

Death Treasure

By R. A. J. WALLING

Chapter 6
MARLING SEES A GHOST

Seven men sat staring at Pell, who was standing with his back to the library door. Mr. Fotherbury's voice came like a breath of sanity in an insane situation.

"My dear Pell—what extraordinary conduct!"

"A little unusual, perhaps, Mr. Fotherbury," said Pell, "but you'll soon be enlightened, and then I shall ask you to admit that it is justified."

Mr. Fotherbury lifted his hands as if to signify that he gave it up, and sat down alongside Marling.

"I'm here," Pell went on, "to defend myself against a gang of scandal-mongers and to perform an act—"

And then what I expected happened. Seabroke went off with a bang; he thundered so, and his head stuck out so menacing, that I thought for a moment he was going to charge into Pell. Pell's features relaxed for an instant into a rather alarming smile.

"Be quiet, little man!" he said, pointing a finger at Seabroke. "Go and sit down and behave or I'll tell your wife. I'm in command here."

Pell looked slowly around as a schoolmaster might look after putting the fear of God into a disorderly class.

"Mr. Fotherbury," said he, "you have in your library a collection of human curiosities representing some of the most undesirable traits of the race. I will describe them—"

"My dear Pell," Mr. Fotherbury interrupted him, "is it necessary?"

"I'm afraid it's very necessary," said Pell.

"I'll begin with Seabroke... Sit down, Seabroke, will you? You hate me. You slander me. Why? Because I interfere with your disgusting plans for exploiting your daughter and breaking her heart. Seabroke, I describe you as a cad, a snob, a cupidinous schemer, and a bad father."

Seabroke, in the effort to restrain himself, looked ghastly. He might have been on the verge of a fit. But Pell looked steadily at him till he subsided.

Pell spoke again:

"And if Mr. Royle will stay where he is and refrain from interruption it will be all the better."

I turned to look at Royle. He was fuming. Somerfield's hand gripped his arm.

If I had followed the momentary impulse to say "Come on, Royle, we'll both go"—the course of life for all the people involved would have been altered.

But at that moment I caught a glimpse of the ghastly face of Marling, staring at Pell with an expression of horror and fear such as I hope never to see on any other man's face.

"I should be sorry for anybody to leave," Pell was saying. "Even Mr. Grenofen, who's a wayfarer here by mere chance. I have nothing to say about him, Mr. Fotherbury, nor about Mr. Royle and Mr. Somerfield. So I come to the doctor."

"The doctor's a silly kind of choleric man, a credulous man, a bit of a snob like Seabroke, am-mind-ed and self-important—who can be led by the nose into any grotesque folly by a man of stronger intellect. I remind him that a man who spreads slander about another man is liable to legal process, and that the courts often give thumping damages. So much for him—"

The doctor's men during this attack were entirely surprising and out of character. He sat hunched up, with his eyes fixed on Marling, as though he had not even heard Marling's expression of agony be-

came almost intolerable to see when Pell fastened upon him.

"But, Mr. Fotherbury, what about the living he who sits beside you? He looks as if he'd seen a ghost! Ah—a ghost, Marling! You're going to see a ghost anyhow. I'll tell you a little of the dreadful psychic experiences of Marling, Mr. Fotherbury. When I came down to Newport, he thought he saw a ghost, but he was not quite sure. He had seen me only once before.

"The horrid truth forced itself on him by degrees. He began to try to get me out of the way by telling lies about me. He cockered up a lurid tale about my past to narrate to anybody who might be of service to me in an emergency—to Royle and Somerfield, and, I expect, even to Grenofen.

"And what was the cause of Marling's conduct? Would you believe it, Marling had seen a ghost! And if one ghost why not another, a still more terrible and formidable specter?"

Pell looked at each of us in turn: a crescent of astounded faces.

"You don't believe in ghosts? I see you don't. Only Marling—the doctor."

Pell raised his left arm to look at his watch.

"Mr. Fotherbury," said he, "it is now a minute to four. At four a ghost will walk. Marling will see him, and I will introduce him to you."

Marling emitted a sound like a woman's sob.

Pell stood with his arm raised looking at the watch on his wrist.

"A veritable perfectly authenticated ghost!" said he. "Perfectly harmless to some of us, but perfectly terrible to others. The guilty conscience—what a thing it is!"

Pell was motionless, gazing at the watch as it ticked off unendurable seconds.

At last!

Pell dropped his arm to his side.

"Now!" said he.

