The Secret of MOHAWK POND

By NATALIE SUMNER LINCOLN

"Where are you staying?"
"With you—"
But Obadiah shook his head.
"Haven't any vacant rooms," he announced. "Must you be going?"
Stanton took this dismissal with a tormenting smile.

He sprang into the saddle and sat looking down at Obadiah. the afternoon sum making his reddish hair appear more red.
"How many know of the two copperheads you put out to kill the frogs in Mohawk Pond?" he asked in a quiet tone and his eye anneed as the color drained from Obadiah's theeks. "Old Man Prescot!" died from a snake bite."

Horse and rider disappeared down the road to East Cornwall in a cloud of dust. At Stone Tower gate he dismounted, opened and closed if, and not troubling to mount again, let the horse follow him to the round stone tower some distance away.

The wide wooden door that gave entrance to the tower stood open, and Stanton entered the home of Aquila Chase without ceremony. His callike tread on the stairs to the floor through the opening watching to the soloci superintendent of Yamhill, was in Hopewell—S. S. Duncan, county school clerk for district. No. 40. He appointed Mrs. C. E. Matlock for clerk for the district.

Chapter 7

AN UNWELCOME VINITOR
The coupe came to an abrupt stop as Pegry pressed down on the heate and Julia, sitting debind her, pitched forward.

She had turned the car completely around before her maid had recovered sufficiently from her surprise to question her.

"Po' why ain' yo' gwine to Litchfiel. Mas Pegry?" she demanded.
"Because I find I can't get there and back within an hour."

Pegry compared her watch and the speedometer.

"At least not in a new car. I'll phone the doctor and ask him to come to Yew Lodge instead."

"Tain' necessary on my 'count.' protested Julia.

"Miss Pegry, did yo' notice that gemman on hossback who we passed swhile ago?"

"Ye; why Julia"

"I dunno, 'cept he come after as a way, an' den tu'ned off into de woods. Seems like he wanted to speak to yo', but yo' all wen' by so fas."

"To sorry."

On their approach to Mohawk Lane Pegry slowed down and made the turn into it in second gear, her eyes the while scanning the Evans' homestead.

The neigh of a horse came from the left and she saw a sorrel mare, saddled and bridded, standing by the spring house; its rider was not visible and she kept on her way.

Her progress up the lane, however, was closely watched by the owner of the horse who, having quenched his thirst, was comfortably seated on a bench partially concealed from the road by a chump of Illac bushes.

As Peggy drove out of sight, he got up and waiked hurriedly tinguph the woods skirting the lane. He was too later to intercept her at the first gate, Julia having opened it and gotten back into the car with unusual speed.

Prom down the lane came a hail and in another second Obadiah Evans was by the main side.

"They told me up at the store you were back, Lieutenant Stanton."

"As cordial as ever," grimed Evans was by the main side.

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LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

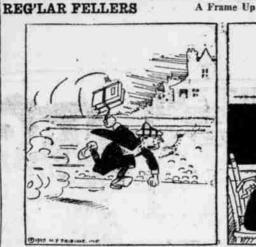








By Gene Byrnes





Tommy's Scheme Is Their Only Chance





By GLENN CHAFFIN

THE MASHED MARVEL IS NOT WITHOUT A SARDONIC SENSE OF HUMOR-HE 15 PLOTTING TO HAVE TOMMY EXECUTED, BUT HAS ALLOWED HIM TO VISIT BETTY A FEW MINUTES

TAILSPIN TOMMY

BEFORE THE TRIAL. THE MASKED MARVEL THINKS IT'S A HEH! HEH! 284

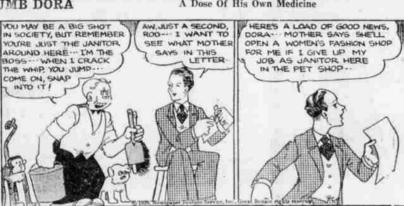




YOU'VE GOT TO, BETTY! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE! HE'S CROOKED ENOUGH TO DOUBLE-CROSS HIS SHADOW AND HE'S CRAZY ABOUT YOU! I KNOW HE'S CLEVER, BUT YOU MUST OUT-SMART HIM! THAT LOW DOWN ----! OH, TOMMY! I COULD NEVER DO IT! HalfornesT-CONTINUED By Chick Young

DUMB DORA

A Dose Of His Own Medicine





By George McManus

By Bud Fisher

I DON'T CARE

WOT HE DOES TO THE PARROT

T'NIA I TUE

GONINA RG STUFFINGS!

Solution of Saturday's Puzzle Strides

7. Falling weight of a pite driver 5. County in Pennsylvanta a. Gratify 10. Hidden
11. Uralls
12. Takes out
13. Takes out
15. 100 square
nowlers
21. Takes out
16. Takes
16. Takes
16. Takes
17. Lended
18. Sorrow
18. Washes Hgbity
18. Takes
18. Dire heldlang a boiled
egg

PUT A LOT OF LOADED CIGARS MY HUMIDOR AT HOME NOW FILL CURE MAGGIES BROTHER OF STEALIN THEM

RRINGING UP FATHER







MUTT AND JEFF WHAT ARE WE GONNA EAT FOR THANKSGIVING A Bird's A Bird

EAT THE

CALENDAR!

AND I GIVE THANKS YOU'DA LOST SAY, WE GOTTA I GIVE THANKS THE ONLY THING I YOU AIN'T I AIN'T A GET A BIRD FOR DIDN'T LOSE IN THAT IF YOU HUMMING BIRD! WALL STREET HAD IT ON THURSDAY. DOWAH!! MARGIN! IT'S A DAY APPETITE! OF THANKS!

