

HOUSE OF SHADOWS

by Ida R. Gleason © 1936 NEA Service, Inc.

CHAPTER V

Dan stared at the bloody cap, mask-like face showed emotion the first time, but whether it was amusement or fear it was impossible to tell.

He turned to him. "You were with weren't you, when he went back to the tool house?"

"Yes and no," Dan answered. "We went down to the shed, as I said, he went back alone to see if he locked the door. Told me to go up to the house."

"And you didn't hear anything that night?"

"Not a sound."

"All right," Bob turned away with a satisfied shrug. "Come on. We've seen if we can find him before he gets away. No use stirring the women until we know what's happened."

Claire came around the corner of the house just then and they did not keep the story from her. She listened quietly, and then in joining the search.

"What do you think?" she asked anxiously as she fell into step with him. "Do you believe we'll find him?"

"The others had gone on ahead," he stopped and took both girls into his arms. "I have a hunch we will," he said. "I wish you'd go into the house, Claire, I'd feel about you if you did."

"You believe he was killed, then?" she shrugged. "I just said I had a hunch, Claire, but I'm not the son of a seventh son, so maybe a hunch is all I've got after all. I know if anything had happened to you," he touched her hand on her wrist tenderly. "well, it would mean a lot to me."

He did not see the light in Claire's eyes, for just then Bob Steele halted in a clump of aspens. "Oh, there he is!" Bob's voice held relief. "I see you two."

"Join him," he lowered his voice. "I don't want to wait for us. I'm keeping an eye on that fellow."

"You don't think," began Claire. "I wonder," said Pat, "if Dan was about this jewel of your life's we are hunting?"

"I don't know," answered Claire. "Haven't said anything to Susie, she and Eb must know we're after him. Of course Dan just works the place, but he may know what's going on, too. Susie's apt to tell us."

"You bet he's on," remarked Pat. "I'm not quite a cuckoo, but I'd be willing to go more than a way where Dallas is concerned. He's a man, in her opinion, or I am my guess. But you are going to look for him, aren't you?"

"No," she answered. "I'm not. All right, but don't get out of sight," Pat warned her.

Several hours of careful searching revealed no trace of Eb. Acknowledged themselves beaten, the young people and Dan retraced their steps to the house to tell Susie. She was in the library when they found her, sitting the room up, as she explained, though Claire noticed that dustcloth lying folded on the desk had not been used.

When they told her about her mother she collapsed into a chair with a mothered shriek. "What'd I tell you? I knew something was going to happen—knew it all the time. I'm sorry I didn't see the white miner."

And he saw this what-you-call-it about the same place from which shot was aimed at Claire? asked sarcastically. "Ever hear of this sniping at anyone?"

"No," answered Susie. "He just says some kind of a slow motion, but George Hanes seen him along the trail like he was somewhere."

"Um, probably was late for a spook reference," Pat lighted a cigarette and offered his package to the others. "How about a little fire in here, eh? It's chilly."

Dan was dispatched for firewood, as the door closed behind him, Pat stood steadily at the housekeeper, but do you know about that man, a Spratt? Were he and Eb on terms?"

"The woman jerked around. 'What do you mean? You ain't insinuating anything.'"

"I'm not insinuating anything," Pat's tone was suddenly grim. "But may find your brother murdered. Dallas was the last person who saw him. If you know anything at all that might throw any light on this thing, I'd advise you to spill it all now. The police have ways of finding out things you know."

"The police?" Susie crumpled back to the chair. "Oh, you ain't going to turn Dan over to the police, are you?"

"Not if we can straighten things ourselves."

For a minute Susie did not answer. Then her full lips tightened into a hard line. "Dan never had nothing to do with it. I'm telling you. How I know? He didn't just happen to remember something he wanted down the village and go after it?"

"That's right, Pat," agreed Bob. "How about my going to see if I can find him?"

"Okay if you're willing," answered Pat. "I'll go out and do some more digging in that hole by the cupola. I'll get Dallas to help me and ought to be able to find out what's going on."

Dan came in then with the wood. The fire had been started and the men had gone. Claire sent Susie to the kitchen. The girl wanted to be alone to think things over.

She wandered about the library, and sat down before the old-fashioned bookcase. The books had been moved to her by Uncle Lyman, but she never had moved from their place in the House of Long Shadows. Claire took down a small red velvet bag from a shelf. There was another copy of the verses of this same house poet in the bookcase in Lyman Fossdick's room upstairs in Lyman's house. "Idly she turned the pages, her mind going back to the opening of the last few hours. The evil threat hung over this place,

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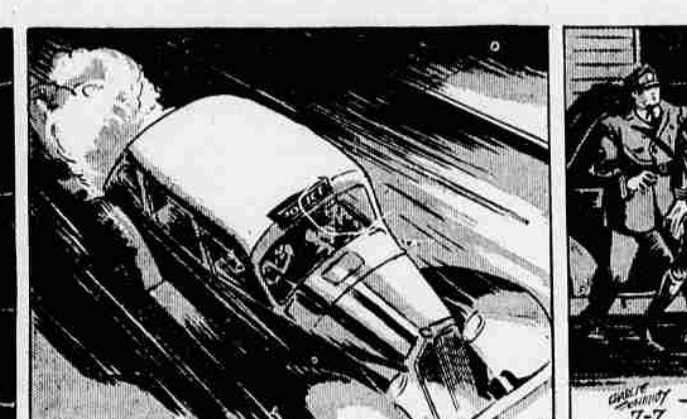
Lookie! Lookie! Lookie!



Lookie! Lookie! Lookie!



Lookie! Lookie! Lookie!



Lookie! Lookie! Lookie!



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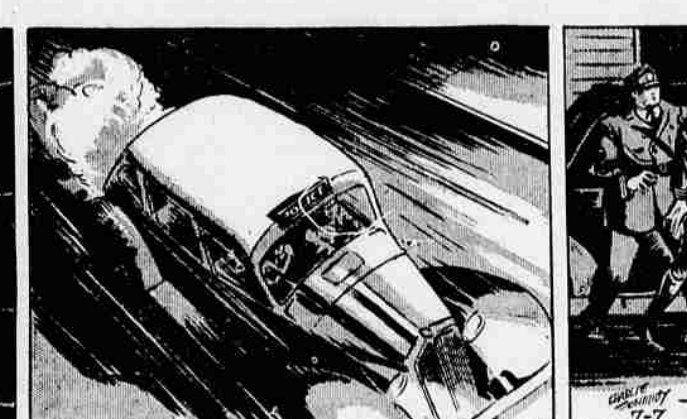


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Farley, F. D. Confer; Silent On Campaign

WASHINGTON, July 6.—(AP)—A two-hour conference between President Roosevelt and Postmaster General Farley ended today with no announcement whether Farley would retire or take a leave of absence to devote his exclusive attention to the post of chairman of the democratic national committee.

Farley indicated the president would make an announcement tomorrow at his press conference.

Sullivan, Long, Dies of Heart Attack

NEW ORLEANS, La., July 6.—(AP)—Col. John P. Sullivan, 61, veteran political boss who directed the enemies of the late Huey Long, died early today of a heart attack induced by a sunstroke he suffered while fishing a week ago.

Between the first Thanksgiving and the first official designation of our modern Thanksgiving Day as a national holiday, 243 years elapsed. The Pilgrims celebrated the former in 1621, while President Lincoln issued the first Thanksgiving proclamation in 1863.

"Central heating" by means of beams of leaves and other decaying matter which give off heat, is used by termites, or white ants, in warming their nests.

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