

Death Treasure

By R. A. J. WALLING

CHAPTER 2
THE MYSTERIOUS FELL

I was destined to meet Veronica again on the afternoon following Pell's visit to Woodstock. With her were Anderson Royle and Martin Somerfield, whom she introduced to me, and insisted I join them in a proposed speed-boat run.

We paddled out to the Pittier, an 81-smelling craft, composed nearly entirely of cowl and engine. I will not describe that run, except to say we logged 65 in 40 miles in an hour. It was "more interesting for me to watch Veronica's glowing blue eyes and golden complexion. But before we landed I learned several things directly and indirectly.

That Royle and Somerfield were intelligent, likable young fellows; both thought themselves madly in love with Veronica, and she declined to treat them as anything but pals.

That both the young men shared the commander's dislike for Roger Pell but Veronica was quizzical and would not reveal what she thought of him.

That another person was in disfavor with both men who alluded to him as "the unluckiest cub." I gathered Mr. Fred Potherbury was as objectionable as his father was charming; that the son had dared to cast eyes on Veronica, an unforgivable sin.

If I have succeeded in giving an impression of Pell as a disturbing influence in Blackwater, I can now pass to the critical events of that summer, which culminated in the tragedy in the library at Newplace. Before the crucial month ended, he was "Pell" to me, and I to him "Grenofen." I think it was Veronica's attitude toward the man that created a liking between me and Pell. I soon discovered she did not share her father's unreasoning hatred for Pell and the green-eyed aversion of Royle and Somerfield due to the theory that Pell had designs on Veronica, was foolish. Pell decidedly was not in Blackwater for love-making.

In many talks between Pell and myself, the mention of the Seabrooks would bring him to what seemed the verge of a confidence. But he always drew back and the confidence never came.

He had introduced me to Mr. Potherbury and had taken me to see the excavations. When Potherbury learned I did a little sketching, he immediately begged me to make sketch plans of his discoveries. I agreed in a neighborly way.

Pell and I were walking toward the Newplace Abbey one day when we met the parson, Mr. Marling. He was the most saturnine-looking cleric I had ever seen, with his fierce dark eyes, and his tall, meager body. I had already divined a rather special animosity between him and Pell, far different from the ferocity of Seabrook and the fussy dislike of Dr. Eastley, who obviously was painfully irked when Pell displaced him as Potherbury's chief confidant and cronies.

Mr. Marling, as we walked along, was discussing Potherbury's latest discovery, a slab with some painting on it. The parson remarked Potherbury thought it a scene between a Roman general and a British prisoner when Pell broke in with an apparently unrelated remark.

"The Roman conquerors were humane to their British prisoners, weren't they?" he asked.

"I don't know," I replied.

"Well, they were," Pell retorted. "More than can be said of some people in modern times, modern

convict prisons, for example, eh parson?"

During the month I had been at Blackwater, it had become obvious just one man seemed to have no enmity for Pell—Mr. Potherbury. But it had become equally evident the most sinister of the hatreds was that of Marling for Pell and Pell for Marling.

We found Mr. Potherbury superintending the work of two men at the very edge of the excavations. His tall figure, large features, silver hair and spotless black clothes made a notable picture and certainly looked far more clerical than Mr. Marling.

"Ah, my dear Pell!" cried Mr. Potherbury. "Here is a real find. And Mr. Grenofen—this will test your skill. How do, Marling?"

Pell insisted the sensational discovery should be broadcast. Mr. Potherbury urged him to wait, but in the end, a note went to The London Times, supplemented by a communication from the paper's correspondent at Hollman Bay to the effect that Mr. Potherbury in his excavations had "the expert help of Roger Pell, well-known archeologist."

I cannot quite recall how the suggestion arose that I should then and there do a drawing of the discovery and myself take it to the British Museum. Under pressure I agreed, and Mr. Potherbury left us to write the museum people to expect me.

Thus, on the following noon I arrived there and found myself awaited. A pleasant old gentleman greeted me and begged me to wait until he telephoned Professor Laxton.

Laxton was announced soon thereafter. I had no large acquaintance with the professional tribe but I thought Laxton a remarkably favorable specimen. He was a hard set, vigorous man of middle age, clean-shaven, with a rather sleepy eye but a capacity to come awake in an instant.

Professor Laxton asked me to show him the drawing but after a casual glance, he put it to one side. "I saw in The Times," he said, "Mr. Potherbury is being assisted by a Mr. Pell. Have you met him?"

