

The Lady of the Night Wind

By VARICK VANARDY
Author of "The Two-Faced Man,"
"Alias the Night Wind," etc

DAILY NOVELETTE
By Frances Hayden

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

Continued from Page Six

Copyright, 1919, by the Macaulay Co.,
Copyright, 1919, by the Public Ledger Co.

THIS STARTS THE STORY

A house party is being given at the country home of Katherine and Bing. Among the guests is a young man named Conrad Belknap. Katherine discovers him plotting to murder Carruthers, the man who once bore the title of the Night Wind, and she is there for some ulterior purpose. Katherine determines to ferret out the mystery. She has formerly had experience as a police headquarters detective and has been known as Lady Kate of the Police. She intercepts a telephone call of Belknap's to a woman confederate named Roberta, and in turn, speaks to the woman. Realizing that she is suspected by Katherine, Belknap threatens to accuse a crime her brother, Roderick Maxwell, was believed to be a doctor. Bingham Harvard, who once bore the title of the Night Wind, becomes suspicious of Belknap and of Katherine's attitude toward him. Roberta arrives on the scene under the name of Senorita Cervantes, a pianist, who is to entertain the guests. At midnight Katherine discovers Roberta in the grounds with a strange man whom she believes to be her supposedly dead brother, Roderick. Belknap accuses Roberta of deceiving him. She admits the presence of Roderick. Her love for him is revealed. A stranger named Carruthers, who has a scar on his face, comes to the house. Bingham, a detective, is in the house. He had a chafy sensation in his lower extremities and sought the advice of an old friend of his father—a man who was a successful exporter. After hearing Bob's story, the friend smiled and said:

"You arranged that very deftly without having company," Belknap remarked as they drove out past the boisterous gates.

"Katherine shrugged.

"I suppose I must endure it," she said resignedly, and shrugged a second time.

"Endure what? The 'Lady Kate'?" he asked, with a wistful smile, which, however, she did not see, because her eyes were upon the road ahead of them.

"Why did you demand this opportunity for an uninterrupted talk?" she asked unmoved.

"Because I have a request to make."

"Call it what you like. For the moment I am a monarch whose requests are commands. I hoped that the softer word might please you."

"What is it?" she asked him, pressing the accelerator and returning her attention to the roadway before them.

"Before I state it, there is a question—possibly two or three of them."

"Well?"

"Have you any idea as to the identity of that chap who came here last evening, and who is due to return today?"

"None, save that he is Mr. Daniel Carruthers, and a friend of Mr. Saulsbury."

"Dear lady, he is neither the one nor the other. He is a certain Mr. Bruce Brainard, an operative in the secret service of the United States Government. Carruthers is not his name, and for that matter, Brainard may not be either. Nor is he a friend, in the sense you mean, of Saulsbury's. He may be an acquaintance, although, even so, he is doubtless a recent one. And now—yes, there is another question. Do you guess why he comes to Myquest?"

"Not unless he is after one Conrad Belknap—in case that happens to be your name."

"Splendid! You're a corker, Lady Kate. You score a first prize. 'How do you know that?—if it is true?' (Katherine was inclined to doubt, attributing his statement to one of his odd methods of annoying her. His reply convinced her.)

"My call to the telephone last night was to warn me of his coming, although neither the name nor the description of the man I met this morning I went to meet a messenger who was sent to me with more particulars than could be relayed over the phone. Even the description did not tally with the man; but I have no doubts about it, just the same."

"You say that he is after you? To arrest you?"

"He seeks several persons, of whom I happen to be one. So far as arrest is concerned, he will do that in his own good time—if he can—and at his own pleasure and convenience—if he is permitted to have his way about it."

"Why?"

"Would it interest you to know?"

"It is too long to say for now, dear lady. Later—when you have ridden me away securely, if the necessity arises—I will tell you."

psychologist enough to know that he was thinking upon the subject that he had just mentioned to her—the true identity of Carruthers, and the reason for his appearance at Myquest.

She could read, also, that he was counting the risks he would take in remaining and daring—for a time at least—to brave the presence of a secret service operative; that he was figuring up the chances he would take; his chances of success in whatever it could be that he had determined to do, and getting away with it. And she realized, likewise, that there was not a shade of fear or hesitancy in his expression.

