

that morning for supplies, had wirelessly for a gunboat, which should arrive at any time.

"Then with your permission, sir, I shall take the prisoner aboard myself," said Grant. He turned to Digby. "I couldn't help you personally last night," he explained, "because I dared not endanger my own life until I had given this information to the authorities."

Digby accompanied Margo to the bungalow where they found her father, still very weak, propped up in a chair. He had already got the whole story from Grant, but his joy at seeing Margo was almost pathetic.

All day Margo busied herself in straightening up the bungalow, and Digby had the doctor's body removed to the post where arrangements for its burial were made.

It was not until after supper that Digby had a chance to talk with Margo. It was just such a night as his first one on Manuia when he had chatted with her on the porch of the bungalow. The strenuous activity

of the last few days seemed almost like a dream.

"I suppose you and your father will be going back on the Corsicana," Digby said.

"Dad is still very weak," Margo replied.

"But he could make the trip," said Digby.

"Yes, he *could*. But you've had very little time to learn the ins and outs of the management here—Digby."

Digby turned eagerly toward her.

"You mean you think he might stay on a bit to help?"

"Now that the mystery here has been solved and there's no more danger, I think he might," said Margo.

"And will you mind putting off your trip to the States?"

"I shall like staying," said Margo. But she looked away quickly.

For a moment they were silent, then Digby reached out and took her hand in his.

"This country certainly does *get* you," he said, a twinkle in his eyes.

THE END



BY THE FIRE

WHEN the shadows blur the sunset is the time I love the best,
By the crackle of a fire where a thousand fancies nest.
In its flames I see proud seigneurs tramp the galleons of Spain,
And I watch Drake send an Armada below the restless main.

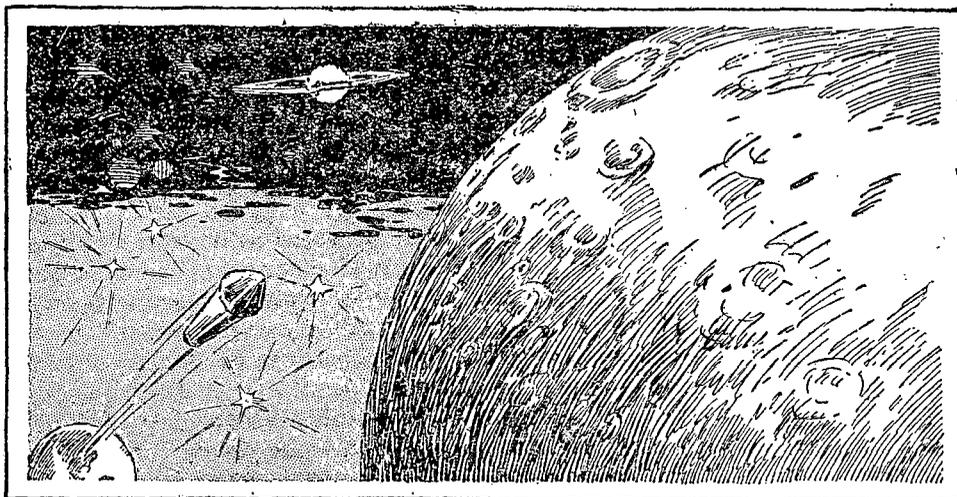
I can see the hardy pilgrims landing on a coast line bleak,
And their taming of the savage after turning him each cheek.
In the crackle of the fire I can hear the song of guns,
Like the dim-remembered lullaby that stilled the warring Huns.

There are sweeter visions also in the embers in the grate,
Of an understanding mother and a dad who was her mate.
And a girl who brought me romance when the lilacs were in bloom,
Just her mem'ry warms the flickers that enhance the friendly gloom.

There are faces of old buddies long forgotten in life's rush,
They smile at me from the firelight in the long day's closing hush.
Yes, there's pleasure in the fire when the stars are hanging low—
It is then that mem'ry's treasure chest lies mirrored in its glow.

Pat Costello.

3 A



Luckett of the Moon

By SLATER LAMASTER

WHAT HAS OCCURRED IN PART I

THROUGH his propensity for allowing other people to get him into trouble, N. B. Luckett found himself soaring at a mad pace above the Mineola air field. It was his first trip in a plane; in fact, the first time he had seen one closely; and for many minutes he sat too dazed to move, trying to puzzle out the various contraptions. What N. B. was not aware of was that he was attracting the attention of the entire country below him, for the simple reason that he was in an experimental plane of the inventor, Le Faire, purported to travel at five hundred miles an hour, and which no pilot had ever offered to test. To buffet the wind, which was causing the plane to careen wildly, Luckett put on full speed. When the cockpit became insufferably hot and sparks appeared from the front of the plane, N. B. leaped overboard in a parachute, just as the airplane burst into flames. The next morning he awakened in the de luxe stateroom of the liner John Adams, in New York Harbor, where he read the news of what was termed his daring exploit. He realized the truth of his unwilling accomplishment, that he was the nation's hero, and that his speed of four hundred and fifty-nine miles an hour was nearly twice the world's record. His unfortunate name, Napoleon Bonaparte, which he had kept carefully concealed, was revealed; and his taciturnity because of embarrassment was attributed to a Napoleonic complex. Among the crowd waiting to enter was Lieutenant Ronalds, who had pulled the hoax on Luckett.

CHAPTER IV (Continued).

DARK BREAD RETURNS FROM THE WATERS.

OUTSIDE the stateroom the distinguished delegation had experienced quite a wait, and this had given Lieutenant Ronalds a much greater opportunity to bask in the limelight than he had anticipated. It was he who—all unwittingly—started the hero on his phenomenal

flight, and since that moment, one might say, the lieutenant had stood, as it were, in the enviable position of being the one man on earth who knew more than anybody else the flying particulars about this very startling young fellow, and he did not know much. He hated to think of it, and did not mention the fact either, that he had, just previous to the great exploit, met Napoleon on a train.

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