

The Secret of MOHAWK POND

By NATALIE SUMNER LINCOLN

Chapter 2 THE LOCKED CUPBOARD

Peggy awoke to be surprised by Julia who brought a breakfast tray to her bedroom.

"Du hoch am de berry best I kin do with the things in de kitchen; thar ain't no eggs, nor butter, nor milk--yer'uffin' but what yo' see," Julia explained.

The tray contained a steaming pot of black coffee, deliciously crisp bacon and the toasted bread--the latter salvaged from the lunch kit they had brought.

Peggy wasted little time in eating breakfast, and finished her dressing in less than 20 minutes. She passed before the mirror and surveyed herself. She patted her curly hair which, cut in a shingle bob, proved a most becoming frame for her pleasant features and wild rose beauty.

From beneath her pillow she drew the automatic pistol she had found in the silver soap tureen. Where to hide the weapon was a question. She knew Julia's terror of a weapon of any sort.

She went into the hall which, with the railing, formed the circular gallery overlooking the living room below. It was about four feet wide and furnished with several comfortable lounging chairs, combination sectional bookcase and writing desk. Stuffed animal heads hung on the walls.

From one of the antlers of a deer head was suspended a beaded Indian pouch and into this Peggy slipped her pistol. "It was of a type of automatic with which she was familiar, her father's top-sergeant having taught her to shoot both revolver and pistol.

Peggy called to Julia and they went downstairs.

"Dere ain't no ice box, Miss Peggy," Julia said as Peggy came downstairs. "What yo' reckon yo' Uncle Herbert kep his pocket eggs?"

"Have you been in the cellar?"

"No, ma'am, I ain't," Julia's eyes rolled at the question. "Is yo' gwine thar?"

"Certainly."

And taking out her key ring, supplied by Mr. Chase, Peggy made for the servants' quarters. A short passageway from the pantry gave access to the right wing of the lodge.

The thoroughly equipped kitchen looked homelike and comfortable. It was lighted by three windows and there was a screened-in porch on which the side door opened.

Another door, also secured by a lock in which one of her keys fitted, proved to be the entrance to the cellar stairs, and Peggy descended, followed by Julia carrying a lighted candle.

Apparently the cellar extended under the entire building. At the farther end they found the power system which furnished electricity for lighting the lodge.

Towards the water front, small, dust-covered windows looked under the floor of the veranda, and piled against the wall were what she took to be empty crates and old chests. On her left were bins filled with split wood, apparently for the range, while two of the larger bins held stove coal.

She could see no furnace, and concluded that heat for the upper stories was depended upon from open fires and the kitchen range, which supplied the hot water.

She led upward to a staircase.

cellar entrance and Peggy mounted them, only to find that the two doors were evidently locked on the outside. To the left of the steps were large cupboards, partitioned off. The further cupboard was padlocked and some of the keys fitted it.

"Tain't no use of worryin' 'bout that, Miss Peggy," consoled Julia practically. "Ef der's anything inside dat chest, it can't get out dis way. Dere ain't no ice box down hyar, an' its awful dirty. Come away, honey; I'll clean it up 'mornin'."

The frustration was made under her breath as Julia slipped something crawling a short distance from them.

"Lawd ha' mercy, what's dat?" The candle dropped from her trembling fingers and its flame guttered on the concrete, dying out entirely. Julia led the scramble for the kitchen stairs.

"How you scared me! Arent you ashamed?"

And Peggy half laughing, half out of breath, leaned against the kitchen table.

"It was probably a rat--a mouse," correcting herself at sight of Julia's frightened countenance. "A mouse ain't so bad," admitted the colored girl. "Does yo' reckon der's snakes 'bout hyar, Miss Peggy?"

"Probably," answered the other. Julia threw some coal in the range by way of assuaging her feelings. "What we gwine do for ice?"

For answer Peggy opened the side door and crossing the enclosed porch went down the three or four steps to the ground. Mohawk Pond narrowed at that end and around the bend Peggy spotted a low roof just showing over the sloping bank.

"Look, dere's that a spring house!"

The two hastened toward it. Julia gazed at the spring with delight and picking up a dipper from inside the small stone shelter, filled it out and then filled it with cold water.

