Possession

of Mohawk

Chapter 30
A CLOUD LIFTS

The tall form of the sheriff was standing on the veranda when Peggy answered the knock.

"Hello. Come in and sit down."
Peggy piloted the sheriff to the most comfortable chair in the room and placed before him her uncle's choicest cigars. She sat down close at hand.

"How come you are all alone?"
Beach asked. "It's getting kind of late, 'most aix. Aren't you uneasy, staying by yourself?"

"Julia went for the mall," Peggy paused and looked around; where was Julia? She should have returned at least a half hour before. "It is not so lonesome as you think," she added; "Mr. Evans comes over ofter, and Jim, 'her pause was intentional—'his son."

Beach loked puzzled for an instant. "His son," he repeated; then, with dawning intelligence: "Oin, you mean Obadish's stepson, Jim Sincisir."

Peggy sat very still. Her heart was pounding against her rihs and she left half suffocated. So that was it! Behind her quite eyes regarding the sheriff so steadily, her thoughts were in a turmoil.

So Jim was, in reality, the man she had come to regard with such bitterness. The cad, to deceive her so! But even as her blood reached the boiling stage, she was fair enough to admit that person, In was a case of self-deception; she had accepted Jim ras Obadish's son and no one had corrected that impression. But was it honorable not to have told her? Perhaps Jim kept quiet to save her embarrassment.

"Mrs. Sinclair was from around these parts." went on Sheriff Beach, reminiscently, "And when she was leff a widow with two small child-

"Mrs. Sinclair was from around these parts," went on Sheriff Beach, reminiscently, "And when she was letf a widow with two small children, she came back to the old farm. Obadiah and she had been boy and girl sweethearts till she went off to live with some rich relations down to New York.

"Ne and he who married Obs."

down to New York.

"By and by she married Obadiah, but only lived bout five years.
Obadiah wanted to adopt both children, but the New York cousins took the little girl."

Beach wagged his head reflectively.

crisply.

Not liking the trend of the conversation, Beach rose with abruptness and reaching over took back the pistol from her serveless hand.

"Well, I must be going," with a scrutinizing glance at her. "Your signed confession is on file in the court house"—still she made no reply and the sheriff, considerably puzzled, walked over to the front door.

"I'll call again, Miss Prescott."

door.

"Til call again, Miss Prescott."

Peggy's outstretched hand again sought the drawer where lay her uncle's 45 caliber automatic pistol which ahe had shot at Stanton—a 45 caliber pistol—but he had been killed with a 35 caliber bullet.

Then she hadn't killed Edgar Stanton! She wasn't a murderer.
But her joy was of short duration. The bullet fitted Jim's pistol. A word from her and he would be implicated!

children, but the New York cousins took the little girl."

Beach wagged his head reflectively.

'Obadiah gave JJim a wonderful schooling; he sacrificed most everything for that boy."

As he rambled on, Pengy stringgled to readjust her viewpoint, Jim was Jim to her, his parentage of no mement. If the wealth which she had hoped to share with him was to have been his by the provision in her uncle's will in case she did not fulfill the stipulations therein, why she was the more deeply glad. Generous to a faut, Pengy's heart rejoiced—

"About the gun."

Beach spoke more briskly as he reached the object of his call.

"Here tis. I "removed the cartidges for safe handling," and handed an automatic pistol, to Peggy.

Peggy missed the sheriff's kindly meant, if tactless, surcasm and the faint twinkle in his eyes, her attention being entirely centered on the weapon in her hand. It was identically like her uncle's, but the wording on it read, "Model 191—U. S. Navy."

She caught her breath, then amiled; of source, it would have "U. S. Navy."

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Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle



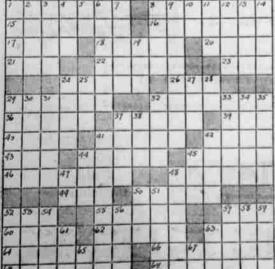
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27. Excitat legis
28. Dark brown
29. Dark brown
29. Dark brown
20. Merer calor 61. 65.

53. Mountain de-file 61. Old measure of length 62. One who doest suffix 63. Tare-tack slate 67. Latin conjunc-tion



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

I CAN'T GET OVER THE WAY
THAT YOUNGSTER TOOK HOLD
WHEN I WAS OUT AND SOLD
ALL THAT STUFF TO MRS.
PROSTBITE - DOG-GONE ITI LIKE THAT KID - SHE'S GOT
COMMON SENSE - DON'T WANT TO DO SOMETHING FOR HER



His Lucky Day



E-PAID ME IN ABVANCE L'LET ME TAKE TH' L'HE'S SURE A REG'LAR GUY- NOW HOW TH' DICKENS AM I GOIN'
TO WRAS THIS UP SO
AM-BODM WHO SEES IT
WON'T KNOW WHAT
IT IS?



By Gene Porney



A MAN HE WAS LOOKIN'
THE OTHER WAY AN
HE STEPPED RIGHT IN FRONT OF A An Obstinate Team





By GLENN CHAFFIN

PEDRO HAS TOLD BETTY THAT EVERYTHING IS SET FOR THEIR FLIGHT FROM THE REBEL CAMP. THAT IT HAS FOR TOMMY

TAILSPIN TOMMY

BEEN ARRANGED TOESCAPE AND JOIN THEM-BUT THIS IS WHAT IS REALLY HAPPENING

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A Man Of Her Word

WHAT WILL EL SENOR FOR ? DISMOUNT I CAN SEE IT NOW AND WELL ENOUGH WALK UP FROM HERE TO THE TREE?



DUMB DORA

SHAME ON YOU! LETTING THAT FLOSSIE TALK YOU INTO MARRYING HER.... SHOW ME YOU'RE A MANGO TO THAT PHONE AND TELL HER YOU'RE NOT ENGAGED AND THAT YOU NEVER EVEN PROPOSED TO

HER----ASSERT

YOURSELF



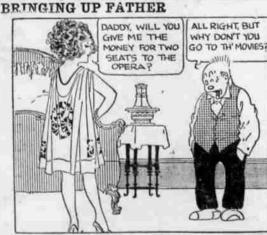








By George McManur



THAT'S ALL I'M GOOD FOR AROUND HERE 0000





MUTT AND JEFF

Two Sailors On A Sinking Fund





EXPENDED FOR OUR BANQUET JUDICIOUSLY - AND WE ARE PLEASED TO STATE THAT THE SECRETARY, TREASURER AND PRESIDENT HAVE BEEN ELECTED FOR ANOTHER TERM!

By Bud Fisher THE REMAINING TWO BUCKS WILL BE