

Death Treasure

By R. A. J. WALLING

CHAPTER 22 VERONICA TALKS

Veronica put the rudder hard over and steered for the destroyer, and reached him in three minutes. The destroyer had stopped her engines and Veronica made a detour of her and came alongside, keeping a half dozen yards away from the port side. Then her clear voice rang out, in French.

"What imbecile fired that shot?" The conversation so begun was laughable. It appeared the imbecile was the lieutenant in command himself. He stood at the gangway, and when he realized that the man at Fitzlip's wheel was a lady, he saluted gallantly, and said:

"It was I, madame." Veronica went on, in her torrential French.

"You have made a grand mistake, Mr. Lieutenant. You thought you had caught a poacher or a smuggler? On the contrary you have caught two English yachtsmen who have been out in the channel all night on account of trouble with their engines and are now on the way home. You have a telescope on board, I believe? Did you think it was a good joke to frighten a woman? Look here! I'll give you my father's name and address. You'd better write to him and apologize, or he'll come over and bite you. And I have the honor to wish you good day, sir."

"Pardon, madame—out you have seen our signals." "Pardon, monsieur, but we have not seen any signals at all." "You have heard our siren?" "We have, but we did not know you were talking to us."

"You have put in to the bay of St. Michel?" "And then?" "We have seen a man walking ashore near Point-à-Var. One has told us by wireless that he has apparently landed from your boat."

"One has told you a fib. How could a man land from a boat which has not gone near the shore? Your intelligence bureau doesn't function well. Again, I wish you good day, sir. And I counsel you to be more economical of your powder. Admit! Whereupon Veronica switched in her starter and Fitzlip moved away leaving the excellent lieutenant gaping. In a quarter of an hour he was hulled down. In another 10 minutes we had the channel to ourselves.

We talked of anything but the questions that afflicted my conscience. At last I said:

"When we get back—" "Andy and Martin you're thinking of?" "Hardly so much of them as of other curious folks," said I.

"I know. Up to us to talk their curiosity, isn't it? I've got a mother and a sister—both understanding persons. Leave it to them."

And beyond that Veronica would not go. I persuaded her to let me take the wheel while she lay down to rest with one of the rugs around her. I meditated on the night's work.

I had joined in a grotesque escapade which might have alarming results. I had possibly been privy to a crime, an accessory after the fact to a flight from justice. And all because the blue eyes of Veronica hypnotized me. I literally feared to come out of my trance. With her in this vessel, the mud-dug ugliness of the things at Blackwater seemed remote.

But we were nearing the gain with every revolution of the engine. "You're a good pal, Tom," Veronica said suddenly.

She threw off the rug, and looked through the screen.

"Lugger," said Veronica. "We shall soon raise land. . . . A very good pal!"

We did raise land within a quarter of an hour. I carried on at the wheel until we were close enough to identify landmarks. Then Veronica took charge. She seemed to

steer straight for a range of cliffs, far higher than the little ones near Blackwater.

"So we aren't going straight home?" I remarked.

"Not yet. We've a call to make. 'Where are we sailing?' I asked. "Silworthy Cove. I'll tell you why. It's possible we shall find there a fast motor boat which was stolen from Blackwater Creek. I happened to see a doubtful-looking person get on board her last night and drift with her down stream with the tide and go round Sandy-point. . . ."

I think my mouth was hanging open by this time.

"Don't be so flabbergasted! You remember that I met you and told you about it. We drove down the coast keeping the boat in view as closely as possible. My mother came with us as a chaperone."

I gasped and Veronica went on.

"The point is that the suspicious person couldn't manage a racing motor-boat, and when he put into Silworthy Cove and tried to land he ran her on to the beach on a falling tide. When we had driven to the nearest point and climbed down, however, we found the boat high and dry and the suspicious person gone. It was then long past midnight."

"You had strained your ankle coming down the cliff and could not climb up again. Not knowing the country, we decided to hang till it was light. This morning, having bandaged your foot, we climbed painfully back to the car, drove to the nearest telephone, and communicated with Mr. Andrew Royle and asked him to come and take his boat home."

My capacity for thought was exhausted.

"If you can get away with this—" I began. "But Mrs. Seabroke?" "We shall find mother in the old 'bus, I know where. The only question is whether any interfering person will be out so early at Silworthy Cove."

Our adventure came to an end in the placid waters of that extraordinary little notch in the coast known as Silworthy Cove, an almost landlocked pool surrounded by high cliffs with benches of red-tinted yellow sand at their feet.

Fitzlip went in slowly and almost noiselessly. We looked around. No interfering person spoiled our success. We ran as near a beach as we could with safety. I took Veronica on my shoulder to land. We stopped to tie a handkerchief round my ankle.

We climbed by a steep path to the top and walked a few hundred yards to a road, where we found the commander's car, and inside it Mrs. Seabroke—fast asleep!

