

# The DARK BLOND

by CARLETON KENDRICK  
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## CHAPTER LXI

was the guy you were telling me about that was on the force."

She flashed him a grateful glance, and, acting on impulse, gave him her hand.

He patted it reassuringly and said, "Hop in and let me drive you around the corner."

"No," she said. "I'll walk. I'll make it all right."

She walked rapidly around the corner and noticed with some annoyance that she had developed a habit of looking back over her shoulder to see if she were being followed.

She found that, without conscious volition on her part, she was mechanically retracing the course which had been taken by the taxi when she had fled from the apartment and suddenly realized that her route would take her past the big garage which the cab driver had pointed out to her when she had asked him to park.

A garage! That must be where Vera Duchene and Bob Caise had been going when they had walked so rapidly and purposefully past her.

She increased her pace, walked to the garage, entered it and smiled at the man on duty.

"A man and a woman came in here about half an hour ago," she said. "For an automobile. I wonder if there's any chance you would remember the car or the people."

"What sort of car?" he asked. "I don't know, but I think it was a cabriolet—not one that's stored here regularly."

He shook his head. "No," he said. "I don't think there's been a transient car in here all evening. Most of our staff is stored by the month. Seems to me we did have a transient, but I can't remember the people. I'm new here. Lots of 'em I don't know."

An idea flashed quickly through her mind. "Do you store a car for a Phyllis Faulconer?" she asked.

"Why, yes," he said. "A black sedan, license number 933410."

"That's the one," she said excitedly. "Could I see it for a moment?"

He looked at her suspiciously, but she gave him a reassuring smile. "I just want to look at it," she said. "I'm very much interested."

"It's on the second floor," he said. "I guess I should go up with you, but you look all right, so I'll let you go on up by yourself. I've got to stay on duty down here."

She thought then that there was something peculiarly significant about his expression. It was as though he wanted to warn her of some impending danger, yet dared not do so.

She started toward the stairs to the second floor, but turned when she had gone a few steps to give him one more glance.

This time there could be no mistake. He was looking at her with an expression of pity, but he turned his eyes away almost as soon as she encountered his gaze.

Millie decided that, after all, it was merely her imagination. She climbed the stairs to the second floor. An elevator was in one corner of a big room, divided into stalls in which automobiles were parked, side by side.

Millie found the car she wanted—a black sedan, license 9-3410. She wondered if perhaps there might be some clue in this car which would help her locate Norman Happ.

She opened the door opposite the driver's seat, climbed into the front seat and leaned forward to inspect the registration certificate.

She felt the springs of the car sway. Someone had been concealed in the rear of that car, someone who was now moving.

She looked back over her shoulder, and encountered a clutching hand reaching out for her arm.

Millie's scream was swallowed up in the vast emptiness of the dark concrete room with its parked automobiles, gloomy, sinister and silent, as sole witness to that which was taking place.

(To Be Continued)

### LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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

THAT BALD-HEADED OLD JAIL BIRD—STAND IN MY WAY, WILL HE? REFUSE MY OFFER TO BUY HIM OUT, EH? WONDER IF HE KNOWS HE'S SIGNED HIS DEATH WARRANT? I'D HAVE SHOT HIM IN HIS OWN OFFICE—



### Snatch Plans

BUT HE WAS LUCKY—GOT THE DROP ON ME—NO TIME FOR SOFT TACTICS—MUSTN'T LET HIM GET SET—HERE—WHERE ARE THOSE TWO BIRDS I SENT FOR? SEND 'EM IN HERE—



LISTEN—TOMORROW WARBUCKS IS GRANTING AN INTERVIEW TO THE PRESS—THERE'LL BE A HUNDRED OR SO REPORTERS—YOU BE REPORTERS, SEE? GET IN—GRAB OLD EON AND BRING HIM HERE, ALIVE—



THAT'S A SMART DODGE—GETTIN' IN PAST THE GUARDS WITH THE REPORTERS—WE'LL GET TO EON BEFORE ANY OF 'EM GET WISE—



### By HAROLD GRAY

### TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

SPUD! TIM! WHERE'S PRINCESS ARETA?