He would not be foiled in his purpose, or permit himself to deviate from the direct course to its accomplishment—and while she hated and despised the man, she could not deny to him a modicum of admiration for his courage and daring.

Almost unconsciously she felt before she thought how it would sound—she gave voice to the thought that was uppermost in her mind at the moment.

"What a pity it is that you are not a good man," she said, speaking her thought.

"Why do you say that?" he demanded, turning his head quickly toward her.

"Because you have it in you to accomplish great things if only your aim is right, and your target happened to be good instead of evil."

"Yes," he replied in the same tone that she had used, "you are right, Mrs. Harvard. I have it in me—I have always had it in me."

He was looking straight at her, but seemingly through and beyond her to the distance of the past, and for the moment during that retrospect his face was transformed. She could scarcely realize that he was Conrad Belknap, the cheat, the blackmailer, the self-confessed crook. He went on:

"I was born under a cloud. My life was begotten in felony. I was bathed in the blood of an awful crime when I was less than a year old. My boyhood and youth were years of association with criminals. My young manhood was still worse. He lifted his head and laughed aloud, harshly, and the Belknap that she knew and hated, and despised was predominant again.

"No," he went on, "I grew up to be just a human being, of the man-making variety. I dominated all of my associates because the blood of many gentle generations on both sides flowed in my veins—because I had inherited brains, and know how to use them—because I was always cold, implacable, relentless, and because I have never known physical fear."

the dishonorable one—and I have regretted it ten million times. It was my one and only attempt to aim at good, and I got what was coming to me.

"That's all, save the lady. We will change the subject. We'll get down to cases again. I have said that a moment is likely to arise within the next few days, or hours, when I will ask you to put me in hiding at Myquest, or so near to it that I can reach out and touch it. When I make that demand upon you, it must be met. It must be. Is there such a place?"

"Yes, there is such a place."

"Very good. And you will have it ready for me?"

"It is ready now, at any moment you need it."

"Where I will be close to Myquest, and can have frequent interviews with you—in case it is necessary?"

"Yes—to both questions. Now, I will ask you one."

"As many as you like."

"Where do you find the courage to ask this of me when you must know that having hidden you away, I could so easily direct your enemies where to find you? When you must know that my every impulse under such circumstances will be to betray you, and so to be rid of you? Surely you must know that I could, under such conditions, anticipate your betrayal of my secret, and render your knowledge of it impotent."

"Lady Kate," he said slowly, "my favorite pastime is the study of character. I know that it is as impossible for you to do wrong as it is for me to do right. You would no more betray me in that manner than you would betray your husband in another one. Likewise, you are what men call a good sport."

"Then why aren't you one?"

man that fascinated her attention. When he grasped her hand in greeting, the touch of it thrilled her strangely; she studied the expression of his eyes during that brief interval, and wondered vaguely what it was that she saw there that seemed to convey intelligible words and phrases that did not enter into his speech, and when she turned away, it was with the feeling that she had known him and liked him in the past, although she knew that she had not; but, as if he were somehow mixed with an incomplete and forgotten dream.

In turning away she encountered Belknap, who drew her aside and away from the others with a pretext.

"I was right," he told her in a low tone. "It's Brainard, in the secret service. I know, because of one sure point that the messenger gave me. I shall seek him, now, and talk with him. Keep an eye on me, Lady Kate, and if this wild aster"—he plucked one and fastened it in the lapel of his coat—"should disappear, it will mean that you must hide me away at once, upon our return to Myquest."

Belknap sought, rather than avoided, the society of the man with the scar—and the feathers, people-headed water did not disappear from the button-hole in the lapel of his coat.

It was still there when the party returned to Myquest. Belknap had found opportunity to say to Katherine just before the return start was made, that inasmuch as the aster was destined to fade, he would replace it with some other flower when necessary, and that whenever she chanced to discover him without the decoration of a boutonniere, that fact would be the signal for immediate action.

Harvard rode back with Katherine, Belknap went in the car with Tom and Betty Clancy, Mrs. Saulsbury, Dinna Loring and Arrattiers.

