

Death Treasure

By R. A. J. WALLING

Chapter 5 PELL FLITS BACK

Although 1 o'clock had passed before we got back to Woodcot, Laxton was up bright and early Monday morning, and greatly pleased my mother by finding her in the garden and loving her roses. They had become excellent friends by the time I strolled down to breakfast.

"I want to go down this morning and see the diggings," Laxton announced later. "Don't worry about me. I'd still like to be anonymous till we meet this afternoon."

About 11 o'clock the idea occurred to me that I would look up Veronica. She might have something to say this morning. At Sandypoint, however, I saw only Mrs. Seabroke, who told me Veronica had returned unexpectedly last night, being tempted home by the fine weather. At present she had taken the dog for a run around the point; if I was walking that way I might meet her.

I walked on around the point where the road became a path along the low cliffs facing the Channel.

I saw Veronica at some distance and pulled up sharp. She stood talking to a man. I had just time to notice that he was too tall to be either Royle or Somerfield. In a moment he had seen me, stooped and disappeared. Veronica saw me and walked not towards me, but away.

I turned back on my tracks. The hint was so obvious.

It was not Pell. Perhaps Veronica had not recognized me. Well, that was that.

Shortly before the appointed hour of Fotherbury's meeting I walked into the avenue where that fantastic scene had been played the night before. Directed by a footman, I went to the beautiful house which the 18th century Reclades had spread around one of the old buildings.

At the entrance another footman met me and took me at once along a vaulted corridor to the room Fotherbury used as a library. The light here was dim to eyes coming from the sunshine outside, for the only windows, small, high in the walls and almost at the roof, were filled with painted glass.

I made out four persons in the room—Marling, Dr. Eastley, Royle and Somerfield.

Marling looked up and nodded. The two boys said in low tones, "How do, Grenofen?" I sat down opposite Royle. Marling's face absorbed me. He was paler than usual. His black tansure stood out almost fiercely against the pallor of his skin. His eyes seemed to avoid me. He sat motionless on an old black chest on the right of the fireplace, with Eastley on a chair facing him.

In other circumstances I should have enjoyed the beauty of this remarkable room—the rich shadows in the wagon roof, the gleam of the leather bindings of the books arrayed in shelves all around the lower half of the walls. It was all old, quiet, mysterious; the one modern touch was supplied by a wall telephone at the side of the hearth.

But the human interest of the occasion put esthetics out of mind, and almost at once that interest was intensified by the entrance of Seabroke. He came in noisily enough, calling out to Marling: "What's it all about? Why ain't we on the ground?"

"I know nothing," said Marling, "except that Mr. Fotherbury wishes us to meet here."

The commander made an inarticulate noise registering disapproval. "I suppose," said he, "Fotherbury's found out that the blighter Pell's little game's up. What?"

And then fitly enough Seabroke was the first to see Roger Pell come into the room. We all stared at Pell. I expect I was the least surprised of the party. As for him, his demeanor was remarkable. When

the footman had closed the door behind him, he advanced to the long table, took a chair and sat down as though he were alone in the room.

I had a momentary impulse to get up and hold out my hand to him, but I caught a glint of the intense gray eyes and saw in them a hostile light which killed my impulse. This was a Pell I had not known.

I sent a furtive look at the faces of the others. Somerfield's alone showed any composure. Royle frowned; Marling seemed astonished almost to the point of trembling. The doctor simply goggled. Seabroke seemed ready to burst.

They must all have been led by Marling to suppose that Pell had fled from the prospect of a meeting with Professor Laxton.

A queer prelude to a seance on Roman antiquities!

"To this tableau of seven men in the pose of petrification came our host, all unconscious, apparently, of any special strain. He walked in quickly and said:

"Good afternoon, gentlemen. Ah, my dear Pell, here you are! Has anybody seen Professor Laxton? You haven't seen him this afternoon, Mr. Grenofen?"

"No," said I. No one else replied.

"These learned men!" Mr. Fotherbury smiled as he shook his white head. "Excuse me for a few moments. I'll go and inquire again."

In perhaps five minutes Mr. Fotherbury came back.

"It's very strange," he said. "I can't find anybody who's seen him."

He stood, the most conspicuous figure in the place, looking from one to the other, puzzled by our silence and constraint. Marling appeared to be choking with suppressed speech. I expected him to burst into an accusation of Pell.

But it was Pell himself who broke through the inhibition that had fallen upon us. He rose from his chair with a spring and reached the arched doorway. He shot home two heavy old bolts with two nerve-shattering noises, and turned to face us.

