

# 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 Beacon, his father's 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, however, 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 his 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 tones of the signals which add to the mystery of the situation. Sleeping in a boathouse near the dock, 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 Astar, Blake, and herself being on the island. Dick's presence is known only to Alice. The yacht sails, leaving the party.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

"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 wanting 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 affectively, to conceal his anger. "You believe I'm mixed up in some plot to deprive you of 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 glowing out on the ocean, 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 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 hands. Here was a touch of primitive nature—wild, rugged and untrammeled. The gray walls of rocks bent back the wildest surges of the sea, and the gnarled, 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.

"With an occasional raid on a hen coop and the dairy, I could live here like a king," Dick observed, whimsically smiling. "A veritable paradise flung down in the ocean."

Not exactly sure of his next move, and unwilling to force matters, Dick lazily explored the rough side of the island, hiding in the caves whenever any suspicious noise alarmed him, and otherwise enjoying himself to the utmost. In this way he spent the morning and early afternoon.

Toward sunset, he was watching the shimmer of the ocean on the north when a tiny speck, bobbing up and down on the waves, attracted his attention. He watched it indifferently at first, and then with more concern. He shaded his eyes with both hands, and came to his feet with an exclamation of surprise.

"It's somebody—hanging to a life-raft!" he said.

He watched it a few moments longer, and then added, "He's nearly all in, and trying to reach the island."

Hurrying down the rocks, he reached the edge of the water. The shipwrecked man on the raft was swimming freely now, and with powerful strokes propelling his frail support toward the island. Dick waved his hands, and shouted:

"This way! I'll help you!"

There seemed to be a moment of indecision on the part of the swimmer, and then as if Dick's words had been the signal he threw up both hands, and called faintly:

"Help! Help!"

Dick lost no time in throwing off his superfluous garments and plunging into the sea. The surf was not heavy, and he had no great difficulty in reaching the exhausted swimmer. He caught the frail raft with a hand and began towing it in.

"Can you hang on it?" he called.

The swimmer nodded, and across the raft eyed Dick rather curiously. He seemed far from being exhausted, and as Dick recalled his recent powerful strokes he wondered.

He was a seaman, with a round bullet-like head, a scar across one cheek, and a squint in one eye. As most of his body was under water, Dick could only judge of his size and strength by the breadth of the shoulders, bull-like neck and great hairy arms and hands.

"Shipwrecked?" he asked, between two rollers.

The seaman nodded. "What ship?" Dick asked a moment later.

"The yacht Pelican!"

Dick almost lost the power of his arms in his surprise, and a big roller tossed him back a few yards before he could recover from the shock.

They were in the worst of the breakers after that, and it took all their combined strength and skill to battle their way through them to the beach. When they were finally tumbled ashore beyond the reach of the sucking water, Dick dragged himself to his feet and looked at the seaman.

"You say you're from the yacht Pelican?" he said. "What happened? Were you knocked overboard?"

"No, sir, I come to get help. I've been in the water for ten hours. Reckon I'd never made land if you hadn't seen me, sir. I was nearly in. What part of the coast is this?"

"The coast? This is an island—Valhalla!"

The man groaned and then up his arms in despair. "G—d, then I ain't done no good!" he said. "That swim's all for nothing. I thought I was swimmin' fur the mainland."

He appeared so genuinely grieved and disappointed that Dick said sympathetically, "It's too bad! But tell me about the Pelican. Where is she? And what's happened to her?"

"The usual thing, sir. She ran on the shoals in the storm last night, an' she's gone to pieces. Can't last twenty-four hours—doomed, sir. It's a pity, sir, she being such a fine boat, and—"

"Where was this?" Dick interrupted.

"Don't know, sir. The captain he said he'd lost his reckonin', an'

couldn't get it until sunup. That's now. But a lot of good it will do him now that I've falled him!"

He let out another groan, and struggled to an upright sitting position. "You say this is an island?" he asked. "You sure it ain't the mainland?"

"I'd hardly make a mistake like that," replied Dick. Then, "If the Pelican's on the rocks why doesn't she summon aid from the shore? She's equipped with wireless."

"Yes, sir, but it ain't working no more. The storm ripped the wires to pieces an' flooded the dynamos. No, sir, the cap'n can't send a message ashore. That's why I volunteered to swim it. I thought I could do it with this raft, but the tide and wind must have drifted me out of my course."

Dick nodded and said nothing. He was thinking hard. Was this a part of the mysterious plot? Or had the yacht been wrecked and the seaman risked his life in an attempt to get help before she went to pieces?

He eyed the man furtively. He recalled his extraordinary strength in battling the waves until he saw Dick, and then his subsequent collapse. The man, in spite of appearance, did not seem so terribly exhausted. He was breathing almost normally.

"Can you walk?" Dick asked suddenly. "If so you'd better get up to the house and make a report to Mr. Cutler. It's his yacht."

