

MISS PAT

A Story of Romance
and High Adventure in
Life of Modern Days.By Elenore Meherin, Author of "Chickie" and Other
Famous Serials

CHAPTER 35

Guy looked with thanks into the clear eyes of Lee Templeton. The boy loved Pat. And he came to Guy, whom Pat had chosen above him, came and asked what Guy would wish, what he would do if he were free.

It touched Guy; he could have wept.

Lee's face—the face of a young god—had a white, anxious solemnity. "I read that you said you could find her."

Yes, Guy had said this. They used the statement against him. They said he KNEW where Pat and the child were hidden.

"I've a plane and an air-mail pilot. We can start immediately. Which of all the rumors would you follow?"

Which indeed? Where in all the trackless heavens was the clue? Guy had torn himself to pieces with the harrowing query. All week rumors had flown about.

From the south, from the north, from the valleys and the mountains came hot tips of stranded planes and runaway planes.

The snow-capped Sierras were searched and a thousand miles of grazing land were combed because a cattlemen had heard a plane flying in the dark that Monday night. All the airways of the skies were tracked. The lost girl and the kidnapped child were swarmed in impenetrable mystery.

Where now should one look? These two who would have given up their lives for Pat stood helplessly staring into the bitter silence which had closed upon the girl.

Said Guy slowly: "I could only do what all the others have done. Fly blind and pray. I think I COULD find her. But it's madness—"

It's desperation that makes me feel like that. There's one REAL hope. Pat could use the radio. Send a call everywhere. Ask if any remote station, if any amateur anywhere has picked up an S. O. S. signed 'Pat'. I told them to be on the watch for this. They say no word has come. But try—try that again. If Pat is in the plane, if she can reach the radio, she'll call. I KNOW she will!"

He leaned against the bars and watched Lee Templeton go with that young, boyish, reassuring smile. He looked so young, so beautifully clean and young. "God," whispered Guy, "let him find her!"

Again and again, Guy visualized Pat's face in that moment of terror when she would have learned that another and not he drove the plane. He grew weak, sensing her panic. Eight days she had suffered this. God, what those eight days might have meant!

How she must have watched the skies, how her heart must have jumped if she heard in the distance the whirr of planes. Had any of the hundreds rescue ships flown near to Pat's prison? Had they, perhaps, sailed just overhead, and not seeing her, sailed away again?

This was another of his cruel torturing dreams. He lived in imagination of the anguish Pat must be enduring.

Her actual fate was mercifully kept even from his ravaged heart.

In the moonlight's delicate silver, Pat had seen the treetops and the dim, blue outline of the hills. For a moment in the same poetic light, she had looked into a man's face. The next instant, the black pipe in his clenched fist whanged on her forehead.

A night in which she knew nothing; vague hours when she tried to beat a way up from this pool of throbbing, unbearable pain.

Darkness, pain and a rushing undercurrent of fear. This fear, even in her semi-consciousness, came storming and warm against her mind. It sucked her down.

She felt herself struggling to get free. On the borderline of thought she kept dropping back; down and down into this black pool of fright.

Voices came to her and a muffled stirring to and fro, a vague commotion. Suddenly, with flaming panic, Pat was aware of herself and of others. . . of two men moving about very near to her.

A voice said: "Better give her another whiff."

"Don't need to. She's completely out."

Pat lay perfectly still. The men opened the door of the cabin. They brought in cans and stacked them. They went out.

Pat opened her eyes. There was a dim, nebulous light—the first light of dawn. She saw the men moving in this—swift, silent, ghostly.

With choking heart Pat wondered where she was—what chance to flee. She half crouched on her elbow, half pulled herself upright when one of the men sprang about. Almost as though he read her thought.

She dropped back to the bench. But he came and stood over her. He stooped down and peered into Pat's face. He pulled open her eyelids, pushed her further into the corner, stacked more cans in

the cabin.

They were cans of gasoline. Now he came into the cockpit. Now the motor was started. Now they were taking off.

Rising again! Soaring into wild, impetuous mystery. She cried out: "God, oh God!" She called in loud desperation. Her voice went down in the roar of the engine, but still she cried. She stood up and screamed piteously.

The men in the cockpit did not even turn. Then Pat huddled in a corner and, frantic, repeated over and over: "Oh mother—of God!"

As though her shouting, her desperate sobs would halt these mad, flying mice—mice that went plunging between her and all things she knew and loved.

Suddenly words stuck in her throat. And she cowered with a strange, creepy, utterly haunting sensation. Something moved against her flesh. She reached out and gingerly touched a bundle that lay on the seat beside her. The bundle moved under her hand. The bundle was alive!

The was starkly alert now, her pulses leaping with terror. Crimes she had read about flashed into her mind. "Then I took a piece of cold steel and hit him on the head. We hid the body in the culvert." And that other: "I kept her two days. Then I came up behind her and threw the towel over her face. I pulled it until she grew quiet!"

