

Death Treasure

By R. A. J. WALLING

Chapter 14 COUSIN JOHN

So Cousin John Merryweather was to be the name of our strange guest. I secretly admired my mother's daring and foresight.

"Have you told Laxton?" I asked her.

"Oh, I just casually mentioned it. He said he didn't dream of inflicting himself on us for another night. But he wanted to wait until you came in."

Professor Laxton sat in my long chair smoking a cigar, when I went in. I greeted him.

"How do, professor? If you want another midnight expedition, not for this child tonight."

"Wouldn't think of asking you, Mr. Grenofen. I only came up to say thanks for not recognizing me in the hall at Newplace."

"Oh," said I, "but I gave myself away! I forgot I'd seen you in London and therefore ought to have owned you when they brought you into the library. In the excitement most people missed it, but one saw it."

"Who was that?"

"Mr. Fotherbury himself."

"Ah—well, he may forget. A queer yarn about this fellow Pell. What do you think? Just madness—or method in it?"

"If there wasn't any method in it, professor, there was purpose. Pell expected to reveal somebody."

"Quite," said Laxton. "What had it got to do with Fotherbury's diggings?"

"Haven't a shadow, professor. What about you?"

"I had an idea, Mr. Grenofen. But now Pell's dead, and whether I can ever put the idea to the proof—well, we shall see. But it's late and you're expecting a guest. So—"

"Must have a sip before you go, professor."

And I went out of the room without giving him a chance to refuse. I wanted to know whether Mr. John Merryweather had arrived and the coast clear. But Mr. Merryweather had not yet produced himself. In fact it was while my mother put glasses on a tray in the dining room that I heard a car in Woodcot lane.

"Take the tray in to Laxton, will you, mother?" said I. "Keep him talking till I've spirited Cousin John out of the way."

And I went down to the road, reaching the gate as the taxi pulled up.

"Hello, Cousin John," I called into the dark. "Just step inside the gate. Got your bag?"

A figure went by me. I paid the driver. He maneuvered round. Presently his tail light dropped down the road.

"Cousin John Merryweather, where are you?" I said. "There's a man in the house, and we thought we'd just get in quietly and amuse you upstairs at once."

"A man? What man?" asked a deep voice. "I'm suspicious of all men."

"He's called Professor Laxton," said I, "and he came down to look at some Roman remains at Newplace."

"Where is he?"

"In my studio round at the back of the house."

"Could I see him without being seen?"

"I don't quite know how you could, Cousin John, unless you could get a peek at him by the side of the blind."

"Will you take me there?"

"By all means. This way."

It certainly seemed as if Cousin John might be a rather troublesome relative. We went quietly round to the back of the house. Unfortunately I had not noticed that the blind of the big north window had not been drawn. A huge square of bright light lay on the turf. Nearly the whole interior of the room was

visible. My mother stood talking to Professor Laxton.

Cousin John leaped back just as he was about to step into the square of light.

"That man—"

"Professor Laxton?"

"Go and get rid of him. I'll wait somewhere outside. Does he know you have a victory?"

"Naturally. He's taking himself off to leave room for you. Wait here by the shrubbery and I'll go and get him out of it."

As I entered the den I guessed that Laxton had heard the arrival of the taxi. So I said to my mother:

"Cousin John's just come—very tired, but he'd like a little supper when he's had a wash."

Whereupon Laxton put down his glass and soon took his leave.

When the coast was clear and I brought the man in from the shrubbery, and he stood revealed in the light of the hall, I had a terrible jar. But my mother just smiled in her sweetest way and said:

"Well, Cousin John, how are you?"

The man was tall and between 30 and 40 years of age. He had a stubble of beard of three days' growth at least, which stood out all over his face—and this was the sinister thing—was quite as long as his hair.

Is there a less pleasant spectacle than a man whose hair has been clipped to a uniform length of a quarter of an inch, so that his scalp shows through everywhere?

