

**A Difference**  
Another difference between character and reputation is that you can build another character.

**Question**  
Thieves in Berlin violated the Ten Commandments. Will they keep what they stole?

# In Valhalla and Out

George  
Elbert  
Walsh

WNU Service  
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## SYNOPSIS

**CHAPTER I.**—Fishing in idle fashion from a private dock, Dick Ness watches a ship, the Pelican, which he recognizes as the boat of the fatherly thief before his death and financial ruin. He forces him to tell him a man whom he hears a girl who accompanied him to the island. Dick lands from the yacht. The girl drops her handbag in the stream and Dick recovers it. Thinking that she gives him her visiting card, he is Alice Cutler, niece of Stephen Cutler, a successful business rival of the elder 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 take 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. He overhears a heated conversation between Blake and Marie, sleeping in a stateroom near the cabin. Dick is disgusted by Marie's attitude as she is on the yacht, and she reveals the fact that the party should have been at the house as mysteriously absent only her uncle, Stephen Cutler, Doctor Alister, Blake and herself being on the island. Dick's presence is known only to Alice. The yacht sails, leaving the party.

**CHAPTER V.**—On the island next day, 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 stateroom near the cabin, Dick is disgusted by Marie's attitude as she is on the yacht, and she reveals the fact that the party should have been at the house as mysteriously absent only her uncle, Stephen Cutler, Doctor Alister, Blake and herself being on the island. Dick's presence is known only to Alice. The yacht sails, leaving the party.

**CHAPTER VI.**—Floating on a life raft, a sailor is assisted to the shore by Van Ness. He is one of the crew of the Pelican, which is on a reef, fast breaking up in a heavy sea. He is ordered to swim ashore and seek aid. Neither to Dick nor Alice, who hears his story, does it ring true. Dick is more than ever convinced that some plot, engineered by Blake and involving Stephen Cutler, is afoot.

**CHAPTER VII.**—Exploring the island, Dick discovers a wireless apparatus and receives a message from Blake and received. They are in code and he can make nothing of it. He is convinced that Blake is communicating with Alice. Continuing his investigations, Van Ness is surprised to find a knocked senseless by Marie, the sailor whom he had helped ashore. The fellow leaves Dick, bound and helpless, in a cave, while he goes to inform of Dick's presence, and his captivity.

**CHAPTER VIII.**—Continued  
He began wriggling his hands around to reach his pocket, but without avail. Then another idea occurred to him. The box of matches which was in his trousers pocket. By elevating his feet in the air, and shaking them at the same time he wriggled his body, there was a chance he might work the precious fire out.

He began this experiment as soon as it occurred to him. He rolled his body up to the side of the nearest wall, and then began shifting his position until he had his feet against the wall above his head. Almost standing on his head, with his shoulders on the bottom of the cave, he began a process of shimmying that would have been the envy of the most successful exponent of that art.

For a long time nothing happened. Then he felt the box work up toward the mouth of his pocket. He renewed his efforts, performing the most ridiculous antics; but it stuck, and for many minutes he could not move it further.

He was almost on the point of despair when the box suddenly slipped out and fell lightly to the floor. With an exclamation of delight, Dick dropped his legs, and began eagerly searching for the box with his mouth. He picked it up finally, and tried to open it with his lips and teeth, but this was a feat beyond him. Half in anger at his failure, he punched the wooden box with his teeth and spilled the matches out.

With another grunt of satisfaction he fished around on the floor until he had a match in his lips. Holding it to his teeth, he tried to scratch it against the chemically treated strip. But here again he met with difficulty.

The light box constantly eluded him. It would not remain stationary long enough for him to scratch the

head of the match against it. Again and again he essayed to light the match, with only complete frustration and desperate at his failure, he tried every trick he could think of, and only gave it up when exhausted. With a groan he dropped down.

Now what all this had failed in accomplishing, accident performed for him. In dropping his body back, he landed plump on the box and completely crushed in the sides that his teeth had started.

Dick never knew how it occurred; but the match in the heap must have been so placed that his body forced the impregnated head against the rough surface of the box.

There was a flash and glare, and the whole pile of matches was ignited. The box itself took fire, flaming a good-sized blaze. Startled at first, Dick stared at the fire, and then realizing that his opportunity had slipped by, he thrust his two hands over the flame until the rope began smoking.

It was a frightful ordeal, for the flames made no exception to his wrists, burning him as well as the rope. He had to grit his teeth to hold back a cry of pain, but with all the stoicism he could command he waited silently and patiently until box and matches were consumed.

By that time the rope was burning. He waited as long as he could, watching the flames eat their way through strand after strand. Then with a mighty effort he jerked his hands apart.

As the rope parted near the middle, freeing him as he could take the rest of his hands with both hands. Extinguishing the fire, he began feverishly to untangle the rope that still held his legs.