These horrible phrases made her cringe. And her heart went with striking thumps high in her throat. The bundle moved again.

"It's little," she thought, keeping her eyes straight ahead and trying resolutely to ignore the mysterious, animated object wrapped in a blanket and lying there on the bench, so close that she felt its every quiver.

Now mingled with the roar of the engine, she fancied she heard cries. And now, forced in spite of herself to stare at it, she saw, protruding from the opposite side of the blanket, the top of a human head! Surely that was soft, human hair.

She was about to reach out and pull down the blanket when one of the men stepped from the cockpit into the cabin. He was tall and thin. He had a lean, strong jaw and cold, piercing eyes. What daunted Pat was his mouth, his grim, unscrupulous mouth.

He looked straight into her eyes, went to the corner where Guy had the radio and attached the tubes to his ears. He sat with his legs crossed, listening intently, but his glance never moving from Pat's face.

She grew used to his presence. Impelled by a sudden recklessness, she leaned forward and shouted: "Where are we going?"

He appeared not to have heard though she knew from the movements of her lips what she asked. He continued sitting there. Hours—long, appalling hours, they seemed to Pat. Occasionally a faint, triumphant smile lit up his scornful face.

What word was flashing over the radio? What news that cheered him in this bold, incredible crime? Surely the wires of a dozen states must be hot with inquiries for the vanished Patricia Dawn. How frantic Laura would grow as the hours piled up between them.

Pat glanced at her watch. Eleven o'clock. This must be 11 o'clock Tuesday morning. A thousand miles might already lie between her and home. She might never see the loved one again.

They flew on, cutting with clamor and tumult over vast, undulating reaches of meadow land. In the distance were blue peaks, luminous in the sun. She had no idea where they were, north or south, whether this was California or whether in the night they had crossed the borders of the state. Great, swinging valleys unrolled beneath them. The farms looked like bunches of parsley and the cows were brightly painted little toy cattle meandering down the hills.

In those farms were contented folk, sitting down to the midday meal now. If she could but scream down to them. Of if they looking up could but guess the fearful,

unknown doom to which she was plunging.

She seemed to have been flying years through this drowning roar. All the while aware, sickeningly aware of the blanketed form moving uneasily against her side. She made out the contour of the head and wondered if it were a child. Whose child? What do these evil fellows plan? Would they make away with it? And with her? Had they half killed it already? She stared into the clear blue heavens, her very veins dilated with fright.

All at once, Pat sat bolt upright. In the same lightning instant, the man at the radio pulled the tubes from his ears and jumped to the cockpit.

There sweeping right upon—flashing in the crystalline sky was a plane. Two planes! Great, white-gleaming birds.

Pat pressed her face to the window. She trembled wildly. She said aloud, and sobbing: "Look! Oh, God—they gain!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand.

Watkins products, 120 W. Lane Phone 177—Adv.

Fresh salmon eggs at Idleyld Park.—Adv.

AIRPLANE BREAKS
ALTITUDE RECORD

(Associated Press Special Wire)

MATHER FIELD, Sacramento, April 12.—The U. S. army air corps set a world record for altitude combat formation flying today when 19 planes of the 95th pursuit squadron reached a height estimated at 30,000 feet. The previous record was 17,000 feet.

Unofficial estimates of army officials were that the planes easily attained the height of 30,000 feet.

Interesting experiences in sub-zero temperatures and rare atmosphere were recited by the pilots when they landed here.

Captain Almdorff told his superior officers that when he reached the 33,000 foot level, the tube leading from the oxygen tank supplying him with air slipped from his mouth and he was forced to dive four miles to keep from "passing out."

The altimeters of the other ships varied from 26,000 to 40,000 feet.

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand.

Fishing tackle at Idleyld Park.—Adv.

SPECIAL

Croquinole Permanent Waves

FROM

APRIL 14—MAY 14

\$8.00

ELITE BEAUTY PARLOR

Phone 265

Super UNION ETHYL

Breaks

world's speed record
that has stood for 19 years

A STATEMENT FROM BILL WHITE Owner of the Record Making Car

"The tremendous speed and power developed by our Miller Hi-Speed Special on this world's record run was made possible only because of Super Union-Ethyl Gasoline, the pioneer anti-knock motor fuel built up for high compression.

"This fuel enabled us to turn over 5,000 revolutions per minute (83 times per second) and develop around 198 horse-power from our 4-cylinder, 183 cu. in. motor.

