The Riddle of the Riderless Horse

By JEAN & CYRIL CASALIS

He was half-way to the door before any of the others could speak.

Then, "Chuck it, Malcolm!" exclaimed Corneille wrathfully. "You can't go off like that!"

But we was in the passage. Behind him he heard their raised voices. "We must stop him!"—that was George Loftus; and then Cynthia's distressed, "Go after him, Corneille. There's something wrong."

But he did not care. He was tearing at his coat in the darkness. At last he had got it. As he rushed out into the dark night, hurrying footsteps sounded in the passage. Then Loftus's voice rang out: "Green, Green, come back!" There followed a shout from Corneille: "Malcolm, don't be a fool!" But Malcolm was stopping for no one. Through the orchard he raced, past the stable, and over the flat rocks towards the khotlo. The natives' path—that was the best way.

He scrambled down the narrow track, caught at the old tree that overhung it, and swung imself down the last few feet on to the ground below. In that momentry pause he held his breath. Above the roar of the flooded spruit, racing footsteps sounded on the rocks above him, coming straight for the path he had taken. They had been watching him, then; they were after him; and now it was a race indeed, for they were close behind.

Through the soaking grass of the khotlo, he tore, towards the spruit. Every other sound was drowned now by its thunder; but a wild exultation surged through him as he sped on.

If they were chasing him like that, it meant, surely, that he must still be in time. Without a pause he plunged into the torrent, his coat with the precious pistol, held high above his head. The force of the water made him concentrate on keeping his feet rather than on maintaining his speed, and as he emerged on the other side, soaked to the waist, he fancied he could hear shouting behind him. But the fear of being late still goaded him. With never a backward glance he ran, full out, down the valley.

RACE IN THE RAIN

The rocks at last, and he was scrambling through them, slipping and stumbling, but still running. Fear gripped at his heart that the noise he made might warn the smugglers; then as he gained the top of the bank, that fear died; the mighty roar of the flooded river bursting in on him, and he knew that no one, low down on the river bank, could hear him above that deafening tumult. But he might be seen; and crouching low, he ran the last 50 yards of his mad race. Soaked to the skin, gasping for breath, he was at last behind his rock, his Very pistol clutched in his hand, straining his eyes into the darkness, and certain, now that the race was over, that he had come too late.

Lowering clouds covered the sky and the darkness was almost impenetrable. He could just discern the lines of the racing waters below him, but there was no movement, no sign, to tell him whether he was in time.

But suddenly a new sound reached his straining ears—a sharp metallic noise; and it come from behind him. He glanced over his shoulder and saw, for the fraction of a second, a dark shape just discernible against the sky at the point where, a minute ago, he himself had scrambled over the rocks. His pursuers were hot on his tracks. Ten seconds, he thought and they would be on him.

But even as that thought flashed through his brain, an unforgettable sound sent his heart pounding against his ribs; it was the rocket-like whirr that had heralded the coming of the smugglers' boat on the night before. He was not too late—but he had only nine seconds' grace. With the certainty of impending action, he was suddenly cool and collected. He held his pistol at the ready, and slowly and deliberately counted off the seconds.

"One, two, three—"

And on the water below, a deeper shadow swung from the bank and swept out into the torrent.

"Five, six, seven . . ." counted Malcolm.

For a moment it hung poised in midstream, the voice of the river rising an octave as its waters surged against the obstruction.

"Eight . . ."

The crack of the pistol rang out over the waters. And for one moment, river, smugglers, and boat, as if graven in rock, were held spellbound in the glare of the Very light.

Malcolm gasped in utter horror. "Channing and Tom—Left-Hand!"

And the next moment, as both banks of the river sprang to life, and the police swarmed down on their objective, Malcolm, obeying some imperative call of intuition, glanced behind him. That slight movement saved his life. A great stone whizzed past his head, grazing his cheek and sending him reeling against his rock.

"Take that, you swine!"

