

MYSTERY HOUSE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

"Did Flora talk to me!" Page repeated. "She came across the room where she was being detained and clung to me. She was crying all the time. Hysterical and frightened; you never saw anything like it! she said; 'Oh, be my friend—help me! I never meant you to be harmed. I knew you wouldn't die out there. On Monday I was going to send a wire to San Francisco that you were out on the Rock!'"

"She said that?" Lynn said. "But do you believe her?" "Do you?" "I don't know. If I'd been killed by that fall on Wednesday she probably would, for she would have thought you couldn't hurt her. Without what I knew, you couldn't do much. But seeing me come alive with you out of that cave must have been one of the awful moments of her life. She probably started off with the boat in a panic—"

No panic about it," Page said. "She knew when she told us you might be out on the Rock that she was going to abandon us there. But you see Rand had thrown her down, Lynn. He told her right then and there that he was going to get away. There was nothing left but for her to escape, too! We've tried to trace him since. That afternoon he drew all the money he had out of a San Francisco bank and since then nobody's heard anything of him. Barnes said that if they got anything out of her they might get enough to go after him too, but I don't believe they will. She was just her mother's catspaw. The real Mrs. Prendergast was dying before ever Flora got to Mystery House. Flora never gave her a dose of anything or came anywhere near her."

"I remember that," Lynn said. "I got there, you know, only a few days before my grandmother died. Flora was only in the background, like a ghost, and Rand didn't get there until after I did. No; it was the old woman; it was Trudy." Lynn went on remembering, his eyes narrowed and fixed on space. "But she must have known that Rand was drugging me," he said suddenly.

"Yes, but even that isn't very easy to prove," Page reminded him. "You were terribly ill, and Rand was a doctor. He had your tonic made up at Belmont. They knew him there; they'd have to say that there was nothing harmful in it. Nobody can tell what his Chinese drugs were."

"I suppose not—I suppose it all sounds like a sick man's ravings," Lynn mused. "Are they going to try the usual to follow up the grave matter, though, won't they?" he said.

"They found the body, you know—perhaps you were too sick to know," Page explained. "It was about ten days ago. It had been placed in another grave that was only partly filled. Flora said that her mother and Rand drove over to Halfmoon Bay, with one of the Chinese to help, two nights in succession, and changed the grave themselves. But there's no sign of violence, and no traces of poison, and so perhaps even that can't be made much of. Oh, if Rand were here they'd get him fast enough." Page ended animatedly, "but he's

gone. They think he dressed as a Chinaman and got over into Mexico, and once there, Flora said, he can easily get away on some boat or hide himself as long as he likes!"

"I'm glad you're not with him, Page," Lynn said simply. "The dream is over, isn't it, and we're awake!"

"It seems to me," Page amended it, "we're going into the best of the dream."

Lynn picked up her brown left hand; looked at it.

"That isn't a dream, is it?" he said.

Page's eyes followed his to the plain gold ring that encircled her third finger.

"No; that isn't a dream. I wonder—" she said, laughing and flushing. "If we ought to make it one?"

"What do you think?"

"I've loved you from the very beginning, Lynn," the girl said seriously, sudden tears in her smiling eyes. "But in these last days you've grown so different—you're getting well; your mind's all clear where you used to be so vague, and you're so—definite where you used to let me run you—"

She stopped, in difficulties. The man, lightly beating against her hand with his own thin long one, laughed nervously.

"Don't you want your husband to be definite, Page? ... I'm sorry."

Something in the hesitating yet infinitely tender tone, something of possession and domination, brought the hot blood to her face. Page was not laughing as she said, "That's it, you see. I've known you—one way all the e months—and now you're changed. You were always just Lynn, who didn't think quite straight and who didn't count—nobody paid much attention to you—"

"You do," he remained her quiet seriously as she paused.

"Oh, well—I—yes, I did," Page stammered, "because I was so sorry for you! Just tell me," she recommenced, smiling gallantly and blinking to keep the moisture from her eye, "just tell me that you remember about that day—ten days ago, the day after the operation—"

"The day we were married, Page?" Lynn asked gravely, all his laughter gone now, his eyes fixed on hers and his hand still lightly beating her hand.

"You did want me to—but I know you wanted me to—" the girl faltered in distress. Lynn frowned faintly, staring at her.

"You aren't seriously asking me that?"

"I think I am. If you didn't—if you were sick and weak and didn't know—"

"I knew," he said, and for awhile neither spoke. "I'm so weak yet, Page," Lynn said then, "that it doesn't take much to make me play the baby! I've a handkerchief here somewhere—lend me yours, I know," he went on in a low tone that he tried unsuccessfully to hold quite steady, "that you saved me. That when I was tossing about—it was always the Hawaiian volcano, Page, so frightfully hot and thick and close to me—"

"You told me. Don't think about it."

"Well, in the middle of that suddenly to be back in this room and to have you here in your rumpled suit that you wore on the Rock, and with your hair all blown and salty—and yet you were in white, too, like a nurse—kneeling down, whispering to me: 'Would you like to be married, Lynn? Wouldn't you like us to be married right now? They'll let us, if you want to!'"

"It was like something cool and safe and strong, in the middle of desert sands," he said after awhile. "I remember the cool feeling of your hand, and that afterward you leaned over and kissed me, and your lips felt so cool against my forehead. And then I remember your saying, 'Rest your head here, Lynn; I'm holding you!' And my head felt right, and there seemed to be such a coolness and darkness everywhere, and we were off the Rock!"

