

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Great Expectations

By HAROLD GRAY

for LOVE or MONEY by H.W. CORLEY

CHAPTER XIV
It was not long before Steve telephoned Mona. It was as he had expected. Her mother, it appeared, was not ill. She had been asleep when they arrived. Mona was going to bed and had escorted Lottie to her room.

"I'll think Lottie will tell them," Steve demanded.

"She wouldn't," Steve shrugged. "She would keep from me, but she couldn't keep from me. Before she gave Mona a chance to lead straight to the refrigerator and the Empress! Wait, old man, you'll see."

Steve was changing to soft felt shoes and instructing Barry to the door.

"Nothing is sure," he said, "except death and taxes—both of which have evaded thus far. However, right now we can't evade. They're clumps enough to send me back here with them in our shoes. If they think we're at the door, they may send him. They'll say that any fool can open a box."

Quickly Steve pushed two easy chairs well back into the room so that they were almost concealed by the wall. The two men sat down. Steve did not smoke lest the smell of the expected visitor of their presence.

Twelve o'clock. One. One-thirty—

At length their visit was rewarded. The outer door opened cautiously. A foot of light came into the room. A shadow across the rug with start of clarity.

Footsteps—wavered, then firmer. The circle of light picked out the man in the paneled wall, hung on the door which led to the butler's pantry.

Combining in their chairs. Steve at Barry held their breath.

Someone was walking in the wake of the light, stepping on rug and across the polished floor, disappearing into the pantry. The door swung noiselessly in the dim light of the window.

"Moran!" Steve breathed, scarcely moving.

"How did he get in?" whispered Barry.

"That gang has a locksmith that will make a key to anything in 10 minutes," Steve said. "They don't care much if Bud gets caught or not, do they?"

Steve was on his feet, motioning Barry to stay where he was. "Rest easy, boy. I'm taking a little stroll. With a cheery and sudden 'Good evening,' Steve entered the kitchen and set Bud, with fingers trembling, to open the door of the refrigerator.

"Thought you were at the club!" Barry faltered.

"I meant you to think so. What are you doing at that box? Did the gang send you for the Empress?"

Bud swung around sharply. "You know what I'm here for, Steve." The other nodded. "You didn't think you'd get it that easily. Did you? Well, I'll tell you. I'm taking the door 'back inside. We're going to have a talk and you can thank your stars that Mona is your dear."

"It was Lottie who told me where to find the Empress," Bud blurted. "Sure. It was Lottie I expected to tell. For a moment Steve and Barry stared each other.

"Sit down, Bud," Steve said. "Let's talk it over. Smoke?"

He held out his clearest case and struck a match. The boy ducked his head to catch the flame, his hand trembling.

"Anxious waiting for you down below?" Steve asked after a moment.

"Sure. Out front."

The rear covered by Bud looked at him. "Roar? No. Just two guys waiting down the block with an engine running."

Steve rose, threw off his dressing gown and disappeared into the bathroom. In a moment he emerged, shoving his arms into a coat.

"Tell you what we're going to do, Barry," he said. "We're going to take him to the mine. He'll be there and the gang can't find him. The Tiger Bradford sails tomorrow noon from Boston. Is your

car handy, Barry? Mine's in the street where those fellows can spot it."

"In the 70th street garage," Barry said. He too rose and went for a coat. "I'll telephone and have it sent around."

"Tell them the drug store on the corner around the block. We can go down the servants' elevator, through the basement and out to the street. They'll never follow us."

Steve turned to Bud. "Harkins is going to be mighty disappointed, isn't he?"

The boy moved sullenly. "What makes you think it's Harkins?" He lifted his eyes for the first time. "Everybody knows about the Empress. You offered it in the open market. Everyone's talking about it."

"I saw you with Harkins at the Halcron Club," Steve told him impassively. He hesitated. "Boy, thank you're lucky that we're with you. You won't have a chance if Harkins finds out you didn't put it over! We'll drive you to Boston tonight and in two weeks more you'll be with Foster at the mine. We'll cable him to meet the boat at Trinidad. He goes over every so often by plane."

"They'll bump you sure, Steve!"

Steve grinned. "Yeah? Boy, news is going to break tomorrow that'll make them forget everything!"

The three crept from the apartment down the service elevator to the basement, thence through to the apartment house directly adjoining. Cautiously they emerged from that basement to the street. Bud's confederates were a block away, out of sight and around two corners.

In front of the drug store Barry's car was waiting. He tossed a bill to the mechanic, slid beneath the wheel, and Steve and Bud crowded in beside him. The car whirled and moved away, heading northward. Two-thirty. Three o'clock. Four. Like a shot from a gun the car sped on toward Boston.

