

Gems of Peril

by HAZEL
ROSS
HAILEY

THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams

BEGIN HERE TODAY
Old MRS. JUPITER, wife of the millionaire, was having an engagement dinner and dance for her son, who is to marry DIRK HARNESSE, son of a blue-blooded family. Mrs. Jupiter receives a telephone call from her secretary, MARY ROSE, saying he is in trouble and must see her. The house is strictly guarded, and Mrs. Jupiter is wearing the famous Jupiter jewels.

Mary is supposed to be admitted secretly. When she goes upstairs to meet him, she finds Mrs. Jupiter robbing him of his jewels. Mrs. Jupiter is trying to find Dirk when she sees him in the garden with CORNELIA Tabor, his childhood sweetheart.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER FOUR
INSPECTOR KANE glared at the young detective with warmth that was almost an apposite.

"One?" he bellowed. "What do you mean, gone? I left orders nobody was to leave the premises until they had permission. How the hell could they be gone?"

Spence came wearily into the room and was hailed by the detective.

"'Hec,'" he demanded. "You know anything about this?"

Before the butler could reply, Mr. Jupiter appeared in the doorway, leaning heavily on his stick. He was an upright, sturdy man of an amazing vigor and youthfulness for his years, which were nearly 70.

But now his shoulders were bent a little, his jaw more laxly set. Otherwise, he seemed much the same.

"Oh, Mr. Jupiter," Inspector Kane said, dropping his voice respectfully. "We may be on the track of something. I hear one of your girls has disappeared, and a chauffeur with her."

The millionaire stared about the brilliant almost empty room, curiously; then made an obvious attempt to focus his mind on what the other man was saying.

"One of the girls, eh?" His voice was flat and weak; to Mary the sound was almost unbearably shocking. A man's grief is not pretty to see or hear.

"You looking for Bessie?" He cleared his throat; his voice seemed a little strange. "I sent her out with Tom over an hour ago, to send a cable. My son, you know," he explained. "He's in Europe. I wanted to let him know. They ought to be back by now."

Kane obviously was displeased, but it was plain he had no taste for reproving the old man. In spite of the fact that he just had come from the room where his dead wife lay, he seemed to be looking and listening for her.

His eyes roved rapidly about the room; his nervous hand clasped and unclasped on the handle of his cane.

"That's O. K., guvnor," the inspector growled. "Make a note of that, Hayes, and get their stories tomorrow."

"Everybody get to bed now and I'll be back tomorrow and pick up the loose ends. Anything turns up in the meantime, you'll be informed."

A silent man wearing glasses murmured something in the Inspector's ear, and he turned to remind them. "You'll all be called for the inquest. Probably Saturday morning in the coroner's office. Don't forget."

"**THEY** were all gone, and Mary and Dirk stood together on the bottom of the stairs, his arms folded about her, his cheek against hers.

"I can't go up there! I can't!" Mary shuddered.

"You don't have to. Come home with me."

"We mustn't rouse your household. No, I'll stay here. Eddie will call, and I don't want to miss him."

"Of course. I understand. But you'll be all right? You won't worry?"

"I'm dead. I'll sleep like a log."

To change the current of her thoughts, and for other reasons purely his own, he drew her to him and kissed her.

Something still lay between them to be explained, though they had both all but forgotten it in the excitement of the last few hours.

But it might come to her mind again, when she was alone; and she had enough to worry her, poor girl, her lover thought, fumbling for the right words with which to smooth the difficulty away.

"I'm glad it was something really important that kept you," he said at last, with grim humor.

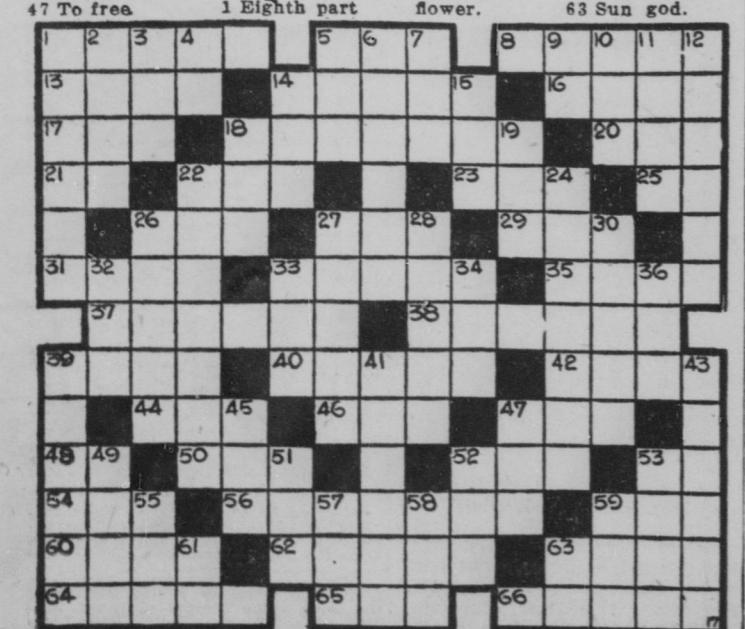
"Keep me?"