Quick free and on his feet, he began exerting his limbs to restore the circulation. Then he flung himself down near the small aperture in the wall, and began tearing at the rocks.

At first he was not perceptible progress, but a piece of rock the size of his fist finally yielded to his efforts. A little examination showed him that the wall was cracked and broken in many places, and that by picking and prying he could make better progress.

Half an hour of hard work made him jubilant. The aperture was big enough to admit a man's thigh. Renewing his efforts he entered the hole, he found that beyond the mouth it was deeper and wider.

It was nearly an hour later before he had the hole large enough to admit his body. He crawled through eagerly and tremblingly. The sea air reached his nostrils now with a strong salty flavor.

Dick was sure that the other end opened into a sea cave. The thought thrilled him, and he made a dash for it. He came to him, so far as possible he came to cover up his trail.

Returning to the cave he gathered up the other ends of the rope and thrust them into the crevices. Then he crawling in feet, he fastened the loose ropes up and grunted up the opening as deftly as possible.

He shuddered a little when the last ray of light was excluded. He felt that this man walked up in a dark tunnel. There was no way of exit at the other end, and if McFee should discover his method of escape and seal up the entrance, he would indeed be imprisoned in a living tomb without chance of escape.

The horror of such a fateful situation, and for a moment he hesitated. He started to tear down the wall he had constructed, but his panic lasted only a minute.

"I mustn't get cold feet," he reasoned with himself. "There must be an outlet on the other end."

buoyed up by this conclusion, he began wriggling backward. He was not new that he had entered by first, but in that position he could not have covered his retreat.

"Besides," he thought, "if I have to come back and give myself up, I'll find my hands to break through the wall again. It's ten to one I'll have to do it."

This lack of confidence in his scheme was in direct contradiction to his former conclusion, but his mind was hurried by fear and uncertainty that he was hardly responsible for his thoughts.

## CHAPTER IX

Wriggling backward through the narrow hole had many disadvantages, as well as dangers. It was like feeling one's way through the dark with the feet, blindly stumbling along at the brink of a precipice, was an even worse thing than the body was wriggled over it before the mind sensed the danger.

Nevertheless, Dick made slow but sure progress, kicking his heels up and sliding down to feel his way. It was a slow and uncertain process, but he made the attempt to turn around so he could crawl head first.

It was a narrow squeeze, and for a time he was doubtful if he could do it. Like a squirrel curling up and down, he doubled his body until his head was between his knees, and then slowly squirmed and twisted until his position was reversed.

After that going was easier. He could feel his way with his hands and could use his eyes to some extent. It was as black as midnight in the hole, but his eyes, grown accustomed to it, seemed to penetrate the gloom.

The salt air felt drifted through the passageway urged him onward. It was growing stronger every moment, and Dick's spirits rose accordingly. The salt air could not get into the passage-

way unless there was some opening on the sea side.

Fifteen minutes later when he caught a faint glimmer of light ahead, he knew that the worst of his troubles were over. Where there was light there was freedom. He crawled more rapidly after that, keeping his eyes focused on the gradually increasing speck of daylight.

When he finally reached the end, he found himself on a ledge of rock some twenty feet above the beach. The fissure in the cliff through which he had crawled had been formed ages ago by a convulsion of nature. After the mighty upheaval, the rocks had settled down like a mass of crystals, leaving spaces, narrow and wide, and there a natural cave formation between them.

Crawling to the face of the ledge, Dick brushed aside the salt-laden air, and watched the frothy spray rising from the beach below. Considerably exhausted by his labors, he sprawled out in the sun to rest and "rest" his strength.

The beach was below, and the top of the cliff fifty feet over his head. There were twenty feet of sheer perpendicular cliff to descend, but after his forty-minute exertions and the relief of a fragrant wall did not alarm him. He would accomplish it some day when he was rested.

Lying there in the sun, with his eyes half closed, he was unconscious of the presence of others until a foot fall on the rocks below startled him, sending a new danger. Seizing a ragged piece of rock in his hand he waited for this new enemy to show himself.

There was a possibility that McFee, sensing a new danger. Seizing a ragged piece of rock in his hand he waited for this new enemy to show himself.

He was not greatly alarmed by what he saw. On the contrary a smile parted his lips. Alice Cutler and Mr. Blake had halted directly beneath him, so near that he could have dropped a pebble upon their heads or touched them with a long pole.

They were silent for a few moments, but it was the silence of an awkward passage between bits of unpleasant conversation, as Dick soon discovered. Miss Cutler finally broke it.

"I'll go back now, Mr. Blake," she said. "There's nothing more to be said."

Peering over the ledge, Dick could see the man hesitate, and then suddenly extend a detaining hand.

