

It's Death, My Darling!

By AMELIA REYNOLDS LONG

(AP Newsphoto)

Chapter 12
Wilkes swore. Beau laughed tantalizingly. The sheriff's face had turned a dull red. Aunt Delphine was looking in puzzled bewilderment from one to the other.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Did I say something that displeased this gentleman?"

Amedee crossed to her side. "Of course you didn't, Tante," he reassured her. "You'd better ask Uncle Bountiful to bring you some breakfast," he suggested.

The sheriff turned toward the hall door. "I'm going upstairs to talk to the other Mrs. Dumont," he flung over his shoulder.

Amedee came back into the room just at that moment.

"Where's Wilkes?" he asked. "Gone up to talk to Aunt Minerva," Beau answered tersely.

Up to this time Cousin Jeff had remained in the background. Now he spoke.

"If there's any part of this you haven't told, Beau," he said, "you'd better tell it to Wilkes when he comes back."

Beau set his jaw stubbornly. "I've said all I'm going to say," he announced.

When Sheriff Wilkes returned he made no reference to his recent interview.

"You said there was a formal dinner party here last evening," he began, addressing himself to Cousin Jeff. "Does that mean that the ladies had on evening dresses?"

"It does," Cousin Jeff replied, looking faintly curious at the question. "While evening dresses?"

The sheriff looked around at Bobby, Pick and me.

"Which one of you was wearing 'cleansers'?" he inquired.

"We all were," I volunteered.

"That was one of Colonel Dumont's requests?"

"What did you do with them?"

"Miss Brennon and I took ours off in our room," I replied. "I think the others did the same thing."

The sheriff turned to Uncle Bountiful.

"Go upstairs and see if you can find them," he directed.

No one spoke after that until Uncle Bountiful returned. He was carrying three somewhat wilted corsages.

"Des hyar were in Miss Peter an' Bobby's room," he announced, laying them on the table. "Ah, dis hyar's Miss Delphine's."

The sheriff swung upon Pick. "Where's yours?" he demanded.

"Why, I—I don't know," Pick looked apprehensive.

Since his return, the sheriff had been standing with one hand behind his back.

"This wouldn't be it, would it?" he drawled. He was holding out the crushed remains of a fourth corsage.

"Where—where did you find it?" she stammered.

"On the hall floor under your cousin's body."

"Oh!" Pick gasped, and pressed her clenched knuckles against her mouth. The gesture revealed a fresh white bandage across the back of her hand.

The sheriff stared at the bandage with a speculative gleam in his eyes.

Suppose you tell us how you hurt your hand."

"I—I broke a glass," she stammered, "and cut myself on one of the pieces."

"Sure o' that?"

Beau stepped forward, placing himself between his sister and the sheriff.

"Wait, Beau," Pick laid a restraining hand on his arm. "I can tell Mr. Wilkes what he wants to know." She took a deep breath.

"After I went to my room last night," she began, "I found that I couldn't sleep. So I came downstairs again to look for something to read. When I came into Grandpere's office, I found Claude

there. He had been drinking pretty heavily at dinner and afterwards. "When he saw me he wanted me to stay down and talk to him; but I refused. He caught hold of my shoulder, I managed to break away from him but he tore off my corsage, and I must have scratched my hand on the pin."

"About what time did this happen, Miss Pickett?" he asked.

Pick hesitated. "I'm not sure," she answered, "but I guess it must have been around two o'clock, or a little later."

The sheriff eyed her in silence for the count of about four seconds.

"Miss Pickett, do you always sleep with your clothes on an' wearin' a bouquet of flowers?" he shot out, suddenly.

"Damn you, Wilkes!" Beau roared. He started toward the sheriff, then stopped. "All right," he said more quietly. "I guess I'll have to tell you everything. I lied when I said I came in and found Claude dead. I didn't. I came in just as it happened. When he heard me come in, he turned half way around to see who it was. At the same time the end of the sword got between his knees, and he stumbled. He fell forward across the blade. It was his fall, and not the door slamming, that was heard upstairs. The rest happened the way I told it the first time."

He ceased speaking abruptly, and stood staring at the sheriff with a look of grim defiance.

The sheriff turned the door behind him opened, and the coroner looked into the room.

"Can you come here a minute, Jeff?" he asked.

Wilkes followed him into the hall. The sheriff returned.

"Still sticking to that story, Mr. Beau?" he inquired.

