

Death Treasure

By R. A. J. WALLING

Chapter 10
THE KEYHOLE MURDER
 "Shot through the keyhole—" Somerfield's words set up a rush of theory, which broke the oppressive spell. It looked all wrong.

Wayne turned to stare at the door, in its archway, and at the huge lock, and at the large worn aperture in it.

"Mr. Fotherbury," said Wayne, "is that door ever locked?"

"Always at night."

"And the key usually kept on the outside?"

"Always."

"Before I examine it, should you say that the key ought to be in the lock now?"

"Yes, certainly—if nobody has removed it."

"It is not in the lock," Wayne exclaimed. "Every man in the room must have known it—the door has been swung open several times."

Wayne walked to the door and pulled it open. There was no key.

"You gentlemen will please remain in your seats," said he. He went outside and closed the door. We could imagine him stooping to peep through the keyhole. Immediately he was inside again, looking down on the body of Pell.

"Mr. Grenofen," he called to me, "will you come and show me exactly what Pell did?"

As I went to him, Wayne fastened both bolts.

"Pell was here," said I, taking the spot where he stood. "He waited with his arm up, looking at his watch like this. He said, 'Now!' and he started immediately for the door. He shot back the top bolt, so, and he was stooping to the bottom bolt, like this, and before he reached it, there was a terrific bang and he just fell in a heap—there."

"He was shot in the forehead," said Wayne, looking at him. "Did he face the door when he stooped?"

"I can't say. He was in rapid motion all the time. You see, the whole thing was done in an instant."

Wayne stood contemplating us, his brow puckered, his eyes full of doubt.

"Did anybody see the key in the door before this happened?"

"Nobody had noticed whether it was there or not."

"I should make a suggestion," said Somerfield.

"Well?"

"That if by any chance Pell's ghost shot Pell, he probably didn't go off with a great key like that in the pocket of his shroud. You've no doubt observed that the vestibule is badly lit."

"Ah!" Wayne cried, unbolting the door, took a torch from his pocket and flickered it along the flags of the corridor.

The suspense was too much for Seabrook. He muttered something about it's being silly, and marched across the room to look over Wayne's shoulder.

"Good of you, Somerfield!" he called out.

We heard a ring of metal on stone and Wayne rose with a large iron key in his hand. He examined the keyhole by the light of his torch.

"Mr. Fotherbury," said he, "you assure me that there has been no trick with this key? It's not a plant?"

"Of course not, Mr. Wayne. You wouldn't ask me that if you weren't suffering a little from excitement. It looks as if—but perhaps you'd rather we didn't speculate?"

"It alters things," said Wayne. "Don't you think, Mr. Fotherbury, you could at least put us on parole? I suppose we can all give our word of honor to stay within call of Mr. Wayne until something is decided?"

He sent a look of inquiry round. "Very well," said Wayne. "Until the chief comes, the body must stay there. The door can be locked and I'll take the key."

By this time we were all stand-

ing round him except Marling, who had sat immobile in his chair by the hearth.

"Come along, Marling," said Mr. Fotherbury.

Marling rose and walked slowly towards us, with his cassock swinging. He was at the tail of the little procession that filed past Wayne and went along the corridor.

"That's the place," said Mr. Fotherbury, checking where another short vaulted passage went off to the left. It was a mere unit cave to the eye.

"Curious how he got there," Royle observed.

"Please pass along without going in," came Wayne's voice behind us. And so we reached the hall to encounter Eastley and the constable one on either side of Laxton, coming across it. We stopped and spread out. Wayne pushed to the front.

Laxton seemed a little groggy, but not much hurt. He gave me no sign of recognition.

"Which of you gentlemen is Mr. Fotherbury?" he asked.

Mr. Fotherbury stepped forward. "Most extraordinary introduction," said Laxton. "I'm afraid I've not been able to keep my appointment very punctually."

"Appointment?" Mr. Fotherbury inquired with his eyebrows up.

"Yes, I said I'd be with you at three o'clock."

"Good gracious!" cried the host. "You can't be Professor Laxton?"

"Oh, yes, I can," said Laxton.

