concealed her face.

never let me know."

he is to be trusted?"

Howard Bettington?"

passionate eagerness.

you did."

the girl insisted.

did," Mary told him earnestly.

"You waited," Unwin resumed, look-

ing implacably at Todd. "until he was

worn out from the sleeplessness he

endured for you. You and my son

took him at a moment when he was

physically exhausted. You attacked

him when he was suffering from three

ribs broken in the fight with the man

he killed. You inflicted such violence

that the splintered ends of these frac-

tured ribs penetrated the pleural sacs."

"We didn't know that," Bob cried. "We hadn't any idea he was hurt; he

"You must be fair to them, Daddy,"

"I feel just as bitterly toward you

and Mrs. Radway," he said. "You lent yourself to the betrayal. Isn't

there anything that looks from the

soul of an honest man to tell women.

with their finer intuitional senses, that

Evelyn Radway's voice had tears

"How could we know?' she wailed.

"Madam," Unwin said coldly, "he told you. Many times he tried to con-

vince you, but you would not listen.

After that, I suppose, he was too proud. He told you all his real name.

Can you deny that he claimed to be

"But you went to Bettington's

funeral just before we sailed," Bob

reminded him. "You identified him."

"I do not want to spare myself,"

his father answered. "I identified the

body of a man, whose face was dis-

figured, as Howard Bettington, be-

cause he wore Bettington's clothes,

was living in Bettington's studio and

had papers of Bettington's in his

"A name well known to you," he re-

"How did Mr. Bettington get aboard

the Albatross?" Mrs. Radway still

spoke from the enwrapping shadows.

offered help. That was Bettington

Although his reputation was wide he

had not needed to sell his pictures, as

many do, to live. For the sake of

nissions long ago given him. He went

off on his trip eagerly, like a boy

seeking adventure. My G-d! What

an adventure! In that great August

storm which did such damage he was

nearly drowned and took refuge in the

hut of a fisherman who called him-

self Jonathan Gibbs. In reality he

was Orme, who had lived there many

years, having no friends and passing

a solitary existence. When Bettington, in Orme's clothes, was forcibly

taken aboard the yacht, Orme tool

Bettington's clothes and money and

went to New York and met his death

there, as you know." Unwin sighed

He related, as well as he could, the

manner of Bettington's abduction.

When it was clear he had nothing

more to tell, Mrs. Radway arose and

asked him to follow her into the

"You must take me to him." she

said. For the first time he saw that

"I don't think it necessary," he told

her. "He sent messages by me to you

all. For some reason or another, he

persists in thinking you were justi-

fied for what you did. I confess I do

"Mr. Unwin," she said, "I am going

to see him. If you don't care to

come, please give me the address."
"I'll take you," he said wearily. "I

must speak with my wife for a few

He joined Mrs. Radway in a quarter

of an hour. She was waiting for him

impatiently, but they were already on

she had been crying. Dully, he won-

heavily. "A double tragedy."

library.

dered why.

in the extreme."

minutes first."

my children he determined to fill com

and double murderer. This has been established by the finger prints."

But I did not fail him as

The Mutiny of the Albatross

by WYNDHAM MARTYN

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WNU Service

CHAPTER XII—Continued

-14"That would be useless," she said more coldly. He knew she was reneved to see Mary coming toward her. He sighed. So there must be a little more sailing under the skull and cross-

As the yacht neared its destination Hamner became less certain of his future. His efforts to stir Todd and tion had not come to fruitage. His aim was to awaken a certain proper pride in the breast of the late Captain Hallett's nephew. Was he an officer, to allow the vessel he should control by right, to be taken into New York by a murderous villian like An-

"They'll say," said Hamner, with resigned sadness, "that you was afraid of him; they won't believe it was caution. I'll say he was bigger and stronger and you was wise to wait. What's it matter if they do laugh at you a bit, sir?"

"Shut up," Crosby Todd said angrily. He resented these implications of cowardice. It hannened that he was courageous and had long felt his tnaction was unmanly. And it seemed that Bob, who had a spell off duty, expected him to betray more leaderlike qualities.

"What do you think we ought to

"Seize him," he said; "there's three to one and he don't suspect a thing. Tie him up, the swine, and then wireless for help. That'll put us in good. It's my belief," the tempter went on, "that him and Metzger plan to get Away. What's to stop them going overboard just after we get through the Bridge and escaping or lowering

a boat in the dark?" "We mustn't let him get away from the police," Todd said, wavering, "and yet it seems hardly playing the game to get him now?"