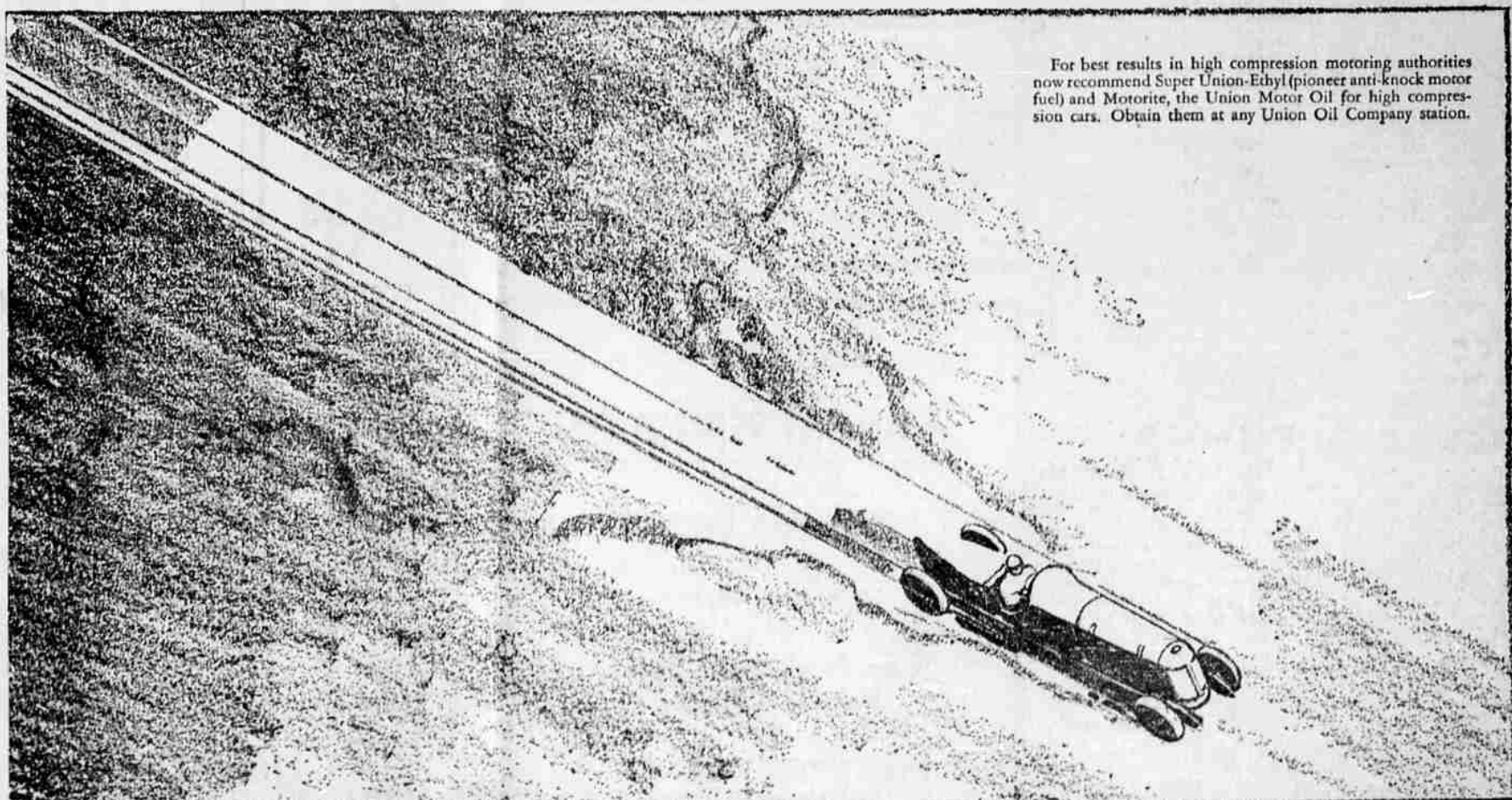
"When you consider that the old record was made with a 600 cu. in. motor 3½ times as large as ours, and that our motor weighs only 386 pounds, this extra power in Super Union-Ethyl takes on a new significance.

"It's the finest gasoline we know and the best thing about it is that motorists can buy it wherever they see the blue and white striped Super Union-Ethyl pumps."

Bill White



For best results in high compression motoring authorities now recommend Super Union-Ethyl (pioneer anti-knock motor fuel) and Motor Oil, the Union Motor Oil for high compression cars. Obtain them at any Union Oil Company station.



To those who have never tried Super Union Ethyl:

Due to the present price structure Super UNION ETHYL now costs less than at any time in the past 12 months. It is therefore an ideal time for you to test its advantages.

You'll notice a difference the instant you switch from ordinary gasoline—hills in high that formerly required sec-

ond—quicker acceleration—greatly increased power—carbon knock completely eliminated—greater mileage. A smoother, sweeter, more silent motor car. There's nothing quite like Super UNION ETHYL—world's record high compression motor fuel. Try it now while the price is low!

Farmers
Attention

I am equipped to do your repair work, as well as shoeing. Phone me for appointment for work at your place or at shop on Roberts Creek road, one mile east of Carnes station.

Geo. S. March
Phone 5-F2.



a little
at a time

HILLS BROS. have the best rule for roasting coffee. A few pounds at a time—never in bulk. This continuous process, Controlled Roasting, develops a flavor that no other coffee has.

Fresh from the original vacuum pack. Easily opened with the key.

HILLS BROS COFFEE

© 1930