"Steve," said Barry as they darted out of Springfield after a long period of silence. "Is the Empress safe? Won't the rest of the mob—"

"The rest of the mob will be chewing nails by nine o'clock tomorrow," Steve laughed. "Good Lord, I forgot to tell you. The Empress isn't in the refrigerator. It isn't even in the apartment!"

"What?"

"I sold the Empress," Steve leaned over and thumped Barry on the back. "Got a very pretty price for her, too! Enough to finance the new machinery and set things going in a big way."

"But the Empress was yours," Steve said. "We've gone through all that before, old chap. The Empress was mine. Granted. I sold the darn thing. What use was it to me, except for money? If you like, I'll call your share of the expense a loan. It can be paid back any time. Our mine is going to have the finest equipment in South America! We're sitting pretty."

"Steve, I can't do this!"

"Then I'll do it. It's our mine, isn't it? Then it was our Empress, our machinery, and Bud is our new employee. Let's see, kid, which department do you think you'd like best?"

(To Be Continued)

Deadwood News

DEADWOOD, July 29.—(Special)—F. W. Taylor and son, Walter, and John Taylor spent Saturday night in Eugene and attended the picnic at Westfir Sunday.

Rev. and Mrs. F. L. Wetzel, Mr. and Mrs. H. Steinhauser, George and Joe Johnson, Myrtle Keeler, and Archie Brown attended church services at the Lighthouse Temple in Eugene Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Handewich, Miss Edna Taylor, Wido Taylor, Archie Brown, and Henry Bauman attended the dance at Donna Saturday night. Mildred Keeler visited from Tuesday until Thursday with Phern Mitchell.

Miss Virginia Steele of Eugene spent Sunday at the F. W. Taylor home.

Myrtle Keeler, George and Joe Johnson visited with Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Johnson at Donna Saturday night and Sunday.

Mrs. King of Portland is visiting her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. L. McElernold.

Rev. and Mrs. F. L. Wetzel left Wednesday for their home in San Francisco.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

TRADING CRAFT
of the RIVER...
MONIES FLOAT DOWNSTREAM ON A RAFT, AND SELL THE WOOD OF WHICH THE RAFT IS MADE TO PEOPLE INHABITING THE TREELESS REGIONS. WHEN THE WOOD IS ALL GONE, THE TRADERS RETURN TO THEIR OWN COUNTRY ON FOOT.

POLARIS.
THE NORTH STAR DOES NOT MARK THE EXACT SPOT OF THE NORTH POLE!
THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF SMALL STARS CLOSER TO THE POLE THAN IS POLARIS.

THE GRINDING TEETH
of ELEPHANTS REACH A WEIGHT OF 20 POUNDS EACH.

The Best of the Nation's Human-est and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily

OH, MYRTLE—I COULDN'T WAIT TO TELL YOU—YES—WE'RE GOING TO TAKE A CRUISE AROUND THE WORLD—OH, ON THAT MARVELOUS YACHT, OF COURSE—I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'VE COME OVER THE OLD FOSSIL TO THINK OF IT—

TRIXIE'S ALL STEAMED UP—WHEN SHE FINDS OUT SHE'S GOING ON AN OLD-FASHIONED SAIL BOAT SHE'LL SURE BLOW UP—IT'LL BE SWELL ENOUGH FOR ANY BODY, BUT SHE WANTS THINGS FANCY—

IMAGINE—A VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD—GAY PARTIES ALL THE TIME—I'LL NEED OODLES OF NEW CLOTHES—OLIVER, THE OLD STICK-THINKS HE'S GOING TO HAVE A NICE REST—

REST—HUH! LET HIM GO JITTERS—WHAT DO I CARE? THEN HE COULD BE SHUT UP AND I'D BE FREE—IF I COULD ONLY FIX IT SO THAT RED-HEADED PEST WOULD COME ALONG, TOO—UGH! I MUST FIND SOME WAY TO LEAVE HER HOME—

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

By LYMAN YOUNG

YOU'RE RIGHT, SPUD BUT HOW DO WE GET OUT? THIS BIG ROCK HASN'T BEEN MOVED—

HERE'S WHERE TIM! COME AROUND HERE—QUICK!!

BUT I DON'T SEE HOW A BIG FELLER LIKE HIM COULD HAVE CRAWLED THROUGH THAT SMALL OPENING!

GOSH, MEBBE HE'S HIDIN' IN THE CAVE!

NOPE—HE'S SKIPPED!