(To be continued)

SHANGHAI TRADE UP
Shanghai, (UP)—Material increase in Shanghai's trade is shown by figures given out by customs authorities here. These figures are compiled in units of taels, the tael being a weight in silver and commonly used here although non-existent in any actual currency form. Revenue collected in June, 1929, excluding from consideration the additions given by new higher tariff, showed an increase of nearly half a million taels over the June collection for last year.

OH, WHAT DID HE SEE?
Shanghai, (UP)—What I Saw in the Dancing Hall, a recently published Chinese book, has been ordered suppressed in Greater Shanghai by edict of General Chang Chan, the mayor.

Berlin (UP)—Berlin, like other modern world capitals, will soon have lost the last of its horse cabs. Today there are only 100 of them left in this city, the number having dropped from a thousand at the end of the war to 600 in 1927 and to 269 on July 1 last year.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

For The Rainy Day

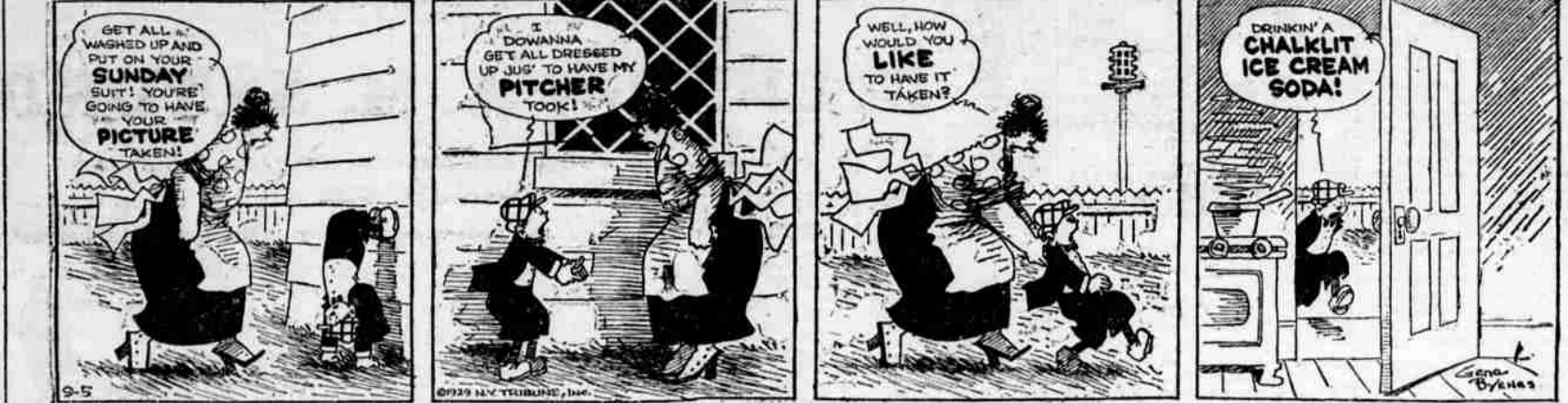
By Harold Gray



REG'LAR FELLERS

Favorite Pose

By Gene Byrnes



TAILSPIN TOMMY

Skeeter Gets A Clue

By Glenn Chaffin and Hal Forrest



DUMB DORA

Shortening The Sentence

By Chick Young



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



MUTT AND JEFF

How Do You Want Jeff, Rare, Medium Or Well Done?

By Bud Fisher



ACROSS

1. Speechless
2. Civetlike animal
3. Votes
4. Devoured
5. And French
6. Tender affection
7. Verbal
8. Babylonian deity
9. Suggested
10. He wrong
11. Old form of address
12. Creative disturbance
13. Kitchen utensil
14. Nuts
15. Oriental ship
16. Table-lind
17. Hairless
18. Drive off
19. Gift
20. Soft part of a fruit
21. Nalio
22. Roommate
23. Small particle
24. By means of
25. Canal
26. St. Name
27. Abundant
28. Support for a bedpost

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

GET TRAPS TOY
AARUPEUOWE
PRESENTATIONS
LADY PAT NEED
LINS REVUE DAY
NO SERENER SE
EDDAS LERGER
SEAT PES PALS
DESERTERS
AM DETAGERS AIA
CORNET MISERS
TOAST ESNEB

DOWN

1. Hebrew
2. Tomatoes
3. Netrie
4. Metal
5. Kind of jacket
6. Heavy
7. Addition to a building
8. Negative
9. Diverging
10. Emperors
11. Day time
12. Wished
13. Fate rapidly
14. God of war
15. Snare
16. Tailless
17. Muscular
18. Comfort
19. Religious revival
20. Vegetables
21. Pig up
22. Ceiling
23. European dish
24. Allow
25. Deeply affected
26. Point of earth's axis
27. Bar of rock
28. 2,250 feet
29. Floating tightly
30. Laborer
31. Horse points
32. Think
33. archaic
34. Wild plum
35. Keeps
36. Saver
37. Child of work
38. Japanese statesman
39. Ostrichlike bird
40. Term
41. Syllable of hesitation

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	55	56	57	58	59	60
61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70