

'WHERE'S EMILY?'

by Carolyn Wells

WHAT HAS HAPPENED BEFORE

Just before the rehearsal of her marriage to Rodney Sayre, Emily Duane leaves her exclusive Hilldale Park home to visit the hospital. She does not return and Rod and the guests become concerned. They are more perplexed when Jim Pennington, husband of Emily's best friend, Pauline, informs them that his wife, with whom he left the rehearsal about the same time as Emily, has also disappeared. Upon phoning the hospital, it is learned Emily never reached there. It is believed the two young women are together.

Now Go on With the Story.

CHAPTER X.
Rod had seen the black maid hovering about in the hall, and he wanted to talk to someone who understood Emily.
"Tell me all you know of Miss Emily's talk on the telephone."
"Oh, Mistah Sayre, suh, she was dat glad to hear about Miss Kitty's li' baby! She jes' said, 'Can I see dat child?' and dey said yes, and she jumped up from de tellyfone quicker'n a cat, and presoomed to run right erlong. She jes' stopped to hug me—she always does dat when she's tickled to deff—and then she fied in here to tell you, suh, dat she was agwine and den she went."

"You saw her go? Think now, Pearl, did you?"
"Well, de girl hesitated and her big eyes rolled about till the whites were prominently exposed, 'saw, I jes' jes' say's I did see her go. But you did, didn't yo' Mistah Sayre, suh?"

"Pearl was a sympathetic listener, and she caught a note in Rodney's voice that told her he was thinking deeply over the matter, though he was not saying much."
"Why, no, Pearl, I didn't see her go. I saw her leave this room, but she disappeared round the palms in the hall. I thought you might have seen her go out of the door."

"No, suh, I didn't. I went back to de kitchen for a minute, and when I come in again she was gone."

"Why, Rodney, you don't think she didn't leave the house, do you?" and Nell grasped his hand in her earnestness.

"I don't think anything, Nell," he quietly drew his hand away, "but the fact remains we don't know where Emily is. If she is safe and sound, anywhere, up to any mischief or foolishness, that's all right. But if there's anything wrong—"

"That's what I want to say, dear Mr. Sayre," Garner put in, "if there is anything wrong, any tragedy in our midst, count on me to help and comfort you."

Rod wanted to say that he would gladly count him out on those two counts, but he couldn't be rude to a clergyman, so he merely bowed his appreciation of the offer, and hoped the man would go.

Aunt Judy threw herself into the breach.

"All right, Mr. Garner," she said briskly. "We'll most certainly send for you if you can be of help or service. Now run along home, for your dinner will be waiting. Goodness knows when we'll get out!"

She struck the right note, for the man had not realized how late it was getting, and there was certainly no hope of dinner at Knoll wood very soon.

With elaborate protestations of condolence and promises of future encouragement, he at last went away.

"Isn't he awful!" whispered Nell, as his footsteps grew fainter in the distance. "If he hadn't gone when he did, I'd have ushered him out myself. I could see how he annoyed you, Rodney, dear."

"Oh, no, he didn't. He meant well enough. Now, Nell, let me alone a minute, I want to think."
"Yes, indeed, I'll do just that, and I'll sit right near by, and I won't let anybody speak to you—"

She fussed about, putting another pillow behind him and setting a fresh ash tray on the table at his side.

Aunt Judy's black eyes winked at Rod over Nell's solicitous head, and he gave the old lady an answering smile.

The three were there alone, save for Pearl, who sat in the hall waiting the return of her young mistress.

"Emily's all right," Aunt Judy said complacently. "If you'd been through this, Rod, as often as I have, you wouldn't get stirred up." "She frequently did stir you up, then," and Sayre tried to speak lightly.

"Oh, yes. And she has stayed away for days at a time, but always turned up safe and sound."

"But this time it is a little different," Nell suggested.

Rodney wanted to shake her, but she had voiced the thought in his own mind.

"Yes," he had to agree, "this time it is different. Other times, she'd have gone off with some friends, I suppose."

"Yes," Aunt Judy said. "Why one night she went out at ten o'clock, and I didn't see her for a week!"

"Where was she?"