"If you're afraid, just say so." Hamner's manner was less polite. "But don't expect me to want to give a bloody murderer fair play same as I'd give you." A happy thought struck him. "If the judge says to you, 'Why didn't you do what Albert Hamner said?' what'll you answer? I'll have to tell him everything."

At the wheel Bettington was fighting against the desire to sleep. Never had he gone so long with so little rest. There was a great deal of shipping and he had not much confidence in Todd's seamanship.

The dawn was breaking chill and gray when he passed Fort Hancock. It was there that the three flung themselves upon him. There was little opportunity to struggle. Hamner brought down a belaying pin on his head with enough force to render him enconscious. He was awakened by the harsh spitting of the wireless. He realized that the Albatross was anthored. He was lying on the floor of the wheelhouse. He was bound and gagged as neatly as ever Metzger and Pereira had been. The pain in his side was now very severe. And with It all was a racking headache.

Mrs. Radway came on deck at about eight oclock. She thought that Crosby Todd and Bob looked at her with certain degree of embarrassment. And Hamner, the ill-omened, was with

"The New York Yacht club is sending out some one to take us in," Todd told her. "They ought to be here any "I thought the doctor capable of

that," she said, frowning. "He's capable of anything," Ham-

ner cried. "You don't know what we've done for you, ma'am." "What does the man mean?" she

asked of Todd.

"I had to seize the ship," he said. There was no question of evading what he had done or declining responsibility. "We found that Orme had planned to escape and we are holding him for the police. You remember he wouldn't let me use the wireless? That was because he didn't want to be caught. It's easier for a crook to escape in New York than it would be in Limon."

"Where is the doctor?" Mrs. Rad-

way asked. She followed them to the bridge. The attack had been made in the dawn, and Todd had no idea that Hamner's blow had been so severe or that so much blood had flowed from the wound. He tried to prevent Mrs. Radway from seeing the man. She knelt down at his side and removed the gag.

you very much hurt?" she asked. Her heart was beating wildly. After all, they had betrayed him. There were tears in his eyes. She could see that he did not dissociate her from those who had made the as-

"They carried out your orders most successfully," he said, and turned his aching head away. The shrill sound of a siren stirred

Mrs. Radway bent over Bettington | "You said you'd give him half an hour again. None else was near.

"I suppose you can never, never be she whispered, "but I had no hand in this. I shall always feel ashamed when I think of it." When he made no answer she went

out on deck. Perhaps what had happened was fated, that hour to which he had been drawing near for a life-

Mary Unwin had seized her arm excitedly. How like youth, she thought, to forget its recent perils and present serene front to the world.

"Look," Mary cried. "There's Dad." Evelyn Radway looked down at the launch and saw that there were men in police uniform, too. Then she recognized the senior partner of the great firm which transacted her business. There was nothing she could do now for the injured man than commend him to Mr. Bigelow's care.

It seemed an interminable time before the police questions were answered and she was on the Yacht club launch with the Albatross lying astern. She had been glad to accept the opportunity to leave the yacht on the much faster launch.

CHAPTER XIII

Mr. Unwin Speaks His Mind The Unwins were speedily to find what wealth and the desire to help

them could do. Within twelve hours Hamner sprang instantly into acof meeting Evelyn Radway, their small flat had been abandoned and they were occupying six beautifully appointed rooms in a mansion, whose grounds ran down to the Hudson. It was Unwin's mission to go to the Albatross and bring back a list of things Mrs. Radway wanted. On the night of his first visit to the yacht. he returned in a mood of horrified ex-

> "Do you remember a man named Hamner?" he asked.

"I shall never be able to forget him," his hostess answered. "Why?" "A sailor they called Red Mike must have had some grudge against Hamner who, from all accounts, seemed a quiet, civil-spoken man. Mike got at him and jumped overboard with the poor fellow in his arms. The stream was running fast and they couldn't save them.'

"Horrible," she exclaimed. "There must have been a curse on the ship. Death upon death."

"And there's another likely." Unwin went on, "the prize crook of them all, Dr. Andrew Orme. There's not much chance for him. Perhaps it's the better way. I should like to have seen him. The police think he was the brains of the whole thing, even the man you called Clements seems to



"What's It Matter if They Do Laugh at You a Bit, Sir?"

have been less dangerous. They have Orme's record complete and hope to be able to fill in the details of the years they lost sight of him." Unwin talked on, asking innumer-

able questions and getting ready replies from all but Mrs. Radway.