A TRUMPET BLEW AS WE WERE DUELING AN—



LOOK! THERE'S ARETA! AND QUEEN ANTONA, TOO, WITH ALL HER PEOPLE! THEY'RE PARADING INTO THAT OLD BUILDING—



IT—IT'S GHOST-LIKE!



THE FINAL CALL HAS SOUNDED, ANTONA



BE BRAVE, PRINCESS YES, MARCEL



BE BRAVE, PRINCESS YES, MARCEL



### By LYMAN YOUNG

### BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

BOOTS IS BOTHERED! AND SHE HAS GOOD REASON TO BE



OH—IT JUS' MAKES ME SICK



BUSINESS IS AT A STANDSTILL—AND THE STORE IS JAMMED WITH EXPENSIVE IMPORTS, REPRESENTING A HUGE INVESTMENT



### Things Look Bad

ONE LONE CUSTOMER DID DRIFT INTO THE STORE THIS MORNING, BY MISTAKE HE WAS LOST



THE SALES FORCE JUST STANDS AROUND, WITH NOTHING TO DO BUT WONDER WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT



HERE ARE THE RESIGNATIONS OF THE HEADS OF THE ART AND ANTIQUE DEPARTMENTS



OH—AN THEY WERE TWO OF OUR BEST MEN! I BROUGHT 'EM OVER FROM EUROPE.



### By MARTIN

### BRINGING UP FATHER

MR KING TUTBERRY TO SEE YOU, SIR, WILL I SHOW HIM UP?



YOU CAN BUT IT WON'T BOTHER HIM



MR JIGGS—YOU KNOW I AM A COLLECTOR OF ANTIQUES—



YES—I SEEN YOUR WIFE



WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?



FIRST MAY I USE YOUR PHONE AND TALK AFTERWARDS?



IS THIS THE MUSEUM? WELL I CAN'T GET THAT MUMMY YOU WANTED, BUT I THINK I CAN GET YOU SOMETHING JUST AS GOOD



### By GEORGE McMANUS

### THIMBLE THEATRE

GOOD HEAVENS! A SHIP MADE OF DRIFTWOOD. I DON'T WANT TO BE SNOOPY, BUT I'M GOING TO PEEK DOWN INTO THE HOLD



OH! MY GOSH!



THE SHIP LEAKS! HELP! HELP! THE SHIP LEAKS



OH, MY! OH! OH! OH! THE HOLD IS HALF FULL OF WATER



TUT-TUT—DON'T BE SILLY—THIS IS A MODERN SHIP—



BUT THE HOLD IS HALF FULL OF WATER!!



THAT'S THE SWIMMING POOL



### By E. C. SEGAR

### OUT OUR WAY

BEHIND THE LEFT EAR, EH? WELL, IT MUST HAVE COME FROM OVER HERE—SO! AFTER ALL THE THRASHINGS I'VE ADMINISTERED, THERE'S STILL A PEA SHOOTER IN THIS ROOM. JOSEPH, ELTON AND JAMES, STAND UP! I WANT TO LOOK YOU OVER—YOU TOO, GEORGE!



### By WILLIAMS

### OUR BOARDING HOUSE

AS THE FIVE TON BULL ELEPHANT BORE DOWN ON ME, I WAILED, COOL AS A JULEP AND THEN, AT SEVEN FEET, I PULLED THE TRIGG—



### By AHERN

### OUR BOARDING HOUSE

IT'S LOADED



### By AHERN

### OUR BOARDING HOUSE

WAIT UNTIL THE SMOKE CLEARS AWAY—LMP!



### LAURA WHEELER OFFERS PICKANINNY TOWELS FOR A GAY KITCHEN



PICKANINNY TOWELS PATTERN 969

Today's kitchen is always gay—that's what makes it so attractive! It is always the accessories that give it its tone. These pickaninny towels, companions to the mammy towels, pattern 845, will add a refreshing touch to any kitchen. Do them in gay colors; they're all made entirely in crosses—8 to the inch, too. You'll have them done in any color you desire. You could use them as a fair donation—and a popular item you'll be. Pattern 969 comes to you with a transfer pattern of seven motifs measuring 12 1/2 inches; material requirements; illustrations of all colors needed; color suggestions. Send 10 cents in stamps or coin to Eugene Register-Guard, Needlecraft Dept.