

THE STORY TO DATE

Zella Blunt is warned by her older second cousin, John Pomfret, against Capt. Broke Castledyne, who has been escorting Zella about London. Castledyne is married to a wealthy woman much older than himself, and Pomfret has heard something shady about his war record. John and Zella are due to inherit jointly the palatial mansion called Terricks, just outside London, after the death of Zella's maiden aunt, Lady Jane Blunt. Lady Jane's vast wealth, however, will be left to whom she likes. Lady Jane invites Castledyne to a house party at Terricks, but when she learns he is married she sends, on the advice of her old friend, Lord Alfred, an invitation to Mrs. Castledyne. She accepts, much to the chagrin of the captain and Zella. John Pomfret, who secretly adores Zella, is much disturbed over her flirtation. At the house party Mrs. Castledyne becomes ill. The captain has a prescription filled for her, and Zella takes the medicine up to Mrs. Castledyne's maid, Fulmer. Next morning Mrs. Castledyne is found dead in bed. Fulmer charges that her mistress was murdered and accuses Zella, who leaves Terricks to visit her friend, Lady Toria Leland, at Kent house. While there Maj. Waite of Scotland Yard, accompanied by John Pomfret, calls to question her.

INSTALLMENT IX.

"WELL, Miss Blunt," said Maj. Waite, "are you unwilling to answer that question?"

Zella came back with a start to the horrible present, and, feeling as if she were in a nightmare from which she might perchance awaken, she looked around the old school-room of her dear little friend, Toria Leland.

Who was this cruel Maj. Waite with his sneering voice, and why had he the right to torture her like this? Also, why was John Pomfret here—and if here, why did he not protect her from these horrible questions?

"I don't exactly understand what it is you want me to tell you," she muttered.

"My question is quite clear. I ask you who, in your opinion, slit open, obviously with some sharp object which had been made hot, the hard, fastened the paper around the bottle of medicine you admit you conveyed to Mrs. Castledyne's maid?"

"I have no idea who did it," she said listlessly. "How could I have?"

And then she gave a kind of choking cry, for all at once there had come over her more than a suspicion, an absolute conviction and knowledge, as to who had done that thing. Before her had suddenly risen the convulsed face of Broke Castledyne during the brief moment they had been alone in the smoking room, and she seemed to hear the tone in which he had exclaimed: "Darling—darling—O, God! what shall I do?" And it was as if she lived again the flash of time during which the boy had been in the room and she had gone toward the door with the bottle of medicine in her hand. Castledyne had wished to stop her—she had sensed it at the time—but her one wish just then had been to escape from any repetition of that mad, imprudent manifestation of his passion.

"Zella!" cried John Pomfret. He started up from his chair. "What's the matter? Do you feel ill?"

"Mr. Pomfret, remember your promise!" exclaimed Maj. Waite in cool, incisive tones.

He longed to send the young man out of the room, but already, in one of the great criminal trials in which he had been concerned, he had been censured by a judge. He was determined that this time no action of his should spoil what he hoped was going to lead to the high promotion he considered long overdue.

"I beg your pardon? I feared my cousin felt ill."

To himself the Scotland Yard official smiled derisively. No doubt the girl did feel ill.

HE TURNED to her again. "It is to your own interest, Miss Blunt, to go on now, rather than postpone our interview."

Zella made a desperate effort over herself. "I am quite ready to go on now," she said firmly.

"Cast your mind back to the Sunday afternoon preceding Mrs. Castledyne's death. How did the bottle of medicine come into your possession?"

"As far as I can remember, Capt. Castledyne had brought it back from Kingston, and one of the servants said Mrs. Castledyne's maid was waiting for it. So, as I was going upstairs in any case, I said I would take it."

"And are you prepared to swear that you stopped nowhere on your way?"

"Most certainly I am prepared to swear that. It is the truth."

As Above, So Below

Look for your birthday or the group in which it appears throughout the following notes—it may be mentioned more than once. Mark it with a pencil wherever you see it, and then heed the counsel given.