"One moment, Miss Alice," he protested. "I don't want this to be final."

The girl shrugged her shoulders, and turned away. "But it is final, Mr. Blake," she added. "It's absurd to think I'll change my mind. Why, I never dreamed that—that you'd seriously think of such a thing. It seems almost ridiculous to me."

Dick could see the face of the other flush and darken.

"Why should it seem ridiculous to you?" he demanded sharply. "Is it because you're rich, and I—I'm poor, and then added eagerly, 'I told you I was rich, or would be soon, Miss Alice. I didn't emphasize that much, did I? Well, then, if you must know the truth, I shall have enough to support you in the style you've always lived in. I may be as wealthy as your uncle. Who knows?'"

He hesitated a second, and then answered abruptly: "Yes."

"I'm sorry," she replied, shrugging her shoulders, "that your estimate of

"No, it won't!" Came the blunt Reply. "I don't Believe You!"

It was so low. No, Mr. Blake, if you were the richest man in the world the answer would be the same. I do not love you, and that tells all."

This seemed like a blow between the eyes, for he recoiled a step, and looked dumb. "You're angry, expression came into his face."

"Do you love any one else?" he demanded roughly.

miss island to say on me?" he asked, stepping in front of her to block the way.

"For a second his blazing eyes and flushed face startled her, and the answer that sprang to her lips died unexpressed."

"Oh, I know he's here," he continued, eagerly. "I've met him on the island. If he's your lover, Miss Alice, you'll have trouble in finding him."

"Whom are you talking about?" she managed to ask.

"For reply, the man smiled craftily, with a gleam of triumph in his eyes. 'Very odd that you shouldn't know,' he said finally. 'Very unusual, aren't you? Miss Alice? You haven't seen him since that day he fished your bag out of the river? You didn't send him down to the yacht with a fake package so he could get aboard and hide? Of course not. You're a girl, aren't you? You're getting quite silly. If you mean that I'm pretending not to know that the man who picked my bag from the river was the same man I know he's your father's speculator. I know he's here. I saw him yesterday—had a talk with him. But I didn't smother him aboard, nor help him to get down here. Will that satisfy you?'"

"No, it won't!" came the blunt reply. "I don't believe you!"

"Thank you," was the rejoinder. "Now let me pass. I've taken enough of your insults. I'm gone, Miss Alice!"

"You'll have me disconcerted?" "Perhaps."

He laughed in an odd way. "You won't have the pleasure, Miss Alice," he answered. "I've already discharged myself. I'm master down here. Your uncle's dying. Doctor Alister says it's doubtful if he ever remains conscious again. We may have to bury him here on the island."

"Oh," she shuddered. He seemed to relax a little, and went on more gently: "I don't want to alarm you, Miss Alice, but you had to know the truth. He's sinking rapidly. But he's an old man, and hadn't many more years to live. We're young—both of us—and we—"

He paused and eyed her greedily. "Have you stayed to consider our position here, Miss Alice?"

"What position?" she murmured. "Our position on this island. We're marooned here, and may have to stay here for months. There is no way out, and boats rarely appear off this island. Yes, we may have to live here for many months before we're taken off. That isn't so bad in one way. There's plenty of food in the house, and we can keep each other company. I shall do everything to make it pleasant for you. In the end you may learn to look at things differently, and—"

She had stopped, and was gazing back curiously at him as if he were some kind of new animal she had just discovered. The expression in her eyes irritated and then angered him.

"If you mean I may change my mind about marrying you, Mr. Blake, I'm surprised, thinking her bold, 'You're deceiving yourself. Nothing can change that decision.'"

"Not even force?" he burst out angrily.

"Force!" she repeated in a even tone. "What do you mean by that?"

Completely losing control of himself for a moment, he clutched her hand and drew her near him. "I mean that I can make you do what I please here," he replied, thrusting his face close to hers. "You're in my power, Miss Alice. There's nobody on this island you can go to except your uncle, and he's past helping anyone. If I say the word, I can make you my wife when you will or not."

"Oh, you reptile!" came explosively from the lips of Alice Cutler, accompanied by an exhibition of physical force that Blake was entirely unprepared for. She swung her hand and, with a quick, snatching motion, she flung him back against the wall of rocks.

Before he could recover his balance, she was standing in the opposite direction, tripping as lightly over the beach as a child, and with nearly as much speed as a man. Blake essayed to follow, but her long lead in the race to the house discouraged him, and he stopped midway to vent his wrath in muttered threats.

Dick had once thought of interfering, but when the girl defied the man, and threw him backward, he felt like applauding. "Don't believe she needs me yet," he grinned. "Psychologically that would have been the wrong moment to butt in. Women don't like to be helped in such affairs until there's real danger. But—mustn't get seriously into this. It's coming when she'll need all the help she can get."

