Death Treasure

by R. A. J. WALLING

CHAPTER 13

THE "CUB" IS LICKED

Veronica smiled at the amazement which was written in my expression. But amazement could hardly be regarded as unnatural under the circumstances. It was enough that a girl like Veronica should ask me to help her hide an unknown man—Roger Fell's murderer, for all I knew—but to learn my mother had entered the conspiracy, and without a word to me, was sufficient to shake anyone.

"Don't look as if you'd swallowed a slug, Mr. Grenofen," said Veronica, with a touch of her old manner.

"Very well," I said. "If this is the order, so be it."

"Agreed? Then I'm eternally grateful. But there's one other thing: will you walk home with me?"

Would I like a million!

"Now?" I asked.

"Yes. But that's not all. If we should meet anybody on the road will you be very kind and attentive, even affectionate? I hate it like mush—but if I give you the word, will you even paw me about?"

"Miss Seabroke!"

"I mean it. When I say 'paw,' you paw me brisk and hearty."

The change in Veronica was amazing. Her dejection had gone and her blue eyes blazed with fun. Was it all a huge joke, I wondered—one of Veronica's "monkey-tricks," as Seabroke would have said?

I shook myself, shook off the glooms and horrors of the afternoon and the suspicions of the last five minutes, and capered into Veronica's own mood. We set off for home.

"Terrible lot of outsiders still left in the world, don't you think?" she asked, apparently apropos of nothing.

"Anything biting you at present?"

"Martin Somerfield just missed one last night," said Veronica. "You know—when you were so understanding—of course you don't want to know any more about it?"

"Not a word," I declared.

"In that case, I'd better tell you. An outsider molested me, and there were reasons why I didn't want a fuss made last night. But if an outsider molested me again tonight I should be grossly offended."

"You may rely on it," said I, "that nobody will molest you tonight".

"Oh, I do," said Veronica.

Nevertheless, I was quite unprepared when she said suddenly, "Now, paw."

We were in the little road among the sandhills. Veronica saw first the figure that moved into the road from between two hummocks.

I could not see the features of the man who stood in the middle of the road. But he was young and well dressed in a plus-four suit. I did not recognize his voice when he spoke.

His words and tone gave me a sensation of pins and needles in the knuckles. When we were within two yards of him he still stood in the middle of the narrow road, barring the way.

"'Lo, Veronica!" said he.

And then I understood that he was not quite sober.

Veronica made no answer. I released Veronica's arm and put her gently behind me.

Then I took the young man by his collar stud and anything else I could catch in that region, and fetched him out of the road. He came to rest on his haunches, I fear rather abruptly, against a hillock.

The young man recovered his feet and came at me, shouting out: "So you're the little devil's bully, eh? You're a dam' little fool, Veronica, and you'll soon find it out."

The rush stopped when he observed that I had placed my right hand under guard of the left. I said:

"If you were sober I'd knock your head off at once. I'll do it now if you don't clear. Say another word to Miss Seabroke, and—"

But I had to do it before I could announce it, for he yelled: "Hi, Veronica."

I judge by the crack I felt on my knuckles that their impact with the corner between eye and nose must have been momentarily unpleasant for him. But only momentarily. He sank down against the same sand heap in a peaceful sleep.

"That'll do him a lot of good," said I to Veronica."

"You haven't overdone it, Mr. Grenofen?"

"Oh, no. Probably five minutes. I'll see you to Sandypoint and then watch him off the premises."

The recollection of the little squeal Veronica had given the night before may have added a pound to the weight of the blow.

"The unlicked cub's lost his title. He's now been licked," said Veronica.

"Oh?" said I; "have I had an introduction to Mr. Fred Fotherbury?"

"Yes. He's been a nuisance in London. He's interfered yesterday with—well, he's a rank outsider, anyhow. Thanks awfully, Mr. Grenofen."

I parted from Veronica at her gate and strolled back towards the spot where the cub went to earth. I met him walking along the road holding a handkerchief to his nose. He passed me without speaking.

I turned and followed him past Seabroke's towards Blackwater, and stood at the bottom of Woodcot Lane till he was out of sight and hearing.

With a mind full of puzzlement and a sub-conscious sense of pleasure in the queer little episode, I reached home. It was nearly 11 o'clock.

My mother, meeting me in the hall, whispered:

"Another visitor—Professor Laxton."

I sat down hard on a chair.

"That's awkward, mother."

"Yes, isn't it? Did I tell you I was expecting an old friend of my family, sort of second cousin, tonight?"

"No. What's his name?"

"Let me see—John, I think. Yes, John Merryweather."

Merryweather was my mother's maiden name and John Merryweather was a bachelor cousin of hers in London.