"And what on earth—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Fotherbury," Wayne put his hand up. "If this gentleman will come with me, I'll speak to him first."

For my purpose, which is to tell the facts about Roger Pell, I need not dally with the public proceedings of Wayne and his superiors.

Wayne was a capital fellow—the best type of the trained police officer, and in England that is saying a lot. But Wayne naturally concerned himself only to find an explanation of the murder and when he had found it, since the murderer could obviously not be caught in Blackwater, he handed the whole thing over to Scotland Yard.

And Scotland Yard began its hunt for the mysterious person of whom we came to speak as "Pell's ghost."

Wayne, puzzled to death and bulging with those suspicions of his, as soon as the theory of the shot through the keyhole was suggested, conceived the idea that Laxton might be the ghost!

(To be Continued)

BROOKS

Miss Ellen Hackit, and her brother Robert Hackit accompanied by Mrs. C. D. Naylor, went to Gervais Tuesday afternoon and were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Naylor.

Miss Majel Low of Brooks and her sister Miss Melva of Molalla, spent the week end in Portland.

Miss Doris Wood of Noti, was a guest the past week of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Sturgis.

Kay Montgomery returned to Brooks Monday from eastern Oregon where he has been employed in the grain harvest. Montgomery left Tuesday for Tacoma where he will visit his parents.

The signal crew is expected here soon to install a bell at the railroad crossing.

Mrs. Mary Moisan has returned to her home in Brooks after an extended visit with relatives in Portland.

SMITHS ARE BACK
 Silverton—Dr. and Mrs. A. L. V. Smith have returned from a two weeks' vacation trip. They spent their vacation at Netarts, Ocean Lake, Culter City and Breitenbush.

A fund of \$100,000 will be used to start a colony in Palestine for Texas Zionists.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

The Morning After

By Harold Gray



REG'LAR FELLERS

"Ain't Seen Nuthin Yet"

By Gene Byrnes



TAILSPIN TOMMY

Rescuing The Yellow Jacket

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



DUMB DORA

Personal Attention

By Chick Young



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



MUTT AND JEFF

A Sentry With A Wide Acquaintance

By Bud Fisher



ACROSS

1. Hessian
2. Time
3. Converter in formality
4. Around neck
5. Fetal sign
6. Nite up
7. Employer
8. Anxious wine
9. receptacle
10. Mountain range
11. From the sign
12. msk. shbr.
13. Measurment
14. Type measurment
15. Medicinal plant
16. Christmas card
17. Proofreader's marks
18. Gouty
19. Gouty mollusk
20. Part of eye
21. Content
22. Taker of a lease
23. Heavy mineral resembling mica
24. North
25. Ivy
26. At home
27. Assimilate

DOWN

1. Craves
2. Acute
3. peninsula
4. Concentrated
5. Toward the lee
6. side
7. boss of horses
8. negative
9. Restricted particle
10. Went up
11. Black and blue
12. Short for a name's name
13. Era
14. Ignited
15. Diarrhea
16. Horseback rider's seat
17. Silk worm
18. Locomotive
19. Lay in warmth
20. Salt
21. Ventured
22. Object of worship
23. Roman emperer
24. A judge of Israel's judge
25. 1211
26. Presently
27. Trial
28. Consume
29. Wrath

LOVE CHART CALM

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 PLATTER ETONIAN
 SENT REBA
 GIB ACE SRO ROE
 ARIL ENS SLEEPS
 RASER SAC ONSET
 STORES POP DORE
 EEN SPA HUG WAR
 WEIR ERIA
 RIVETER RINGERS
 AREALIKES ARIA
 NOIR EVENTS TROT
 LUNN REBTS ESTE

44. Proposition
 45. Act
 46. Kind
 47. Cattle
 48. Verbal
 49. Holder of the Ark
 50. Green Light
 51. European fish
 52. Of the cod family

57. Finish
 58. Hand depression
 59. DOWN
 60. A. P. C. Collop.
 61. Smaller
 62. Kite
 63. Mascot
 64. Component
 65. parts of the vessel

66. Jewish
 67. Roman emperer
 68. A judge of Israel's judge
 69. 1211
 70. Presently
 71. Trial
 72. Consume
 73. Wrath

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