

Death's BRIGHT DIAMONDS

by Lionel Mosher

A LITTLE MELODRAMA

XXVI

IN times of stress the eye roves, and mine roved right into a pair of yellow spats under a too long overcoat that covered an unpleasantly round little man—Mr. P. A. X. himself. He held one hand eloquently suggestive in his pocket.

Booker slid the gun down my back and thrust me towards a chair. I sat down with Booker's pistol ice-cold on the back of my neck. Peter A. Xavier gave me a bleak unilluminative smile.

"Where," he said, "are the gems?"

"What gems?" I asked. His lips drew straight over that meaningless smile. His voice became silky. "I am told," he said, "that you have a peculiar sense of honor. The Ostermann diamonds are mine. I bought them. And I propose to have them."

"No dice," I said.

The pistol muzzle bored into my neck and Peter A. Xavier seemed to swell at the veins.

"I mean I haven't got them," I spread my hands. "I haven't the faintest notion of where they are."

"Listen," Booker leaned close to my ear. "Last night Phineas Hudson came to The Ledges, put a pistol to my head, just as I'm putting one to yours now, and relieved me of the Ostermann diamonds."

"So you had them! It was you who slugged me in the basement corridor!"

"Trent, I'm warning you—" "And you killed Phineas Hudson!"

For an instant all sound, all motion, all thought, seemed suspended. Xavier and Booker exchanged glances and I saw the gleam of distrust in the former's eyes.

"Booker," Peter A. Xavier's tone was a mere whisper and his

eyes were dark, bitter pools. "You haven't lied to me?"

I could not see Booker's face, but the pressure on my neck relaxed.

"Xavier," he said, "don't be a fool. Would I risk my head in the noose here—now?"

"For five million dollars," Xavier's tongue slithered lovingly over the words, "you would do anything. So would I."

"Then we'd better get busy," said Booker.

For one long moment Xavier surveyed him, then nodded briefly and the pistol came away from my neck.

I moved my head gently, caught the tense look in Xavier's eyes, then felt the blinding flash of pain as Booker's pistol butt crashed down on my skull.

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THERE was a pin-ball game going on inside my skull and bright tinklings, in my brain, accompanied every movement of my head.

"Migraine," I thought to myself and tasted the bitterness on my tongue. I opened my eyes and looked straight into Xavier's eyes that were curiously like a surgeon's. Deliberately, I tried to put my thumb in the very center of one eye, but my hands were fastened behind me through the slats of a very uncomfortable straight-backed chair. The dark odor of horror and sea moss came up through the cracks in the floor and against the wall.

Booker sat astride a packing case looking at me expectantly.

"A little melodrama," I said. Xavier's teeth showed briefly. Then he whipped out with the flat of his hand and struck me across the eyes.

"Where are the stones?" he asked.

The blow stung. The hot blood rushed into my cheeks, but actually it hurt little. I said nothing.

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"I haven't the diamonds," I said. "Get me some mouthwash."

"Or if you know where they are," pursued Booker, "the information might be worth something to us—a great deal more, in fact, than you might expect to derive from illicit sale of the stones."

"You're contradicting yourself," I said. "I know nothing whatever about the Ostermann diamonds."

Booker stared at me thoughtfully. He gave a little shrug and said:

"Xavier, I am inclined to believe him."

"I," replied Xavier sucking his hand, "should like to make sure."

Xavier came closer. I tensed. Those fish eyes had a glaze of ice over them. I teetered the chair a bit with my toes and kicked as I went over backward.

I missed his chin by an eyelash and lay on my back in the ruins of the chair—helpless, unable to rise.

(To Be Continued)

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople Out Our Way

J. R. Williams



Boots and Her Buddies



Freckles and His Friends



Red Ryder



Wash Tubbs



Alley Oop



Canary Designs



By MRS. ANNE CABOT

All as gay as a little yellow canary singing his heart out on a beautiful spring morning! Use the 6 by 6 transfer designs on tea towels, on cottage curtains, on the corners of a pale yellow or green breakfast or luncheon cloth. Besides yellow for the canary, red, green and blue are the other colors needed.