Less than forty miles distant there were grouped around the bedside of a man who was not expected to live, an inspector from headquarters, a police surgeon and an official stenog-

"Now, Andy," the inspector begged, "be reasonable. Why go to your Maker with a lie on your conscience?" The suspect held out his hands. The inspector did not know what he

"Finger prints," said Bettington faintly; "you haven't verified them

The inspector did not like to tell him he was rushed to the bedside in order to take his dying depositions. A dead man's hands were just as good evidence as those through which the blood coursed.

"It's the Yacht club launch," he cried. in," the inspector said to the surgeon.

at the most.' "He's one of those obstinate cusses," aid the surgeon. There was a certain admiration in his voice: he could not forget that here was a member of his own profession who had attained world-wide fame ere crime enmeshed him. "He's got the will to live," the surgeon added. "Why not humor him? He's crazy to be finger printed." The inspector came to the bedside.

It was not often he could grant a last favor so easily. "All right, Andy," he grinned. "I'll do it."

An hour later the surgeon was wanted on the telephone "That bird ain't Andy Orme," said the inspector with a note of grievance

in his voice. "His prints are absolutely new ones to us." The surgeon found the unknown awake and in pain. The surgeon's look was not as friendly as it had

been. He had been mistaking a person of probably no importance with the discoverer of the celebrated Orme method of cerebral surgery. "You're not Andrew Orme," he asserted. There was irritation in his

manner; he felt he had been fooled and the sensation was not pleasing. "I keep on saving so." Bettington remarked, smiling grimly. "Now can be allowed to sleep in peace?"

Mrs. Radway discovered in Unwin, a man whom she could trust because he was honest and devoted to her interests. A very great deal of busitime in his working life he was happy. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology was to receive Bob, and Mary was to graduate from Smith before she married. Crosby had yet to win his way.

Usually the Unwins took their meals in their own suite, but very often they were invited to dine with Mrs. Rad-

The three of them-Mrs. Unwin was still unable to move-were invited to a dinner party, given by Evelyn Radway, when she learned that Todd was to leave for an appointment in Chicago, exactly one week after landing

At seven, Mary heard her father's voice on the telephone. He said he should not be able to get to Peekskill until nine.

"Your voice sounds cross, Daddy," she said. "Are you angry with any-"Angry is too mild a term," he said,

and hung up. Usually he called her by some pet name, but he was abrupt, different and incomprehensible. When he came they were sitting around a wood fire in the large hall around which the house was built. Unwin was one of those kindly men

given to effusive greetings when he knew his people. Tonight he howed to them all coldly. Not even to Mrs. Radway did he unbend. "Daddy," said Mary, plaintively,

aven't spoken to poor Crosby yet. He's hurt."
"I have no doubt," said Unwin dis-

tinctly, "that a young man of his resourcefulness and intrepidity will recover from the shock."

Crosby Todd flushed. He had been told that his future father-in-law was of a kindly and affectionate disposition. Assuredly, the smileless, middleaged gray gentleman on the rug before the fire was not running true to

"I'm afraid you have had a tiring day," Mrs. Radway remarked. "One of the most miserable I have ever spent," he answered. "It is difficult to know just how to tell you

about it." Mary came to his side and slipped her arm through his. Very rarely had she seen her father in such a mood as this. Had he, she wondered, taken some dislike to Crosby? His tone seemed evidence of it. Essentially

"Don't tell us now," she begged. In the morning this black mood would

Floyd Unwin took no notice of his daughter. He stood there meditating. The girl might not have existed. "Very difficult," he repeated. "I

suppose I had better commence by proclaiming my own inefficiencies. I have been an economic failure, Mrs. Radway. I have worked hard and there is nothing to show for it. A month or so ago I went to an old friend and asked financial aid from him. It was for my children's education I needed it. He refused me. I learned then something of the scorn

"Don't Daddy," Mary begged. She saw that for some reason, unguessed by her, he was bent on crucifying

himself publicly. "Another man," he went on, unheeding, "a friend of equal standing in point of years, offered aid. It was not in his power to give it immediately. He set out to earn by his unquestioned skill the few thousand dollars I needed. It was for Bob and Mary he took this burden upon him. I remember that he said he would try and be a he blood coursed.

