

The DARK BLOND

CHARLETON KENDRAGE © 1935 NEA SERVICE, INC.

CHAPTER XXXVI

honey whirled on him. "Keep out of this if you will, please, Detective. I seldom interrupt another man's questioning and I don't like another man to interrupt mine."

He turned once more to stare steadily at Millient.

"I'm going to tell you something," he said ominously. "I'm going to check up on your past record. I'm going to dig into it and find out where you were and what you were doing every minute of the time during the past five years. I'm going to find out where you worked, where you lived, who your friends were, who wrote to you, and to whom you wrote. I'm going to put your life under a microscope and, when I do that, I THINK I'm going to uncover something that will point to an affair of some sort between you and the dead chauffeur. Does that mean anything to you?"

Millient felt as though her heart had become a chunk of lead. She knew this very capable detective wouldn't be fooled by any casual falsehoods which she might utter. She knew that in order to give her a false background to account for her past history, she knew this detective would make a microscopic investigation and that, within a day or two, at the most, he would be able to pierce the secret of her past, but she tried to smile at him bravely and said, "I will give you my word of honor, Sergeant, that I never saw, heard from, or knew Harry Felding until the afternoon of the day prior to his murder."

"But you went to his room for something," Sergeant Mahoney said. She clamped her lips together and said, "I'm sorry I made that statement. I had resolved that I wouldn't tell you anything. However, I wanted to save you a lot of work."

"Don't bother about saving me work," he said. "I like it."

His eyes surveyed her in analytical appraisal. Abruptly he took to his feet. "I've got some trumps in my hand," he told her, "but you've got just enough cards of your own so that I can't take all the tricks if I play mine now. I'm warning you that I'm going out and get some more trumps."

"Go ahead," she told him defiantly. Sergeant Mahoney nodded to Detective Buchanan. Together, the two men started for the door.

With his hand on the door knob, Sergeant Mahoney paused, frowned at her, and asked quickly, "If you went in there after he had been murdered and weren't a party to the murder, why didn't you give the alarm?"

"Awww, you went back to Harry Felding's room. Why you went there something I've got to know. I don't know it yet. You heard what Detective Buchanan said about the flask being smashed. I saw the look on your face when he first mentioned the fingerprints and then again, when he said the flask had been smashed. I'm absolutely satisfied those were your prints on that flask and that you used it."

"However, I don't think you had anything to do with Harry Felding's death. There's a possibility that you went to his room after his death. There's also a possibility that you were there before his death and that someone shot him while you were present. The more I think of the case the more I'm inclined to that latter theory. I am wondering if there wasn't something between you and Harry Felding—something in your past history that would account for a relationship between you. I am wondering if you didn't go into his room to see him, if, perhaps, you weren't either talking with him or perhaps embracing him when some other woman, attracted by jealousy, fired a shot and killed him."

"What have you to say to that?" she was fast recovering her self-possession. "I," she said, "have nothing to say to anything."

"Hence will be taken as an admission of guilt," Buchanan said and started to say more, but Sergeant Mahoney interrupted him.

Millient liked the feel of his arm about her shoulders.

For a moment or two she gave way to tears. Then, as the tension was relieved, she straightened, dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief, arranged her hair with the tips of her fingers, and laughed nervously.

"What a baby you must think I am," she said.

"Indeed, we do NOT," Sergeant Mahoney told her. "You're one of the prettiest little trumps I've ever encountered. Buchanan made a realistic job of that attack, and it was a terrific shock to you, coming on top of other things you've had to contend with."

She stood up, crossed to the mirror, dabbed powder on her face and brushed her hair with a comb.

"Now then," Sergeant Mahoney said, "let me give you my impressions. Miss Grabes, I'm virtually convinced that you went out in Bob Chase's car and walked back home. I think your clothes got soaked in the rain. I think you found yourself unable or unwilling to enter the house. Anyway, you went back to Harry Felding's room. Why you went there something I've got to know. I don't know it yet. You heard what Detective Buchanan said about the flask being smashed. I saw the look on your face when he first mentioned the fingerprints and then again, when he said the flask had been smashed. I'm absolutely satisfied those were your prints on that flask and that you used it."

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"Come on, Buchanan," he said.

As the door closed behind them, Millient felt almost hysterical. She wished that she had a drink of that whisky.

Thinking of the whisky made her think of the manner in which Buchanan had written down the name of the brand on a piece of paper and passed it across to Mahoney. She remembered Sergeant Mahoney had placed that piece of paper down beside the gun. She looked across to the table on which the gun had reposed and saw that the paper was still there. She picked it up, unfolded it and observed that Buchanan had done just as she had been ordered. He had written only the name of the brand of whisky.

A knock at the door startled her. She opened a drawer in the table, dropped the folded paper into it and called, "Who is it?"

There was no answer but a twisting of the door knob. The door opened and Bob Chase stood on the threshold. His face was grim and purposeful. Gently he closed the door, stared steadily at her, and demanded, "Where's that shorthand notebook in which you took Dringgold's confession?"

(To Be Continued)

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LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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

BUT WHERE COULD PUNJAB HAVE GONE? THE LAST I SAW OF HIM, HE WAS CHASING THOSE TWO GORILLAS INTO THE WOODS-

THAT'S RIGHT-WE HAVEN'T HEARD A WORD FROM HIM SINCE, HAVE WE-- AH-- HERE HE COMES NOW-

Honing for Trouble

HELLO, PUNJAB- DIDJA CATCH THOSE TWO TOUGH GUYS WHO TRIED TO KILL "DADDY"? OR DID THEY GET AWAY? WILL THEY BE BACK?