"Oh, she met some people she knew, in a car, and they picked her up and took her along with them to Tuxedo. She sent back the next day for clothes and things and she had a beautiful visit."

"How'd she come to go out alone as late as ten o'clock?" asked Nell.

"Oh, she only went for a little walk around the place. She happened to be alone that evening, so she was mooning about, and the crowd in the car picked her up. She loves a crazy performance like that. Oh, she was dressed well enough—had on a little flowered chiffon that—"

"What's she got on tonight?" said Nell, suddenly. "Oh, a dark blue crepe, I remember. She ex-

pected to dress for dinner, after the rehearsal."

"Didn't she have on her diamond necklace?" Aunt Judy said.

"Why, yes, I think so," and Nell's eyes opened wide. "Didn't she, Roddy?"

"Yes," he said, wishing she wouldn't call him that.

"Well, then, I'm worried," Nell declared. "If Emily went over to the hospital alone, with that glittering necklace on, anything might have happened!"

"Do hush, Nell!" said Sayre, goaded beyond endurance. "Don't frighten Aunt Judy. Nothing ever happens up here."

"Oh, doesn't it?" and Nell grew excited. "I suppose Mrs. Grant didn't have her car held up and her jewels taken, not so long ago! And I suppose there weren't burglars in the Caldwell house last week! Rodney, did you see her start off alone with that diamond necklace on and never say a word?"

"I wanted her to let me go with her, but she wouldn't," groaned the wretched man, who hadn't before thought of robbery or, indeed, of anything but some whimsical prank of Emily's.

"How would she go to the hospital?" Nell said, who was thinking seriously now.

"She said she was going cross-lots," Rodney informed her. "I don't know just where the hospital is—"

"Well, I do," and Nell shook her head. "And to go it cross-lots is to go along the loneliest and darkest road in all Hilldale Park."

"But is wasn't dark, then," Rodney said. "It was only just beginning to grow dusk."

"Well, it's dark enough now. And anyway, Rod, no matter what she said, you ought not to have let her go alone."

"Now, look here," and Sayre sat up straighter, "cut out that sort of talk. You know as well as I do that Emily is the apple of my eye, the core of my heart. When she said she was going to run over to the hospital, and for me to sit here until she came back, do you suppose I would have obeyed her if I'd had an inkling of any danger? She was bubbling over with her. But, paw, Nell, there's said she'd be back in ten minutes, and the whole matter seemed of no more importance than any other thing she has done since I've been here. It hasn't come to me, I eternally regret that I let her go alone, but at the time and under the circumstances there was no reason for my doing anything else. Nor would she have let me go with her. But, paw, Nell, there's no tragedy on, as you seem anxious to prove, and I'd go out this minute and search for her. If I thought she was anything but safe and sound, what way is cross-lots?"

"You go down to our back entrance," Aunt Judy told him, "and then you go along across the bridge over the big ravine, by the Miller house, then over the little ravine near the Pennington house, and then, it's just a short cut through the wood to the hospital."

"Through the wood?" Rod echoed, the phrase bringing up dark and gloomy pictures.

"Yes, but just a little wood," Aunt Judy averred. "It isn't dark there, not in the daytime—I've never been there at night."

"I wonder if the search party will go to that wood," said Nell, going over to sit by Rod's side again.

"Of course," he returned, but he shuddered as one who was having a bad dream.

The situation seemed to grow more tense.

Rodney sat motionless on the sofa, deciding further cigarettes that Nell offered.

Aunt Judy also relaxed into alence, and though Nell tried to keep up a run of gay chatter, it sounded hollow and inane when nobody answered or even heeded it.

"The girls here?" asked Jim Pennington, trying to speak lightly.

"No," Nell told him, while Sayre just sat and brooded.

"Then I won't come in," Pennington said. "I'd better be over home. Maybe they're there by now."

"Telephone over and see," Aunt Judy suggested, but Jim shook his head.

"She isn't there," he said gravely. "We just passed the house on our way here, and there's no light in the living room. That's why I came on here. But I'll go back, and be there when Polly shows up. If she comes here, with Emily, of course you'll let me know at once."

He tried to speak quietly, but his voice shook and his face was white and drawn.