To obtain 6 transfer designs for the canary towels (pattern No. 5244) color chart for working, illustrations of stitches used, send 15 cents in coin, plus 1 cent postage, your name, address and the pattern number to Anne Cabot,

La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

City News In Brief

William Trujillo of Sacramento, Calif., last night was arrested on a charge of being drunk and was placed in the city jail pending hearing in the municipal court.

Two minor traffic collisions were listed with the city police. Cars driven by Annie D. Scully, 1024 Y avenue, and Ozzie Orton, 1905 U avenue, collided as Orton backed from the curb near Birch and Jackson. The cars of Charles William of Haines and J. A. Hopkins of Enterprise were involved in an accident at Depot and Adams avenue.

Teddy Veal, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. Otis Veal of La Grande, suffered a fractured right wrist, Tuesday, while jumping the hurdles at the school athletic field.

Official Records

Water turned off, April 18: S. H. Weimer, 1206 Tenth street; L. G. Sanderson, 1601 Adams avenue; Wilmer Baer, 1311 L avenue; Gladys M. Bunting, 508 Spring street; Lynn Anderson, 1601 Adams avenue.

Water turned on: Florence Paxton, 1906 Adams avenue; George R. Lyman, 905 N avenue; Wilmer Baer, 1206 Tenth street; E. J. Franklin, 1311 L avenue; Lynn Anderson, 203 N avenue; Ralph A. Nelson, 508 Spring avenue; Bonita Garrett, 2105 Washington street.

Two ants will fight each other to the death when roused.

Figure-Molding



By SUE BURNETT

Smoothly fitting with an uncluttered look—that's the way you want an afternoon frock to be. This one fills the bill! Pattern No. 8787 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40 and 42. Size 16, dropped shoulder, 3½ yards of 39-inch material; three quarter sleeve, 3¾ yards.

For this pattern, send 20 cents, in coin, your name, address (size desired), and the pattern number to Sue Burnett, La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

Send for your copy of the new spring issue of Fashion—just off the press. Book full of smart, up-to-the-minute styles. 15 cents.

POTATO PEST CONTROL

DDT has added another of man's insect foes to its list of conquests. This time it's the potato leaf-hopper, serious pest in many potato-growing areas. Treated plants are found to be taller, broader, darker green in color, and leaflets were flatter. No foliage injury was observed.

Hold Everything



"I'll be glad when I don't have to include 'more gasoline for Dad' every night!"

U. S. Legislator

- | HORIZONTAL | VERTICAL |
|--|---|
| 1 Pictured U. S. representative from New York, — | 1 Chinese idol |
| 2 Exchange premium | 2 Exchange premium |
| 3 Out of (prefix) | 3 Out of (prefix) |
| 13 Giant king of Babylon | 5 Noxious plant |
| 14 Fruits | 6 River in Tuscany |
| 15 East Indies (ab.) | 7 Pull |
| 16 Be seated | 8 Is seated |
| 18 He used to be in the — | 9 Tiny |
| 19 Plead | 10 Bone mistake |
| 22 Rite | 11 Golf mounds |
| 23 Canines | 12 Lofly |
| 24 Coated fabric | 17 Mountain lake |
| 26 Succeed | 19 Prohibits |
| 27 Orchestras | 21 Reparation |
| 29 Attack | 23 Motion pictures |
| 32 Paid notice | 25 Hymn |
| 34 Sun god | 26 Vanquish |
| 34 Anent | 27 Evil |
| 35 Artificial language | 28 Stir |
| 36 Peg | 30 Make a mistake |
| 38 Sting | 31 Toddler |
| 40 Doctrine | 37 Sage |
| 41 Light brown | 39 Plaster |
| 42 Privation | 42 Theater box |
| 44 Metal plate | 43 Verbal |
| 46 Pierce | 44 Bertle |
| 51 Mineral rock | 45 Small receptacle |
| 52 Fashionable world | 46 Hall |
| 54 Collection of sayings | 47 Hood |
| 55 Georgia (ab.) | 49 Presently |
| 56 Adopted | 50 Slam |
| 58 Upon | 52 Horsely larva |
| 59 Coating with metal | 53 National Education Association (ab.) |
| | 56 Before Christ (ab.) |
| | 57 Delirium tremens (ab.) |