"Truly," Katherine thought as she saw them depart, "Conrad Belknap is not of the breed that runs away." Nor did she believe that his insistence that she should hide him when he gave the signal, was because of fear of the secret service officer. Rather, she was of the opinion that he had selected that course because he believed that it would serve his own interests better in carrying out his secret plans.

Before an introduction was possible Ruth excused herself on pretense of a headache and retired, leaving Roy minus a partner.

Ruth rushed to her room. "Of all the fishes," she murmured, and threw herself onto her bed. Her first thought was to pack up and return home at once. No; that would look as if she was defeated, and when the people at home heard of it she would be the laughing stock of the town. He needs to be acquainted with a monkey on the entire globe. She wouldn't have to meet him if she didn't want to. So she decided to stay.

She proceeded to get well acquainted with both sexes. The next day was uneventful. She went bathing and boating. In the hotel dance hall that evening she brought Ruth and Roy face to face. Each flushed—Ruth, with elevated eyebrows and upraised chin, acknowledged the introduction; Roy glared sullenly at her. It was as if they loathed the very sight of each other.

Suddenly the music began and before Ruth realized it, she and Roy were spinning around the hall. Not a word was spoken. They went through the motions automatically. At last the ordeal was over.

THERE was a moment of awkward silence. "Well, what's the matter?" Roy repeated, glaring darkly at Ruth.

Ruth shrugged her shoulders and smiled. She thought Roy looked very much like a thunder cloud, ready to burst. At length she began: "Well, if you want to know, I'm just sick and tired of having you down night after night. The monotony is getting on my nerves. Of course, I'll admit you're very charming and—"

That was all! There was an angry slam of the front gate as Roy flung back: "Well, I can find plenty that won't get sick of me."

Ruth laughed to herself. She rather enjoyed these little "riffs." She brought them about quite often just to break the monotony. She knew how it would end—Roy would come back in a day or two, loving her more than ever.

However, contrary to her plans, Roy did not appear the next day or the following one. Then came the awful truth. Roy had gone off in his racer one morning. She noted many girl charms and they all seemed to say: "Oh, I got a card from Roy. Did you?" Many a time she bit her lip to hide her chagrin. So that was the way he took it—off having one grand good time all by himself. She began to feel conspicuous walking about alone without Roy. The next morning found her at the railroad station bound for a popular summer hotel near the ocean. She would go away and have a good time, too.

She was given a pleasant room, and when she had unpacked she took her tennis racket and went down to the veranda. She had just joined three others, who had been looking for a fourth one so they could play tennis with partners. After a number of games one of the young men said: "Sorry, I'll have to leave you, but I'll send down a sparkling good chap I just got acquainted with."

In a minute a young athletic figure, dressed in a sport shirt and white flannels, appeared.

It was Roy! If Ruth's grandfather, who was dead, had appeared just then it could not have surprised her more. When Roy recognized her these thoughts flashed through his mind: "Oh, she had to follow me, huh? This tennis game is a frame-up, I take it. Well, I can beat her at her own game—of breaking hearts."

Before an introduction was possible Ruth excused herself on pretense of a headache and retired, leaving Roy minus a partner.

Ruth rushed to her room. "Of all the fishes," she murmured, and threw herself onto her bed. Her first thought was to pack up and return home at once. No; that would look as if she was defeated, and when the people at home heard of it she would be the laughing stock of the town. He needs to be acquainted with a monkey on the entire globe. She wouldn't have to meet him if she didn't want to. So she decided to stay.

She proceeded to get well acquainted with both sexes. The next day was uneventful. She went bathing and boating. In the hotel dance hall that evening she brought Ruth and Roy face to face. Each flushed—Ruth, with elevated eyebrows and upraised chin, acknowledged the introduction; Roy glared sullenly at her. It was as if they loathed the very sight of each other.

as stone; when they were turned away, he moved swiftly forward. Presently he was within charging distance. He waited until the man had turned his back once more, and then he rose and sped noiselessly down upon him. Again there was no sound, as he carried the dead body with him toward the building.

The lower floor was lighted, the upper, dark. Through the windows Tarzan saw a large front room and a smaller room in rear of it. In the former were many officers. Some moved about talking to one another, others sat at field tables writing. The windows were open and Tarzan could hear much of the conversation; but nothing that interested him.