"I thought you told me he was all failed."

fairy godfather to them. Well, he failed."

musing. When he spoke again it was the steep hill leading into Croton be of another subject. "I have just come from the bedside of a man who is dyfore she spoke.

"You were right to feel bitterly ing." He looked toward Crosby Todd, toward me," she confessed. "I have sourly. "The man you and my son attacked, wounded and left for the always held that love should cast out all doubt, and yet, when the trial police to drag to the Tombs. I com-mend your caution, Mr. Todd." came, I was found wanting. I loved him and yet allowed all these seem-Evelyn Radway was glad that the ingly inexplicable things which condancing shadows from the open fire fused us, mixed identities and small jealousies, to blind me and build a "I don't understand you, Mr. Unwall of distrust which hid him from win," Crosby Todd stammered.
"Daddy, they had to do what they me. And now it is too late."

Unwin patted her hand with a gesture that was at once clumsy and affectionate. His anger had died down.

Her grief moved him. He began to regret his bitterness. "My dear." he said simply. "God is good and understands- and forgives. We do not yet know that it is

too late." That surgeon met them who had been disappointed in finding his patient was not the celebrated Andrew



fering From Three Ribs Broken in the Fight With the Man He Killed.'

"What man was it whom you identi-He gazed with marked interest at the beautiful woman he knew fied?" Evelyn Radway demanded, with to be the many-millioned widow of Elgar Radway. "One Andrew Orme, forger

"May I see him?" she begged. "These are not visiting hours," he reminded his visitors, "but I might stretch a point if it's important." "It is the most important thing in

my whole life," she said simply.

She stood for a few moments "I told you that one of my friends framed in the doorway of that bare and pallid room which had been the place of innumerable sorrows. In this sordid setting she seemed to the man on the cot ethereally beautiful, slender as the stem of a lily and filled with a divine compassion. In vain he tried to make some motion of welcome, but his body was immobile in plaster casts and his hands seemed too weak to respond to his will. His voice forsook him. He could only stare at her in wonder.

Then she came to the bedside and knelt down and took the strengthless hands and held them to her lips. "Why have you come?" he asked, and dreaded to hear the answer. He

dared not allow himself to feel the

certainty of the happiness which bad come to him at sight of her. It was when she looked at him that he knew there would be no misunderstanding between them while life re-

to forgive me if you could. But I see now there is going to be no good-by and you have forgiven me."

The bitterness of the waste years had gone from her. Over the man on the cot was stealing a new strength and peace. He experienced a sense of protection; he was assured of the return to health and the reality of

In the outer room the surgeon was discussing his creed with Floyd Unnot understand why. It seems quixotic

win. "When I told him who was waiting I could see new life coming back. I claim to be a free-thinking materialist, but every now and then a miracle like this happens. . . suppose one might say that love is the supreme miracle. . . . But all the same," said the surgeon, "It upsets my calculations.'

[THE END.]

World's Oldest Library Discovered in Syria

What is supposed to be the most | ancient library in the world, consisting of documents written in the first alphabetic signs known to savants, was discovered in Syria by a French archeological expedition. Eighteen large and small tablets, engraved with letters that are neither hieroglyphics nor Assyrian cuneiform characters, but evidently parts of the first alpha bet made of 26 and 27 signs, were found by a young Alsatian archeologist on the Syrian coast of the Mediterranean, at a place called Ras-Shamra, near Iatakieh (Ladikiya). The expedition, had discovered there a necropolis, the 4,000-year-old ruins of a Phoenician palace and town, and numerous ancient vases, jars and statutes of great archeological and vide in a lease for the keeping down historical value. The opinion was put of ground game. forward by the Academie that these ruins represented traces of an Aegian colony that existed on the Phoenician coast 2,000 years before the present era, and whose civilization was of the Mycenian period. Salomon Reinach, the farous French historian, who was present when the report was pre-Unwin fell into another fit of silent | sented, declared that the discovery | gold piece.

was a most extraordinary one, and that it would be of the greatest importance for the study of ancient his-

English Game Protection In English law the term "ground applies to hares and rabbits, which are subject to extinction by the occupants of lands to protect their crops from injury and loss. This removes these animals from the protection which, in the interest of the sporting classes, the English law throws about wild animals which are hunted for sport. Ordinarily the possession of land confers no right to kill or snare game found thereon, but it is not uncommon in England to pro-

Small Gold Coins

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