

In Valhalla and Out

by George Ethelbert Walsh

WNU Service

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Fishing, in idle fashion, from a private dock, Dick Van Ness watches a ship, the Pelican, which he recognizes as the Pelican, which the yacht before his death and financial reverses forced him to part with it. A man whom he hears a girl who accompanies him address as Mr. Blake, lands from the yacht. The girl drops her handbag in the stream, and Dick recovers it. Thinking him, she gives him her visiting card. She is Alice Cutler, niece of Stephen Cutler, successful business rival of the elder Van Ness.

CHAPTER II.—Dick overhears a conversation between Blake and Captain Brent of the Pelican which gives him the impression that the yacht is bound on a voyage of adventure to an island the name of which he does not hear.

CHAPTER III.—Acting on impulse, Dick, footloose and ready for any sort of adventure, remembers a hiding place in the main cabin of the yacht and determines to conceal himself and sail—a stowaway—with the party. Stephen Cutler, invalid, comes aboard, with his niece, and the ship sails.

CHAPTER IV.—In his retreat Dick overhears conversations between Blake and Captain Brent which appear to denote something sinister. Believing the cabin empty, Dick emerges from hiding and encounters Marie, Alice Cutler's French maid. Getting back quickly, unrecognized, the girl insists she has seen a "ghost," and is ridiculed. The yacht reaches its apparent destination, an island. Dick swims ashore.

CHAPTER V.—On the island next day Van Ness witnesses an exchange of mysterious signals which he realizes are between Blake, at Cutler's house, and Captain Brent, on the yacht. He is present, unseen, while Blake and Marie speak in heated terms of things which add to the mystery of the situation. Sleeping in a nook near the deck, Dick is discovered by Alice. He admits he was on the yacht, and she reveals the fact that the servants who should have been at the house are mysteriously absent, only her uncle, Stephen Cutler, Doctor Alster, Blake and herself being on the island. Dick's presence is known only to Alice. The yacht sails, leaving the party.

NOTICE OF SALE OF LAND
Under and by virtue of a special proceeding in the Superior Court of Chatham County, before the Clerk, entitled, W. M. Burns, et al, vs Mary Clark, et al, and the order obtained therein the undersigned commissioner will, on

MONDAY THE 8TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1926,
at 12 o'clock NOON, at the Court House door in Pittsboro, N. C., sell to the highest bidder for cash the following described tract of land: Beginning at a stake on Haywood Road M. M. Small's corner, now R. L. Tysor's running west with Vestal and Hart's line 185 poles to a pine, Jordan Tysor's corner; thence S. 60 poles to a Spanish Oak, Alvis Bunn's corner; thence N. 86 poles to a dogwood corner, Alvis Bunn's corner; thence South with a valley with a drain 80 poles to a stake on the ditch, M. M. Small's line; thence eastwardly with his line 95 poles to a pine M. M. Small's corner; thence north with his line 128 poles to the beginning containing 122 acres, more or less. This 4th day of January, 1926.
J. A. McLEOD,
Commissioner

First to Name Stars
John Bayer's "Uranometria," first published in 1603, was the first book to use the modern system of naming stars, "alpha Orionis," the last part being the Latin name of the constellation and the former the Greek letter indicating the relative brightness of the star in the constellation.

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adently had received his signal from Mr. Blake, and was leaving with the yacht for Marsh Inlet, there to wait for further orders by wireless.

"I wonder what it all means," Dick mused. "I suppose I ought to arouse old man Cutler, and tell him—"

He was suddenly cut short by two shadows moving across the moonlight way in his direction. He had barely time to duck behind a clump of bushes before they were upon him. Dick caught sight of a man and woman, but their identity was uncertain until they began to talk.

"I tell you, Marie," Mr. Blake was saying, a little irritably, "you must be careful or you'll spoil the whole plan for us. If you appear too familiar with me, Miss Alice will take notice. It was risky for you to call me out. Suppose she'd caught you at my door?"

"What difference does it make if she did!" was the quick retort. "You love me, don't you? Then what else matters? Miss Cutler has her lovers. I don't see why I can't have mine, too."

"Don't talk that way, Marie," interrupted Blake harshly. "We can't be ordinary lovers—not here!"

"Why not? We were, in the city. Why is it different down here? Isn't the moonlight beautiful?"

"Yes," replied Blake moodily. "It's a good night for sailing. Captain Brent will be out of sight long before morning."

"Where is he going?—not back home?"

"No, he'll hang around until I want him—out of sight, of course. I'll instruct him by wireless." He stopped suddenly, and asked: "How does Miss Alice take it? She doesn't suspect anything, of course, does she?"

"No. Why should she? But in the morning—shrugging her shoulders—"it may be different. She was furious when she found the servants weren't here."

"Of course. I expected that, but he'll blame me, and not you. That's why I'm sending the yacht back—to get the servants—taking the responsibility upon myself, you see. Mr. Cutler may rave and tear around, but he'll quiet down. How's the medicine working? Did Alster say?"

