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By
Crittenden
Marriott
Illustrations by
Irwin Myers

CHAPTER IX—Continued

—11—

FREE To Housewives
Send us your name and
we will send you a 10 cent
bottle of LIQUID VENEER. Wonderful for
your daily dusting. Cleans, dries and polishes
with one sweep of your cloth. Replaces
your work, automobiles. Makes
everything look like new. Makes dusting a
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bake it
best
with
DAVIS
BAKING
POWDER

Finally Squashed Her

The druggist was becoming wearied. He had been explaining and pricing dozens of articles to the shopper, who didn't really want to buy anything at all. Finally she picked up a bottle.

"Is this pest exterminator reliable?" she asked. "How is it applied?"

"You take a tablespoonful every half hour, ma'am," the druggist replied, with fiendish emphasis.

No more questions were asked.

Rest springs from strife and discordant chords beget divinest harmonies.—Morris.

Hoxie's Croup Remedy for croup and congestive colds, prevents pneumonia, etc. All drugists, Kells Co., Newburgh, N.Y. Mrs.—Adv.

Some queer birds roost in family trees.

Sure Relief
FOR INDIGESTION

BELL-ANS
Hot water
Sure Relief,
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

"Cutting teeth is made easy"
MRS. WINSLOW'S
SYRUP
The Infants' and Children's Regulator
At all drugstores
Non-Narcotic, Non-Alcoholic

Oakland, Nebr., Feb. 28, 1929
Anglo-American Drug Co.,
Gentlemen:

Am more than glad to tell you of the experience and result obtained from your wonderful Baby Medicine. Our second baby is now seven months old and is in excellent health. The first and only time she has ever taken was Mrs. Winslow's Syrup. She has four teeth and is a very active, happy baby. Cutting teeth is made easy by the use of Mrs. Winslow's Syrup. Most sincerely,
(Name on request)

ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO.
215-217 Fulton Street, New York

LEONARD
EAR OIL
for
DEAFNESS
and
HEAD NOISES
Price 100
All Drugists
FOLIEN'S DEAFNESS ON REQUEST,
A.O. LEONARD, INC.,
TO-SHAVE, NEW YORK

Beware Of Coughs
That Hangs On

Pneumonia and serious lung trouble usually start with a cough. So if you have a cold or cough, stop it at once with a few doses of that fine old medicine, Kemp's Balsam. This famous medicine relieves the nerves in the throat, stops the tickling cough and nature does the rest. No form of cough syrup is so good for children's coughs. 10 cents at all stores.

For that Cough/
KEMP'S BALSAM

nothing on your map to show whether the island is one mile or fifty miles in length," he said. "But the government chart shows it to be about five miles long and three miles wide, and to consist chiefly of an extinct volcano. This red line"—he pointed it out with a stubby forefinger—"comes down to the water" on the east side. My instructions say the northeast side, and that is perhaps near enough. At any rate, we will go to the end of the red line first. The other islands of the group are placed so as to form a sort of natural harbor with fairly good anchorage."

"I see," Bess could scarcely sit still. "And what do the crosses mean? Treasure?"

"Lord knows, I don't," answered Captain Bunker seriously. "Of course a map like this suggests buried treasure and other accompaniments. But, of course, Mr. Archman isn't the man to take his daughter on a chase after treasure, so we can leave that out."

"Oh!"

"Yes; we can leave that out." Captain Bunker spoke severely. "And thank God for it! I went treasure hunting once in my young days and I had my fill of it. It isn't the romantic child's play you young people think. This isn't treasure hunting, but I'm afraid it's worse. It seems very plain to me now that somebody committed murder to get this map. They failed at first, but they succeeded later. Then finding that it did not give complete information, they sent it to your mother, hoping that she would do exactly what she did do—send it to your father by someone whom they could follow. That they have followed is proved by the fact that my safe was robbed, and the fact, if it is a fact,

Captain Bunker was forced to conclude that some member of the crew had taken desperate chances and ventured aft, where he had no business, and had succeeded in reaching the cabin and getting into the safe. Investigation, however, cast no slightest shadow on any one of the men.