This man had a shapely head, but in his dark eyes the look of a hunted wolf. He wore nondescript clothes, he held in his left hand a battered hat and in his right a ragged bag. He might have rummaged an old clothes shop and put on the first thing that came to hand.

My mother is a very dainty woman—rather fragile in appearance, but really quite sound and gracefully active. And she, like a hostess receiving a distinguished guest, walked up to this fearful tramp and said, "Well, Cousin John, how are you?"

He put down the queer-looking black bag he carried, took the extended hand and bent over it. And then he was no longer a tramp but a man who knew how to behave with a woman; and from the terrible face there came that deep booming voice, "I'm very grateful, Mrs. Grenofen!"

"Nonsense," said my mother. "Tom, take Cousin John up to the bathroom. I see you've got some things, Cousin John—not like Professor Laxton."

"No," said he. "I've no things—not a rag. The bag—"

He paused, and his eyes glanced from one to the other of us. Then he shrugged his shoulders.

"I may as well tell you now," he went on. "The bag contains private things of great importance and value to me. I want you to put it in your safe."

To be Continued

MOVIES ARE SHOWN

Brooks—A gathering Sunday evening of the guests of the S. W. R. Jones reunion at Ronald Jones was entertained by motion pictures of the reunion of the previous year.

These were made and shown by Ellis H. Jones of Eugene. Local scenes and "kiddie stunts" were also shown much to the amusement of the younger members of the audience.

VISITORS IN AMITY

Amity—Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Briedwell and daughter, Ruth, of Portland, spent the week end in Amity at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Briedwell, Briedwell, who is with the Burroughs Adding Machine company, has recently been transferred from The Dalles to Portland.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Ann—Interested

By Harold Gray



REG'LAR FELLERS

Stuck Up



TAILSPIN TOMMY

Tommy Gets Some Action

By DEAN GREEN



DUMB DORA

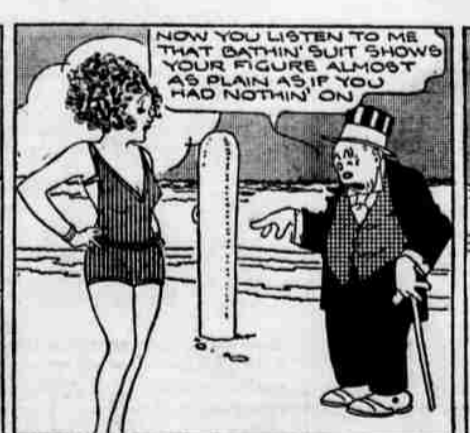
Rod's Love's "Bean" Asleep

By Chick Young



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManis



MUTT AND JEFF

The Answer Was Written In The Stars

By Bud Fisher



ACROSS Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

- 1. Actual
- 2. Misadvent
- 3. Facility
- 4. Children's game
- 5. Local solo
- 6. Menstruating
- 7. Prophet
- 8. Printers' messengers
- 9. Blood
- 10. Hate of movement
- 11. Treasure
- 12. Fit one inside another
- 13. Latin conjunction
- 14. Hinting to a German river
- 15. Cut
- 16. Paradise
- 17. Noun
- 18. Notifies
- 19. Particular
- 20. Player in 19 across
- 21. Girl's name
- 22. First name of a Soviet movie actress
- 23. Recreation ground
- 24. Years of one's life
- 25. Fastener
- 26. Region
- 27. Sister's daughters
- 28. A knight of the Round Table
- 29. Pronoun
- 30. Cardinal point
- 31. Mark left by a blow
- 32. That woman
- 33. Spreads loosely
- 34. Egyptian river
- 35. Low tide
- 36. To the inside of
- 37. Writing implement
- 38. Mixture
- 39. Small stream
- 40. Older people
- 41. Best
- 42. Appertions
- 43. Famous drink
- 44. Utter
- 45. Was aware
- 46. Article
- 47. Litter
- 48. Command to an old team
- 49. Women brass-band unit

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