"No, he doesn't tell me much. I don't know. But Miss Alice is worried about her uncle—more than about the servants."

"Too bad—for her sake." There was genuine sympathy in the voice, and Marie turned quickly and glanced at him.

"Why should you be sorry for her? she asked, with awakening jealousy.

"Why!—Oh, no reason whatever," Blake stammered. Then halting abruptly, he added, "we must go back now. You're lucky if you can reach your room without disturbing Miss Alice."

"Why go in?" Marie murmured. "The moon is beautiful."

"Yes, but it's getting late. Come now, you must leave. I'll see you to the door. No, we'll say good night here."

It was a perfunctory kiss he gave her, but it awakened slumbering emotions in the girl. She flung both arms around his neck, and drawing his head down lavished kiss after kiss on his lips, cheeks and forehead.

"You're my man," she said emotionally. "You love me, and I love you. If you ever love any other woman I'd die. No, I'd kill her—kill you! I'm that kind, Allan. You understand?"

"Don't make a scene, Marie," replied Blake, trying awkwardly to disengage the arms around his neck. "This is no time for such talk. Of course we love each other."

"Are you sure—quite sure?" she demanded unexpectedly, looking him in the eyes.

"What a question!" he said rebukingly. "Why do you ask it?"

"Because," she replied slowly, "sometimes I think you—you care for Miss Alice—and if you had the money you would rather have her than me."

"The moonlight must have affected your brain, Marie," he laughed uneasily. "I can't imagine what else put such a notion in your head. I have to be pleasant and companionable to Miss Alice. I owe it to her because of my position with her uncle. That's all there is to it."

Either satisfied by this explanation or unwilling to pursue the subject further, Marie nodded, and they retraced their steps to the front door of the gloomy house. Dick waited until they had disappeared, and then drew a long breath of surprise.

"Things are getting as muggy and thick as the weather," he reflected aloud, "and that's saying a good deal, for there'll be a storm before morning."

This prediction proved true, and within half an hour the rain fell. Dick hurried down to the dock and found shelter in a boathouse filled with canoes and catamarans. In one of the former he curled up and fell asleep.

It was morning when he woke. The sun was shining directly in his eyes, pouring through an open doorway in which stood a figure that he did not instantly recognize. It was apparent from her eyes and face that she had seen him first, and had been dubiously watching him as he slept.

"Hello!" he said, sitting up with a grin and blinking at the strong rays of sunlight. "You got the surprise on me. I was out late last night. What time is it?"

"It's early," was the calm reply, "so you needn't apologize. The sun's just up."

"You rise with it?" he added, recognizing the speaker for the first time.

"Yes," she replied, "I was dressed in an athletic outfit and, when her hair confined in a jaunty cap. "Yes," she replied, "I generally rise

with the sun when down here, and take a paddle before breakfast."

Dick intercepted her glance, and smiled. "And I'm in your canoe," he said. "It's the one you wanted, isn't it?"

"Yes," she replied gravely when he attempted to climb out. "But never mind. I don't think I'll take a paddle this morning."

"I hope finding me here isn't going to spoil your morning's sport. I'll leave right away."

She sat down on an overturned rowboat, placing her feet squarely on the floor of the boathouse to give her body support, and in this attitude she remained silent for a few moments while Dick got to his feet and prepared to leave.

"Wait, please!" she commanded. "You're the fisherman who rescued my bag from the river three days ago, aren't you?"

"Yes, Miss Cutler," he grinned, fishing in his pocket for her card; "and here's the reward you handed me."

She glanced indifferently at it, but a tiny frown creased her forehead. "Did you come as one of the crew?" she asked suddenly, and, as Dick thought, hopefully. "I can't imagine how else you got here."

"No," he answered frankly. "I smuggled myself aboard the yacht and came as a stowaway."

"Why?"

Dick shrugged his shoulders. A slow flush came into her cheeks. When he



When He Did Not Answer She Arose From the Uprturned Boat.

did not answer, she rose from the upturned boat. "I won't question you further," she added a little stiffly, "but now that you're on the island I'll see that you're properly fed and housed. I'll see Mr. Blake and tell him—"

Dick cut in with a laugh. "If you don't mind," he said, "I'd rather he didn't know I was here. As for feeding and housing me, I won't put you to that trouble. I brought enough food along to last several more days, and I can sleep anywhere outdoors in this climate."

She was quiet again, watching him closely.

"That's all," he added, uneasy under her scrutiny. "I'll go now."

"Where will you go?"

"Oh, anywhere. I want to explore the island."

"Suppose," she began meaningly, "I forbade that?"

"Why?" he asked in genuine surprise.

She did not answer for some time, but studied him from head to foot with slow, appraising eyes. Dick grew restless, and moved toward the door again.