"Try it, Miss Peggy," she coaxed. "Yo'll like it. Dis hyar spring house am jes' fine fo' meat and butter an' eggs." Julia straightened up and looked about. "My, what grand looking trees 'way off yonder on dat bluff tross de pond, Miss Peggy. Them woods is jes' lovely."

Peggy nodded absently. She had just obtained her first sight of the mountain rising half a mile or more behind Yew Lodge, and its grandeur took her breath.

"That must be the east summit of Mohawk Mountain," she explained to Julia, pointing toward the peak. "Uncle Herbert described it to me once. He said Mt. Mohawk consists of two peaks, with a road in the pass between them. This pond is sunk deep in the hills and it can't be seen from any main road."

Julia looked uneasily about. "Does yo' reckon its dangerous hyar?" she asked. "I ain't lookin' to be buried alive."

"Nonsense; there are plenty of homes near by, hidden in the woods."

Peggy spoke with a confidence she did not altogether feel.

"Will you drive into Milnor, with me, Julia? I'm going for some provisions and gas."

To her surprise, Julia shook her head. Both turned to making preparations for Peggy's first visit in the

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LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Public Sentiment

By Harold Gray



REG'LAR FELLERS

A Home Run

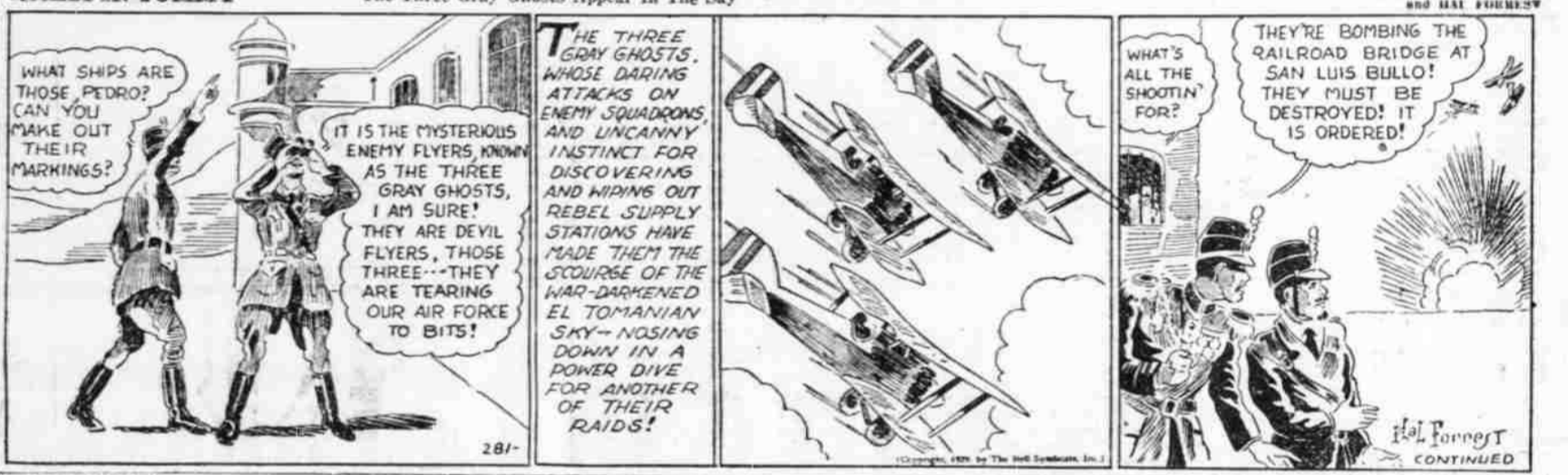
By Gene Byrnes



TAILSPIN TOMMY

The Three Gray Ghosts Appear In The Sky

By Glenn Chaflin and Hal Fourness



DUMB DORA

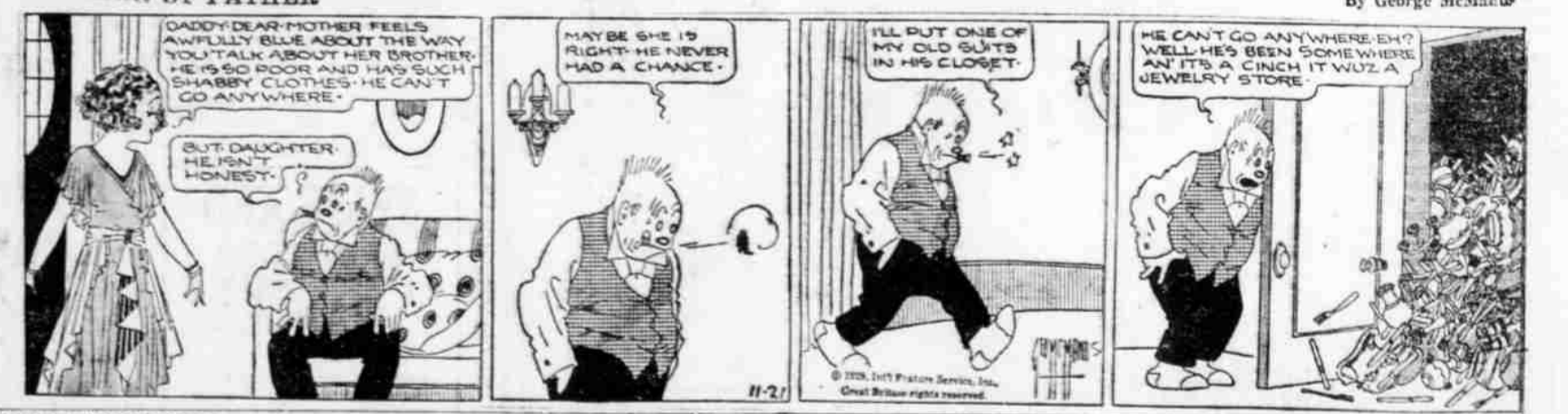
Rod's Got Her Number

By Chick Young



BONKING UP FATHER

By George McManus



MUTT AND JEFF

Buttop, Button, Who's Got The Medal?

By Bud Fisher



ACROSS

1. Vestments

2. Concrete

3. Gift

4. Miser

5. Egg-shaped

6. In the same place

