Death Treasure

by R. A. J. WALLING

Chapter 36
THE SEVEN COUPS

It was not easy to find another line of approach in Brussels with so little to work upon, and we returned to the hotel. There we found a letter from Laxton, written at Ostend late the night before:

"I have had a busy evening—fruitful too! I'm half inclined to stay over. But I want to make sure of Marling, and I'm going back by the morning boat.

"You will not discover much at Brussels. Anyhow I want you to take on the inquiry I'm dropping here.

"You will remember that the prisoner, Eugene Richard, who escaped about the same time that your cousin arrived at Woodcot, was convicted for an offense committed at Dover. It was alleged that he had attacked a clerk belonging to the firm of Smithins, London, returning to England with a large sum of money July 23, 1925.

"Come down here and search the files of the Ostend paper some days before and after that date—and see whether they contain anything to show light. Anything, mind! If you draw blank, you can take up Brussels again. If you get a winner, wire me at the Lord Nelson and follow across at once."

"The professor's getting warm," said Somerfield, "But Ostend?"

"But something must have happened at Ostend that's given Laxton a hint," said I. "We go, of course?"

"On your life! Next train."

There were no more boat trains that day and the next was an omnibus train that dawdled along and landed us in Ostend at 9 o'clock in the evening. We avoided the $20-a-minute places on the digue and found accommodation in a small street not far from the harbor.

To pursue our quest that night was impossible. In that paradise of stone the thing to do is to visit the Casino. Somerfield and I passed into its glassy halls at 10 o'clock and found it chock-ablock.

A concert was going on in one large hall carpeted, a dance in another one uncarpeted, roulette in one saloon, and boule in another.

We wandered through till we found ourselves in a quiet, almost deserted room—a sort of reading and writing room. We were about to wander out again when Somerfield said:

"Half a minute! I've got an idea."

He walked up to the official and spoke. I heard the man say:

"Mais parfaitment, monsieur. Par ici."

Somerfield beckoned to me, and the man led us into an adjoining room. He unlocked a cupboard.

"What year?" he asked.

"Second half of 1925," said Somerfield.

And presently the man had dragged out a large volume, the file of the Carillon for July to December, 1925.

The man dusted the file, placed it on the table and left us.

Somerfield turned over the leaves till he reached the issue of July 23rd. It contained nothing that interested us.

The issue of the 24th of July had a similar appearance. It looked as if we were to draw blank. Then a line caught my eye—

"——an Englishman, tall, with the appearance of a monk—tonsure—"

I glanced to the head of the column. It consisted of paragraphs of news, comments and impressions. I traced the topic back to its beginning, and afterwards I made this rough translation:

"A dramatic episode took place last evening at the Kursaal. The hero of the occasion was a tall Englishman, who took his place at the table in the large salle towards midnight. He played with small counters at first and won a petty sum in half an hour. Then it was began the drama.

"Standing behind him, like a Nemesis at his elbow, was another Englishman, calm, gray-eyed and cold, who seemed to be his friend. Nemesis touched him on the shoulder and signed to him to leave the table with his gains.

"The player muttered a curse, shook off the touch, and staked the whole fortune, with an impetuous gesture. The gray eyes of his monitor gleamed like steel. The player won.

"Again that monitory touch upon the shoulder. Again the muttered curse. Again the impulsive gesture. The mass of counters remained on the table. The whole winnings had been staked once more.

"All eyes were centered on the tall man who sat with head in hand staring at the table as though he would hypnotize the ball by some mighty effort of his personal magnetism.

"Hundreds eyed him curiously and whispered to one another—the players who had ceased to play, the spectators crowding around, an American doubtless wondering why so much excitement about so little, a white-haired gentleman with the air of a predicateur of Geneva, slightly scandalised, beside him another Englishman, tall and gaunt, looking like a tonsured monk, ascetic and disapproving, a number of Frenchmen intrigued, our own compatriots injured in their sense of thrift.

"All waited for the "ne va plus" and listened to the rush of the ball. It was as if the player guided it by an invisible string——

"Aagin the warning hand. Again the contemptuous gesture. The player, staking his whole gains each time, won seven coups.

"Then, as though he had consciously exhausted his magic in reaching the mystic number, he rose—possessor of a fortune, and, with his monitor, was escorted away.

"It is said that his winnings reached the enormous sum of a million francs. The player is unknown at Ostend and cannot be traced."

When we came to the end of the paragraphs, we looked up to find the official standing behind us.

He looked over our shoulders.

"Ah," he said. "you are reading the report of the great seven coups of 1925?"

"You remember that?" I asked.

"Very well, monsieur. And the most curious part of the history is not there."

He pointed to the newspaper.

"No, messieurs the most curious part of the history is afterwards. They go to their hotel.

"They say to the manager, 'Here is a lot of money. Count it. Lock it up. Give us a receipt for it. Do it now, without delay. We take a few thousand for ourselves. We leave the rest in your care.' Very well.

"The next day, they go away. They have not come back. The money remains still in the coffre-fort of the hotel, waiting for them."

(To be Continued)

HORCOMBE TALKS ON CONSTITUTION OF U. S.

Dallas—At the Kiwanis luncheon Friday a talk on the United States constitution was delivered by William W. Harcombe. Also a motion was passed to donate trophy cups to the girls' cooking club at the county fair next month.

POSTAL MAN EXPECTED

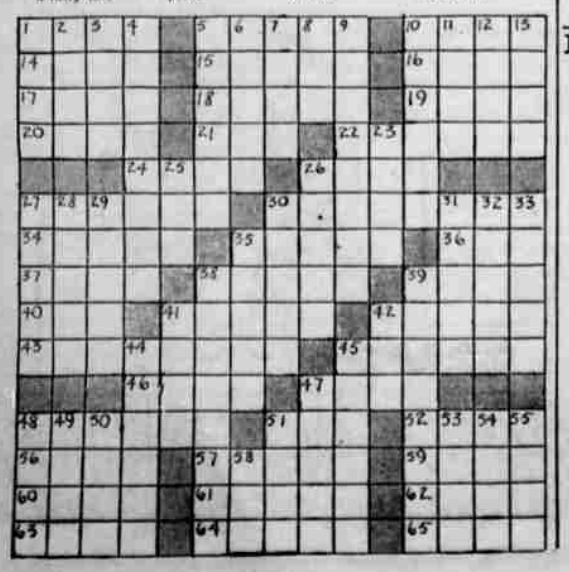
Silverton—Postmaster Reber Allen, who has been in Sacramento, Calif., attending the postmaster's convention, is expected home Saturday or Sunday.

ACROSS
1. Above
5. Intersect
10. To a point below
14. Peel
15. River embankment
16. Money exchange premium
17. Alighted
18. Concerning
19. Only
20. Ogle
21. Male persons
22. Wigwams
24. In a line
26. Bitter plant
27. Inquiry for a lost letter
28. Terrible
34. Soothed
35. Artificial mound of stones
36. Cuckoo
37. Insects' eggs
38. Rapture
39. American prima donna
40. Compass point
41. Harm unstendily
43. Genus of grass
44. Of the third rank
45. Applauds
46. First word of a fairy tale
47. Kind of soft
48. Join again
51. College cheer
52. Neglect
53. Need covering
57. Puff up
59. Vibrationless point
60. Nostri
61. Not ever
62. Level
63. Former emperor
64. Cable meter
65. Chair

DOWN
1. Gem
2. Valley
3. Great Lake
4. Goes over again
5. Din
6. Make new again
7. Kills
8. Japanese cots
9. Pioneers
10. Took the drafts off
11. N-shaped molding
12. Metal thread
13. Negative votes
23. Pertaining to the dawn
25. Primary color
26. Get up
27. Dogma
28. Lift
29. Fall flower
30. Milk house
31. Untrue
32. Beneath
33. Prevaricators
35. County in Ireland
38. Grows very dark
39. Windflowers
41. Inhabitant of Finland
42. Exclamation
44. Laborer
45. Stick together
47. Tardier
48. Bombast
49. Epochs
50. Italian coin
51. Act violently
53. Sit
54. Notion
55. Portable shelter
58. Permit

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

P	A	L	S	■	L	O	B	■	A	Q	U	A	■	■
A	B	E	T	■	A	V	E	■	L	U	N	I	■	■
R	E	S	E	A	T	E	D	■	D	E	I	L	■	■
S	L	E	E	P	E	R	■	P	E	S	T	S	■	■
■	■	■	■	P	E	R	■	T	E	N	T	■	■	■
V	I	A	L	■	■	F	I	R	■	I	A	L	■	■
I	N	T	E	R	L	O	C	U	T	O	R	Y	■	■
M	A	T	■	E	A	R	■	■	A	N	T	E	■	■
■	■	■	E	G	A	D	■	L	E	D	■	■	■	■
L	I	N	E	D	■	S	U	P	P	O	S	E	■	■
E	D	D	A	■	R	A	T	I	O	N	E	D	■	■
S	E	E	R	■	O	N	E	■	L	Y	R	A	■	■
T	A	D	S	■	Y	E	S	■	E	X	A	M	■	■



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE — Pay Day — By Harold Gray

REG'LAR FELLERS — Doctor Said A [illegible]thful — By Gene Byrnes

TAILSPIN TOMMY — In The Rebel Camp — By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

DUMB DORA — The "Sing-ering" Truth — By Chick Young

BRINGING UP FATHER — By George McManus

MUTT AND JEFF — The Little Fellow Is Soft Between The Ears — By Bud Fisher