" You saw the man who came in immediately after Chichkin? The one who followed them out, who laughed at me on the floor?"

GRAN nodded that he had noticed that particular man, and the Cossack leaned even closer. He told Gran that he knew for a fact that the man was of the "*Ogpu*"—the Soviet secret police system. Its men were empowered to act against anything and everything which might be in any way detrimental to the Central Government.

"T h e *Gay-Pay-Oo?*" questioned Gran in an awed whisper.

"The *Gay-Pay-Oo,*" repeated Gurl Borka, in an equally awed tone.

" That man has been here now for a week," continued the Cossack. " Wait till he finds that Chichkin insists upon being addressed as *barin!*—Wait till he gets the truth about those five Americans, though I guess no one knows the facts in that case except Mad Mikheal, and perhaps one or two of the officers.

" The *Gay-Pay-Oo* has already made inquiries, but all the others fear Chichkin too much to talk. How Moscow ever heard about the massacre — and that's all you could call it—I don't understand. Our semi-annual mail had left before the Americans came here from their wrecked ship. Yet this fellow is right on the job, trying to find out what it is all about."

" Doesn't the *ispravnik* know that he's here?" asked Gran.

" I suppose he does, sure.—Leave it to his little spy system."

After a few moments of silence, Gran couldn't help but ask: " Why were the Americans killed?" He gripped the table to keep his hands steady as he asked that. He was half afraid to ask any questions concerning the other three. He wanted Borka to think that he was in complete ignorance of the deal.

" From what Boris, the cook, said he heard when Chichkin was talking to one of the officers, it seems that they had gold and wouldn't lead him to it. Guess he planned to put the fear of God into the other three."

" The other three?"

The Cossack spilled half his drink down his blouse front as he drained the glass before answering.

" And if they don't talk as soon as that *Gay-Pay-Oo* leaves, they'll get it, too. But they'll be tortured first."

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

ʊ   ʊ   ʊ

Flooding the Barren Lands

WESTERN Canada has been considering the ambitious proposal of smashing the prairie dry spells by damming the relatively narrow valleys of the Mackenzie and Coppermine Rivers to form a new lake almost double the size of the Great Lakes.

There is, however, one serious drawback to the project that will have to be considered first. While the land to be covered by the new lake is still largely unexplored and unoccupied, some parts of it are known to show signs of mineral wealth; and an examination by prospectors may show that it is far too valuable to be flooded.

John H. Spicer.

Death by the Clock

By RAY CUMMINGS

"You're my friend, not my servant," said the aged millionaire; but he was unaware that Franz Karlin had planned his death for ten o'clock sharp, that night
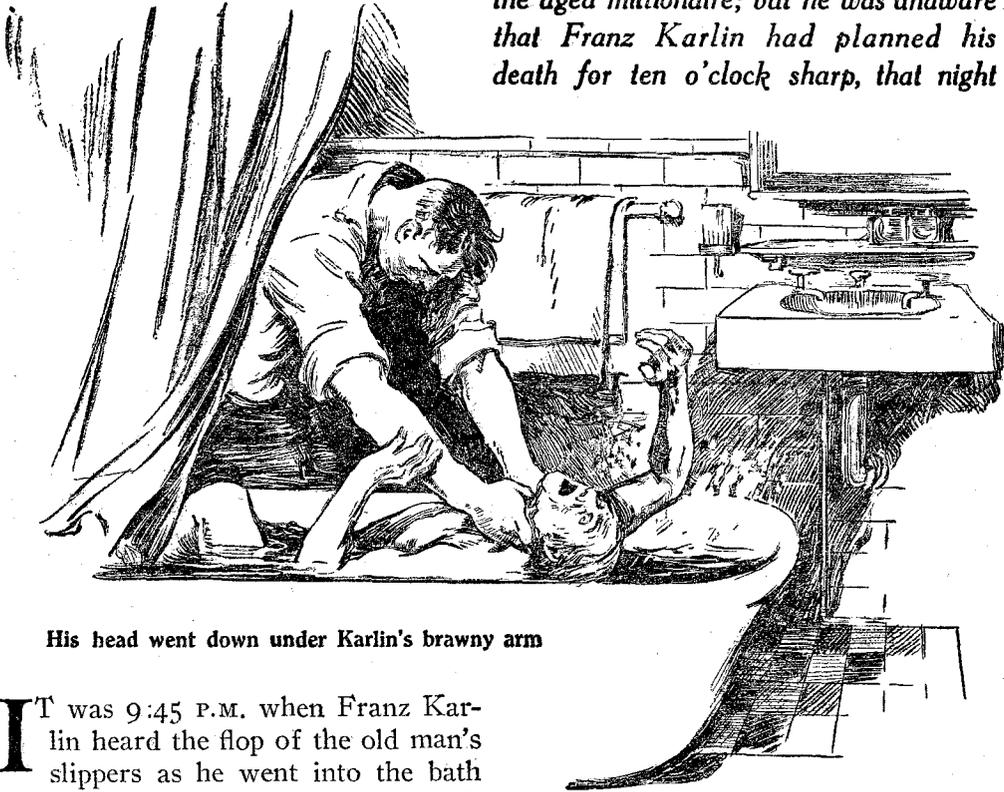
His head went down under Karlin's brawny arm

IT was 9:45 P.M. when Franz Karlin heard the flop of the old man's slippers as he went into the bath room. Karlin should have been attending to his household tasks; but instead, he was standing like a statue in a shadow of the upper hall, waiting and listening. A tall, powerful figure. His rolled s h i r t sleeves disclosed thick, hairy arms. His throat was a round column of muscle, supporting a bullet head of closely clipped black hair.

There was about Karlin an appearance of tremendous muscular strength; a suggestion of the professional wrestler in the heaviness of his shoulders. Karlin himself often thought of it, with sardonic inward amusement at the chain of circumstances which so incongruously, here in America, had made him valet and general servant to this half sick, frail old millionaire. It occurred to him now as with fingers clenching into the palms of his hands, he stood listening to old man Reese, who had begun running the water for his bed-time bath.

9:45—right to the minute. The methodical Reese did everything right to the minute. Karlin grinned into the

63