face the minute you came in the rotten actor. Call her up, Jim-tonight. Gee, she'll be thrilled!"

she silenced him again with her fin-

"Shut up, old dear. It's wonderful to know you care that much, but you're not fooling me-not for a minute. I can see right through you. You know you're crazy in love with her, Jim."

"You mean to tell me you know what I came here for?" "Sure. When I lose my voice I'm

going in for mind reading." It was altogether the most astonishing situation he had ever found himself in. Suddenly he was on his knees beside her bed, fighting the bill, and I won't have you pu against the catch in his voice, unburdening his troubled mind.

"Jim," she said when he had finished, "You're so white I just can't believe you're true. Come here and let me kiss you."

"Olga," he said, "they tell me I'm a millionaire. You'll never have to worry about work."

"But that's just what I'm going to do. I still think I can sing."

"And I'll see that you get what you're after if I have to buy a show you you." "Great, Jim. You're going to be my angel, huh? The heavy sugar

daddy behind the scenes. You old sport, you. Let me kiss you again." When he had gone she rang for "Put out the light, nursie, old,

dear. And tell me, how much longer do I have to stay in this damn bed?" When it was dark she lay with her face to the wall, and cried.

Jimmy did call Mary Lowell's and had taken her off with him to the police station.

Outside the hospital he hailed the first automobile that came along, and something about his manner led the man behind the wheel to think it was a matter of life and death to get him to headquarters.

He had thought Mary and he would be alone when he saw her. and had mentally rehearsed scene between them. But when he walked in O'Day's office he found her with Barry Colvin on one side of her and the old war horse O'Day on the other.

He saw Earry jump to greet him, and O'Day turn his head. But he ignored Barry's rush and stood helpless, without speech, his eyes on Mary, who sat still and pale and just looked. . . .

The torrent of words he wanted to utter was dammed at his teeth. He was oblivious of the two men. Slowly he raised his hand and let them fall.

And then, as in a dream, he saw Mary moving toward him, shining wetness in her eyes. She paused a few feet from him, and he thrilled as she said, without taking her eyes from his, "I couldn't do without you, Jim."

He was able to utter in a choked voice, "Mary!"

And then she walked straight into his arms for his kiss, and they were suddenly alone in a world of their own, on some high, far-flung plain lit by the silent stars. "You heard?" he asked, still cling-

ing to her. She nodded. "They told me all.

He turned to look about him. coming back to earth once more. Barry was gazing out of the window. His hands were clasped behind door." She sighed. "You'd make a his back, and he was rocking back

and forth on heels and toes. As for O'Day, that worthy still sat at his desk with his back politely turned, but Jimmy was amazed to find him shattering all the "rules and regulations" by smoking a fat

"O'Day," he cried sharply, keeping a straight face only with the utmost difficulty, "do you want to be reduced? Lord, man, you're smok-

O'Day, his expression suggesting that he was as much surprised as Jimmy to find himself smoking, jerked the cigar from his mouth and regarded it ruefully, as if he were reluctantly about to throw it way. Suddenly, though, he clamped it back between his teeth. "The divil with regulations," he growled. "I'm

Mary laughed. "I'm a jealous woman, Jim," she said. "I want you alone, Take me home."

And then they were alone in the taxicab, and they were not a part of the world that rushed past the win-

The next night a train carried Jimmy Rand and Barry Colvin back to Grafton. "Home again, Jim. It'll be good to

Jimmy looked out of the window at twinkling lights in a black night. "And better," he said softly, "when I bring Mary back next week," He

laughed. "And you, you old fathead, how about you and Janet?" "She's going to marry me right away, Jim. If she doesn't-well, I'm taking a club along. Stubbornness runs in the Rand family, and the only way to reason with it with something hard and heavy." . . . At that moment Martha

for bed, and for the first time in many dreary weeks peace had de-. . . And in Chicago a man wit heavy hair which was gray at the temples, stood in a lonely cell and

Rand and Janet were getting ready

bars that set him apart from the on a hospital bed and dreamed a turned out. There was Olga May- mantic moments of our lives? dream of bright footlights and soft nard, for instance. . . a regular Very few, I think."

. . . Another mile away a girl you should have married her. . . stood in her night robe and paused And yet you're marrying someone before turning out the light to look else." at herself in the mirror. What she The train was rushing over a flat, saw was a lovely vision with flush- black plain. Jimmy, his face press- "She seems to think I ought to

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"Jim," she breathed, and turned love, Barry. It couldn't be othercontemplated with lifeless eyes the out the light

Barry Colvin was saying "It's a wonder, after all, how many of us . A mile away a girl lay asleep funny thing. Jim, the way this marry those who fill the most romusic and thunderous applause for story book heroine. You couldn't a song; and the song was of a love have done it without her. . . . According to all the rules of romance

ed cheeks and eyes that were spark- ed close to the window, answered get that at the office."-Louisville slowly: "I'm marrying the woman I Courier-Journal."

Unreasonable. "My wife wants to go to dances all the time."

"Doesn't she realize that you require some sleep?"

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