By WYNN

GOOD intentions can't grow up to be big and strong unless they are properly taken care of; we make the mistake of thinking all we have to do is to start them out and they will be able to take care of themselves. This week is of the type where we assume without trying hard enough to prove. Avoid snap decisions in the first half of this week; file 'em away at least overnight. Socially and with the opposite sex the latter half of the week calls for whatever you have in the line of human understanding; use it.

Today and tomorrow: Plan ahead, using the past as a guide to the future, especially in matters of buying and selling. Tuesday and Wednesday: Observe competitors, parents, and those related to your estate and affairs, dealing wisely with them. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday: Creative, inventive, artistic, affectionate days—be constructive. Next Sunday: Watch health.

War

Wise old-timers left word for us that the main idea of our presence on this sphere is to learn how to get along with one another. And, judging by our habits in courts of law, in the holy bonds of matrimony, and on the battlefields of history, we still

have at least a few minor things to learn before we can call ourselves successes in the art of living.

In astrology the seventh division of the circle is that of our relations with the other fellow, including law, marriage, and war—whether we are right or wrong, the seventh is the arc of the circle in which that relationship falls. As Manly Hall has wisely said, "We afflict the planets, not they us." We cannot justly blame the perfect pattern of nature when we do wrong; it is our fault for misusing, misdirecting the energies given to us.

Marriage is the biggest personal problem in life for most of us; it is our opportunity to demonstrate co-operation with our partners, or our selves, if we are properly mated. And, whether you are in or out of the wedding ring, friends of Feb. 21-March-April-May 29, Aug. 13-31, and Oct. 13-Nov. 5, now is the beginning of at least twelve months during which you would do very well to study and understand your relations with others, especially those of the opposite sex, in personal and legal matters.

Both husband and wife should contribute to the success of their joint venture; this is something to understand thoroughly before tying the knot. Keep out of domestic and all other wars.

Your Past

You are an artist, speaking in symbols if not concretely. Your life is the picture you are painting. And the canvas upon which you express yourself is time. The brush and paint you use are memory and experience. Without your past you could not do as much as you can now, for your ability is something you have at the beginning in potential only.

Our past is that part of us which we have recognized. It is reduced to habits of thought, feeling, and action, all of which make our characters more and more definite as we go on. To try to ignore our past would be a mistake, for even though we might not want to repeat everything we have done, it has been by our previous expressions that we have tested and proved our ideas and inclinations.

Memory is the guide of judgment and imagination, all three of these intellectual faculties being related astrologically to the air signs of the zodiac, forming a great trinity of mental power. Study them well if you would advance, especially during the coming year if you were born June 29-July 11, July 26-Aug. 17, Sept. 1-25, Dec. 13-Jan. 4, or Feb. 15-26. Take note, J. Pierpont Morgan, John Coolidge, Gen. John J. Pershing, Jesse L. Lasky, T. R. Roosevelt Jr., and Nick Altrock.

telling all the truth, even concerning this trifling matter of the box of cigars. As for the skin of wool, he was convinced she had just invented it to prove a reason for her having gone upstairs.

"When you went into the smoking room to fetch those cigars you did not find Capt. Castledyne alone—or was he alone?"

"I can't remember."

And once more he felt certain she was lying.

And then John Pomfret made his final intervention. "I was in the smoking room when Miss Blunt came into it."

Zella threw her cousin a quick look. Had he really been in the smoking room when she had rushed in there? She would have sworn he had not—and yet he might have been there and walked out just when she came in.

She now felt too oppressed and bewildered to remember exactly what had happened then, apart from that agonized exclamation of Broke Castledyne and the hungry, fevered embrace which had appeared to her so madly dangerous.

Maj. Waite got up, and for the first time he spoke in a courteous tone. "I hope you will agree that I have not put to you what, under the circumstances, might be regarded as an improper question."

He waited a moment. "By the way, there is one last question I should like to ask you—"

Zella stood up. Both men could see now she was trembling all over with agitation—and was it fear?

"Yes," she said, "ask me anything more you like."

