

SNOW LEOPARD

by CHRIS HAWTHORNE

CHAPTER XXXIV

The detective's hand was on the sleeping Bannister's shoulder when Toole paused, perplexed at the action of the chow. Why had Napoleon backed with such satisfaction before scuttling away? Why had the dog been so eager and confident in his final dash toward the strange horse? Was the party her own or was she a prisoner?

Toole shook Dick's shoulder, awakening slowly. Bannister looked into his friend's face. A glint of the old battle light came into his eyes but it faded quickly into a dead hopeless stare.

"Karen—Karen!" he said weakly.

"She's alive, man!" Toole shouted, bawling out his optimism upon Napoleon's actions.

Bannister sprang to his feet. Hope, like a magic substance, cleared his mind instantly and sent a swift red current through him. For a full minute he held his glasses upon the riders, now less than half a mile distant. At Toole's words "She's alive, man," the coma of exhaustion was expelled and all his faculties leaped to their stations like trained warriors. Karen Sire was alive!

Toole told him what had happened in that brief last minute. "What'll we do?" he asked.

Bannister examined his gun. "We will act for Karen's safety," he said instantly. "If she is in that party and a prisoner, it may not be advisable to attack at once. They're heading for the Abbe's hut—well armed, as we can see. Look!"

The horses had stopped and two riders were dismounting. "Seems to be six in the party," Bannister observed. "They have a pack mule, too."

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Bannister nodded, his eyes still fixed upon the group below. "Napoleon has joined them!" he said almost instantly. "He's frisking around one of them—thank God, Toole, it's Karen!"

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Mechanically, Dick raised his gun.

"Don't shoot!" Toole implored. "Karen is hiding too close to him!"

Dick lowered the gun and again used his glasses, while Toole stared intently through his own. "She's laughing and talking with the big stiff!" growled the detective. "What do you make of that?"

"Playing the game," Bannister answered instantly, without a trace of doubt, suspicion or jealousy. "She's a prisoner, all right, but Jeff has some reason for treating her well. The cards began running against him with the loss of his henchmen in that desert storm and now he's trying to cover up."

Toole coupled this reasoning with his own and found perfect cogitation, yet he did not dare tell Bannister his further conclusions in the cold terms that were in his mind.

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"No, doubt of it."

"And the Abbe has a chapel there—"

"Toole—what the devil do you mean?"

"Karen and Jeff seem to be on chummy terms, don't they?"

Bannister dropped his gunstock to the ground, forming a tripod that sustained him against a lump fall. The color that had come back to his cheeks drained away, and his eyes again took on a dead, helpless stare.

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"Whipple must know his mob has been lost," he continued. "He must have seen Sire's air fleet overhead. Jeff must have read his finish up there—plainly as though it had been spelled out by a skywriter."

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"So now," concluded Toole, "Jeff is ready to play the card that he had up his sleeve ever since the night he danced with a certain young lady in the Plaza-Victoria back in New York. He's going to reform or make out on it. I wouldn't be surprised if we're looking at a wedding procession. Whipple thinks he's going to marry Karen Sire with Abbe Berger officiating!"

Bannister glanced at the breach of his gun. The smile on his face was unlike any that Toole had seen there before—death seemed to lurk behind it.

Riddled with embarrassment, the slender cavalier tried to pick up speed, obviously with the purpose of reaching Abbe Berger's hut before darkness set in. Karen Sire's presence among the riders having put an attack out of the question, nothing remained for Bannister and Toole but to keep contact, hoping that something might befall to give them a strategic advantage.

In a little while a clear, elliptical cut enabled the Whipple party to pass the watchers. The latter cavalcade, made pace for both parties. The upward trail had now become more difficult, forming a deep, ragged cut, the bottom of which was strewn with splintered rock and shale. For an hour they pressed on, struggling to shorten the distance, until a long, deep rumble, followed by a distant crash, echoed down the mountain.

The riders paused and dismounted, one of them going on ahead with an evidence purpose to reconnoitre.

"What's happened?" Toole asked.

"The Abbe has spotted them and turned a boulder loose to block the cut," was Bannister's guess.

"Then," said Toole, relieved, "they'll have to quit the horses and climb over these rock piles one by one. Karen may have to go first, if she's a prisoner."

Another crunching roar sounded above them, followed a minute later by a second. After a brief interval a third and fourth detonation told of swift and determined activity from above to close or impede the approach of the Whipple party.