Beau nodded without speaking.

The sheriff studied them both for a moment in silence, then he addressed the room in general.

"It might interest you all to know," he said, "that by three o'clock, Claude Dumont had been dead at least twenty minutes. And what's more, it wasn't the sword that killed him. He died of a heart attack; which was probably what made him fall on the sword in the first place."

"But I would like to know," he added, turning back to Beau, "why you found it necessary to go in for all that plain an' fancy 'pin'."

(To Be Continued)

Methodists Chart Silvertown Schedule

Silvertown — Members are observing the World Day of Prayer that is to be held Friday, Feb. 20, at 2 p.m. at the Methodist church.

The ceremonial of "The Week of Compassion" offering is to be observed Sunday, Feb. 22, preceding the morning worship hour sermon.

The Loyal Berean Sunday school class members have made arrangements for a rummage sale in one of the basement rooms of the church, Saturday, Feb. 28.

Silvertown Banquet Set for Thursday

Silvertown — The Silvertown Toastmasters Club, No. 708, will have a special guests district and area officers at the charter banquet meeting at 7 p.m., Thursday, Feb. 19.

J. Carey Moore will preside as toastmaster; Richard Beesley will be in charge of table topics; Olaf G. Paulson, Jr., general evaluator; Herman Goschke, timekeeper; and speakers, Milt Baum, Dr. A. L. V. Smith and William Iron.

Carol Curtis Pattern

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SIZES
14 - 48



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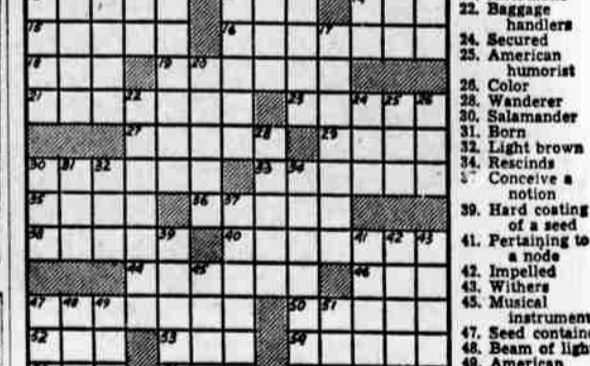
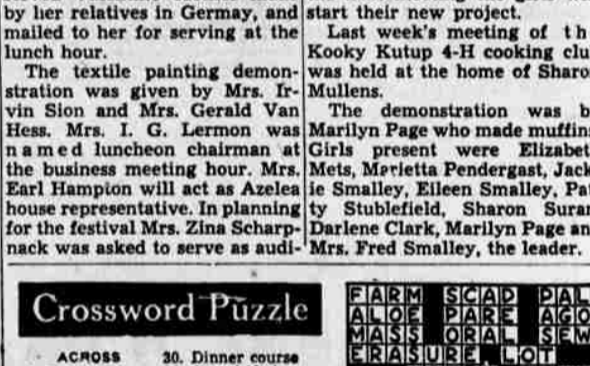
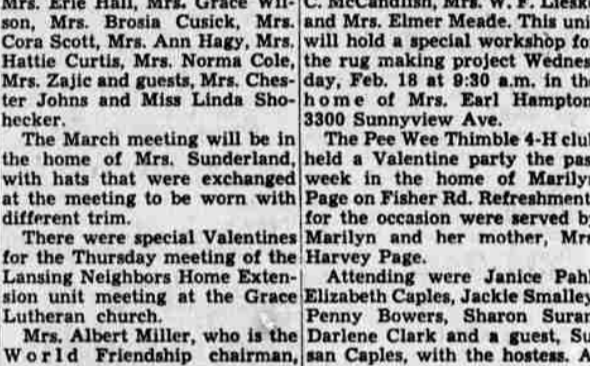
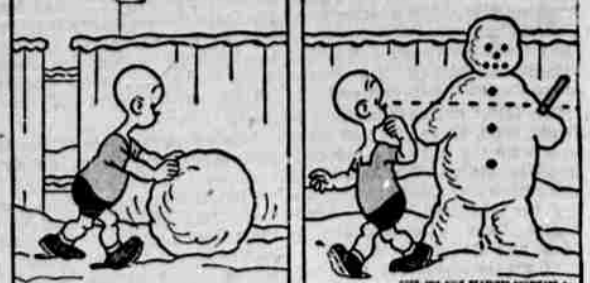
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BY CARL ANDERSON

Henry



Valentine Theme Rules at E. Salem Weekend Parties

East Salem—Valentine parties were the special occasions for East Salem social groups the past week end.

