

WHERE'S EMILY?

by Carolyn Wells

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Take my advice, Mr. Sayre, and don't try too hard to get at the truth," said Pennington.

"Now you've gone so far, go on."

"You want me to?"

"I sure do."

"There's not much to it, but you know there was a bit of a fuss over those Atlantic City pictures."

"For heaven's sake, what are those pictures? I've heard them hinted at until I'm sick of it. Tell me about them."

"No, I think not," said Pennington, after a moment's pause. "I've no right to. They were some pictures my wife said Emily Duane had taken down at Atlantic City. I'd rather not say anything about them, because I consider it Miss Duane's secret. Were it only my wife I'd willingly tell you. But Miss Duane's personal affairs are not for me to discuss, and I can't honorably say any more. I'm sure you see this."

Rodney did see it, and should Emily return he had no wish to tell her he had let Jim Pennington tell him of matters that she had not herself confided, so he urged it no more.

"Well," he said, "you're doubtless right. Emily would of course tell me about it, as your wife told you. I can't think it's anything very dreadful, anyway, but I'll ask no more about it. When are you going?"

"I think I'll start tomorrow morning and run down to New York in my car. Then, I'll stay there a few days looking after some business matters, and perhaps motor to some nearby place where it is quiet, for a time, or possibly start off to Europe by some mid-week steamer. It's queer, but I can't figure ahead at all while I'm here."

"Not queer at all," said Abel Collins, kindly. "It would be queer if you could, with decisions to make about picking them, clearing out the house—you have to leave it empty, don't you?"

"Oh, you mean food and such things. Yes, Rosa, she's a capable piece, and Mrs. Branch, that's the chauffeur's wife, they will attend to all that. I told them to get everything out and for Mrs. Branch to take any staples or edibles of any sort. Rosa has a new place in Tuxedo. She'll go there tomorrow. Then all I'll have to do is to turn the key and walk off."

"Mrs. Bell hopes you'll come over to dinner with us tomorrow, before you leave," Rodney said, as they rose to go.

"If I'm delayed until afternoon, I'll do that," was the reply. "But if I can, I want to make a start in the morning. In that case I shan't see her again. Please give her my regards, she has always been a kind friend to Pauline and myself. Oh, I'm an emotional sort, you know," he brushed a hand across his eyes. "I can't help it. I think I'd rather not go over to Knollwood tomorrow and say good-bye and all that. Tell them all good-bye for me, and let me go off by myself."

Pennington's voice shook and Rodney was sorry for him, so he told him not to come over unless he wished to do so, and with a silent handshake the men parted.

Abel Collins held out a friendly hand, and as he grasped the other's shaking fingers, he whispered:

"Brace up, Jim, brace up. We'll find Emily yet."

"Oh, I hope so," said Pennington fervently, the tears welling up in his eyes; "I do hope so. Good-bye."

"Half demented," Sayre said after they were out of earshot.

"Not quite that," Abel smiled, "but in a fearfully nervous state. Indeed, it will be better for him to get away from the scenes and people about here."

And so they went back to Knollwood, to the home that was no home, to the house whose atmosphere was even more depressing than the Pennington house, for there was simply desolation, while here was a feverish excitement, a will-o'-the-wisp elusive hope and mocking despair that kept the nerves at highest tension, with nothing to relieve them.

Rodney found Everett Craven waiting for him and acceded to the lawyer's request for an interview.

"You see, Mr. Sayre," Craven said, coming straight to the point, "this Hindu, this theosophist, claims that Miss Duane's estate owes him a sum of money."

"Indeed," said Sayre, "and on what does he base his claim?"

"Well, you know in her will—"

"But Miss Duane isn't dead, that we know of. Just how does her will come into this?"

"I know, but the Swami assumes that after a certain time, if Miss Duane does not return she will be considered dead, and—"

"I think that time is seven years, or something like that. Tell him to wait seven years and then call again."

"But, this is his idea. That he be paid a certain sum down, a smaller sum than that mentioned in the will—"

"Discount it, eh?"

"Exactly. Or, rather, adjust it, and give him the smaller sum now."

"Is this excellent Hindu gentleman about?"

"Not that I know of," said Craven. A little scared at the fury in Rodney's eyes.

"Lucky for him. Now, Craven, come clean. What's it all about? You know as well as I do, this heathen Hindu is out for the money and nothing else. Now has he any hold on Emily, other than the will, which of course doesn't count until she is proved dead?"

"Well, he says she promised him some money, verbally."

"Oh, she did? Well, that doesn't count either, until she comes back and can verify his statement. Anything else?"

"Well—"

SMOOT AND GEORGE CLASH IN SENATE

WASHINGTON, June 17.—The stock market held senate attention today during inter-parley wrangling over the tariff bill.

Senator George, democrat, Georgia, called attention to news-

paper headlines which said the market had declined when it became known President Hoover would approve the Smoot-Hawley measure.

He directed his words especially to Senator Smoot, chairman of the finance committee. Smoot immediately jumped to his feet and suggested that when the market im-

proves Senator George call that to the attention of the senate.

"For it will recover," Smoot shouted, pounding his desk.

"When it does," George retorted, "the republican party will claim credit for it."

The Utahian said the business men were not going to be deceived by charges that the tariff bill caus-

ed the decline, stating that it was due to "manipulation."

"The lambs are being frozen out," he asserted. "Whether the tariff bill had been passed or not it would not have made a bit of difference."

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HULSE NOT KILLED BY STRAY BULLET

MEDFORD, Ore., June 18.—An autopsy performed yesterday on the body of Granyl G. Hulse, professor of political science at the University of Washington, who was found dead on the Crater lake highway near here yesterday, revealed a wound in his chest caused by a sharp object and not a stray bullet as first reported.

Hulse suffered a fractured skull and crushed chest when the automobile he was driving overturned in a narrow ditch along the Cascade gorge section of the highway.

Tex Ross, Yakima, Wash., traveling companion with Hulse, was uninjured. Hulse's body was sent to relatives at Los Angeles.

KIRK MUNROE, NOTED AUTHOR, DIES AT 79

ORLANDO, Fla., June 17.—Kirk Munroe, 79, author, died here yesterday in a sanitarium in which he had been a patient since November, 1927. Writer of 35 books for boys, Munroe was best known for his "Flamingo Feather," and "Through Swamp and Glade." A story of his exploration in early Florida is used as a reference work on Seminole Indian life.

Mr. Munroe had traveled all over the world. He started his adventurous career early by making a cross-continent tour in 1867, in the course of which he made explorations for the route of the Santa Fe and Northern Pacific railroads and made the acquaintance of "Kit" Carson and Colonel William F. Cody.

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