Always of nervous temperament, it was easily seen that he was now on the verge of collapse.

"Stay here awhile, Penn," said Aunt Judy, looking at him anxiously. "You'll go to pieces if you're over home alone. I'll send Pearl over to tell Rosa you're waiting here for Polly."

"No," he said hesitatingly. "I'd better get alone. But I say, people, we must do something. We can't go to bed with those two girls missing. I think I'll go home and mull over it, and if they don't turn up by midnight, I'm going to notify the police."

(To Be Continued Monday.)
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TILLIE THE TOILER

MAC IS STEPPING OUT QUITE A BIT WITH MISS THOMPSON, ISN'T HE? I UNDERSTAND HE'S TAKING HER OUT AGAIN TONIGHT!



OH, YE-EEH—WELL, I'LL BET I CAN GET HIM OUT TO MY HOUSE TONIGHT!

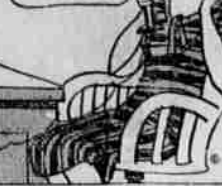


HE'S COMING I TOLD YOU SO. MISS THOMPSON ISN'T SO STRONG WITH MAC AFTER ALL.

Mac's Clinging Vine

HELLO, MAC.

LISTEN, COULD YOU COME OUT TO THE HOUSE TONIGHT? WHAT'LL WE DO? YOU LEAVE THAT TO ME. OKAY. TOODLEO.



YES, MAC WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHY, YES.



IT'S ALL RIGHT TO BRING MISS THOMPSON ALONG IF YOU WANT TO.

Local News

From Winston—Harry Winston came in from Winston Friday on business.

From Dillard—Edwin E. Stillwell, of Dillard, was here yesterday on business.

Transacts Business Here—Frank J. Burak was in this city Friday transacting business.

In From Canyonville—E. A. Jordan came from Canyonville Friday to transact business in this city.

Ill at Home—J. Y. Allison is reported to have been ill at his home in this city since last Monday.

Here on Business—August Heck, of Edenbower, was transacting business in this city Friday.

From Oakland—H. G. Lightheart, of Oakland, was a business visitor in Roseburg yesterday.

Business Visitor Here—Charles Olson, of Elgarone, spent a few hours here yesterday on business.

Mr. Scott is Business Visitor—Thomas Scott came in from Melrose Friday as a business visitor.

From Days Creek—Earl Duncan, of Days creek, came to town Friday to attend to business matters.

Business Visitor Here—O. H. Watzig, of Canyonville, was a business visitor yesterday in Roseburg.

Mr. King Transacts Business—John A. C. King, of Coos Junction, was transacting business in Roseburg yesterday.

In From Glide—Mrs. F. S. Blake, of Glide, was here yesterday visiting and shopping.

Mayor of Canyonville In—William Willis, mayor of Canyonville, was here yesterday transacting business.

Here on Business—John Tavenar, of Cleveland, was here on business yesterday.

Miss Forbes is Visitor—Miss Bernice Forbes, of Yoncalla, was a visitor in this city yesterday.

In From Prospect—Joe Wright, of Prospect, spent a few hours in this city as a business visitor Friday.

Mrs. Lander Shops—Mrs. Henry Lander, of Green, was in this city Friday shopping and calling on friends.

Reedsport Man In—John Diehl, of Reedsport, was attending to business affairs in Roseburg Friday.

Transacts Business in Town—Harry Burr, of Riversdale, spent several hours here yesterday transacting business.

Medford Attorney In—Harris E. Skyrman, attorney-at-law of Medford, was here Friday caring for business interests.

Business Visitor Here—George Bacon, of Lookingglass, spent a few hours in town as a business visitor yesterday.

Mrs. Erskine Visits—Miss Iona Erskine, of Myrtle Creek, spent a few hours in Roseburg shopping and visiting friends Friday.

From Melrose—Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Conn came in from Melrose yesterday to visit friends and attend to business matters.

Shop in Roseburg—Mrs. Anna Godsey and daughter, from Willbur, were shopping and calling on friends yesterday in town.

Visitor From Yoncalla—Mrs. Mona Forbes, of Yoncalla, spent a few hours in town yesterday shopping and visiting friends.

