

Death Treasure

R. A. J. WALLING

Chapter 22 VERONICA MISSING

The next evening Somerfield and I sat in a restaurant at Bruges, in Belgium.

The day had begun with a frantic rush about London. First to Mrs. Fairfax in Kensington. We felt rather blue when we learned that she had been asked about Veronica's possible whereabouts on the telephone from Blackwater the night before. She did not know where Veronica was, but she gave us the address in Bruges where she had told the other inquirer, information about Veronica could probably be obtained.

Then—Dover, the 10 o'clock boat to Ostend, the train to Bruges, and here we were, having spent our first hour in the city buying bags, shirts, collars, razors, toothbrushes and pyjamas. We had bathed and shaved. We had dined. We proposed to sleep and promised ourselves that not the best efforts of the cartillon in the belfry of Bruges would disturb us. On the morrow—

Well, on the morrow we would see what the address Somerfield had obtained from Mrs. Fairfax had to reveal.

The Rue de la Grenelle proved to be a quiet street of tall houses with shutters over the windows and steep-pitched roofs. Number 33 was the end house abutting on one of the canals.

We uttered an exclamation at the same moment: on the opposite side of the canal and hanging over it was just such another tourelle as we knew on the riverside at Newport, in just another such wall.

"By Jove! Somerfield," said I. "We're wrong. That's Pell's tower in Bruges!"

But a surprise awaited us when we had made the concierge at No. 33 understand that we wanted to see Mademoiselle Vandenesse. We waited, and she brought us a gray-haired lady in a sober frock and a black hood on her head.

"Messieurs?" she said with a little curtsy.

"Mademoiselle Vandenesse?" I inquired.

"Oh, mais non!" she answered, laughing a little.

Then it appeared that the gray-haired lady had merely come to reconnoiter on behalf of Miss Vandenesse—she invited us to ascend to a sitting-room where she collected our names, said something about two excitements in one day, asked us to be seated, and took herself off.

"Did you notice, Grenofen? We've got into a girls' school."

I nodded. Then a young woman came into the room and stood holding the handle of the door and looking nervously at us. She was about 30, dressed in black, dark-eyed, fresh of complexion, and at the moment breathing rapidly as if in a state of high excitement.

"Mademoiselle Vandenesse?" I said.

"Yes," she spoke in English. "I am Miss Vandenesse. You are Mr. Somerfield. This is Mr. Grenofen. We have come to ask a question about an English friend of yours."

She started back as if she would run out of the room.

"Oh, but I... I don't know you," she stammered.

"We are friends of Miss Seabroke," said I.

"Oh—Veronica!" The alarm which had come into her eyes departed. She shut the door and took a seat near it. "You are friends of Veronica?"

"You know Miss Seabroke very well, don't you?" I asked. "We want you to tell us, Miss Vandenesse, whether you know of her present whereabouts."

"I haven't seen Veronica for more than a year," said she. "She's living at Blackwater."

"But Miss Seabroke has left the place, and we are anxious to discover where she is now."

"Something re-aroused her suspicion. 'I cannot tell you. I have not seen her.'"

"Of course I realize how strange this visit must seem to you, Miss Vandenesse," said I, lamely.

And I went on to implore her to give us some hint that might lead us to Veronica. She insisted that she knew nothing.

"You knew of no men friends Veronica had in Bruges?" said I.

"You did not know of a Mr. Pell?"

"I never knew anybody of that name."

In less than five minutes from the time of our arrival we were out in the Rue de la Grenelle again. We had drawn blank—I remarked to Somerfield as we walked back to the Lion d'Or, our hotel.

"I think not," Somerfield answered. "I think if we keep an eye on Miss Vandenesse we shall see things. In the meantime, as a treat, we shall lunch on roast veal."

Veronica having been at school in the Rue de la Grenelle and having kept up a correspondence with Miss Vandenesse, one of her teachers, as Mrs. Fairfax had told Somerfield through the mouth of her maid, there must be means of discovering the traces of Pell in that street whether Miss Vandenesse cared to disclose them or not.

We sat in the window of the little room overlooking the square, speculating on the possibility of bribing servants or cajoling the superior of the school. Suddenly, Somerfield grasped my arm and pointed into the square.

"See who that is?"

A man and a woman were crossing, arms linked, towards the Town Hall, and therefore walking away from us. But the woman was turning to look up into the man's face, and talking earnestly. We recognized Miss Vandenesse.

They reached the pavement and were lost in the throng about the doors of the great building. Then we saw another man start from our side of the square and walk quickly across. Somerfield's grip on my arm tightened.

It was Laxton.

He lingered on the pavement in front of the Town Hall. He entered. In two or three minutes he came out again and stood contemplating the square. Then he walked slowly back and under the windows of the Lion d'Or we could see him no more.

Somerfield and I looked at each other in pained astonishment.

"That's torn it!" said Somerfield. "Bruges is no place for us."

Clearly not while it contained Laxton with a warrant for my arrest in his pocket. And yet—

"I wonder if he could do anything here?" said I. "I don't know much about the law of extradition."

"It's very complicated," said a voice behind us.

We leaped round.

"How do, Mr. Grenofen? How do, (To be continued)

224—

AN' THERE WE WAS, SISTER, LOOPIN' ALL OVER TH' SKY WITH THIS RAZZ BERRY POURIN' LEAD INTO US. IT WAS PLENTY HOT AN' ONLY TOMMY'S NIFTY FLYIN'-----

WHAT'S UP, TAILSPIN? BAD NEWS?

NOT SO GOOD--- THEY HAVEN'T FOUND A TRACE OF BETTY.

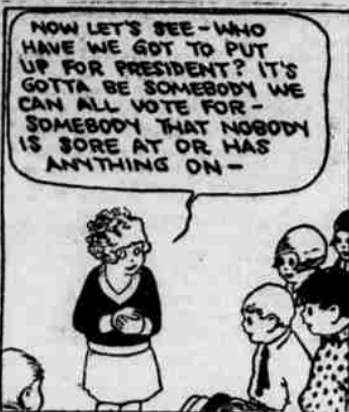
SOMEBODY'S KIDDIN' TH' PRESIDENT--OR ELSE HE'S KIDDIN' YOU--BUT PERK UP! TH' WARS ON AN' ANYTHING'S LIABLE TO HAPPEN NOW!

THE PRESIDENT'S SLEUTHS SAY BETTY ISN'T ON THE ISLAND-- I'LL BET MY NECK SHE IS, BUT WITHOUT HELP WE'LL NEVER FIND HER.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

The Campaign Manager

By Harold Gray



REG'LAR FELLERS

Somebody's Mistake

By Gene Byrnes



TAILSPIN TOMMY

Downhearted

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



DUMB DORA

Wedding Bells Will Ring Rod's Neck

By Chick Young



224—

LEAVING FOR COLLEGE

Silverton--Miss Ruth Bellwood, older daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Bellwood will leave in a few days for Corvallis where she will enter as a Junior in the Commerce department. She was graduated from Monmouth Normal a year ago and taught the Bridgecreek school last year.

More than 1,200,000 persons visit the Chicago Art Institute yearly.

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ACROSS

- Interview
- Units of distance
- Unit
- Small gathering
- All that could be wished
- Part of a suit
- Pays attention to
- In favor of
- Part of a suit
- French
- Refrigerator
- On top
- Has out
- Deep holes
- County in New York state
- Large, deep vessel
- Before prefix
- Loaded
- Colossal being
- Commensurate ending
- Bravado
- Unit for drying hops
- French article
- Half diameter
- City in Switzerland
- Feminine name
- Exhaust
- Decor in cloths
- Grasses in the sky
- Apert
- Colloquial form of a mild oath
- Hips

DOWN

- Certified public accountant abbr.
- Unitless fragment
- European
- Sweet food
- More learned
- Hypothetical
- Wary
- Coiled fabric
- Small fish with green
- Footstool
- Small town
- Falls apart
- Fears greatly
- Salute
- Pain out
- Harsh breathing
- Land: Latin
- Single thing
- Respiration
- The eyebrows
- That which soothes
- Roundel: apocryphal
- Church official
- Acquired knowledge
- Trouble
- Particulate to South American mountains
- Laugh to scorn
- Heroic
- Mime
- Had favor
- Taken away
- Expression of impatience
- It's name
- Play
- To be Latin
- Before
- Danish money of account
- It's name
- Grass of vision
- Mystical Hindu word: var.

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

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

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



MUTT AND JEFF

As Clear As The Einstein Theory To Cicero

By Bud Fisher



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17					18					19		20
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51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60			
61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70			
71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80			
81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90			
91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100			