In the smaller back room a large red-faced man sat behind a table. Some other officers were also sitting a little in the rear of him, while two stood at attention before the general who questioned them. As he talked, the general toyed with an oil lamp that stood upon the table before him.

TARZAN appraised the various people in the room. He wondered if one might not be Hauptmann Schneider, for two of them were captains. A girl he judged to be of the intelligence department—a spy. Finally the general looked up from the paper.

"Good!" he said to the girl; and then to one of his aides: "Send for Major Schneider."

Major Schneider! Tarzan felt the short hairs at the back of his neck rise. Already they had promoted the beast who had murdered Tarzan's mate.

Impatiently he awaited the coming of the man he sought, and at last he was rewarded by the reappearance of the aide who had been dispatched to fetch him, accompanied by a medium-sized officer with fierce, upstanding mustaches. The newcomer strode to the table, halted and saluted, reporting. The general acknowledged the salute and turned to the girl.

"Fraulein Kircher," he said, "allow me to present Major Schneider."

Tarzan waited to hear no more. Placing a palm upon the sill of the window, he vaulted into the room into the midst of an astounded company of the Kaiser's officers. With a stride he was at the table, and with a sweep of his hand sent the lamp crashing into the fat belly of the general, who in his mad effort to escape cremation, fell over backward, chair and all, upon the floor. Two of the aides sprang for the ape-man, who picked up the first and flung him in the face of the other. The girl had leaped from her chair and stood flattened against the wall. The other officers were calling aloud for the guard and for help. Tarzan's purpose centered upon but a single individual and him he never lost sight of. Freed from attack for an instant, he seized Major Schneider, threw him over his shoulder and was out of the window so quickly that the astonished assemblage could scarce realize what had occurred.

A single glance showed him that the sentinel's post was still vacant, and a moment later Tarzan and his burden were in the shadows of the hay-dump. Major Schneider had made no outcry, for the very excellent reason that his wind was shut off. Now Tarzan relaxed his grasp.

"If you make a sound, you will be choked again," he said. Cautiously, and after infinite patience, Tarzan passed the final outpost. Forcing his captive to walk before him, he pushed on toward the west until, late in the night, he recrossed the railway, and felt reasonably safe from discovery.

and a vicious and painful prod from the spear-point. Schneider was bleeding and sore. He was so exhausted that he staggered at every step, and often fell, only to be prodded to his feet again by that terrifying and remorseless spear.

It was not until morning that Tarzan reached a decision, and it came to him then like an inspiration from above. A slow smile touched his lips and he immediately sought a place to lie up and rest—he wished his prisoner to be fit now for what lay in store for him. Ahead was a stream which Tarzan had crossed the day before. He knew the ford for a drinking-place and a likely spot to make an easy kill. Cautioning the German to utter silence with a gesture, Tarzan approached the stream quietly. Down the game trail some deer were about to leave the water. Tarzan shoved Schneider into the bush at one side, and squatting next him, waited.

The German watched with puzzled eyes. Who and what could this almost naked white savage be? He had heard him speak but once—when he had cautioned him to silence—and then in excellent German, and the well-modulated tones of culture. He watched him now as the fascinated toad watches the snake that is about to destroy it. He saw the graceful limbs and symmetrical body motionless as a marble statue as the creature crouched in the concealment of the leafy foliage. Not a muscle, not a nerve moved. He saw the deer coming slowly along the trail, down wind and unsuspecting. He saw a buck pass—an old buck; and then a young and plump one came opposite the giant in ambush, and Schneider's eyes went wide, and a scream of terror almost broke from his lips, as he saw the agile beast at his side spring straight for the throat of the young buck, and heard from those human lips the hunting roar of a wild beast. Down went the buck, and Tarzan and his captive had meat.

The two lay up until late in the afternoon and then took up the journey once again—a journey so frightful to Schneider because of his ignorance of its destination that he at times groveled at Tarzan's feet, begging for an explanation and for mercy. But on and on in silence the ape-man went, prodding the failing Hun whenever the latter faltered.

