

It's Death, My Darling!

By AMELIA REYNOLDS LONG
(AP Newsfeatures)

Chapter 9
We had all been so intent upon watching Beau, that none of us had noticed Uncle Raoul when he rose. The first we knew that he had left his chair was when we heard the sharp clasp of his open palm smack his younger son's face.

We left the men still in the drawing room, and went upstairs to our rooms. However, unlike the night before, I was unable to get to sleep. I felt nervous and restless, and like Aunt Minerva, I was developing a headache.

For the second time within less than five minutes, there was an awkward pause; but in comparison with the first, had been the soul of grace. Finally Claude broke it with one of his fat chuckles.

It was shortly after this that my throat began to feel dry. I reached for the water carafe that stood on the bedside table, only to discover that it was empty. The young colored girl whose duty it was to look after the bedrooms, had evidently in the excitement of the day, forgotten to fill it.

Claude, who, like Beau, had drunk more than was good for him, noticed this and seemed to take delight in aggravating the situation. He insisted upon smoking his huge, foul-smelling pipe in the drawing room; and when he discovered that it annoyed some of the others, he smoked all the harder. He tormented Lee, who, he had discovered was the most vulnerable to his thrusts. He persisted in treating Lewis Hay like a menial for the sole purpose of annoying Pick, as was evidenced by his covert glances in her direction.

I stopped where I was, with the queer feeling that time had been turned back without taking me with it; for now I was standing in the upper hall instead of the lower. However, the impression lasted only a minute, for what happened next was different from what had happened the night before.

But just as I took a step forward, I sensed the faint odor of oleanders through the darkness; while a figure all in white disengaged itself from among the shadows at the head of the stairs, and floated toward me!

The figure had been Pick Dumont. I was so startled that I nearly dropped the water carafe. The figure in white appeared to be usually startled for it drew back with a little sound like the quick intaking of breath. Then our eyes met; and with an exchange of mute, self-conscious nods, we hurried upon our separate ways.



(To Be Continued.)

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Old Clock Keeps Ticking After 78 Years of Service

Woodburn—A large clock, which has been in the family of John H. Miller of the Donald district for 78 years, is still going strong.

Legion Plans Birthday Meet

Woodburn—Regular meetings of the Woodburn American Legion and auxiliary were held Wednesday night at the Legion hall.

At the auxiliary meeting, Mrs. LaVerne LeFebvre reported 27 ditty bags had been sent to the Veterans' hospital for which a credit of \$27 was given, and Mrs. Lester Rosburg reported night gowns and pajamas sent to the hospital for which credit of \$15 was received.

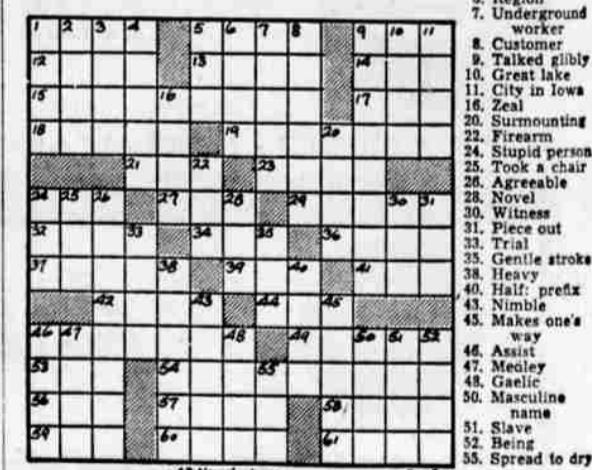
After the meetings of the two units, the annual oyster feed was served with Frank Bentley as chairman and entertainment provided by the Legion.

Brooks

Brooks—Mrs. Lomine Lupold was surprised by a group of the room mothers, her fourth and fifth grade students, and the teachers of Brooks school, with an after-school birthday party.

Crossword Puzzle

- | | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------|
| ACROSS | 32. Common condiment | 60. Require |
| 1. Illuminating device | 34. Webbed fabric | 61. Large knife |
| 5. Moist | 36. Look slyly | |
| 9. Vegetable | 37. Metal | |
| 12. Sheltered | 39. Existed | |
| 13. Operatic solo | 41. English river | |
| 14. Limb | 42. On the ocean | |
| 15. Assertion | 46. Person held as a pledge | |
| 17. Cravat | 49. General fight | |
| 18. Sun | 53. Old musical note | |
| 19. Charge with gas | 54. Filthiness | |
| 21. Loiter | 56. The linden tree | |
| 23. Repetition | 57. Otherwise | |
| 24. Serpent | 58. Puts on | |
| 27. Father of Joshua | 59. Kettle | |
| 29. Norwegian | | |



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ROOM & BOARD



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