"That's enough nonsense!" said he in his clear, loud voice. "Laxton will probably not be here. If he comes I will deal with him. Meanwhile, there's a job of work to do."

Everyone seemed paralyzed with incredulous amazement and stared at Pell. I felt as though I had been hit between the eyes.

Pell explained: He was a lunatic and perhaps dangerous. (To be continued.)

NORTH SANTIAM

L. H. Davis and O. E. Bond have started to haul balm wood and are loading a car.

L. T. Devlin and his mother-in-law Mrs. L. H. Davis motored to Salem on business Tuesday.

Word has been received here of the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Brown. Mrs. Brown will be remembered as Agnes Arnold, a teacher of this vicinity.

Wayne Bond is spending the week with his sisters Mrs. Roy Reeves and Mrs. Frank Gunkel.

Miss Reitha Davis of this vicinity accompanied Mrs. Reeves and Mrs. Gunkel on a shopping trip to Salem Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Devlin and family are getting ready to go east to see his mother.

Louise Scofield whose fingers were cut off and smashed is reported to be getting along nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Leland Keithley and daughter are visiting with his folks, A. F. Keithley. Keithley was hurt and can't work for awhile.

Several from this vicinity are picking beans at West Stayton. The crop is reported pretty good.

The McLaughlin family had a family picnic Sunday at Shady Acres.

Chicago has an army of 525,000 workers, statistics show.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

The Great John Blunder

By Harold Gray



REG'LAR FELLERS

One Man Job

By Gene Byrnes



TAILSPIN TOMMY

Bound For San Vallis

By Glenn Chaffin and Hal Forrest



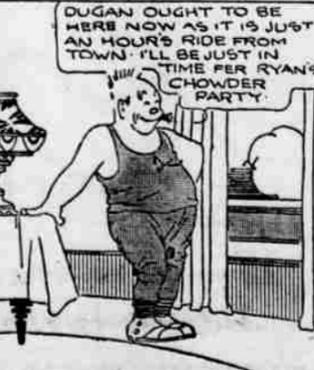
DUMB DORA

The Quick "Change" Artist

By F. Lee Young



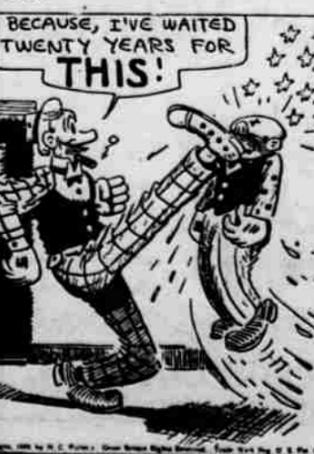
BRINGING UP FATHER



MUTT AND JEFF

Jeff Would Like Them Without Compound Interest

By Bud Fisher



ACROSS

1. Hanged
4. Heated
7. Delle
11. American humorist
12. Epoch
13. Recipient of a gift
14. Leaf veins
15. Very suitable
16. Roman name of iron's long outer garment
17. Cute lengthwise
18. Obstructions
19. Answers abbr.
20. 2,316
21. Exploding
22. Kind of cheese
23. Worthless fragment
24. Secretary
25. Mixture of case
26. More saccharine
27. Leave
28. Nuclear
29. More merciful
30. East African
31. Female relative

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

BIARD	STEEP	CAST
ALOE	PETRO	OLEO
SOON	ASCOT	NEAR
INDOORS	STATELY	
CESTS	EVE	
EARS	TRANSIT	
OCA	ROUTE	STERE
PAIRD	TIERS	SPAN
AMEER	NESTS	TNT
LEAPING	EYED	
ONE	CALMS	
SMIRKED	OATMEAL	
LENT	DINAR	PATE
ANTE	ROSE	ESTE
GOOD	DENTS	REEK

44. Fat on new cogs
45. Gentle
46. Old outta
47. Purpose
48. Moving wagon
49. Small soul
50. Charge
51. Greek letter

DOWN

1. God of a wound
2. Gracious
3. Trouse
4. Danish money
5. Second of account
6. Tugle call
7. Malle
8. Black cuckoo
9. Brilliance
10. River of a wound
11. Part of a troupe
12. Feminine name
13. Color
14. Half
15. Expire
16. Pronoun

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11			12			13			
14		15	16			17			
18			19	20					
21			22	23			24	25	
	26			27				28	
29	30			31				32	
33			34					35	
36			37					38	39
	40			41	42			43	
44	45			46	47				
48			49		50			51	
52			53		54				