

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*

FOR nearly twenty years now the coyote has been trapped for its fur. After certain coarse hairs have been pulled out, the coyote makes an excellent raccoon coat.

—J. W. Holden.

## **MY STORY**

**by Norma Millen**

Her Own Story Published for the First Time Anywhere.

*The tragic story of the girl-bride of Murton Millen the murderer.*

**POIGNANT, DRAMATIC, GRIPPING, AND TRUE.**

She was eighteen years old, the lovely daughter of a minister, and she married a man who, with a brother Irving and the collegian, Abel Faber, was arrested for the hold-up of the Needham Trust Co., and the murder of two policemen. They had left a bloody trail behind them in other hold-ups too. The three went to the chair. Norma Millen went to Dedham jail.

She is the enigma of the Millen case. Is she innocent or guilty? Here is one of the greatest true stories ever published.

Read it in the November 9th issue of

**DETECTIVE FICTION WEEKLY**

**10c — ON SALE WEDNESDAY, OCT. 30th — 10c**



Norma Millen

*While police hunted for Wayne Seebree's murderer, Tom Eagle was giving them a weird lesson in detecting crime*



The shot knocked Eagle forward

## Eagle's Eye

By ALLAN VAUGHAN ELSTON

### LEADING UP TO THIS INSTALLMENT

WAYNE 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 had not been alone! Gerry Howden, 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 other side of the island. Aboard ship, 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 murder of a young girl, Flora Sawyer, who was employed by the Seebrees during the

This story began in the *Argosy* for October 19