"Yes," I answered. "I've seen quite a lot of him."

"I don't seem to remember the name of Mr. Pell as an expert in archeology," Professor Laxton rejoined. "It's a distinctive name, not likely to be forgotten. What sort of a man is Mr. Pell?"

We talked for nearly an hour. I described Pell and afterward regretted that I mentioned the obvious enmity in Blackwater against the newcomer. Laxton studied me quizzically as I gave him this information.

"Pell—I can't get over Pell," he ruminated as I was departing. "I ought to have heard the name. Mr. Pell doesn't seem to be very popular in Blackwater, does he? I wonder why."

I was unable to enlighten him, or myself, in this speculation, and took my leave. But I was determined to sound out Pell as soon as possible. I took luncheon and early in the afternoon was on a train bound for home.

Again I found myself unconsciously pondering the Blackwater enigma: Who is Roger Pell?

(To be continued)

SHOWER IS SURPRISE
Siverton—Mrs. Grace Boulester of Liberty street was tendered a surprise shower at her home the last of the week with about 20 friends attending.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

One Blunder After Another

By Harold Gray



REG'LAR FELLERS

The Barker

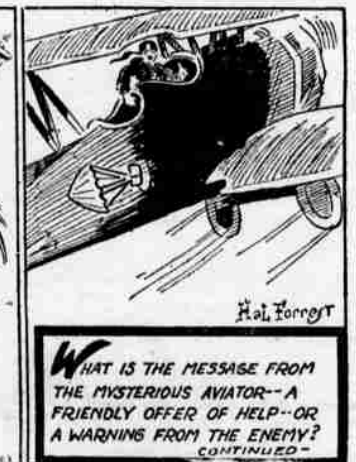
By Gene Byrnes



TAILSPIN TOMMY

A Message From The Sky

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



WHAT IS THE MESSAGE FROM THE MYSTERIOUS AVIATOR - A FRIENDLY OFFER OF HELP - OR A WARNING FROM THE ENEMY? CONTINUED

DUMB DORA

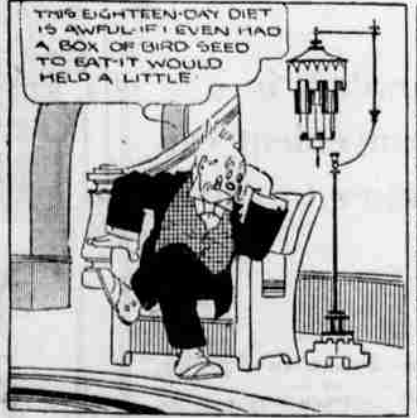
Objection Overruled

By Chick Young



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



MUTT AND JEFF

The Upside Down Flight To China Continues On Foot

By Bud Fisher



ACROSS

1. Short visit
2. Young salmon
3. Mingle
4. Low voice
5. Part of a musical show
6. Oil can
7. Six
8. Mohammedan judge
9. Village
10. Symbol for luminous
11. Substance obtained from India
12. Slavic speaking person
13. Not ancient
14. Constellation
15. Hatful
16. Branch of grain
17. Jump
18. Herdable bearing
19. Female muscivore name
20. Stainer
21. Italian steer
22. First surface
23. That is abbr.
24. Name alone
25. Gist
26. Continent
27. Mark of omission
28. Feline
29. Former employer
30. Age
31. Muddy trees
32. Kite for dry-
ing beans
33. Pedal extremities

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

BRAD FLA SPOT
RANI REP TOME
ARTS ASP OLEA
WEEPS TERRORS
LID RAM
ORGANISTS AGE
PUNY VIA TREY
EMU DIMIDIATE
EOS NEP
PLASTIC ESSEN
RUSK BET TORE
ERIA LIB ERIC
YEAR HELD REEK

34. Heavy wagon
35. Edna's middle name
36. Egg-shaped
37. Deal out sensibly
38. Man's name
39. Continent
40. A mineral and gem
41. Sturgeon
42. Irish
43. Maker of the first American flag
44. Handle
45. Close
46. Small embos
47. Period of time
48. Sway
49. Allows
50. Western Indian
51. Small particle
52. Flout
53. Glacial ridges
54. Hart
55. Egyptian sun disk
56. Down
57. On the ocean
58. Church official
59. Between parentheses
60. Hum
61. Gull-like birds
62. Decomposes
63. Chief Norse god
64. Over
65. New England states abbr.
66. Before
67. Character in "Fanny Hill"
68. Old exclamation
69. Feible carriers
70. Sun god

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