He took three strides to the door, all of us watching him intently, raised his hand to the top bolt and wriggled it back with a clatter. He stopped to reach the bottom bolt.

But he never reached it. A deafening explosion and the collapse of Pell inert upon the flagstones happened simultaneously.

The place for an instant seemed full of ghastly silence—and the next of the voice of Mr. Fotherbury, who, crying "Pell!" rushed across the room, and stood looking down on him.

Then I found myself in a circle of shaking men also looking down on Pell. He was crumpled. His face pressed on the floor and into the angle of the door. A little red trickle crept along the stones.

I saw that Pell was dead.

(To be Continued)

DALLAS RESIDENTS AND VISITORS COME

Dallas—Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCann went to San Francisco by train last Saturday on business and returned Wednesday.

Mrs. G. E. Norris and her two children are here on an extended visit with W. P. Miller, Mrs. Norris' father. Her home is at Orofino, Idaho. She came to Portland by train and Mr. Miller met her there and brought her to his home here last Wednesday.

Lynn Black, employed in the county clerk's office, his wife and baby returned from Seattle Thursday night but left for Crater lake Saturday morning.

FINE COW SICK

Dallas—Dr. Peterson was called to McCoy Friday to attend a sick cow, one of the fine Jersey herd owned by Mrs. Emma Rohde.

TAILSPIN TOMMY
In The Rebel Stronghold

QUE DIABLO! SO—THE SENORITA RESENTS MY CARESSES, AH—MY PRETTY TIGRESS— YOU SHALL REGRET THE BLOW!

IS THAT SO! THEN KEEP AWAY FROM ME—I WISH TOMMY WAS HERE...

SACRE! FIG-DOG! WHAT MEAN YOU— ENTERING WITHOUT KNOCKING?—AWAY LOW-WORM AND APPROACH WHISTLING!

SI—MY GENERAL—BUT HUMBLLY I BEG TO EXCUSE—I BRING NEWS OF GRAVE IMPORT—TWO YANKEE FLIERS ARE ON THE ISLAND WITH A MESSAGE FOR THE PRESIDENT!

DID YOU SEE THEM? WHAT DO THEY LOOK LIKE? OH—I WONDER IF IT COULD BE TOMMY AND...

THEY WERE FORCED DOWN— THEIR SHIP IS WRECKED—BUT THEY ARE ARMED—I SAW THE OUTLINE OF A GUN BENEATH ONE'S JACKET— YOU ARE WARNED, GREAT ONE!

UNO POR UNO! ONE AT A TIME! NOW, DOG, SPEAK!

DUMB DORA
Friendly Bloodhounds

YOUR NERVES ARE SHATTERED, ROD. WHATEVER HAPPENED?

EVER SINCE EMILY GAVE ME THE MILLION DOLLARS I'M BEING FOLLOWED— MY EVERY MOVE IS BEING WATCHED— IT'S TERRIBLE!

I SAW THEM IN THE BUSHES LAST NIGHT SO I CAME IN OFF THE SLEEPING PORCH AND STUMBLED OVER A MAN IN THE DARK BED ROOM— ALL DAY LONG I'VE TRIED TO DODGE THEM, BUT IT'S NO USE— THEY'VE GOT ME.

IT'S TOO MUCH RESPONSIBILITY FOR ROD TO HAVE THIS MONEY! HE'S BEING FOLLOWED BY STRANGE MEN AND IS A NERVOUS WRECK ALREADY!

OH, FOR PITY THAKES!

THEY WERE JUST THE DETECTIVE I HIRED TO FOLLOW HIM FOR PROTECTION!

BRINGING UP FATHER

WHY DIDN'T YOU SHOW UP AT CLANCY'S BEEF STEW PARTY LAST NIGHT, JIGGS?

DON'T TALK ABOUT FOOD, I'M ON THAT FOOL EIGHTEEN-DAY DIET JUST TO PLEASE MAGGIE.

FOR GOODNESS SAKE! WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOU?

I TELL YOU, THIS EIGHTEEN-DAY DIET WILL BE THE DEATH OF ME! I CAN'T STAND IT MUCH LONGER! I'LL HAVE TO LEARN TO EAT ALL OVER AGAIN!

YOU BIG DUNCE! WHY DON'T YOU EAT? YOUR EIGHT-EEN-DAY DIET ENDED FOUR DAYS AGO.

WHAT?

BRING ME IN \$20 WORTH OF CORNED BEEF AN' CABBAGE AN' KEEP COOKIN' MORE UNTIL I TELL YOU TO STOP.

