SHIFTING SANDS

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SYNOPSIS

The future of the still youthful and comely "Widder" Marcia Howe, recently released by death from her idling, selfreleased by death from her iding, seirish husband, is a conversational tit-bit
among housewives of the little hamlet
of Wilton. Eligible bachelors and widowers also are interested. Marcia, despite her unfortunate matrimonial experience, finds pleasure in her life, but
the local at these and has invited beis lonely at times, and has invited her late husband's niece, Sylvia Hayden, whom she has never seen, to visit her. The girl arrives and Marcia takes to her at once, while Sylvia, expecting to see a somewhat elderly aunt, finds Marcia more like a sister. A stranger, on the verge of exhaustion, finds his way to Marcia's home. He explains that his power-boat ran aground in the fog. Secretly, he asks Marcia to hide a pack-age containing jewelry. She does so. Elisha Winslow, town sheriff, brings news of a jewel robbery on a neighboring estate. The stranger gives his name as Stanley Heath.

CHAPTER IV-Continued

Far from demanding explanations, she resolved she would give him no chance to make them.

Therefore, when his meal was ready and every last inviting touch had been given the tray, she said casually to

"Suppose you take it up, dear?"

"Yes. Why not? Do you mind?" "Not at all. I just thought perhaps

you'd rather." Marcia shook her head.

"I want to stir the Newburg and see It doesn't catch," she explained, avoiding the girl's eyes. "We are too hungry to risk having our dinner spoiled. You might just wait and cut the chops for Mr. Heath and fix his potato. Find out, too, if there is anything more he wants. You needn't hurry back. I'll keep things hot."

The task suggested did not, apparently, displease Sylvia.

"Here goes Red Ridinghood," she murmured, taking up the tray. "All is, if I don't come back, you'll know the wolf has eaten me."

In spite of herself, Marcla smiled. She opened the dor and stood watching while the girl ascended the stairs, for the hall was unlighted and the tray heavy. "I'm safe," called a merry voice

from the topmost stair. Marcia came back into the kitchen. She finished preparing the lobster, straightened the silver on the table,

and let in Prince Hal. Ten minutes passed!

Fifteen! Half an hour went by.

She fidgeted and stooped to pat the setter. Then she went to the winow. Slowly the fog was lifting. By afternoon the weather would be finejust the right sort to get the boat off. She would go up the beach and watch the men while they worked. The house was close. She longed for air and the big reaches of the out-of-doors. A jingle of glass and silver! It was Sylvia returning with the tray. Her eves were shining.

"He ate every bit!" she cried. "You should have seen him, Marcia, It would have done your heart good. The poor lamb was almost starved. He asked for you the first thing. I don't think he altogether liked your not carrying up the tray, although of course, he was too polite to say so."

"You explained I was busy?" "Yes. But at first he didn't seem satisfied with the excuse. However, he soon forgot about it and became gay as a lark. Didn't you hear us laughing? The potato would fall off the fork. I'm not as good a nurse as you. My hands weren't so steady. I'm going back again for his wet clothes. We can dry them here by the fire, can't

"Yes, indeed." "It's a pity there isn't a tailor at hand. His suit ought to be pressed."

"I can do it," Marcia declared with eagerness. "I'm quite used to pressing men's clothes. I always pressed Ja-

This time the name dropped unnonot conscious she had uttered it. She was not thinking of Jason.

Sylvia was glad Heath was asleepvery glad indeed. She did not begrudge him a moment of his slumber. But what a delightful person he was when awake! His eyes were wonderful-so dark and penetrating. They bored right through you. And then he listened with such intentness, watching every curve of your lips as if was distinctly flattering. Even though your chatter was trivial, he dignified it and transformed it into something of importance.

How interested, for example, he had been in Marcia; in learning she had been married and now lived a widow in the old Daniels Homestead! And what a host of inquiries he had made about Jason-the sort of man he was and how long ago he had died!

Sylvia had not been able to answer all his questions, but of course she had asserted that Marcia had adored her husband because-well, not so much because she actually knew it, as because widows always did. Certainly Marcia had declared she loved the Homestead so deeply she never intended to leave it, and was not that practically the same thing as saying she loved Jason, too?

Anyway, the thing that really mattered was Mr. Heath's Interest in her-Sylvia; in her trip east and her de- could be no doubt he had stolen it. He scription of Alton City, the little mid- had stolen it from that Long Island

western town which was her home How he had laughed at her rebellion at being a school teacher, and how insidiously he had hinted she might not always be one!