"I suppose you know," she began quietly, "that we're practically alone on this island—that is, uncle, Doctor Alster, Mr. Blake and my maid. The servants aren't here. It's a little mysterious to me. I don't understand it. They were supposed to have been here a week ago to have everything in readiness for us."

"If they were here how'd they get away?" Dick asked. "They couldn't go on strike and just walk off the island."

"No, and they had no boat—nothing but these canoes and rowboats, and they're all here."

"Queer!" mused Dick, his mind busy with the machinations of Mr. Blake and Captain Brent. "I can't account for it."

"You don't know anything about it, then?"

Dick turned a startled pair of eyes at his fair questioner, the blood mantling his cheeks at the expression in her face. She suspected him of being involved in some way with the mysterious disappearance of the servants.

"I see," he drawled affectedly, to conceal his anger, "you believe I'm mixed up in some plot to deprive you or the services of your employees, and fearing that I've hidden them somewhere on the island you don't want me to get out of your sight."

He hesitated a second, and then added defiantly: "Suppose I am! What would you do—attempt to hold me a prisoner?"

Again she refused to give him a direct answer, but after a pause countered with another question:

"Did you know the yacht left unexpectedly and very mysteriously in the night?"

"Yes, I saw it go," he replied, smiling. "At least I saw her light moving away from the dock, and I took it for granted it was leaving. When will it return?"

"Perhaps you can answer that question," she replied, "better than I. When will it return?"

Dick turned his back to her. All desire to confide in her, and tell her the conversations he had overheard between Mr. Blake and Captain Brent, vanished. Her attitude of suspicion pliqued and angered him.

"Ask Mr. Blake," he said, turning in the doorway. Then smiling mockingly, he added, "I'm going now; but I'll be somewhere on the island. With the yacht gone even I can't get off."

CHAPTER VI

Walking unchallenged from the boat-house, leaving Alice Cutler white and quiet behind, Dick made a complete tour of the island before any of the others were up.

It was a larger island than he had been led to think. In all it comprised at least several hundred acres, half of it low and flat, and the rest rough and rocky, with the south side ending in a precipitous bluff. The rambling house was built on the highest point, commanding an unobstructed view of the ocean in all directions.

The west side was somewhat sheltered, and a dock had been constructed inside an artificial stone breakwater, that formed a safe basin for boats. It was in this basin that the Pelican had landed its passengers the night before.

In the early morning glow, the island was a shimmering jewel of rare beauty rising abruptly from the sea, half tropical and half temperate in its climate and vegetation. The air was neither sultry nor chilly, but of just the right temperature to soothe the jangled nerves without enervating the owner.

Part of the flat side was under cultivation, showing considerable expenditure of time and labor in advanced agriculture. Gardens of fruits and vegetables bloomed in the warm sunlight; trees bearing flowers and buds of future crops—tulips, oranges and lemons along with cypresses and oaks—were planted in orderly array along the slope of the hills and on the lower levels; buildings and runs for poultry, game inclosures, pens for sheep and cows, and low, rambling barns and sheds took up considerable space on the west and south sides.

But the north and east, which received the brunt of the storms and pounding seas, were left almost untouched by civilization's hands. Here was a touch of primitive nature—wild, rugged and untamed. The gray walls of rocks beat back the wildest surges of the sea, and the garbled, twisted trees that grew on their sides and tops were mute testimony to their long defiance of wind and waves.

Dick found this side of the island more to his taste. It was possible for one to seek shelter from the storms at any time in the caves, fissures and depressions between the rocks, and in an emergency one could find a spare living there. Sea birds had their rookeries in sheltered places, screeching and squawking intermittently the day long, and in the pools below, left there by the receding tide, whole schools of fish and crustaceans were caught.

Continued next week

EGYPTIAN MURDER MYSTERY

(From the St. Louis Post-Despatch.)
Sensational charges are expected to follow a probe which is now being made into the death of Pharaoh Tutankh-Amen, 18 years old, who lived at 23 Pyramid Drive, one of the most exclusive residential districts of Egypt. The young man's body, it is recalled, was found some time ago in a public garage, buried under a pile of old chariots, fig cases, wine jars and a lot of other junk.

A big date and fig man named Horemheb is being mentioned at headquarters as the possible murderer. A post-mortem is now being conducted to determine whether Tut, as he was commonly called in the cabarets of Cairo, died of tuberculosis or poison.

Tut and Horemheb are said to have quarreled over that red-hot mamma, the Queen of Sheba, whose dancing of the Charleston has been the rage of Alexandria. Miss Cleopatra Ptolemy, now being sued by Calpurnia for alienation of affections, when interviewed today, said: "I don't know a thing about this case. I was in Rome," she blushing admitted.

The Sphinx, as usual, had nothing to say.

There is widespread astonishment over the recent developments in the Tut case, which everyone thought was buried forever, but, as Isis muttered to Osiris, "Murder will out."

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having this day qualified as administrator of the estate of Willis G. Horton, deceased, this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned on or before January 15, 1927 or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. Those owing the estate will please make immediate payment.

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