MUTT AND JEFF
Mutt Ends His Endurance Flight With A Broad Grin

OUR ENDURANCE FLIGHT IS A GONER! WE MUST JUMP! OUR PLANE IS ON FIRE!

FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE! THERE'S ONLY ONE PARACHUTE!

GIVE ME THE PARACHUTE AND I'LL GO FOR THE FIREMEN!

NO, I'LL TAKE THE CHUTE AND NOTIFY THE POLICE!

WE'LL SHAKE FOR IT, MUTT!

NO, I'M SHAKING TOO MUCH NOW!

IF YOU LOVE ME, MUTT, YOU WOULD HUG ME TIGHTER!

17000 FEET DOWN

ACROSS

1. Violent
2. Greek porticos
3. Father's abbr.
4. One that discharges
5. From here
6. Adjective suffix
7. Island in the China Sea
8. Vandeville skill
9. Hall
10. Tread down
11. Dialect
12. Reserved
13. Indian of Manitoba
14. Unit of electrical capacity
15. Circuses
16. Yellow jacket
17. Virus of triphobia
18. Nimble
19. External ending of a seed
20. Hairy
21. Pronoun
22. Naturally
23. Planned
24. The poor Indian
25. Hires the feathers
26. Pertaining to osmium
27. Put in
28. Water nymph
29. Covers with turf
30. Larks
31. Aider treat
32. Seal

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

MAD HOT PASS
ADE ERA DONE
RIBS OPPOSITE
STOLA SLITS
SNAGS ANS PI
ATONING PEN
BRIE ORT DESK
AIR SWEETER
GO TIC DANCE
SOMAL NICE
RECAPPED MILD
REGADS AIM VAN
DORY FEE ETA

DOWN

1. Off Seal
2. Smoother comb form
3. Nin
4. Former president of Johns Hopkins university
5. Jug
6. Indian through
7. Symbol for tellurium
8. Indian of Tierra del Fuego
9. Agave
10. Brittle
11. Muscular
12. Winter robes
13. Brilliant constellation of Johns Hopkins university
14. One who continually takes medicine
15. Upright pole
16. Month of the year's abbr.
17. Short for a girl's name
18. Legume
19. Organ of hearing
20. Through
21. Tarsus' abbr.
22. Toward

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LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

We've And Learn

By Harold Gray

GEE, ANNIE - I TRIED TO TELL YUH- OLD BLUNDER NEVER TIPS ANYBODY - I NEVER CADDIE FOR HIM IF I CAN HELP IT - YUH CAN HAVE BACK YER HALF DOLLAR IF YUH WANT IT -

NAW, JIM - KEEP IT - I WAS A SAP, BUT DON'T RUB IT IN -

LEAPIN LIZARDS!!! HOW WAS I TO KNOW? OLD BLUNDER'S GOT PLENTY - I S'POSE HE'D SHELL OUT EASY - HUH - THAT OLD BIRD DOESN'T THINK ANY MORE OF A DIME 'N HE DOES OF HIS RIGHT EYE -

GEE, SANDY - IF YOU KNEW HOW SOFT IN TH' HEAD I REALLY AM SOME TIMES YOU MIGHT BE SORRY FOR ME, BUT YUH COULDN'T LOVE ME -

BIG SHOTS ARE ALL ALIKE - JUST TH' SAME AS ANYBODY ELSE WHEN YUH GET TO KNOW 'EM ONLY TIGHTER - RICH FOLKS DON'T HAVE TO TIP - THEY'VE GOT IT AND THEY SURE HANG ONTO IT - OH, WELL - WE LIVE AN' LEARN - EN, SANDY?

ARF!

REG'LAR FELLERS

Jimmie's Mixed Up

By Gene Byrnes

HURRY UP! MAKE UP YER MIND! I CAN'T STAND HERE ALL DAY!

I GUESS I'LL TAKE A PENNY'S WORTH A MIXED CHALKLITS!

WHAT? ONEY TWO CHALKLITS? I SAID MIXED CHALKLITS!

TWO FOR A PENNY! THAT'S CORRECT! MIX THEM YOURSELF!

TAILSPIN TOMMY

In The Rebel Stronghold

By Glenn Chapman and Hal Folmer

WHILE TOMMY AND SKEETER ARE LOOKING FOR THE AMERICAN CONSUL IN THE EL TOMANIA CAPITAL, SAN VALLIS—LET'S HAVE A GLIMPSE INTO THE REBEL STRONGHOLD, WHERE BETTY IS A PRISONER OF THE MYSTERIOUS MASKED MARVEL

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