(To be continued)

WATSONS ARE BACK

Turner—Mr. and Mrs. John M. Watson of Salem have returned from a two weeks' visit at The Dalles with Mrs. Watson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Knebel. They were in Turner visiting Mrs. R. J. Watson, Mr. Watson's mother, and among their many Turner friends. For the past three years Watson has been principal and athletic coach in the Turner high school. Mrs. Watson taught the commercial department here one year, prior to accepting the position in Jefferson high school last year.

VISITORS AT WITZEL HOME

Turner—Recent visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Witzel in the Crawford district, were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brasher of Salem and Mrs. Brasher's mother, Mrs. M. Barzee of Turner. Other visitors were E. J. Harrison, Turner business man, and his wife and children.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

The ? ? Mystery

By Harold Gray

REG'LAR FELLERS

Coats Of Another Color

By Gene Byrnes

TAILSPIN TOMMY

Tommy And Skeeter Visit The Consul

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

DUMB DORA

Clothes Don't "Make" The Man

By Chic Young

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

MUTT AND JEFF

All Quiet On The Western Front

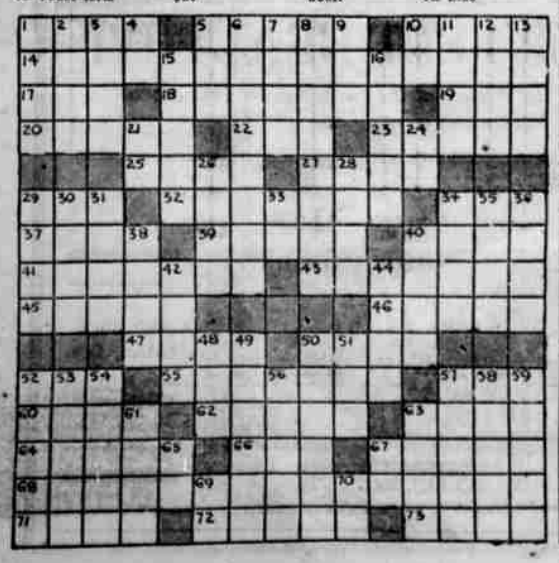
By Bud Fisher

Solution to Saturday's Puzzle

H	A	M	S		E	T	A		H	A	S	P		
O	M	I	T		M	O	T		E	L	L	A		
D	A	N	E		P	R	O		R	A	Y	S		
		U	P		L	I	L		A	T				
S	O	T		S	O	I	L	S		E	S	S		
T	R	E	A	T	Y		S	O	B		P	O		
E	L	S	I	E				B	A	T	O	N		
L	O		L	E	E		D	E	T	A	I	N		
A	P	T		R	U	M	O	R		P	L	Y		
		H	O		R	O	T		S	I				
A	P	E	D		O	R	A		L	O	N	E		
R	I	S	E		P	A	R		I	C	O	N		
S	E	E	R		E	L	D		P	A	R	D		

ACROSS

1. Cease
4. Girl's name
10. Encourage
14. Competition
17. Southern constellation
19. Charged with gas
20. Collection of facts
29. Oriental patent
32. Definite article
33. Absolute
34. Exceedingly
37. Chinese food
39. Royal College of Organists: abbr.
42. Ruined
44. Insect
47. Shakespearean villain
49. Acoustum
50. Epochs
51. Gathering
52. End of a horizontal spar
54. Metal
56. Fish
57. Cleansing agent
60. Panther
62. Old form of three
65. Perforates the skull
67. Doctrine
69. Character in "The Last Days of Pompeii"
72. Search: Scot.
73. Poker term
74. Cognizant
76. Vegetable
77. Zeal
78. Favorable representations
79. Wiles
80. Unaccented syllables
81. To the lee side

DOWN

1. Incrustation over a wound
2. Pulled apart
3. Author of "The Rubaiyat"
4. Soft: mus. abbr.
5. Consumed
6. Sailing
7. Greenland settlement
8. Pertaining to literature
9. First woman
10. Article
11. Flog
12. Anglo-Saxon slave
13. Former emperor
15. Diner
16. Bring forth
21. Broad street: abbr.
23. Symbol for tellurium
26. Wreck
28. Genus of the Virginia willow
29. Bones
30. Wagon
31. Molding
32. Greek letter
34. Boast
35. Nobleman
36. First name of the British ambassador
38. Is indebted
40. Feminine name
42. Inlet
43. Strikes against violently
45. Metric land measures
46. Condiment
48. Formal procession
51. One: French
53. The Pope's triple crown
55. One who propels a boat
58. Make into law
59. Sharp ends of hammer heads
61. Derivative of indigo
63. Rock
64. Dip: rare
66. God of love
68. Elaborate solo
70. Type square
71. Preposition
69. Mother
78. Like