

Week-end MURDER

GABRIELLE E. FORBUSH

CHAPTER XII
 DOOR closed, very softly and
 "Wait, Tom. You're ahead of your-
 self. You came up the lawn."
 "On the dead run. Of course I
 saw."
 "Cousin Amos."
 "When I was just a few yards from
 the— from the body who should stroll
 around the corner of the house but
 Shaughnessy. At that hour of the
 morning!"
 "Oh!" she gasped. "Which end of
 the house?"
 "End toward the garage."
 "Did he seem—"
 "I didn't notice a darn thing about
 him. Marvin heard me coming."
 "Marvin? Did he come from his
 room?"
 "No. He was with you. The man
 I saw from the water."
 "What?"
 "He'd heard you fall, he said, and
 saw the room door open."
 "Hm!" Linda digested that.
 "Where were the others?"
 "DeVos and Stalander? Oh, the
 excitement brought them out, too. We
 brought you in here for your mother."
 "And telephoned for the police."
 "That was nice of you, Tom."
 "Then what?"
 "Well first we called Dr. Parsons."
 "Go on, Tom. I'm quite all right.
 Really, I'd rather have you tell me
 everything."
 "Well, he made an examination.
 Looked at the place and the body.
 He was a bit upset as to what was
 best to do because technically any case
 of sudden death like that has to be
 certified as an accident by the medical
 examiner. You're not supposed to
 move the body till he has seen it and
 said you could. Parsons isn't any
 too friendly with this man Boyle. He's
 that roughneck, old-time pill peddler
 —one of the county political gang,
 you know. Anyhow the office is a
 nice little bit of graft and he's never
 around on the rare occasions when he
 really is needed. This time he's on a
 fishing trip with some of his cronies
 down at the end of the island. So
 Parsons had to act on his own. He
 examined everything very carefully—
 it was obvious what had happened to
 the poor old man and that you'd prob-
 ably seen him fall. As far as we could
 figure out, you stopped at his
 room on the way downstairs and found
 him feeling badly. I told Parsons
 about it quickly yesterday afternoon
 and the row. Anyhow you must have
 actually seen him go over. No wonder
 you fainted! Parsons is still
 downstairs, incidentally. He'll be up
 any minute to look at you and prob-
 ably give me hell for talking and let-
 ting you talk."
 "So that's the story!" Linda drew
 a long breath.
 "That's what happened—from our
 end anyhow. You can fill in the
 gaps."
 "Yes," Linda looked him straight
 in the eye, opened her mouth and
 then shut it as another thought came.
 "Our guests—are they all still
 here?"
 "Honey, don't worry about them."
 He patted her hand reassuringly. "Of
 course they're here but they're
 going as quickly as they can get off.
 You needn't see one of them again
 if you don't want to."
 "No?" said Linda.
 "I told them the train service into
 town on Saturday morning was rot-
 ten and naturally I didn't want to
 hurry them too much. Especially De-
 Vos and Stalander—rather rough on
 them, an accident like this after the
 various upsets we've had."
 "Yah, yah, you mean," it is bad, that
 way," Linda spoke abstractedly, her
 mind racing ahead to meet this new
 complication.
 "They were very decent, though,
 Binks. After all, such an unusual
 accident—no one would expect a host-
 ess."
 "Tom—listen! Someone's coming!"
 (To Be Continued)

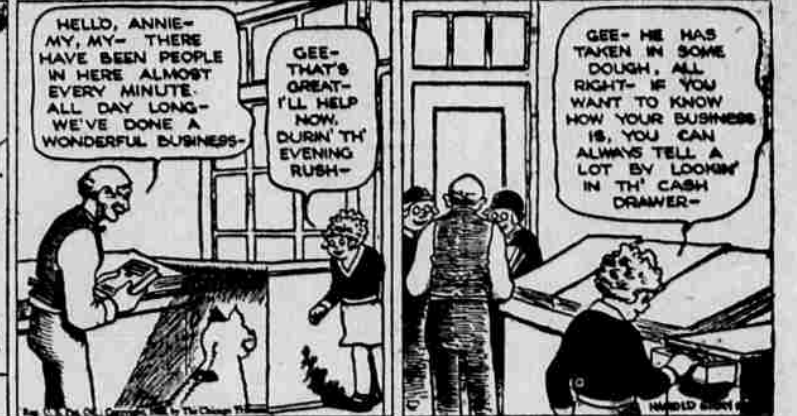
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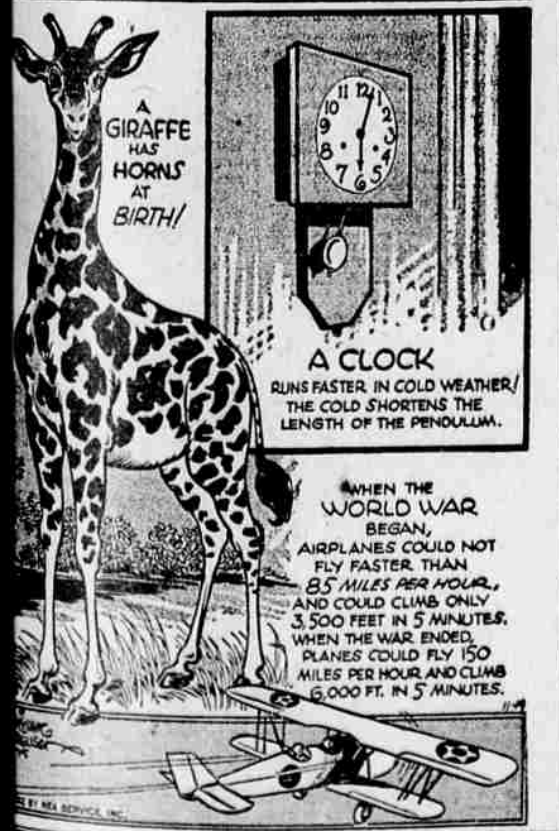
OUT OUR WAY

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD



A WORLD OF FLAVOR
WRIGLEY'S
 KEPT RIGHT IN CELLOPHANE