Blake's revelations concerning affairs up at the house had disturbed him. If Steve Cutler was unconscious, slowly dying without chance of regaining his senses, what companionship had the girl? There was Marie, her maid, but Dick knew she was in love with Blake, and more or less involved in the plot. There was Doctor Alister. But what sort of man was he?

Doctor Alister. I don't believe he's for us."

Dick had surveyed the outlook through the window with just such a possible contingency in view, and it required a little exertion or hazard on his part to climb out on the roof of the back porch and slide down one of the pillars. Before Blake and Doctor Alister appeared in the room he was in the woods, watching the window at a safe distance.

"Blake will know by this time I've escaped from the cave," he meditated. "Therefore, he'll send a friend on his trail again. Perhaps this time I'll be prepared for him."

His visit to the house had satisfied him on two doubtful points. The first, and what seemed the more important to him, was that Alice Cutler had come to believe and trust in him. She no longer viewed him as an enemy or troublesome interloper.

The second point he had cleared up in his mind was that Doctor Alister was a friend of Blake's and in league with him.

"That means three to one against me, not counting Marie," he reflected. "It was noticeable that he did not greet Miss Cutler in this group, but that was because he had personally assumed her burdens and intended to relieve her of all responsibility."

He decided his next move was to pay another visit to the wireless plant, and this time, if possible, where the yacht was located. There was no question in his mind that Blake was communicating with Captain Brent, exchanging messages of some sort or another.

Dick, furnished with a long pole, watched the window and the back of the house. If any one emerged through the doorway, he could see him in ample time to get away.

There was no sign of any one stirring about, and he finally abandoned the watch. Retreating into the woods, he made his way cautiously to the beach and from there to the face of the cliff, which offered so many advantageous hiding places.

Concealing himself in the mouth of a small sea cave where he had a clear view of every line of approach, he fell to meditating upon his next move. If he destroyed the wireless plant, he would cut off their last chance of getting a message ashore or to a passing vessel. On the other hand, if he left it intact, he permitted

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Blake, after the accident, would either flee panic-stricken or hurry down to the beach with help. In either case, the fellow would be of little assistance in the rescue. It was up to him to make the effort.

Dick waited until she came to the surface, which seemed a long, torturing time to him. Her long fall had carried her far beneath the surface.

When her hand showed finally for an instant, bobbing on the crest of a wave, he took the plunge, making a clean dive straight for her. The inevitable sinking and quick struggle to recover his breath on the surface followed. Then clearing his eyes of the salt water, he caught a glimpse of her as she was going under the second time.

Dick was an expert swimmer, and understood the art of handling a drowning person. He made a surface dive, and caught her by the back of the hair, twisting it around in his fingers until he had a firm hold, and then throwing himself on his back he began towing her in.

Fighting his way slowly through the waves, he managed finally to grasp the nearest rock, and with this as a lever he swung the struggling body of the terrified girl into shallow water. After that it was easy to pick her up and carry her to a safe ledge a few feet above the highest roller.

Grasping a little from his own exertions, he rested a moment before paying attention to Marie. He doubted if she had swallowed much water, and her moans and cries were due more to hysteria than to any alarming symptoms. At the worst she would suffer only a little physical discomfort.

(To be Continued)

## Cooking by Exhaust

A mechanic of Columbus, Ohio, has invented a device by which motorists may now utilize the exhaust from their motors to cook their camp supper, says the Scientific American. The contrivance uses a small petcock to close the exhaust pipe. A pipe connection is fitted to the exhaust manifold and joins with a round circular burner. This burner is provided with circular ribs, to prevent exhaust flames from jumping. Similar ribs are built to the bottom of pots and frying pans to obtain a maximum of heat. When the motor is idle the exhaust heat is forced through the burner. Sufficient heat is generated for any outdoor cooking.

## Eskimos Near Extinction

Dr. D. E. Scott, who recently spent a year with the Eskimos in Alaska and Canada, claims that before many years have elapsed the Eskimo will be exterminated by disease brought on by adopting white men's ways of living, says the Pathfinders Magazine. The doctor found many Eskimos and Indians suffering from intestinal parasitic attacks due to eating raw fish, rabbit and other meats. But these cases, he said, are not near as serious a problem as cancer and appendicitis, which are becoming prevalent. Since the Eskimos have been living in cabins and shacks instead of snow houses, as in the olden days, tuberculosis has ravaged them.

## Artificial "Sun" Makes Hay

In England, where damp and foggy weather continues during certain seasons, makes a good hay crop rare, a new device has been patented which dries hay by means of artificial heat. The hay is stacked while it is green and then is dried in 24-hour stacks. This invention is expected to save many acres of crops that are lost every year because of rainy weather at the critical period.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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