AH, LITTLE PRINCESS, I DOUBT THAT THOSE TWO EVIL ONES WILL RETURN- BUT FROM WHENCE THEY CAME OTHERS ARE SURE TO COME-

S-SANDY! L-LOOK! IT'S PUNJAB- HE'S GR-R-RINDIN' THAT AWFUL KNIFE- BRRR- I FEEL CHILLY-

By HAROLD GRAY

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

THE CRIPPLED PLANE SLIDES GRACEFULLY DOWN TO A LEVEL FIELD

Boots and Her Buddies

I DON'T BELIEVE TH' BANG-BRAINED BAT EVER HAD A SERIOUS THOUGHT IN HIS DIZZY LIFE.....

BUT SPOSE HE SHOULD GET THAT WAY- NGIVE A RUSH! CRAZIER THINGS HAVE HAPPENED

By LYMAN YOUNG

BRINGING UP FATHER

MR. FATIGUE TO SEE YOU, SIR

HE MAKES ME TIRED, TOO

MR. JIGGS, I'D LIKE TO GET SOME ADVICE FROM YOU

WELL, WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

I'M WORRIED-- I THINK I'VE AN AILMENT OF SOME KIND

WHAT ARE THE SYMPTOMS?

WELL-- ONE THING-- I DON'T WANT TO WORK

THAT'S NOT AN AILMENT-- THAT'S A HABIT!

Boots and Her Buddies

EVER SINCE HE'S WORN THAT RING, I GAVE HIM, HE'S GOT WOT HE WANTED! HE HASN'T MISSED ONCE! HE SIMPLY CAN'T LOSE

COURSE, TH' WHOLE IDEA IS BALMY! I CAN'T IMAGINE HIS FALLIN' FOR ANY GIRL-- I WOULDN'T YES 'EM, IF HE HAD A TRICK RING ON EVERY FINGER N'A SPARE IN HIS NOSE.... BUT-- BUT, EVERYTHING HAS BEEN COCKEYED! GEE, MEBBE I'LL GET THAT WAY, TOO! I KNOW ONE THING-- I'M GONNA GET THAT RING BACK

By MARTIN

THIMBLE THEATRE

Starring POPEYE NOW SHOWING--"SUNNYSIDE UP!" TOMORROW--"MIXED MOTIONS"

HIS FEVER IS TERRIFIC! MAYBE YOU PUT TOO MANY HOT WATER BOTTLES ON HIM

HE SEZ HE'S HUNGRY-- IS IT OKAY IF HE EATS?

IF HE'S HUNGRY LET HIM EAT

TOAR WANT FOOD

OKAY, OL' BOY. I'LL FIX YA SUMPIN'

BUT OH, WHAT A FEVER!

IN ALL MY LIFE I NEVER SAW SUCH A HIGH FEVER!!

THE GAS IS OFF ON ACCOUNT OF THEM MUS' BE FIXIN' THE PIPES. NOW HOW'M I GONER COOK TOAR SOME EGGS?

HOW YA WANT YER EGGS?

OUT OUR WAY

CURLY, DID YOU NOTICE HOW FAR THAT POOR SOUL PACKS THAT WATER, TO WATER THOSE FLOWERS? I WONDER WHAT PLEASURE SHE GETS OUT OF THEM, SO FAR AWAY FROM THE HOUSE.

DIDN YOU HEAR ME SAY, REAL LOUD, WHAT A PURTY PLACE THIS IS?

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

EVERY YEAR THIS TIME HE PUTS ON THEM DUDS AN GOES DOWN TO TH' HARBOR TO GAFF WITH GUYS PAINTIN' THEIR LAUNCHES AN' SAILBOATS! HE GIVES 'EM TH' OL' CHIN-OL ABOUT OWNIN' A BIG STEAM YATCH, AN' GOIN' FOR A SUMMER CRUISE AROUND TH' WORLD!

I'LL BET, IF YOU CLICKED A PAIR OF CASTANETS YOU'D CATCH HIM OFF GUARD FOR A SECOND, AN' HE'D SAY, "THIS CAR UP NEXT!"

AHOY, HOOP! THERE'S SOME BIG SCHOONERS BEING LAUNCHED OVER AT STEVE'S PLACE!

VOTE FOR A DOPE ANOTHER WHO WILL TAX YOU STIFF!

FAW!

THE CALL OF THE DEEP. AT HIGH TIDE IN THE VEINS OF A HOOPLE

ALLURING LOVELINESS IN LAURA WHEELER CROCHETED LACE DRESS



Crocheted Dress Pattern 980

Fashion dresses lace for this season! If you're smart you'll let your crocheted lace, especially where you can have style and comfort combined as in this lovely dress. The pattern of the lace is simple and you'll know by heart very quickly. It makes a soft, airy, dress that, because of its simple lines, will show up the crocheted effect effectively.

Pattern 980 comes to you with detailed directions for making the dress shown. Illustrations of it and of all stitches used; material required in yards; and size 16-18.

Send 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) for this pattern to Register-Guard, Needlecraft Dept.

By WILLIAMS

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By E. C. SEGAR

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