Dick and Toole were now within two hundred yards of the Whipple party which had assembled in conference. After a few minutes they saw the men tethering their horses to shrubs.

"They're going ahead on foot," Bannister said.

Karen was leading the party, the chow at her heels.

Toole had been scanning the upper reaches of the tortuous cut for some time. Now he dropped his glasses and observed: "Two black specks coming this way. Must be the friar and Bully. Perhaps the old fox is coming down for a parley. And I think he's perfectly safe in doing it at that."

Bannister caught the implication and said nothing. He had been looking up at the steep cliffs that enclosed the narrow gash in the mountainside, gouged out by centuries of stone slides.

"No chance for a detour," Dick said finally. "We'll have to keep slogging along in the rear, out of sight. The Abbe doesn't know it, of course, but he's provided a fine little series of defenses for Whipple—that is, against any assault that we might make."

Jeff had climbed to the top of the first boulder that blocked the narrow gorge and was now putting Karen to the top at the end of his rifle. She was first to drop to the other side. They could see the big fellow extending his gun to one of the men and hauling him up.

He was about to give similar service to a second robed figure when they heard a shrill cry from the one who stood by his side. This man had dropped to his knees and was pawing his way down the other side. Whipple cast away his gun and leaped in the same direction. His force was divided—two on each side of the boulder.

"Karen has taken it on the run!" Bannister yelled. "She's trying to get to Abbe Berger and Bully." Bannister was already streaking up toward the two men who had been left behind, with Toole close beside him.

The hooded figures were clawing at the rough sides of the boulder trying to scale it, when Toole brought one of them down with a stone the size of a man's fist. Bannister leaped upon the other, sending a crashing punch to the loath, brown jaw.

"Whipple's valed!" he said grimly, turning the unconscious man over and gazing into his face.

The man whom Toole had bowled over with the rock showed an inclination to fight. Toole cuffed

him down to his knees, growling: "Behave!" The fellow was wearing an up-to-date leather belt. With this the detective bound him securely above the elbows.

Bannister, leaving his own prisoner sprawled out at full length, reached the top of the boulder with Toole's aid, just in time to see the girl skim over the third obstruction as though equipped with wings. "Karen!" he shouted. It was too late; she had dropped to the other side. Whipple and his companion had succeeded in climbing the second hurdle where they halted at the crest. Bannister was puzzled. But only for a second. "Bully is coming at them!" he called down. "Toss up my gun!" He caught the weapon in mid-air and an instant later fired. The man at Whipple's side gave a frightful scream and tumbled backward from his perch. At the same moment "Big Jeff" disappeared over the far side of the jagged rock pile.

"Tie up that other fellow and smash the rifles!" Dick yelled. "I'm going to give you a chance to get Jeff Whipple alone!" He leaped off the rock and sped toward the barrier over which the big fellow had disappeared. Stopping at the prostrate figure of the man he had shot, he picked a gun from the ground, jerked out the shells and crashed the breech against a stone. His own bullet had broken the man's leg, leaving him in a murderous frenzy of pain.

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POULTRY FEEDING GUIDE IS ISSUED

Poultry feeding for egg quality as well as quantity is strongly advocated in a new extension bulletin, "Feeding for Egg Production," by F. E. Fox, associate professor of poultry husbandry at O. S. C. The bulletin contains established principles and ration for poultry feeding and handling brought up to date with the addition of recent findings.

Oregon produces a surplus of eggs, which must compete in distant markets on a specified quality basis with eggs from all parts of the nation, Fox points out. "Careless use of feeds that are known to have an objectionable effect on interior quality is damaging

to the industry, even if practiced only by a few poultrymen."

Excessive feeding of highly pigmented feeds such as kale, rape, rye pastures, yellow corn, and certain weeds like Shepherd's purse, mustard and penny-cress will give undesirable color to the egg yolk. Similar complications with the yolk, egg flavor or color of the white may be caused by excessive feeding of cottonseed meal, onions, fish and fish oils. Fox does not advocate the elimination of these feeds entirely, but urges care in their use in the ration.

The bulletin constitutes a practical, brief guide on feeding materials, feeding methods and housing range plans.

NOTICE

The Philatelic lodge, No. 8, I. O. O. F., will hold their annual basket picnic for their families, Sunday, August 30, at Umpqua Park.—Adv.

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敬光從價
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