Mrs. Cockeran Visits—Mrs. Verne Cockeran, of Yoncalla, spent a few hours shopping and visiting friends in this city yesterday.

From Myrtle Point—W. A. McMaistr stopped in this city for a few hours while enroute to his home in Myrtle Point from Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Conn Here—Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Conn and family, of Melrose, were in town visiting friends and transacting business Friday.

In From Tenmile—Robert Summers, who has been teaching at the Tenmile school which is now closed for the summer, was here yesterday on business.

Mrs. Ackert in Riddle—Mrs. Edith Ackert, county school superintendent, spent Friday morning in Riddle attending the annual Health day program given in the school.

Former Resident Here—Robert E. Smith, Portland banker, well known former resident of this city, passed through Roseburg yesterday enroute to his home in Portland.

Mr. Vosburgh Injured—Mr. Earl Vosburgh, of Idleyld, injured his right foot last Monday with an axe, so that it was necessary for two stitches to be taken. Mr. Vosburgh was in town yesterday to have his injury treated.

In From Winchester—George Newberry, of Winchester, was in this city transacting business this morning.

Return From Portland—J. H. Hanson and S. J. Jones returned home yesterday from Portland, where they have been spending a few days on business.

Visits in Portland—Mrs. J. A. Fulcher will leave for Portland this evening, to spend the week-end with her husband, who is a patient in the veterans' hospital.

To Visit Parents—Mrs. Albert Micelli and two children are leaving today for the middle west, where they will spend two months visiting with Mrs. Micelli's parents.

Miss Williams in Eugene—Miss Vivian Williams left late yesterday evening for Eugene, where she will spend the week-end with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Verne Williams.

L. N. Whipple Very Ill—L. N. Whipple, of Drain, father of R. L. and Hugh Whipple and Mrs. Ned Dixon of this city, is reported to be critically ill at his home. Another daughter, Mrs. Charles McElhinny of Salem arrived in Drain yesterday to be with her father.

Attend Shriners' Ceremonial—George Smith of Hotel Rose and Harry Tupling of Portland left this city this morning for Medford, where they will attend the Shriners' ceremonial. Ray B. Compton and John A. C. King plan to motor over this evening to attend the meeting.

Hospital Patients—Walter Weaver, of Myrtle Creek, underwent a major operation yesterday in the Roseburg General hospital. Miss Harriett Robinson, of Oregon City, was discharged from the hospital. The condition of H. S. French, who underwent the amputation of a leg on Monday, May 19, is reported to be unchanged. Mrs. Theodore Forcier, of Glide, patient in the hospital, is improving. L. F. Dusenberry is reported to be better today. E. B. Williams, of Oakland, who is receiving treatment for an infected knee, is also improving.

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

Fresh salmon eggs at Idleyld Park—Adv.

DOPE!

Worm capsules and dip for sheep and goats.

Spray and remedies for poultry.

Atalide (calcium chlorate) for weeds.

Snarol and Baitm for slugs and worms.

Farm Bureau Cooperative Exchange

Roseburg Myrtle Creek Oakland

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The Complete Guide-Book

If you've been a tourist in foreign lands, you've probably come to have a high regard for one or another of the standard guide-books. Surrounded by strange scenes, strange names, and with your time limited, you have turned with relief to any volume which tells you on good authority where to go and what to do.

Consider your ordinary shopping tours in the same light. Without an up-to-date guide-book of merchandise appearing daily within the pages of this newspaper, your most casual trip to the stores would be more or less like a ramble in foreign countries.

We're speaking of the advertisements, of course. If it weren't for the advertisements you would be a stranger in the market, surrounded by strange names, strange brands. Buying would be guessing, unless you tested every article you wanted before you bought it.

As it is, you can make up your shopping list in a few minutes, and buy with confidence instead of suspicion—knowing what you're getting—knowing that consistently advertised goods must maintain standard quality.

Take full advantage of the great guide-book of this modern age... read the advertisements every day

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Accomplish your desired purpose in accumulating a good size fund in reserve for any time when needed. An account with this bank will give you the right incentive.

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The Roseburg National Bank

Roseburg, Ore.