GEE—ROY'LL BE ANGRY WHEN HE HEARS ABOUT THIS

ROY AND BEETLE UNWARE OF THE ESCAPE OF THE WABAM WARRIOR FROM THE BOYS' STRONGHOLD ON THE MOUNTAIN—SIDE PREPARE FOR A DARING INVASION OF THE CANNIBAL VILLAGE

AND IF YOU SHOULD GET CAUGHT, BEETLE, I'LL WAIT HIDDEN HERE WITHIN SIGHT UNTIL I GET YOUR SIGNAL—

YAZZAH, MASSAH ROY

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Pete Is Worried!

By MARTIN

ANY NEWS FROM BOOTS, MARIE?

NO, SEÑOR

OH, OF COURSE NOT! WHY, SHE'S ONLY BEEN GONE A SHORT TIME— BUT SHE PROMISED TO SEND ME WORD AS SOON AS SHE REACHES PANAMA

IT'S A DARN DANGEROUS TRIP! BUT HER PLANE IS A CRACKER-JACK AND IN FINE SHAPE—I WENT OVER IT CAREFULLY BEFORE SHE LEFT! I GUESS THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, BUT—

IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN WHILE SHE'S FLYING OVER THE JUNGLES—GOSH, WHY DID I EVER LET HER GO?

BRINGING UP FATHER

By GEORGE McMANUS

I HAVE DECIDED THAT YOU ARE TO APPOINT MR. PERCY VERENCE AS YOUR SECRETARY. HE WILL BE HERE TO MEET YOU. HE WILL GIVE YOU SOCIAL PROMINENCE WHEN YOU ARE MAYOR.

I DO AN IT DAYS HERE IN THE PAPER THAT IM A MAN WHO TAKES ORDERS FROM NO ONE.

MR. PERCY VERENCE

THAT'S HIM NOW GO IN AND JUST INTRODUCE YOURSELF TO HIM. HE'S OF THE BEST FAMILY IN TOWN.

I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT HIM

AH! MR. JIGGS! I THINK—

YOU—WHY CAN'T ACT LIKE THAT AN' THINK

I'M NOT ONLY WORRIED ABOUT WHAT THE GANG WILL SAY, BUT WHAT THEY'LL DO TO HIM WHEN I HAVE TO INTRODUCE HIM AS MY SECRETARY

THIMBLE THEATRE Starring POPEYE

NOW SHOWING—"WOODMAN'S PARE THAT TREE" MONDAY—"BRINGING HOME THE BACON"

By E. C. Segar

I SURE THREW THAT BELAYIN'-PIN STRAIGHT DIDN'T I, MATE?

GOOD WORK

YA SURE THREW THAT BELAYIN'-PIN CROWNED 'IM, HANK.

HALF-PINT SKIPPERS LIKE HIM AIN'T NOTHIN' TO ME—POPEYE!

THEM DAMES'LL GO OVER NEXT

POPEYE'S OUT OF THE WAY HE NEVER CAME UP—AT LEAST I DIDN'T SEE HIM

BOY, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THAT "TWO-BY-FOUR"?

SMACK YOU DOWN—SIR

OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By AHERN

WATCH THIS! HE'S LAVIN' FER A RAT TO COME OUT FROM UNDER THEM SHAFTS, BUT TH' BULL O' TH' WOODS WILL THINK IT'S AN ATTEMPT TO TAKE HIS LIFE. BOY, WON'T HE ROAR!

WELL, YES, BUT IT WON'T BE SO MUCH ABOUT TAKIN' HIS LIFE, AS IT WILL FER TAKIN' TH' COMPANY'S TIME, TO TAKE HIS LIFE.

WELL, FOR GOSH SAKES, MAJOR—WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?—TH' OWL'S CLUB HELD THEIR FIRST CORN-ROAST LAST SUNDAY, AN' EVERYONE AST WHERE YOU WAS?—STEVE SAID YOU WASN'T IN TH' GOW, BECAUSE HE'S ON NIGHT DUTY AS A DEPUTY, IN CHARGE OF TH' ROWDY TANK!

GREETINGS, MATTHEW! JUST GOT BACK FROM A TRIP TO AH—HAVANA! UM—KAFF—KAFF—YOU KNOW I'M A PRIVATE DETECTIVE AND, AH—UM—I JUST CLEARED UP A THRILLING CASE—HAD TO GO THERE FOR A FUGITIVE, Y'KNOW—BUT LET'S TALK OF SOMETHING ELSE!—WHAT'S NEW, MATTY?

ON HIS WAY HOME FROM THE ASYLUM

THE TIME KILLER.