It was the voice of George Loftus, unrecognizable, as were his rage-distorted features. He made one desperate, pitiable effort to give the owl's call, then "Chan, Chan, look out!" he shouted, and rushed at Malcolm with clenched fists, hitting out wildly. But Malcolm, though badly shaken, was ready for him. He dodged twice, and Loftus, carried away by the impetus of his second blow, slipped and rolled headlong down the river bank.

Channing and Tom had just shaken off the spell cast on them by the sudden glare of light. They had leapt down from the rock on which they had stood, and had started running along the bank, when the rolling form of Loftus met them. It caught Channing full in the chest and sent him crashing over backwards. For a second his body seemed poised over the river's brink, then it rolled in, and was swept away like a leaf by the torrent.

Malcolm heard another shout behind him. Corneille was racing down the bank, stripping off his coat as he ran. Malcolm saw him and Marako leap into the river at the same time. And then the Very light failed.

Malcolm fumbled with his coat, searching desperately for the spare cartridge he had brought. The blow was telling on him, an overwhelming feeling of nausea was overcoming him. His dwindling faculties were concentrated on that one simple task. If he was to make a fool of himself he must at least get that one shot fired first. Ages seem to pass before he reloaded; then he fired; and as the blazing light soared into the sky, he caught one glimpse of a struggling mass below him. Tom was overpowered at last, and across the river a big gang of non-descript natives was encircled by a cordon of police.

"Stout work," Malcolm muttered, "but where—where are Corneille and Maraka?"

And then he crumpled up behind his rock.

REVELATIONS

He woke to find himself in his rondavel. Everything was strangely quiet although the sunshine was already streaming in his window. He felt stiff and bruised. Then he remembered; and at once he was out of bed. What had finally happened last night? He must know at once.

"A fair knock-out I must have got," he muttered. "I wonder who carted me up here."

Then the door opened, and Adhemar came in.

"Get back to bed, my boy," he commanded. "You must not think of getting up."

Then, without inquiring how he felt, or seeing that he obeyed the order to return to bed, the old man began to talk excitedly of what was, to him, a world-shattering event.

(To be Continued)

LADY RODNEY IN PORT OF MONTREAL

MONTREAL, Que., July 31—The liner "Lady Rodney", Canadian National Steamships, arrived at this port Sunday, with passengers returning from a 25-day round voyage to Nassau, in the Bahamas, and Kingston, Jamaica, via Bermuda. Maritime Provinces passengers landing included Mrs. G. Roberts, of Fredericton, N.B. The "Lady Rodney" is scheduled, to sail again from Montreal on Wednesday, August 2nd next, on another 5-day round voyage, via Bermuda to the Bahamas and Jamaica British West Indies.

Minard's relieves aches.

FOR MEN'S SUITS THAT FIT
SEE
J. P. MacPHERSON & SON
155 Great George St., Charlottetown

In Memoriam

MRS. ALICE M. SILVER

SANDWICK, July 22.— Mrs. Alice M. Silver, 72, of 1768 Beacon Street, Brookline, well known in social and charitable circles, died today at her summer residence, Seagull Lodge.

She was born at Charlottetown, P. E. I., where several members of her family occupied high positions in government. After living in Hollywood, Calif., a short time, Mrs. Silver moved to Brookline. She was a member of the Women's Charity Club, the Florence Crittenton League of Compassion, the Old Glory Club and Canadian Club of Boston.

A son, Cyril Silver of Hollywood, is her only immediate survivor. Her husband, William Silver, was an importer at the time of his death about 15 years ago.

The funeral services took place at 3.30 P. M. on Tuesday at the Waterman Chapel, 495 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, with a large attendance of old friends. The services were conducted by the Rt. Rev. Ernest Paddock of St. James Church, Cambridge, Mass., who spoke of the many fine qualities of Mrs. Silver who was a member of St. James Church for over 25 years and whose charitable deeds made her beloved by all. This was evidenced by the masses of exquisite flowers sent, three cars being required to accommodate them. The pallbearers were friends who had known her for years. Hon. Albert H. Richardson of Brookline, Mass., Judge Wm. A. Murray, noted Jurist, Hon. James J. Lynch, Lawyer and District Attorney, and Dr. Frank Towle, Brain Specialist of Boston.