"You said you'd be right back, but it seemed like hours. I thought

The telephone again. Mary ran

HORIZONTAL

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13		14		15	16						
17		18		19	20						
21	22			23	24	25					
26	27	28	29	30							
31	32	33		34	35	36					
37		38		39							
40	41	42	43								
44	45	46	47								
48	49	50	51	52							
54	55	56	57	58	59						
60	61	62		63							
64		65		66							



I was stuck with Connie on my hands for life."

"So did I!" Then, as the scene in the lower garden came back to her, Mrs. Ruyther, anxious about Dirk.

"He hasn't come in yet, and I'm nearly frantic! Is he there, by any chance?"

"He's not here, but I'm sure it's all right," Mary told her. "He—he has some business that couldn't wait."

"Well!" Mrs. Ruyther expelled an outraged breath. "It must have been pressing!" Mary began to anticipate what it would be like to be married to an only child.

Dirk had gone immediately to look for Eddie, then, crazy, lovable Dirk—he'd be dead for sleep. But he knew what would still her worry, and had gone straight after it at once.

He looked down at his rumppled tie. "She got me all mussed up. For 2 cents I'd have pushed her in and saved her all the trouble."

Mary laughed at that, and rumpled him for a male for all females and their incomprehensible ways. "She said she was going to throw herself into the pool. Two feet deep, and she knows it."

"I wasn't doing anything to her!"

Then what was she screaming about?"

"Ah," his voice held the disgust of a male for all females and their incomprehensible ways. "She said she was going to throw herself into the pool. Two feet deep, and she knows it."

"She loves herself. She's a spoiled brat. Well, anyhow, she's sailing to Florida soon."

"I hope she's seasick."

"I hope she drowns."

They grinned at each other. But Mary's smile soon faded. There was too much on her mind.

"Oh, Dirk," she said, gripping his shoulder tensely. "I feel so guilty! I feel as if I'm to blame for it all!"

"Nonsense! You mustn't feel that way!"

"If I knew where Eddie was—"

Morning would tell—and it was almost morning. With Dirk's assurance that he would go himself and try to solve the mystery of Eddie's disappearance as soon as he had had some sleep, she went off to bed in a somewhat calmer frame of mind.

"**WHAT'S THAT?** My God, we must keep you out of this!" His alarm shocked her. She hastened to remind him that the pictures in the newspaper inspection had been captioned, "To Marry Rising Young Barrister in May."

"Oh, that's different." His relief was profound.

But the incident unnerved her. More than ever she knew that secret was necessary—that she must be on her guard.

Mrs. Ruyther never had been too cordial to her. A daughter-in-law without a penny dowry was no catch for Dirk. No doubt she had thought it all settled that it was to be Cornelius had accustomed herself to the thought of what Cornelius's money, Cornelius's connections, could do for her son's career.

Dirk himself had admitted that he always expected to marry Cornelius some day. The Ruythers were an old firm, and well established, but they were not fashionable, or money-makers.

Stephen Ruyther was conservative; he held what he had and risked nothing, after the solid manner of the Dutch. Mary loved him for it, for he was very like Dirk.

Mr. Jupiter sat crouched over the library table, his arms outflung upon it, staring at the papers Ruyther shuffled in his hands.

"Mary, my dear," he said, coming out of his haze long enough to notice her. "Is Kane still about, have you noticed? Is there anything new?"

The distress in her face answered him; he looked ill. Suddenly he brushed the papers out of the lawyer's hands recklessly.

"Put them up! Put them up! We won't bother with them," Ruyther, do you realize it's been hours, now, and there's nothing—nothing!"

He lifted his doubled fists and shook them toward the ceiling, his face working with grief. Then he seemed to collapse into his chair, and sat breathing heavily. One fist beat the table slowly; the knuckles were white and tense.

"Till that man is found, I've got something to live for," he jerked out. "I'll never rest till I meet him, if it takes the rest of my life and every nickel I've got!"

Outside in the hall, the telephone rang.

© 1931 BY NEA SERVICE INC.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams

