HOUSE OF SHADOWS

by Ida R. Glasson

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CHAPTER IX

Claire looked at Nick earnestly. "I n't hiding from you," she assured . "I just wanted a chance to think gs out, get my equilibrium and—" "I hope I came in for a passing ught, Claire."

"Lots of them," she answered. "But worried about so many things." He slipped an arm about her shoul- s and drew her to him. "Poor little . If you could put me on the list things you are anxious about!"

Claire gently pulled herself away, forced a light laugh. "Maybe 're there already, Nick." Then she ded, "Of course you'll stay for per!"

"Sorry, but I'm on my way to the age. I stopped here for some in- mation and hoping to find the etest girl in all the world. I thought ratt might be able to tell me soma- g about this fellow I'm after."

"Eb's not here just now." A shad- passed over Claire's face. "But ybe Susie would know."

"It's not important enough to bother ." He waved the suggestion aside. teresting old place you've got re. Your father told me what a cel- tor his brother was."

"Yes. Uncle Lyman went in for oks and all sorts of things. You can his library was quite extensive, those days." She walked to the diator and picked up the little red ume of poems.

But Nick Baum was plainly not in- ested in books. Instead he eyed the mahogany desk that stood near window. That was why he did not tice the expression on Claire's face en she glanced down at the book held. She had opened it to the ce where Lyman Fosdick had itten his original stanza. Quickly closed the volume and put it un- her arm as she crossed to the big window.

"Uncle was very fond of this old ce—and no wonder," she said soft- "It's very beautiful, isn't it?"

Nick gathered her, book an all, into arms, and kissed her. "Not half so utiful as you are, Claire," he whis- ed. "Say you're glad I came, for 've got to go now."

She smiled up at him. "I think I'm ways glad to see you, Nick."

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After she had waved goodby to him m the doorway and watched him rt off down the winding road she sed the door carefully and again ened the little book she still car- d.

On the page on which Lyman Fos- k had written the verse, the outline a broken arrow could be seen, its tlines already fading as the cool air ck it. She was certain it had not en there when she first saw the ge. Then she remembered that she d left the book on the radiator lf. Had the warmth brought out e mark? She'd heard that certain ds of invisible ink are affected by at. Claire walked to the window d looked again at the quaint pine. s there something concealed be- ath it or did its branches serve as hiding place?

She eyed the bookcase with new in- rest. The arrow pointed that way, d the arrow on the wall of Lyman odick's bedroom also indicated the okcase there. She remembered now an another copy of this same book s on those shelves. "Jewels of use." Could there be some connec- n between the poems and the lost wel?

Half amused at her own imagina- n, she examined the bookcase, mov- each volume and running her nds testingly along the sides of the e itself. Once she fancied she ard a faint click, but could not be re, and at last she gave up her arch and started upstairs to find nnah.

As she passed a small window half- y up the stairway, she glanced out, en stopped abruptly and looked ain. Down the sloping hillside be- d a big bush she could see Nick um talking to Susie. Had the wom- watched and followed him away m the house, or had he just hap- ned to meet her? Claire was not ure that Nick knew the house- eper.

Susie's hand rested familiarly on ck's arm and he was looking down her, apparently absorbed in what e was saying. As Claire watched, ck glanced at his watch, and evident- told Susie the time. Then, to aire's untold amazement, he took s woman tenderly into his arms and ssed her. The girl felt her cheeks dden at the remembrance of a sim- r kiss given her such a short time o.

Evidently Susie and Nick Baum did ow each other—very well indeed. ere was nothing casual or new about is meeting. Claire was sure of that. Susie again. At every turn of the y the baby-faced housekeeper emed to appear. Claire decided it s time to discuss matters openly th Susie and find out what she ew about several things—Eb, Dan allas, her unexplained appearance om the apparently empty root cel- r, and now Nick Baum. Where could e woman possibly have known him? ck had said he had been at the ouse of Long Shadows only once be- re. Claire had never had occasion doubt his word on anything. Wasn't almost her accepted suitor?

Almost—but not quite. Thoughts of at came crowding into her mind as e went upstairs to talk to Hannah.

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As though Claire's need of him etrated even to the dark tunnel here he lay sleeping, Pat roused up, ook himself like a dog, and once re lighted a wooden flare. His uscles felt increasingly stiff and sore. he ever expected to dig his way t of this infernal place, he'd better at it—though, for all he knew, he ght be excavating into the side of e mountain.

Yet there had been that tapping ise which had led him in this di- ection. He hadn't heard the sound for me time now. Experimentally he pped the wall at regular intervals, nearly as possible like the noise he d heard. At first he could hear thing. Then, to his joy, an answer me back. But who could it be?

Speculations raced through Pat's ind as he put every ounce of his rength into the task before him. rain and again, mechanically, his rms swung the pick, though each time was with lessening effort. Strange ions began to swim before his eyes d obscure his sight. Impatiently he brushed his hands across his forehead. He took to counting the strokes aloud, the very sound of his own voice helping a little.

Claire's image swam from the blackness of the yawning pile. How utterly lovely she was.

"Fifty, fifty-one, fifty-two. Claire, I'm coming to you, dearest! I'm coming—to tell you—why I—"

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At that very moment Claire was standing outside the root cellar, wondering what she should do next. Susie had not reappeared after her interview with Nick Baum, although it was now near supper time.

When Claire had rushed to Hannah with her breathless story of finding the broken arrow mark in the book, Hannah had listened rather skeptically. Since by that time the sign was no longer visible, the older woman was inclined to dismiss the whole thing as another fantastic whim of Lyman Fosdick's.

But the report about Nick Baum and Susie enlisted her liveliest interest.

"So," Hannah snorted. "Maybe you'll see now what kind of a rattlesnake that woman is. I always said she'd do anything. But where in time could she have met up with Nick Baum?"

"I can't imagine," Claire answered. "He told me he'd only been here once before."

"You don't think for one minute that Susie is stationary, do you? That gal's a roamer, and don't you ever forget it! If Eb didn't hold her down, no tellin' where she'd end up. She—" Hannah's harangue was interrupted by a moan from Bob Steele.

Both women rushed to his side. For an instant his eyelids fluttered open and his lips moved. Claire leaned nearer, then after a minute looked up. "Hannah, I do believe he's sleeping more naturally. He seemed quite rational when he opened his eyes. I think he wanted to speak to me."

But after waiting for some time, there seemed no further change in the patient, so Claire went to the kitchen to search for Susie. Unable to find her, she had gone on to the cellar. Now she made her way slowly down the stone steps into the darkness below. She would light the lamp and try again to solve the mystery of the place.

Holding the glowing lamp, she looked around the cellar room. There were the usual boxes and barrels standing in orderly rows. Susie might be flighty, but no one could deny that she was a good house keeper. Claire moved toward the shadowy end of the room and suddenly stopped. Regularly, evenly, came sounds of something beating against that side of the wall. She went over and laid her ear against it.

There could be no doubt about it now. Someone or something was digging back of that wall. Was that the tapping she had heard in Lyman Fosdick's library and in the bedroom directly above? This part of the cellar was almost underneath the roots of the pine tree outside the library window.

A cold sweat broke out on the girl's forehead. Could it be Eb—alive or dead? Or the white miner, delving at his ghostly diggings? The lamp in her hand suddenly dimmed. She looked down at it in terror, and saw that it was empty. She simply could not stay there, listening to those horrible sounds in the dark. In panic she rushed up the cellar steps.

(To Be Continued)

From Harrisburg

HARRISBURG, July 10—(Special)—Mr. and Mrs. Royal Douglas and family and Mr. and Mrs. Pearce and family spent the week-end at the coast.

Mrs. Lewis Thompson of Leona and her daughter Velma of Monmouth visited relatives in the Busey community the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Fawver and Mrs. John Kelsey drove to Canby, Saturday, to attend the funeral of their uncle, John Fawver.

The Frank Cramer family and Harry Widdifield family made a trip to Crater lake last week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Byrd Waggener and family were in Medford several days recently.

Miss Myrtle DeVee, a teacher of Miles City, Mont., spent Tuesday and Wednesday in Harrisburg visiting a former classmate, Mrs. Platts.

Visitors Reported

Recent visitors at the R. K. Burton home were Mrs. J. E. Harris, son and daughter of Corvallis, Mrs. Katherine Clemons and two sons of Los Angeles and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wilber, formerly of Aberdeen, S. D., now of Vancouver, Wash.

Miss Helen Hehnke spent several days last week at her home in Corvallis.

Mr. and Mrs. Doyle Miller have gone to Ada where Mr. Miller has employment.

C. A. Spone made a trip to Newberg Tuesday and brought back Stanley Simons, an old time resident of Harrisburg, who will remain for several days to recuperate from an operation.

Mrs. T. I. Cain and Mrs. Ralph Applegate made a trip to Portland Tuesday.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Joseph Acheson Admr. to George Acheson—S½ of SW¼ sec. 2, tp. 17-9 W, $429.

Mary F. Waechter to Charles H. McGrady et ux—Tracts in blk. 32, Emerald Heights add. Springfield, $10.

C. A. Swarts, sheriff to Investors Syndicate—Lots 4 and 5, blk. 2, Whitney's add. Eugene, $4464.05.

C. A. Swarts, sheriff to R. S. Shelley—Mining claims in Bohemia Dist.

Ralph E. Rogers et ux to Charles J. Foster—Tract of 20 A. tp. 17-4 W $10.

Ralph E. Rogers et ux to Dora P. Eastawood et al—10 A. tp. 17-5 W, $10.

Ralph E. Rogers et ux to C. G. Girdlestone et ux—Tracts tp. 17-4 W, $10.

A. M. Kaiser to M. Mitchell—Tract in blk. 51, Junction City, $10.

It is estimated that automobile accidents in the United States cause an annual loss of two and a half billion dollars.

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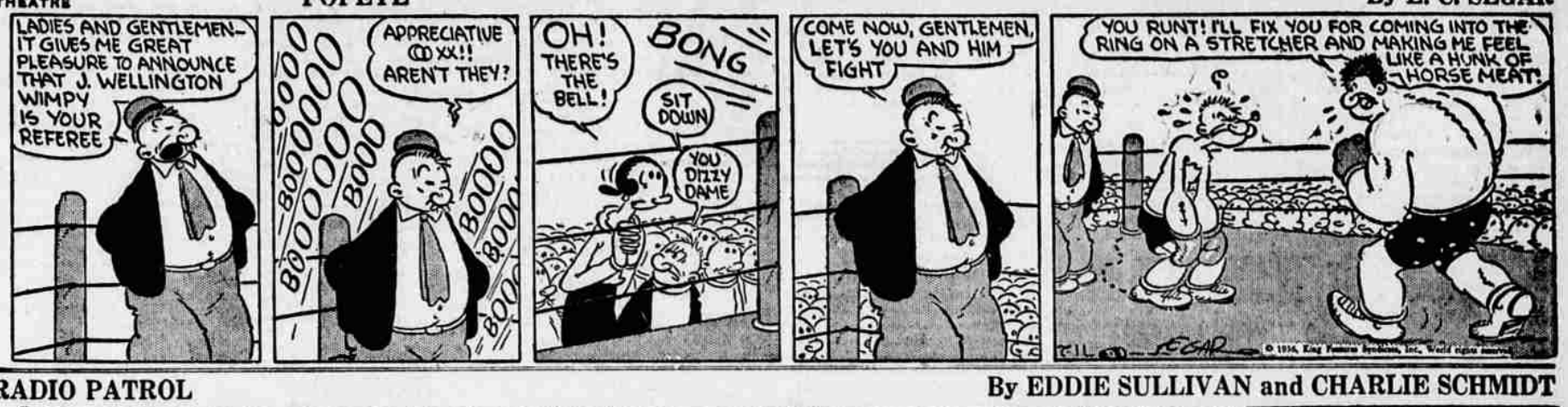

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