Mrs. Silver was laid to rest beside her husband in the family plot in Wildwood Cemetery, Winchester, Mass.

(Mrs. Silver was a sister of Miss Jasper Pickard of this city and Mrs. Buckley of Long Beach, Calif.)

BOMBAY, India.—Inactivity of the monsoon, midsummer wind, disconcerted Bombay this year. Customary rains did not fall and the city suffered a minor heat wave while rain deluged neighboring districts.

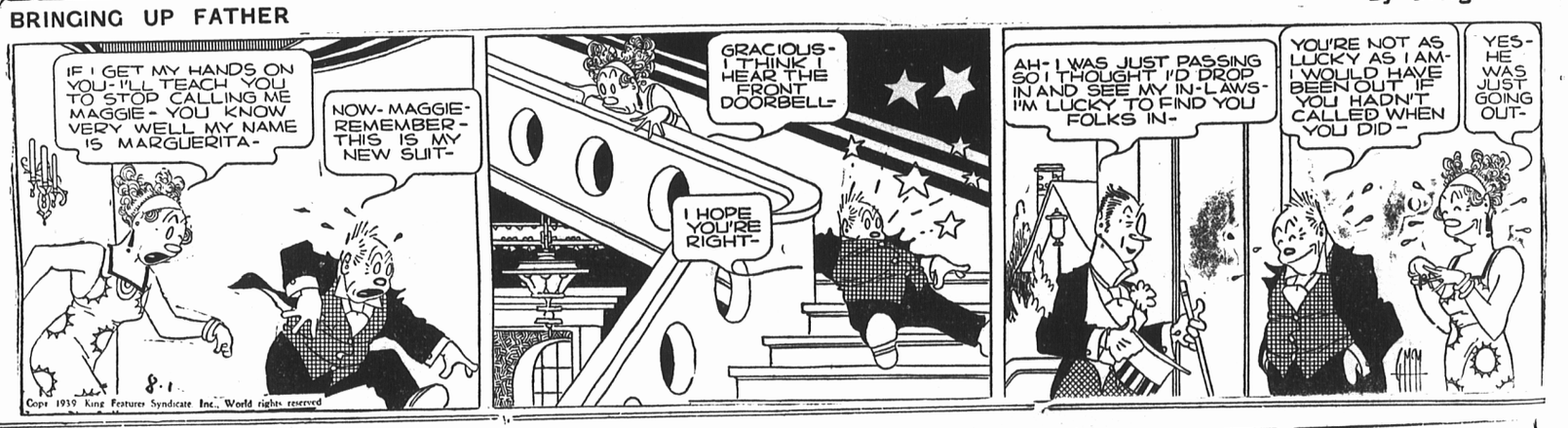
OUT OUR WAY — By J. R. Williams

OUR BOARDING HOUSE — With — Major Hoople

By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

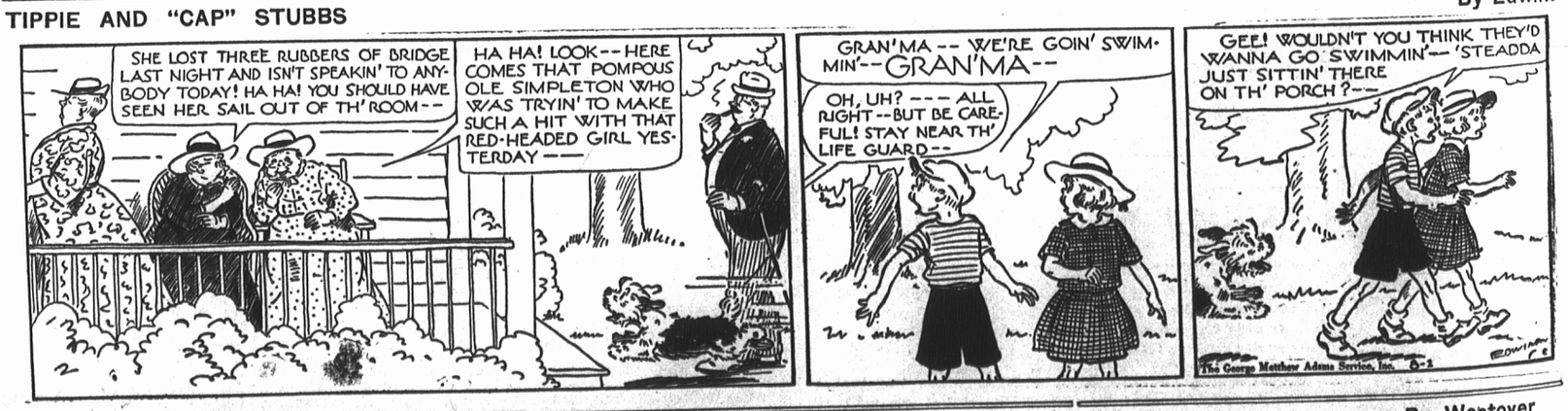


Thimble Theatre, Starring POPEYE — —

By Edwin

TIPPIE AND "CAP" STUBBS

By Westover



TILLIE THE TOILER — — EVEN SCORE!

By Westover

CONSTIPATION DRAGS YOU DOWN

● Don't let common constipation rob you of life and vigor! When bowels don't work right, the trouble often lies in what you eat. You don't get "bulk". Such common foods as meat, bread, potatoes are consumed in the body. They fail to supply the bulky mass that helps a bowel movement. Crisp, crunchy ALL-BRAN helps in two ways: It contributes to the "bulk" you need; and it also is a rich source of Nature's intestinal tonic, Vitamin B_1. Eat ALL-BRAN every day, drink plenty of water, and see what a difference "regular" habits can make in your life.

ALL-BRAN BOOSTS YOU UP

Made by Kellogg in London, Canada. At your grocer's.

That Body of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

SALT LOSS CAUSES HEAT CRAMP

"If your work is such that it causes excessive perspiration, add a pinch of ordinary table salt to each drink of water you take to prevent heat cramps. Laborers, mechanics, farmers, and 'white-collar' workers whose work causes them to sweat profusely, are in danger of having the amount of salt in their tissues so reduced that they may develop heat cramps."