He stopped in the middle of his sentence, and stared up at the rocks that rose abruptly from the beach a few yards back from the water's edge. Standing on a projecting ledge within earshot, as if she had just stepped out of the mouth of a sea cave that yawned back of her, was Alice Cutler. Dick was satisfied that she had been there for some time, and had listened to the sailor's story.

"There's Miss Cutler now," he added, pointing. "You can repeat your story to her, or—slowly, smiling—"perhaps she heard you."

"Yes, I heard," the girl replied gravely. "It won't be necessary to repeat it."

She began making her slippery descent from the rocks. Dick offered a hand to help her, but she ignored it.

"You were one of the sailors on the Pelican," she said, addressing the man. "Yes, I remember your face now. I didn't put there. You're a new man, aren't you? Not one of the old crew that uncle had under Captain Johnston?"

"Yes, ma'am, this is my first cruise in the yacht." The man touched his forehead automatically as he spoke, but Dick thought he detected a bold leer in the eyes. "An' I'm afraid, ma'am, it's the last."

"You have no idea where the yacht is?"

"If I had, ma'am, I'd tell you instantly. The cap'n didn't know either. Maybe he does now. Pity I hadn't waited until daylight, an' then tried to reach land."

"Yes, it is a pity," replied Miss Cutler, with a peculiar drawl in her voice. "All right," she added briskly. "Go up to the house, and report to—Mr. Blake. Uncle's not up yet."

"Yes, ma'am!"

He touched his head again with a hand, and then slowly ambled away. Dick watched him in silence, expecting the girl to follow, but she remained standing until the sailor was out of sight. Then she slowly turned to him.

"I saw him swimming in," she said significantly, "but he didn't seem to need any help until you called. Then I noticed he lost his nerve. Rather strange, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it struck me so," replied Dick seriously. "Even when I hauled him in, I thought he had more strength than I. But the poor fellow may have been frightened. A night in the water would unnerve any one."

"Do you think he was in the water all night?" she asked a little bit too pointedly to suit Dick.

"Why—he said so. I couldn't say."

She gazed at him with a challenging look in her eyes. Dick returned it with a smile of admiration, for with her windblown hair loose, and her eyes flashing with strange emotion, she made a picture of striking beauty. Suddenly she smiled.

"Perhaps I'm misjudging you," she said, "and was harsh with you this morning, but the day's happenings are getting on my nerves. Mr. Blake assumes all responsibility for the disappearance of the yacht last night."

"Yes, he sent it away," Dick replied.

"How did you know that?" she asked sharply. "Are you in his confidence? I didn't suppose—speaking slowly—"you were particularly good friends—not after what happened on the dock the other day."

Dick chuckled reminiscently. "You're quite right. We're not good friends."

"Then how'd you know he ordered the yacht away last night?"

"I happened to be strolling around when he sent the signals to Captain Brent."

"What signals? I don't understand."

He paused a moment in indecision. Then he shrugged his shoulders. "It may have been a coincidence," he admitted. "He, or some one else, flashed three bright lights from the yacht. After that the Pelican got under way I took the lights as signals."

The girl frowned and watched him with grave, serious eyes. After a long pause, she asked:

"What were you doing in front of the house at that time of the night?"

"Oh, just hanging around," he answered lightly. "You see I'd been pretty cramped in my narrow berth on the yacht, and needed a little exercise."

There was still doubt and suspicion in her eyes when, drawing a deep



"Go On, Please," She Urged When He Stopped.

breath, she added, "Where were you on the yacht, that nobody discovered you?"

"In—in" he hesitated.

"Go on, please," she urged when he stopped.

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you," he answered, smiling. "It would sound a bit too—too improbable."

"Anything seems probable to me now. Go on."

"Well, it was in a secret compartment that only two persons in all the world know of, if we except the architects and builders."

She looked incredulous, but nodded her head. "Who were the two persons?"

"One was the former owner of the Pelican, and he's dead now."

"Mr. Van Ness, you mean?"

Dick nodded.

"And the other?" she added interrogatively.

"I don't think I'll mention the other's name," he replied, shrugging his shoulders. "Of course, you know it's I, that's sufficient."

"Yes, that's sufficient," she mused thoughtfully. Then raising her eyes to him, she added: "I wonder how you came in possession of the information, if what you tell me is true. I don't suppose you care to tell me."

"No, Miss Cutler, I'd rather not."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL Sunday School Lesson

By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean of the Evening School, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. (© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

### Lesson for February 14

#### JESUS, THE GOOD SHEPHERD

LESSON TEXT—John 10:1-30. GOLDEN TEXT—"I am the good shepherd, the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."—John 10:11.

PRIMARY TOPIC—The Good Shepherd and His Sheep.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Jesus the Good Shepherd.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—What the Good Shepherd Does for His Sheep.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Many Sheep, but One Shepherd.