Oh, he knew what to say-knew much better than Billie Sparks, the soda fountain clerk, or even Horatio Fuller, the acknowledged beau of the town. In fact he made both of them seem quite commonplace-even Hortie. Fancy it!

Probably that was because he had traveled.

Apparently he had been almost everywhere-except to Alton City. Odd he should never have been there when he had visited just about every other corner, both of America and Europe. Not that he had deliberately said so. He was far too modest for that. It was while trying to find out where

his home was that she had stumbledupon the information.

And come to think of it, she did not know now where he lived, she suddenly remembered. She actually did not know whether he had a father or a mother; a brother or a sister.

So occupied was she with her thoughts she had not thought once of Prince Hal. In fact she had supposed that he had gone up the beach with Marcia.

Now she suddenly became aware that he stood sniffing about the hearth, scratching at its surface as if he scented something beneath.

He must not do that, and she told him so in no uncertain terms. Nevertheless, in spite of the rebuke, he continued to poke away at the spot, whining faintly, until his persistence aroused her curiosity and she went to see what disturbed him.

"What is it, Prince? What's the matter?" whispered she. Delighted to have gained her atten-

tion, the dog barked. "Oh, you mustn't bark, darling," she cautioned, muzzling his nose with her

"Here Goes Red Ridinghood."

hand. "You'll wake Mr. Heath. Tell Missy what the trouble is. Do you smell a mousie under there?" For answer the dog wagged his tail.

"I don't believe it," Sylvia demurred. "You're only bluffing. Well, to convince you, I'll take up the brick."

Fetching from the pantry a steel fork, she inserted the prongs in the crack and pried the offending brick out of its hole.

Instantly the dog snatched from the space beneath a handkerchief containing a small, hard object. Sylvia chased after him.

"Bring it here, Hal! That's a good dog! Bring it to Missy."

The setter came fawning to her side and unwillingly dropped his prize at her feet.

As it fell to the ground, out rolled such a glory of jewels the girl could scarcely believe her eyes.

There was a string of diamonds, dazzling as giant dewdrops; a pearl and sapphire pendant; several beautiticed from her lips. Indeed she was ful rings; and an oval brooch, its emerald center surrounded by tier after tier of brilliants.

Sylvia panted, breathless. She had never seen such gems, much less held them in her hands. How she longed to slip the rings upon her fingers and try the effect of the diamonds about

her slender throat! Prudence, however, overmastered the impulse. Marcia might return and surprise her at any moment. Before that the treasure must be returned to the fearing to lose a word. Such attention | place from which it had been taken. Gathering the rainbow heap together, she reluctantly thrust it into its blue

leather case, snapped the catch, and placed it once more under the brick. Then with relief she stood up and wiped the perspiration from her fore-

It was not until she was again in her chair, book in hand, and struggling to quiet her quick breathing that she discovered she still held in her hand the handkerchief that had been wrapped about the jewel case.

It was a man's handkerchief of finest linen and one corner bore the embroldered initials S. C. H.

She had known it all the time! There was no need to be told the jewels were his. What puzzzled her was when he had found time to hide them. He had not, so far as she knew, been left alone a moment and yet here

was his booty safe beneath the floor. She rated it as booty, because there

estate, escaped in his speed boat and here he was-here, under this very

A robber-that was what he was! A robber-a bandit, such as one saw in the movies!

That explained why he was so welldressed, so handsome, had such fascluating manners. He was a gentleman burglar.

All up-to-date villains in these days were gentlemen. Not that she had ever encountered a villain in the flesh. Still, she had read romances about them and was there not one in every moving-picture? They were not difficult to recognize. It was exhilarating-wonderful! A

thief in the room overhead! Think of it! The very thief for whom all the police in the countryside were searching! He was no small, cheap type of criminal. He did things on a big scale -so big that radio announcements had been broadcast about him and no doubt at this instant detectives and crime inspectors were chasing up and down the highways; dashing through cities; and keeping telephone wires hot in wild search for the gentleman asleep upstairs!

Why, that very morning had not Elisha Winslow, the Wilton sheriff, who had frankly admitted he yearned for excitement, helped undress the wretch and put him comfortably to bed? The humor of the situation almost overcame her.

It seemed as if she must have someone to share the joke. But no one should. No! Nobody should be the wiser because of her. The poor, hunted fellow should have his chance.

It was a little venturesome and risky, she admitted, to obstruct justice and should she be found out she would, without doubt, be clapped into jail. Still she resolved to take a chance.

After all, who could prove she had known Stanley Heath to be what he was? Nobody. She would not even let him suspect it.

The important thing was to await an opportunity and soon-before he was able to be about-return the handkerchief she held in her hand to its place beneath the brick. Then all would be well. This should not be difficult. It would be quite easy to get Marcia to take up Mr. Heath's supper. In the meantime, the situation was intensely amusing. Its danger ap-

pealed to her. She had always enjoyed hair-breadth escapades. Anything but dullness. That had been the trouble with Alton City-it had been dull-deadly dull. But Wilton was not dull. In spite of the fact that only this morning

Elisha Winslow had complained the town was in need of a stirring up, it seethed with electricity. If she chose, she could hurl a bomb-shell into its midst this very minute. But she did not choose. Instead she intended to play her own

quiet game and keep what she knew to herself. She wondered why. Perhaps she was falling in love with this ventures. Yes, that must be it. She was in love with him-in love with a bandit!

Sylvia's imagination had traveled so swiftly and so far that it came to earth with a crash when Marcia opened the door.

It was not alone the buffeting of the salt breeze nor the exhibaration of walking against it that had transformed her into something radiantly lovely. From within glowed a strange fire that made her another creature altogether.

"Why-why-Marcia!" breathed Sylvia, bewildered.

"I've had such a glorious walk, dear!" cried Marcia. "The fog has lifted and the sky is a sheet of amethyst and gold."

"Did the men get the boat off?" "Yes. She is floating tranquilly as a dove." "What is her name?"

"'My Unknown Lady." "Mercy on us! That ought to satisfy even Elisha."

"It did," said Marcia.

CHAPTER V

Sylvia's plans, so well laid and apparently so easy of execution, did not, to her chagrin, work out, for instead of awaking and demanding supper Stanley Heath slept without a break

until morning. Sun was tinting the lavender sands te rose and gilding the water with its first flecks of gold when she saw Marcia standing at the foot of her bed.

"Mr. Heath has a high fever and can scarcely speak aloud," explained she. "I'm afraid he is quite ill. I wish you'd call up Doctor Stetson."

"Mercy on us!" The girl, drowsy and heavy-eyed, sprang out of bed. "I'll be down in just a minute," she exclaimed, "How do you happen to be

up so early?" "I've been up off and on all night," answered Marcia, "Mr. Heath was restless and thirsty. About midnight I heard him tossing about, and thinking he might be hungry, I heated some broth and took it to him. He declares he is going back to New York today." "But he can't-he mustn't."

"He is determined to. He says he has something very important to attend to. Of course I have no authority over him but perhaps Doctor Stetson can exert some. That is why I am anxious to reach him before he goes out," explained Marcia, moving toward the door. "I will call him right away."

"I'll go down and start breakfast, then. Mr. Heath is dozing. He has promised not to get up for at least an our. We must have the doctor here within that time."

"I'll tell him to hurry." Marcia tiptoed down the stairs. (TO BE CONTINUED)

As to College Wardrobe, Here's What

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



"back-to-school" wardrobe is to divide it into two types-the "musts" which are absolutely necessary, and the "would like to haves," which make clothes a thrill and a venture.

In the "musts" smart shirtwalst frocks in the new silk weaves should alternate with sweater and skirt outfits. We speak particularly of "new silk weaves" because that's what they really are-"new." Handsome, practical, dependable-wearing silks which have

the "look" of wool, are the last word @ In smart fabrics. Don't overlook, especially, the new spun silks which have a rustic-looking rough surfaced texture. These noll silks, as they are sometimes called, are practically crushless, and though they look like wool they are much cooler for early fall days and steam-heated class rooms. They launder nicely, too,

The girl seated in the little inset picture is off to class in a strictly tailored frock of plaid not! silk which, to look at, you would think was wool. The dress buttons down the back and has cuffs and Peter Pan collar of pique.

The shirtwaist dress is full of bright ideas this fall. Round yokes, jeweled or fancy metal buttons, fur Peter Pan collars glorify the new silk models. Skirts have silk pleats; box pleats placed just above the knee all around are new and girlish looking.

