

Death's BRIGHT DIAMONDS

by Lionel Mosher

THE STORY: Someone enters Nick's room at night. There is a struggle and a bullet goes in to the wall. Nick manages to wrench the pistol away from his assailant but the man himself escapes.

BRENDA

XIV

THE run was still quite low in the east when I slipped out the front door and walked down towards the sea. Seated on the seawall smoking a cigaret and looking as fresh as a child after a nap was Brenda Temple.

"Why, Nick, you've shaved," she greeted me. "You look positively blooming."

"Do I?" I said. "What got you up so early?"

"I had a foul night."

"Where are the others?"

"She shrugged."

"Still asleep, I suppose. Why? Are you hungry?"

"Tolerably."

"I'm famished. Let's run up to Minot. The diner will be open."

"An inspiration," I said.

Brenda had her head back against the seat with her eyes half-closed.

"Do you know this is the first time I've felt secure since I met you all last night?" she asked.

"Really?" I said.

She half turned and looked at me.

"Leave the lying to the women, Nick. You can trust me."

I steered carefully around a bump.

"I haven't lied—yet."

"Do you expect me to believe that cock and bull story about the surprise party? That little conclave last night had the makings of a lovely blow-off. The air just reeked with private hates."

"You and Eric hit it off especially well," I said.

"That man! Brenda made a face. "Whose idea was he?"

"Papa Hudson's."

"Papa?" She gave me a sly look. "You're sure he isn't Pat's?"

"Look, Brenda," I said, "if you know the answers, why bother to ask the questions?"

"There's no use getting angry, Nick." She sat forward with sudden earnestness. "I know as well as you that Pat doesn't like Eric Wolf. But she might have her reasons for being nice to him."

"Such as what?" I asked.

She did not answer at once. She put her head back on the seat again.

"Did you know that the Hudson fortune has dwindled to a mere shadow?" she asked.

WE drew up at the diner and Brenda laid her hand on my arm.

"I'll tell you something else, Nick. I looked over our car over this morning and found that the rotor had been removed from the distributor head."

"So it wasn't the rain," I said. During breakfast I turned the thing over a hundred times in my mind and got nowhere. Finally I pushed my plate away and took out my cigarets.

"Feeling strong?" I asked.

"Top-hole," she said.

"Able to stand a shock?"

"I'm practically shock-proof."

"Someone tried to kill me last night."

Just calm like that at breakfast, the way you'd say I scarcely slept a wink. Her glance never wavered.

"You've come a long way since the old days, Nick," she said.

"The boy who made good," I quipped. "But hold on. Here comes the real shock; whoever disabled your car last night might have wanted to keep your father here so that he could take a shot at him."

Her lips tightened, but her eyes were skeptical.

"And he got in the wrong room? I doubt it. Think a little, Nick."

She gave me a calm, clear look. Removing the rotor from the distributor head of a car wouldn't keep anyone at The Ledges who really wanted to get away. Especially when the garage was full of cars."

THE light dawned. Bruce Temple, himself, had removed the rotor from the distributor head, and Phineas Hudson had made it very easy for him to do. And that fortuitous meeting of the Temples in Minot with the well-engineered invitation to join the party. It all fell neatly into place. Afraid of the awful thoughts showing in my eyes, I looked down at the table top. I could feel Brenda's eyes boring into my brain.

"Whom do you suspect?" she asked clearly.

"Suspicion is no good," I said.

"What did he look like?"

"It was dark. He was big. That's all I know."

"Big?" An odd smile curved her lips. "As big as father?"

"Or Charley Strand or Eric Wolf," I said evasively.

"I ought to say it couldn't have been father." Her voice was dead calm. "But if you knew what I know—" She broke off and stood up. "Let's get back to The Ledges."

She didn't speak until we had crossed the old wooden bridge again and the long crescent of Crystal Beach was visible running in a graceful curve from the stony bluff where The Ledges stood.

"Look, Nick," she said. "You're a nice boy and I like you. Why don't you pack your suitcase and slip aboard a freighter that is bound for Pernambuco or some equally remote place?"

"What are you afraid of?"

"Do you really want to know?" She tilted her head to one side and smiled grimly. "The dark. I wouldn't spend another night in this house for all the tea in China."

"Why not?"

"Because somebody's going to get hurt. I think I know a little something that you don't know and—I can feel it in my bones."

(To Be Continued)

Our Boarding House With Major Hoople

Out Our Way

Boots and Her Buddies

By Edgar Martin

"Ruffle" Hat

Washington Merry-Go-Round

(Continued from page four)

Later, Byrnes got what he thought was a definite promise of secretary of state when Cordell Hull resigned. He even made plans regarding the appointment of his staff. But, at the last minute, Harry Hopkins persuaded the president that Ed Stettinius would be easier to manage, while Byrnes would insist on running things his own way. So Byrnes was out again.

Jimmy fully expected to retire as war mobilizer just before Christmas. Then came the Belgian bulge counter-attack and it looked as if the war would be prolonged. So he stayed on. In January, Byrnes was restless again, didn't confere with the president except by telephone, though his office is in one wing of the White House. This coolness seemed healed when FDR took Byrnes to Yalta. Politically, it was one of the smartest things the president ever did. For Byrnes came back to give senators a close-up, favorable picture of Stalin and what went on there.

For Matrons

Freckles and His Friends

Red Ryder

Merrill Blosser

Fred Harman

By MRS. ANNE CABOT

Looks well on almost any age and is so very pretty that it is a hot-weather favorite! Crochet it in white or pastel straw yarn to wear with your prettiest print frocks. Do it in raspberry or other jewel colored chenille for a "date" hat.

To obtain complete crocheting instructions for the Ruffle Hat (pattern No. 5551) send 15 cents in coin, plus 1 cent postage, your name, address and pattern number to Anne Cabot, La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

VETERAN OFFICER DIES

PORTLAND, April 7 (UP)—Funeral services were held today for a veteran Oregon peace officer, Amos H. M. Dalrymple. He was 73.

Dalrymple was bailiff in federal court in Portland at the time of his death. He had lived in Oregon 50 years.

ENSLAVED

Cleopatra's daughter, Cleopatra Selene, was carried to Rome in chains by Octavianus at the age of 11 after the suicide of her mother and her father, Anthony.

Wash Tubbs

Alley Oop

Official Records

Water turned on, April 5: Darrell C. Fulp, 402 Adams.

Forty-eight per cent of all patents submitted for approval by the U. S. patent office in a recent 12-year period were turned down.

Hold Everything

From Brazil

17 Pictured former foreign minister of Brazil	1 View	2 Blackthorn	3 Prosperity (Scott)	4 Cutting tool	5 Mouth part	6 Valley	7 Again	8 Staff	9 Ivy	10 Pain	11 Jeer	12 Poker stake	13 Any	14 Company (ab.)	15 Monastery	16 Naivest	17 Pays attention to	18 Pamphlet	19 Tree fold	20 Dual	21 Tree	22 Seedcase	23 Before	24 Finish obliquely	25 Dart point	26 Toward the sheltered side	27 Flying mammals	28 Merganser	29 Parent	30 Ounce (ab.)	31 Roman mantle	32 Fire (comb. form)	33 Look	34 Beginner	35 Upward (prefix)	36 Convent	37 And (Latin)	38 Compass point
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Answer to Previous Puzzle

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