BY NOON of the third day they reached their destination. After a steep climb and a short walk, they halted at the edge of a precipitous cliff, and Schneider looked down into a narrow gulch, where a single tree grew beside a tiny rivulet, and sparse grass broke from a rock-strewn soil. Tarzan motioned him toward the edge; but the German drew back in terror. The ape-man seized him and pushed him roughly toward the brink. "Descend," he said. It was the second time Tarzan had spoken in three days, and perhaps his very silence, ominous in itself, had done more to arouse terror in the breast of the boche than even the spear-point, ever ready as it was.

Schneider looked fearfully over the edge, but was about to essay the attempt when Tarzan halted him. "I am Lord Greystoke," he said. "It was my wife you murdered in the Waziri country. You will understand now why I came for you. Descend!"

"The German fell upon his knees. 'I did not murder your wife,' he cried. 'Have mercy! I did not murder your wife. I do not know anything about—'"

"Descend!" snapped Tarzan, raising the point of the spear. He knew that the man lied and was not surprised that he did. A man who would murder for no cause would lie for less. Schneider still hesitated and pleaded. The ape-man only jabbed him with the spear, and Schneider slid fearfully over the top and began the perilous descent. Tarzan accompanied, and assisted him over the worst places until at last they were within a few feet of the bottom.

"Be quiet now," cautioned the ape-man. He pointed at the entrance to what appeared to be a cave at the far end of the gulch. "There is a hungry lion in there. If you can reach that tree before he discovers you, you will have several days longer in which to enjoy life; and then, when you are too weak to cling longer to the branches of the tree, Numa the man-eater will feed again for the last time." He pushed Schneider from his foothold to the ground below. "Now run," he said.

Trembling in terror the German started for the tree. He had almost reached it when a horrid roar broke from the mouth of the cave, and almost simultaneously a gaunt, fanged, man-eater leaped into the daylight of the gulch. Schneider had but a few yards to cover, but the lion flew over the ground to circumvent him, while Tarzan watched the race with a slight smile upon his lips.

Schneider won by a slender margin, and as Tarzan scaled the cliff to the summit, he heard behind him mingled with the roaring of a human voice that was at the same time more bestial than the beast's. Upon the brink of the cliff the ape-man turned and looked back into the gulch. High in the tree, the German clung frantically to a branch across which his body lay. Beneath him was Numa—waiting. The ape-man raised his face to Kudu the sun, and from his mighty chest rose the savage victory cry of the bull-ape!

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

"GRASSHOPPER HOP"

(Peggy and Billy seek to save Fairy-Buttons' corn fields from a grasshopper army. Having become small through the magic of a Fairy-Humming Bird, they lure the army toward an oil-covered lake, but find themselves caught in the rush toward this trap.)

The Oil-Covered Lake

FASTER and faster hopped the grasshopper army toward the fair fields told of in the song sung by Billy and Peggy. From the top of the hill they could see Farmer Dalton's bean patch beyond the oil-covered lake, and his green beauty made it look wondrously tempting to their greedy eyes.

Every hopper in the army seemed to go wild when he heard this song; racing madly toward the lake so as not to miss the expected feast. There was no stopping that stream of rushing hoppers and no turning aside.

Peggy and Billy leaped and whirled frantically to keep ahead, and when they reached the shore they were so tired they could scarcely move their legs and wings.



He flapped into the air

"Hop with all your might," cried Billy, and out over the water they sailed toward Blue Heron's back. But just then Blue Heron saw a fish ahead of him and darted forward. Peggy and Billy dropped toward the water.

"There's a turtle," gasped Billy, just as they gave themselves up for lost. "Land on his back!" Down they came upon the shining shell of the turtle, which showed just a trifle above the water. The turtle stuck out his long neck and snatched at them, but they hopped to the safety of Blue Heron's back.

And the grasshoppers—they went right into the oil and water and that was the finish of them, for grasshoppers can't bear to touch oil.

But some did not fall into the lake. Thump, thump, a dozen of the biggest and strongest of the hoppers roared Blue Heron's back. Among them was Hoppity Hop, who had managed in

some way to escape from inside a shirt of the Giant of the Woods.

DOROTHY DARNIT—No Wonder Policemen Are Starting a Union!



Copyright, 1919, by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.



The next complete Jungle Tale will appear Saturday, August 30.