"Are you asking me seriously, Page," Lynn said, when for another strange moment or two there had been silence between them, "if I want to go back on that?"

"No, not really," she said, stirred as she never had been stirred in her life before, smiling and in tears.

"Then don't say that any more," Lynn rubbed his thumb on the gold ring. "It's you and I now until the end of the chapter," he said. "I never would have left this room alive but for you. There's nothing



THEY JUST CAN'T BE TOO SHEER!

Mir-O-Kleer* Hose are for women who place beauty first. Amber-clear, sheer as a veil, they are the preference of smart women throughout the world... They're made by Kayser—the largest hosiery mill not only in Canada but in the whole British Empire!

75¢ AND UP

KAYSER HOSIERY
MADE IN CANADA

* Trade Mark Pat. Canada 1931 No. 336,234

BE WISER—BUY KAYSER

BUY ALL KAYSER PRODUCTS STOCKED AND SOLD BY MOORE & McLEOD Ltd

A cubic mile of the ocean contains 8,900 pounds of gold in suspension. The League of Nations is considering calling a conference on calendar reform.

Fashions' Latest For Chic Dressers

Here's a grand two-piece dress with mandarin collar. The young wide shouldered tunic blouse molds every line of your figure. It snugs the waist and has plenty of swing below the hips. There's a plait from neck to hem at the back, below the shoulder yoke.

This smart wool novelty blouse tops a princess skirt of plain woolen.

For another version, you have the shirt collar, short sleeve and peplum as in the small view. Make it of velvet for afternoons.

Again, you can make a separate tunic or peplum blouse of crepe silk, satin or metal cloth. You can use the skirt pattern again and again.

Style No. 1882 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 2 1-2 yards of 39-inch material for full-length tunic blouse; and 2 1-8 yards of 39-inch material for skirt.

No. 1882 Size _____
Name _____
City _____ State _____
Street Address _____

Mongol horsemen wear boots far too large so they may be padded with wool in winter.



1882



.. and a bag of REGAL

"All set, Jim. Everything's aboard, including that bag of REGAL you're so scared of leaving behind. Oh, I know! If you reached home without it you'd get an awful bawling out and have to come right back for it. Well, you can't blame your wife at that, Jim, when you think of the dandy bread she bakes with REGAL."

REGAL FLOUR

A Morning Smile

No sooner had the little family talk on economy ended than the postman arrived. "That's another bill!" said father, "Just as we have decided to put something aside for a rainy day." "Well, that's all right, dear," replied mother. "This is the account for my raincoat."

Taxi Driver—"What on earth are you growling about? You said you wanted to get to the hospital in a hurry, didn't you?"

Passenger—"Yes, I did. But I didn't say I wanted to stay there."

in my life but you. You can't leave me now."

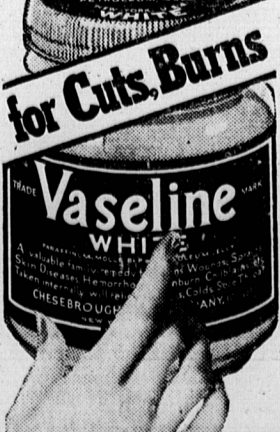
(To Be Continued)



BABY'S OWN SOAP
Best for You and Baby too

MOST POPULAR BOOK PRINTED IN 705 TONGUES
The Bible has now been translated into 705 different languages, states the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Last year 11,686,131 volumes of Scripture were circulated, a figure that has been exceeded only twice before.



for Cuts, Burns
Vaseline WHITE

PAINTER FEELS SIAM PARADISE

(Canadian Press)
LONDON, Nov. 3.—Elna Bendixen, Danish painter in London for a holiday from her home in Siam, says the British capital is much more dangerous and terrifying than the paradise-like jungle of the east. With her husband, a government forester, she has lived for some years in untracked tropical forests, except for brief visits to civilization. Some of her colorful jungle paintings are on exhibition at the Arlington Galleries.

Caught a Cold?

To help end it sooner, rub throat and chest with **VICKS VAPORUB**

Science estimates the earth gains weight about a pound an hour from shooting stars.

The Shoshones were once one of the greatest divisions of the North American Indians.

OUT OUR WAY



THE MAJOR MAN

Today,—we live, we labor and we love;
Tomorrow,—is the hope that wells within;
Yesterday,—is but the memory of what has passed
Beyond the portals of a life that's been!

Youth,—in tomorrows, dream and gaze afar;
Prime,—revels in the vigors of today;
Age,—harkens back to yesterdays
And muses long in retrospective play!

One in the valley stands and sees the plain;
The other,—on the hilltop, views 'his vast domain';
While down the hillside treads the major man
With undimmed hope, to rise to heights again!

Dawn's faltering feet must have a helping guide;

The noonday's sun of stalwarts would command;
But in the evening's slanting shadows come
The aid and comfort of the loving Mother's hand!

—Peter A. Reilly

COULD NOT DO HER HOUSEWORK

WHEN everything you attempt is a burden—when you are nervous and irritable—try this medicine. It may be just what you need for extra energy. Mrs. E. dridge Miller of Belmont, N. S., could not do her housework. She says, "I was in poor health for years. I tried various medicines. Then a friend told me about your Compound. It made a new woman of me."

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

By WILLIAMS



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON.