

Death Treasure

By R. A. J. WALLING

Chapter 31
GOOD-BY, LAXTON!
 Laxton and Hallett were standing over me. I felt certain that I was covered by leaves piled a foot thick but some part of me must be exposed. I waited in horror.

A giant hand came down and pinned my arm to the ground. Or so it seemed. But it was only a momentary sensation and fortunately I did not cry out with the pain of it. Laxton or his companion had walked over me.

"Well," said Laxton, "that's a trail. Also, our young friend will not be able to get far without his money. He can't have lugged that bag with him. He must have got it away before. The fellow who's supposed to have landed at St. Michel had nothing with him. Suppose somebody left the house while you were there?"

"No. When we went in he was saying good-by to a young fellow. I heard him call him Somerville, or Somer-something."

"Somerfield? Was Somerfield carrying anything?"

"No luggage, but a camera and a stand."

"I wonder... A camera, you say? What sort of a camera?"

"Couldn't tell, except that it was a big one in a yellow leather case."

"I wonder... he might... he's sharp... But why?... However, this does in my friend Grenofen, eh? He can't make much progress without this. Go and call 'em in, Hallett. We'll see whether Mr. Grenofen can get through a net made of telephone wires. If he does my name's not Barlow."

The rustling began again. They moved away. I lay perfectly still till the wood was silent and I heard Somerfield stirring.

"All clear, Grenofen," said he. "We're too near the open, Grenofen. The woods are safe now. What Veronica does let her friends in for! When he found your dollars I thought it was a wash-out. Suppose they wriggled out of your pocket?"

"No, I was holding them in my hand. I must have dropped them getting under cover."

We returned to the depths of the wood and found a secure hiding place not far from the little brake where the camera case was concealed and waited what seemed interminable hours of darkness.

"Beginning to get the hang of it?" asked Somerfield suddenly.

It was now eight o'clock—till perfectly light even in that thick wood.

"No, hanged if I am," said I. "Have you got a cue?"

"Hardly that. But perhaps a way to find one. Think it out on any line, Grenofen, and you get driven up against Pell—if we could penetrate to the personality hidden behind the name of Pell, we'd be there, Grenofen. We'd know why Pell was shot and what he had to do with that boodle, and the man who snatched it, and what both had to do with Veronica."

That was undeniable. But Pell was dead.

"Pell was known to people before he became Pell, and among those people were the Seabrokes."

That was equally true, but the Seabrokes were not available.

"And anyhow, Somerfield, if Miss Seabroke hadn't wanted to keep that connection secret she'd have told me about it. Miss Seabroke wrote me a note—I told you—which seemed to show that she had cleared out of the mess and that was that."

"Cleared out! You bet Veronica wrote that under compulsion. You heard what Pell said that afternoon in the library—about Seabroke exploiting his daughter and breaking her heart. Well, Seabroke's mad on a marriage between Veronica and the Potherbury cub. And Veronica isn't having any."

How well I knew that!

"But suppose," said Somerfield,

"the old man's got some hold on her. It strikes me, Grenofen, that Veronica may be wanting help for herself before long."

The suggestion put everything else out of my mind.

"So," Somerfield went on, "we've got to find Veronica and Veronica's got to tell us the truth about Pell. I can't think of a way of getting at Veronica, can you?"

"If you can think of a way of getting out of Laxton's net tonight, Somerfield," said I, "I think I can find a way of getting at Veronica."

"Bully for you. But where've we got to go?"

"London, and then to Mrs. Fairfax."

"And then?"

"Mrs. Fairfax will know where the Seabrokes are likely to have gone."

To be a fugitive is unpleasant. To be a hungry fugitive is damnable. We thought it too risky to return to Woodcot for food or to try to reach Somerfield's house. Both would be watched. On that long tramp through the New Forest country I could have broken without compunction into any house we saw to get a loaf.

On the way we met with no more startling adventures than the attention of barking dogs, but when we crept into the railway precincts at Ringwood and waited till a train came in from the west and had been broken up and shunted and put together again, we were both nearly at the end of our tether. Unfortunately, as it seemed, this train went no further than Southampton. At three o'clock in the morning we were marooned in the midst of a railway desert.

We awaited a chance of creeping unseen out of the railway yard, and found ourselves in a village called Totton, on the outskirts of Southampton. We walked toward the town. It was a long way before we found what we wanted—an all-night garage.

A car for London! The sleepy man in charge looked dubious. Probably no plea of illness would have stirred the man out of his lethargy; but when Somerfield took out his pocketbook and it bulged with notes, the effect was electrical. A chauffeur was discovered, a big car produced, the price of the trip arranged, with a tip for the janitor and a promise of one for the driver for speed.

And when we had settled in the back of the car and the lights of Southampton were left behind:

"Good-by, Laxton!"

(To be Continued)

KNIGHTS TO ELECT

Mt. Angel—A meeting of the Knights of Columbus, local council No. 1707, will be held next Tuesday evening at eight o'clock, in the school auditorium, at which time election of officers will take place. Every member is asked to be present.

TALBOT

Mrs. Rosia Styles and granddaughter, Miss Thelma Gunn, left Friday for near Ottawa, Kansas, where they expect to make their future home.

Mrs. Hazel Sloan and sons, Francis and Earl McCormick and daughter, and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Doty, of Portland, are visiting friends and relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jacobson of Toledo spent the week end here with Mrs. Jacobson's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Doty.

Mrs. Keith Ellen and son of Portland, are visiting Mrs. Allen's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Doty.

TWO WOMEN FAINT
 Stlayton—While working at the cannery this week Mrs. W. F. Buckles and Mrs. Gussie Quilhot both fainted. The warm weather is said to have been the cause.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

The Spillbinder

By Harold Gray



REG'LAR FELLERS

Two Smart Boys

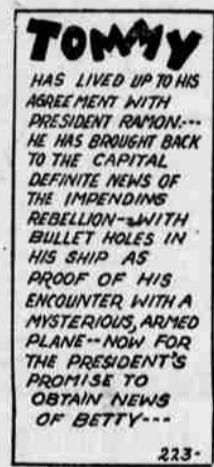
By Gene Byrnes



TAILSPIN TOMMY

No News Of Betty

By GLENN CHAFFIN AND HAL FORRESTER



DUMB DORA

Will Emily Miss Being Mrs.

By Chick Young



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



MUTT AND JEFF

Meet The Prince Of Whalers

By Bud Fisher



ACRONS

1. Shell musical instrument
2. Old with a single spot
3. Huet
4. Resemblance an ad
5. Correlative of either
6. Hindu queen
7. Common birds
8. Tread
9. Comfort
10. Crust
11. Marks of omission
12. Assam silk-worm
13. Becoming slower mus. dir.
14. Dayover
15. Machine for stretching cloth
16. He on one's guard
17. Tidal wave
18. Head covering
19. Huel
20. Heete in monotonous
21. Allow
22. Pasture
23. Those who de-appe
24. Desire for food
25. Animal with-out feet
26. Pasture
27. Person distinguished by the number one
28. Diver from truth
29. Incline
30. Having wings
31. Ancient Trojan war god
32. Small wild or of Celebes
33. Bovine animals
34. Galle
35. Cut wood
36. Resin
37. Conical
38. Short for a man's name
39. Open court
40. Wagon; var-
41. Movement of an airplane
42. Sea eagle
43. Less
44. Article of food
45. Slightly good-natured
46. Covered
47. Frenzy
48. Robust
49. One who makes
50. Blast
51. Sings vi-
52. Sings vi-
53. High, pointed
54. Mountain
55. Comb. form
56. Condensed mixture

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