"It is true, is it not, that you are

"I see; and now I have to put but one last question to you, Miss Blunt. Did you notice as you went upstairs that the wrapping paper was, so to speak, loose?"

Zella exclaimed in a defiant tone, "I noticed nothing!"

And that was the only untrue answer she had made up to now to her inquisition, for as he asked that question with a terrible clearness she had recalled the slight sensation of surprise which had come over her when she had seen that the paper in which the bottle had been wrapped had been unfastened and then more or less clumsily put together again.

She added in a breathless tone: "I'm afraid you won't believe me, but I assure you that the whole thing did not take three minutes. My aunt, Lady Jane Blunt, sent me in doors from the garden, where we were all sitting, to fetch a box of cigars, also a skein of wool from her bedroom, and I was in a hurry to go out again."

Maj. Waite was watching his victim very narrowly. He felt certain within himself that she was not

Who Rides On a Tiger

Zella Blunt, Questioned by Major Waite, Tells What She Knows About the Killing of Mrs. Castledyne



The young duchess asked in a steely voice, "And whom is Zella Blunt supposed to have killed?"

with her, or if she is not in, I will wait."

There was an excited as well as an imperious note in the rather mining tones, and a queer feeling of foreboding came over the young listener.

She turned around. "Mother is in, grandmamma. Would you like the lift?"

"Certainly not! I far prefer walking upstairs. In fact, I can't think why your father went to the expense of having a lift put in this house. You have all got legs. They ought to be able to carry you anywhere!"

The old duchess looked at her granddaughter with a hard, unkind stare. It irritated her that instead of being known by the ugly diminutive of Vicky, as she had always been, this namesake of hers was known as Toria, which sounded quite pretty.

"What I have to say to your mother is private, at any rate for the present. So will you please see that we are not interrupted?"

Side by side the girl and the old woman ascended the wide branching staircase till they reached the first floor.

"I suppose your mother is in the boudoir?"

The speaker gave a short, sharp sigh. The room which terminated the suite of what were called the state apartments of Kent house, and which commanded on two sides the delightful views of Hyde Park and Piccadilly, had been her sitting room for more than thirty years, and she had felt giving up her boudoir more than she had done anything else in this historic mansion.

She walked along the gallery with firm footsteps and as she opened the door at the end of it she heard her daughter-in-law say in the soft, sweet voice the speaker kept for Toria, "Is that you, my darling?"

And then the speaker's face altered and became filled with a perhaps rather exaggerated surprise. Very seldom did the ex-mistress of Kent house come there unheralded by a note or telephone message.

As the old duchess advanced into the sunlit room, delicious with the scent of roses, words rang out like pistol shots.

"I was afraid you might be out. Had you been, I should have stayed till you came in, Alex. I trust there is no fear of our being disturbed? Not that what I have to say will take long."

"I am expecting Toria in at any moment."

"She is in, but I told her I wished to see you alone. And yet I was of two minds when I remembered that she was probably going at once to join Zella Blunt, who is, I think, staying with you, Alex?"

The young duchess bent her head and there came over her a feeling of irritation. She thought she knew everything there was to know con-

By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes

in good old fighting language, "to come on."

"And come on she did! 'I am, of course, quite certain, as indeed I went out of my way to inform Lord Bingley, that you and my son are quite unaware that you are sheltering a murderer under your roof?'"

And now the young duchess did break silence.

"A murderer?" she repeated. "I can't think what you mean. But she thought she did know, and she felt pained, shocked, and disgusted."

Not long before a sad and awful thing had happened in a great London house—one of those pitiful things that do happen now and again in even very respectable and well managed households. A young kitchen maid, in solitary misery and terror, had borne a child and then, driven mad with fear and shame, had killed her baby. Something of the kind had probably occurred here, unknown to her, the mistress of Kent house. And Lord Bingley, now chief commissioner of police, had stupidly and unkindly gone and told it to his one-time love, the dowager duchess.