Bess knew how busy Captain Bunker had been and she tried to hold herself in leash away from him, so as not to add to his annoyance. All the early part of the evening she lay in her chair, listening to the chat of the others, especially to that of Lord George.

When the steamship started again Bess rose from her chair. "I'm going to the bridge," she announced.

Harry looked up. "Captain Bunker won't want you," he began. Then, noting that his sister had waited for no comment, he turned to Lord George with a laugh. "We men will have to get up an association in America to regain our rights," he said.

Lord George did not answer for a moment. Then he started. "Oh! Ah! Yes! Quite so, old chap," he answered, heartily but vaguely.

Harry stared at him; but the Englishman said no more, and after a moment Harry got up and wandered away forward.

Meanwhile Bess had ascended to the bridge and had gone to Captain Bunker's side. "I couldn't stay away any longer, captain," she murmured. "I was too anxious. Have we dodged them?"

Captain Bunker turned a dim face to the girl. "I think so," he said. "At all events we're going in."

"Going in?"

"Yes. We've just passed Lobos Island. Yonder it lies." He pointed to the east, but Bess could see no trace of the blacker shadow of the land. "Our destination is just ten miles due south. It's the island shown in that map your mother brought me."

"Oh!" In the stress of the greater emotion that had arisen out of the violation of the instructions, Bess had forgotten the map. "Is it the right map?" she asked. "I have forgotten to ask."

"Yes; it's the right map." Captain Bunker looked about him long and steadily. Then he turned to his first officer. "Keep her as she is, Mr. Collins." He instructed. "I'm going to the chart house." He glanced at Bess. "Will you come, Miss Archman?" he invited. "I want to talk with you."

Bess went very willingly. Captain Bunker led the way to the chart house, and held open the door for her. That young woman stared into the blackness, then stepped in, and waited while Captain Bunker closed the door, shutting out the faint light that leaked from the clouded stars. She heard the captain moving about in the darkness, apparently blanketing the windows; then she heard a faint click, and saw a closely shaded electric bulb glow out, throwing a cone of light upon the table in the center of the room. By its aid she made her way to a chair beside the table and sat down.

Captain Bunker sat down opposite her. "Here is your map," he said, laying the muddy, bloodstained square of parchment on the table. "And here is the chart of Moro Island, the spot where my instructions bid me meet your father. As you see, they are the same, except that the government chart shows no red lines."

Bess stared at the chart in feverish excitement. Undoubtedly Captain Bunker was right. The outlines of the island on the map and chart were plainly the same. The parchment map, however, was on a much larger scale; when Bess laid it on top of the government chart it hid a whole group of islands of which it formed a part.

With sparkling eyes she looked up at Captain Bunker spoke. "There is

dinner for tea" means a bountiful piece of good luck.

Crime circles are responsible for many creations, doubtless because some form of concealment of acts is thought necessary in that life.

Burglars are "cracksmen" or "screws." A "gonoph" is just any kind of thief. "Poe-hunter" means purse-theft; "broadman" card-sharper; "smasher," a maker of bad coin, and "snidesman," a passer of bad coin; "fence," receiver of stolen property; "ing," convict; "drak," three months' imprisonment; "chuck," acquittal; "fullid," fully committed for trial; "squeeze," silk; "wedge," silver plate; "red clock and slant," gold watch and chain.—Toronto Globe.

Gypsies have enlarged slang dictionary with such a word as pal, but the cockney needs no aid from outsiders.

A face is a "dial"; a "fly-dial" is a simpleton who thinks himself extremely shrewd; a "spark-prop" is a diamond chain; a "shyster" a cheat, and

a pauper gets real enjoyment out of life than a miser does.

The last horse-drawn omnibus was used in London in 1911.

used in London in 1911.