

was there, but if she did not answer and if it was only one of the neighbours she would be laughed at all over the village. After all, nobody but her friends would know she was alone.

She pulled the door half open. A grinning, stupid face looked up at her. It seemed to grow bigger and bigger as the man came up the steps till he was level with her.

"Saw Tom's boat goin' into Boat Harbour this afternoon, Mrs. Crabbe, when I was down the coast. There's no way a man can get back from there in this storm, so I reckoned you'd be lonely and I came over for company for you."

She recognised him. A bushman from the hills down the coast, half silly according to some, and with an evil reputation in the district. He was a big fellow with a week's stubble on his chin and the slack bearing of those who live alone. It was hard to keep revulsion from showing in her voice.

"I'll be all right, thank you," she said. In the presence of this tangible danger some of her fears fled, and she became calm and wary. His foot was on the kitchen floor, so that she could not close the door. If she tried to push him away he would prove too strong for her. She made a gesture of dismissal, and moved the door a little, hoping he would be momentarily surprised into stepping back. But he stood where he was.

"It's not right a young girl like you should be left alone all night," he said. The grin on his face seemed to threaten her. He had made no move to come in yet, but it was plain that he did not intend to move in any direction except into the house. Her strength was useless, but cunning might save her.

"You'd better come in out of the rain," she replied with a calmness that successfully hid her fear. The black, ragged figure moved over to the fire as the storm outside swept up to a crescendo. Swiftly Elsie slammed the door, and leaned against it as though to imprison him.

"Tom, Tom," she called, and looked expectantly towards the inner door. The man laughed.

"You can't bluff me," he said. "I took fine care to make sure he wasn't here, and I'm not going to run away for that trick."

He laughed again, hoarsely, and took a step towards her. She was still looking at the inner door, paralysed, fascinated. Then he stopped short, and the grin that had never left his face seemed frozen there as he followed the direction of her gaze. Slowly the door swung back and Tom came out.

A gust of wind flung open the kitchen door, and thrust Elsie down against the wall. Tom's eyes were fixed on the intruder. He walked across the room and took him by the arm. Together they passed out into the dark, mysterious night.

On a Note of Triumph

STATION 3ZB is giving its listeners every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, at 7.45 p.m., a tale called *Two Destinies*, concerning two lovers destined to meet and part many times. When the story opened, the action was in England of last century; then it moves to America in the days of the Civil War, painting a picture of personal triumph over hatred and insanity. It is said to possess a somewhat startling climax.



Lovely Compliment
TO YOUR SUMMER CLOTHES
... THIS NEW HANDBAG
BY
Strand

STRAND BAG COMPANY LIMITED, CHRISTCHURCH
JANUARY 1947



Beat INDIGESTION
with **HARDY'S**

Do as many thousands of sufferers have done. Relieve the pain and discomfort of indigestion the safe and sure way—with Hardy's. No drugs. No dieting. Just Hardy's.

HARDY'S INDIGESTION REMEDY

Manufactured for R. M. Hardy & Co. Pty. Ltd., 5 Hunter Street, Sydney. 39