I am quoting from Weekly Health Message Iowa State Department of Health.

What are the symptoms of heat cramps? There is pain in abdominal muscles, headache, and sometimes nausea and vomiting. The temperature remains at normal and there is no increase in the pulse rate which shows that no acute abdominal condition such as appendicitis is present. "Body salt losses occur without the knowledge of the individual until the amount of salt in the tissues is so much below normal that the abdominal muscles give warning in the form of cramps."

In some factories and offices tablets containing about a quarter-teaspoonful of salt (15 grains)are placed beside the drinking fountain and a tablet taken with each drink of water. Sometimes a tablet containing salt and sugar is used, the sugar helping to give energy. "Workmen whose duties require much muscular exertion should be especially careful to add more than the usual amount of salt to what they eat or drink."

Milk is a good source of salt and will help make up for the loss of salt due to perspiration. The body may lose as much as an ounce and a half of salt during hot days.

The cramps in the abdominal muscles due to loss of salt cause many individuals to believe they have what is popularly called "stomach flu" and "summer flu" but the fact that the pain is in the muscles only and there is no rise in temperature or pulse rate shows that pain (cramp) is not due to any form of flu.

During hot weather then, or when you are perspiring freely, don't wait for heat cramps to warn you that your tissues have lost too much salt. Take a pinch of salt with every drink of water and take more salt on your food.