The relationship of the Messiah to His own is set forth in the Old Testament under the figure of the shepherd and his sheep. (Ps. 23, Ez. 34).

1. The Good Shepherd (vv. 1-18). 1. He Is the True Shepherd. (vv. 1-6).

He came by the divinely appointed way. The power exercised by the Pharisees in casting out this man was not obtained by lawful means. It was stolen by them and exercised in the bold spirit of robbers. John the Baptist, and others of the prophets, had performed the function of the porter and opened the door to the Shepherd (v. 23). Despite the deceit, audacity, theft and robbery of these Pharisees, those who were Christ's sheep were declared to be forming a new flock and following Him as the true Shepherd (v. 4). The reason the man suffered excommunication for Jesus' sake was that he recognized Him as the true Shepherd and the Pharisees is strangers.

2. He Is the Door of the Sheep (vv. 7-10).

The way to fellowship to God is through Christ. He is the only door (Acts 4:12). There is absolutely no way to get into the fold of the redeemed but by Him. All who attempt it are thieves and robbers (v. 8). Those who become members of the flock through Him enjoy marvelous gifts (vv. 9, 10).

(1) Salvation—"Shall be saved." Not only saved now but saved eternally (vv. 27, 28).

(2) Liberty—"Shall go in and out" (v. 9).

sheep in time of danger. The Good Shepherd has perfect knowledge of His sheep and they know Him (vv. 14, 15). He enjoys such personal intimacy with His sheep that He knows them by name and goes before them to lead the way and defend them from every danger. This He will do even unto death. On Calvary this was historically fulfilled. It was Christ's love for such sheep as this poor-blind man that caused Him to give up His life in order to find for them the abundant life (v. 10). This sympathy is worldwide—"other sheep I have which are not of this fold." This suggests that the Gentiles have a place in His fold. All who believe in Christ form one flock. In order to save His sheep He voluntarily laid down His life (vv. 17, 18).

### 11. The Sheep (vv. 19-30).

1. Unbelievers Are Not His Sheep (vv. 19-20).

Christ's assertion that He was the good shepherd caused a division among the people. Some accused Him of being mad, others that He had a devil. To their request that He would tell them plainly if He were the Christ, He referred them to the testimony of His works, declaring that the secret of their inability to recognize Him was their unbelief.

2. They Recognize His Voice (v. 4).

There are many voices in the world, the voice of the hireling, the voice of the thief and the voice of the stranger, but none of these will the sheep hear. The voice of the true Shepherd is recognized by His sheep even amidst the babel of voices in the world today.

3. His Sheep Follow Him (vv. 3, 27).

This is the proof that they are His. The one who does not hear, heed, and obey the Lord's voice is clearly not His sheep. His sheep have unquestioned faith in His ability to lead them.

4. His Sheep Are Eternally Secure (vv. 27, 28).

The sheep are entirely dependent upon the Shepherd. It is the Shepherd's business to look after and care for the sheep. This He does for He knows them by name and is acquainted with their weaknesses and trials.

The Real Blessing.

The real blessing, mercy, satisfaction, is not in the having or the lack of merely outward things, but in the consciousness that the true source of life and happiness is deeper than all these.—John W. Chadwick.

### Eyes to See

As a face is made beautiful by the soul's shining through it, so the world is beautiful by the shining through it of a loving God. Happy the man who has eyes to see the shining.

## ADVERTISE IN THE PEOPLE-SENTINEL.

## TAX NOTICE!

### TAX LEVIES BY SCHOOL DISTRICTS FOR THE YEAR 1925.

School District	State, No. Mills	Ordinary County, No. Mills	Local Maintenance, No. Mills	Bonds, No. Mills	Back Indebtedness, No. Mills	Constitutional School, No. Mills	Special Local, No. Mills	6-0-1 School, No. Mills	Total No. Mills
Ashleigh	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	4	4 36
Barbary Branch	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	8	4 40
Barnwell	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	18	4 50
Big Fork	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	12	4 44
Blackville	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	19	4 51
Cedar Grove	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	5	4 37
Diamond	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	8	4 40
Double Pond	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	8	4 40
Dunbarton	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	12	4 44
Edisto	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	2	4 34
Elko	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	21	4 53
Ellenton	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	8	4 40
Four Mile	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	8	4 40
Friendship	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	8	4 40
Greene's	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	8	4 40
Healing Springs	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	12	4 44
Hercules	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	16	4 48
Hilda	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	8	4 40
Joyce Branch	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	4	4 36
Kline	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	12	4 44
Lee's	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	4	4 36
Long Branch	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	6	4 38
Meyer's Mill	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	4	4 36
Morris	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	8	4 40
Mount Calvary	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	25	4 57
New Forest	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	25	4 57
Oak Grove	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	8	4 40
Old Columbia	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	2	4 34
Pleasant Hill	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	8	4 40
Red Oak	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	8	4 40
Reedy Branch	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	15	4 47
Reeve's Creek	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/				