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But on the frontiers the soldiers of Ethiopia, amid the rocks of the mountains, and the trees of the forests, fought like inspired men, for the tale of the coming of the Black Star had spread among them. And it seemed that the very animals and insects of the earth and air fought for them, and the sun in the heavens grew white with a great heat and withered the might of the enemy, and sickness and despair fell upon them. And the fierce charging cavalry struck them, and the curved blades whistled and sang through the air. And the earth was strewn with the enemy dead.

AND often Ras Tafari paused in his endless pacing in the courtyard of the palace and his eyes sought out the dome of the Great Church, and a strange light came into his eyes. For the miracle Ras Tafari had sought had been granted him. For a breathless moment a Black Star had been suspended in dazzling brilliance in the Ethiopian heavens, and the centuries of Ethiopian independence were secure.

And sometimes in the night strange dreams came to Ken Morey also. Dreams in which golden helmets and golden boots appeared to him—a river with a crazy plane floating on the tide —and then a voice, exultant in its very agony, whispered—" it was a good landing."

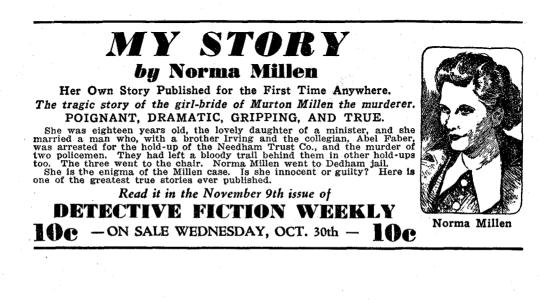
And something would take Ken Morey by the throat and strangle his breath and awaken him, and his eyes would look out of the window toward the heavens, toward the stars. As if he sought to locate one star among the myriad galaxies which were strewn across the heavens of Ethiopia.

THE END

The Valuable Coyote

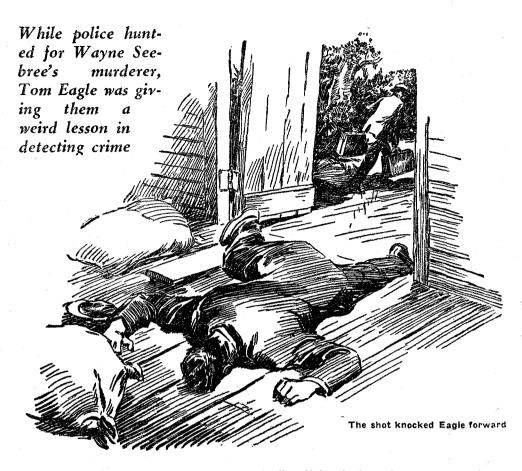
 $\mathbf{F}_{\text{After certain coarse hairs have been pulled out, the coyote makes an excellent raccoon coat.}$

-J. W. Holden.



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Eagle's Eye

By ALLAN VAUGHAN ELSTON

LEADING UP TO THIS INSTALLMENT

JAYNE SEEBREE'S valet, Slake, was an ever present reminder to Seebree of their first meeting nine years previously on the South Seas tramp steamer, Tonga Belle. Seebree had been picked up from a deserted island on which he had been stranded for seven months. But he Gerry Howden, had not been alone! wealthy New Yorker, had been stranded with him when Howden's yacht was wrecked, but Seebree said nothing about the other man when he was rescued. Howden had been tending a beacon on the murder of a young girl, Flora Sawyer, who other side of the island. Aboard ship, the was employed by the Seebrees during the

wily Slake had noticed a court-plaster pasted on Seebree's back-at a spot which Seebree's hands could not reach! That bit of observation was to prove profitable and disastrous to Slake.

Now nine years later, Seebree thought that Howden could hardly have survived on Skull Island. And he had married Howden's widow, Corrine, who had made him president of Howden Motors, and a big name in New York financial circles.

Corrine had never liked Slake, and wondered why her husband ever employed him as a valet. One night Slake asks Seebree for a cool hundred thousand dollars, and Seebree decides that he will have to do away with Slake. So while Slake is out at Jersey Elms, the secluded country home of Seebree's, Wayne shoots him.

Unfortunately there is a coincidental This story began in the Argosy for October 19