The two-piece type of dress vies with one-piece styles. Periect for campu wear is a two-piece frock as pictured to the left in the illustration. It is made of one of the chic tie-silks which are having such a pronounced vogue. This one is wine color with green dots. The blouse has flap pockets and the skirt buttons all the way down the

Prom-trotting daughters can really let themselves "go" on the subject of clothes. They can be glamorous and exciting and sophisticated and gloriously young, too, in satin, slik velvet year's evening frocks go in for molded bodices and waistlines, wide belts or sashes and fullness spreading

gently from the waist. Bodices are tricky. Sometimes they are merely a straight band of the fabric held up by camisole or "shoestring" straps. Again they are built up to cover the front of the throat in elaborately twisted, draped and winged treatments, with low-back decolletage. Girls adore black. Let your daugh-

ter wear black in gleaming slipper satin or black velvet and then tell her to have her beau send her flowers for her hair instead of her corsage if she wants to be swish. Daughter will be very grand in a black slipper prom frock as pictured. It has the highin-front winglike effect above mentioned, contrasting the low-cut decolletage at the back. The shiny belt is allover-stitched, which is the latest wrinkle for belts. If your young hopeful is going to a

co-ed college, she will want a few soft dressmaker-type afternoon dresses. For tea dancing nothing could be more ideal than a black silk-satin ensemble. Don't merely ask the salesman for "satin." For satisfaction in wear and appearance specify silk satin and insist upon it. The dress should have a cowl neck-that means glittering clips to daughter. The jacket should be cut on the classic lines of her sports jacket, with patch pockets and notched lapels. The skirt should come just below the break of the calf. Worn with or one of the new metal silks. This silk velvet with ostrich plume tips, on of the new baby bonnets of black daughter will be devastating to her "date."

@ Western Newspaper Union

EVENING ENSEMBLE By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Velvet for evening, velvet for day time, velvet, velvet! All signs point to a velvet season. The evening ensemble pictured is of deep red stiff velvet-a Chanel model, Luxurious marten collar and cuffs add to the glory of this superb creation. Note the button fastening of the gown. Many of the Paris dresses show a down-thefront button closing. Often on sheer or lightweight materials dozens upon dozens of tiny buttons are placed as close as possible and the effect is utterly feminine and charming.

FASHION SIGNALS GREEN FOR AUTUMN

Yellow, the sun's own color, is usually a summer favorite. This year has been no exception; yellow with brown. yellow with black and yellow with green is yellow still. This brings to mind that green is being wagered on as the follow-up color.

When utterly satiated with the idea of current fashions it's a relief to be able to peer into the future. On a recent peeks behind the scenes the discovery was made that green looked good to many manufacturers whose fall lines are in preparation. And why not? It's one of the Renaissance colors and a change from the inevitable browns, reds and rust. Each autumn brings a change also from the blues in which we have been steeped all summer.

There are a number of likely looking green woolen dresses ready to make their shop window debuts. Some of them are sure to win applause. It won't be long now before shopping throngs will flatten their noses against the plate glass front which shields the cloth-clad mannequin from the

Green, White Jade Having

Tremendous Vogue in Paris Green and white jade is having a tremendous vogue of popularity in Paris now. One-third of every jewelry shop window is devoted to fascinating carved necklaces, pins, clips and earrings, while fat rounded bracelets of uncarved jade are matched by round jade rings. Knick-knacks of carved jade such as small, fat Buddhas on jet stands, ugly little monkeys and awkward elephants are made in green and white jade and vary in size from tiny miniatures to statuettes of 8 or 10 inches in height.

Fall Fabrica Materials used by smart designers for evening clothes include velvet. lame, metal fabrics, "cellophane" mixtures, brocades and lace.

LION WOULD LEARN

"Time after time," said the biggame hunter, "the lion sprang at me, and time after time as he leaped I threw myself forward and he went harmlessly over my head. Eventually the animal gave up the attempt to fell me and trotted off into the jungle. The following day I came to a cliff overlooking the sea, and there on the beach I saw the same lion. I stood transfixed at its antics."

"What was he doing?" "What was he doing?" said the hunter, dramatically, "Perhaps you won't believe me, but that lion was practicing short jumps."-Tit-Bits.



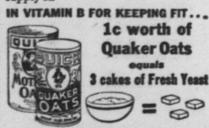
WHEN THEY SHOW THESE SIGNS

-Nervousness, Constipation, and Poor Appetite, check their diets for this allimportant, 3-purpose vitamin

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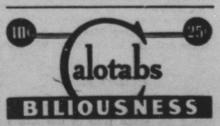


Quaker and Mother's Oats are the same

Lark Unafraid Although trains roared over it all day, a lark hatched its eggs under



Beaver Farms Beaver farms are to be established in Newfoundland as a colonydevelopment project.



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