7. To be killed by

8. Wipe out

9. Hard metal

10. Curved blade

11. Curved

12. Kindness of heart

13. Aboard for a victory

14. Highest trump in Everard Joe

15. Part of an automobile

16. Turned the stem

17. The Indian mythology

18. Acher

19. Type monster

20. Candy in New York state

21. Smart

22. Diverse

23. Comfort

24. Toward

25. Faculty in an school

26. Knack article

27. Year in New York state

28. A kind of instrument

29. Through out to music

30. Prophet

31. Kind of thread

32. Head

33. Prigging regularly

34. Dividers of a

35. Conscientious rare

36. Horse of a ceremonial

37. Appense

38. Article

39. Exact

40. Shoats

41. Customary

42. Night preceding an event

43. Tree

44. Inhabited off site

45. Dissidents

46. Merchants

47. Paddle

48. Small fish

49. Hatched

50. Essential character

51. Lack of control

52. Who menial movements

53. Great

54. City in England

55. Younesses

56. Unpleasant

57. Dusk a loud noise

58. Part of jacket

59. Circle

60. Furrow et al.

61. Clarion

62. Sitter verb

63. Again verb

64. Down

65. Menapop

66. Was defeated

67. In string

68. Pilot

69. Trade

70. Kindred

71. Kindred of

72. Address or

73. Kindred of

74. Kind of trap

75. Buried on

76. Parabolic

77. Modium chloride

78. King's seat

79. Female spelt

80. Period of time

81. Resolved

82. American

83. Indian

84. Kindred of

85. Before prent

86. States

87. Kind of

88. Quantity and

89. Kindred of

90. Kind of trap

91. Buried on

92. Parabolic

93. Modium chloride

94. King's seat

95. Female spelt

96. Period of time

97. Resolved

98. American

99. Indian

100. Kindred of

101. Before prent

102. States

103. Kind of

104. Quantity and

105. Kindred of

106. Kind of trap

107. Buried on

108. Parabolic