"I need hardly say that what Gerald Bingley has just told me was in strict confidence, Alex! But I did persuade him to allow me to tell you and my son the horrible truth—and he quite agreed with me that the two girls must be separated at once! It would be a frightful thing for my granddaughter were her one-time friend to be actually arrested for murder while staying here in Kent house."

And then, for the second time only in her life, the young duchess spoke in a really rude and unpleasant way to the old duchess.

"I haven't the slightest idea what you are talking about! I am afraid you will think me very stupid, but I must ask you to be quite plain. What is it Lord Bingley told you? How could it possibly affect Toria or any of her friends? Who is it who is in danger of being arrested for murder in this house?"

And unconsciously she looked around the room, which had become since it had passed into her keeping a treasury of rare and beautiful works of art.

THERE was nothing ambiguous in the answer which was hissed from between the older woman's thin, compressed lips.

"Your guest, Zella Blunt, who has become Victoria's dearest friend, I understand is to be arrested either today or tomorrow on a charge of murder. I've promised to telephone and tell Lord Bingley the moment the girl has left this house."

The woman to whom had just been imparted this terrible information asked in a steely voice, "And whom is Zella Blunt supposed to have killed?"

Again she had no doubt as to what had happened. Zella, who like all young folk was no doubt a reckless driver, must have run over some unfortunate person or child and killed him or her. The law, quite rightly, was now dealing very severely with such accidents.

"In order to marry a man called Capt. Castledyne, whose inseparable companion she has been for some time, Zella Blunt poisoned his wife when the unfortunate woman was spending a week-end at Terricks ten days or so ago. Gerald Bingley says it will be one of the causes célèbres of the century, for of course Jane Blunt will put up a tremendous fight for the wretched girl. It is possible that her paramour will be arrested at the same time, for he got the medicine made up to which your daughter Victoria's young friend added the poison."

(Copyright: 1935, By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes.)

[To be continued.]

STIFF, SORE MUSCLES

Here's the MAN You DON'T Want to be!

If your hair is fast leaving your temples and crown, do something about it before it's too late!

Dandruff, clogged scalp pores, poor scalp circulation are some of the chief causes of premature baldness. Get busy today with Japanese Oil, the action-packed hair restorer—thousands are using it with amazing results. Japanese Oil will tell you that there's nothing better for the hair and scalp than a good comb-over.

Japanese Oil costs but 60c at any drug store. Economy size \$1.

JAPANESE OIL

FREE! A valuable booklet, "The Truth About Hair," with Japanese Oil, Capsules, and take a directed—you won't be disappointed—but be sure you get GOLD MEDAL Haarlom Oil Capsules—the original and genuine—right from Haarlom in Holland—a grand kidney stimulant and diuretic. Remember also that other symptoms of kidney and bladder trouble are backache, leg cramps, puffiness, moist pale and nervousness.

Burst those chains with "Ben-Gay"... it penetrates deep, fast!

"Ben-Gay," the original Baume Analgesique, is a sure, quick, deadly enemy of pain. At the first twinge, rub it on the aching parts. It goes through skin, flesh, muscle to the very spot of the pain. It stays there until the pain disappears.

"Ben-Gay" has a hypo-sensitizing (pain-relieving) action never equaled by any of its many imitators. So, if you want sure relief, insist on the box with the red "Ben-Gay."

RUB PAIN AWAY WITH BAUME BEN-GAY IT PENETRATES

Flush Kidneys of Acid and Poisons

Stop Getting Up Nights

When kidneys are clogged they become weak—the bladder is irritated—often passage is scanty and enemas and bums—also in rectum and night visits to the bathroom are frequent. The right, harmless and inexpensive way to stop this trouble and restore healthy action to kidneys and bladder is to get from any drugstore a 35-cent box of Gold Medal Haarlom Oil Capsules and take as directed—you won't be disappointed—but be sure you get GOLD MEDAL Haarlom Oil Capsules—the original and genuine—right from Haarlom in Holland—a grand kidney stimulant and diuretic. Remember also that other symptoms of kidney and bladder trouble are backache, leg cramps, puffiness, moist pale and nervousness.