The Friendship club enjoyed a party Friday afternoon in the home of Mrs. Joe Zajic on Lansing Ave. Social games and the refreshments carried out the special theme.

Attending were Mrs. Edward Kotteck, Mrs. Henry Melcher, Mrs. Robert Wellington, Mrs. Joe Sunderland, Mrs. B. C. Miller, Mrs. Eric Hall, Mrs. Grace Wilson, Mrs. Brosia Cusick, Mrs. Cory Scott, Mrs. Ann Hagy, Mrs. Hattie Curtis, Mrs. Norma Cole, Mrs. Zajic and guests, Mrs. Chester Johns and Miss Linda Shoemaker.

The March meeting will be in the home of Mrs. Sunderland, with hats that were exchanged at the meeting to be worn with different trim.

There were special Valentines for the Thursday meeting of the Lansing Neighbors Home Extension unit meeting at the Grace Lutheran church.

Mrs. Albert Miller, who is the World Friendship chairman, served Valentine cookies made by her relatives in Germany, and mailed to her for serving at the lunch hour.

The textile painting demonstration was given by Mrs. Irvin Sion and Mrs. Gerald Van Hess. Mrs. I. G. Lerman was named luncheon chairman at the business meeting hour. Mrs. Earl Hampton will act as Azelea house representative. In planning for the festival Mrs. Zina Scharpnack was asked to serve as audi-

orium hostess; Mrs. V. K. Mason and Mrs. Harry Otte as registration, and the units choice of exhibits was made.

Attending were Mrs. J. M. Best, Mrs. Hampton, Mrs. Lloyd Koen, Mrs. William Kuiner, Mrs. Gus Lerman, Mrs. I. G. Lerman, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Maynard Nelson, Mrs. W. E. Sebern, Mrs. Joe Zajic, Mrs. Sion, Mrs. Van Hess, Mrs. Maynard Tweet, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Otto, Mrs. Mose Van Del, Mrs. Henry Raen, Mrs. E. C. McCandlish, Mrs. W. F. Lieske and Mrs. Elmer Meade. This unit will hold a special workshop for the rug making project Wednesday, Feb. 18 at 9:30 a.m. in the home of Mrs. Earl Hampton, 3300 Sunnyview Ave.

The Pee Wee Thimble 4-H club held a Valentine party the past week in the home of Marilyn Page on Fisher Rd. Refreshments for the occasion were served by Marilyn and her mother, Mrs. Harvey Page.

Attending were Janice Pahl, Elizabeth Caples, Jackie Smalley, Penny Bowers, Sharon Suran, Darlene Clark and a guest, Susan Caples, with the hostess. At the next meeting the girls will start their new project.

Last week's new meeting of the Kooky Kutup 4-H cooking club was held at the home of Sharon Mullens.

The demonstration was by Marilyn Page who made muffins. Girls present were Elizabeth Metz, Marietta Pendergast, Jackie Smalley, Eileen Smalley, Paty Stubbsfield, Sharon Suran, Darlene Clark, Marilyn Page and Mrs. Fred Smalley, the leader.

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS
1. Put into type again
6. Ripple against
9. Tinty
12. Fatty fruit
13. Old musical note
14. Wild animal
15. One entirely
16. That which may be rescued
18. Poultry
19. Botched
21. Pause
23. Sweet substance
27. Else
28. Metal deposit

DOWN
20. Dinner course
23. Speechified
25. Exploit
26. Metal fastener
28. Article of belief
40. Reins
41. Idolize
46. Seaweed
47. German state
50. Fervor
52. Cereal seed
53. Small child
54. Depart
55. Stain
56. Beverage
57. Periods of low prices

1. Masculine name
2. Funerary oration
3. Carols
4. Night before an event
5. White ant
6. Tenant

7. Too bad
8. Covers with a hard surface
9. Spider's trap
10. Building addition
11. Piece out
12. Flatter
13. Anesthetic
14. Baggies
15. Handlers
16. Secured
17. American humorist
18. Color
19. Wanderer
20. Salamander
21. Born
22. Light brown
23. Rescinds
24. Conceive a notion
25. Hard coating of a seed
26. Pertaining to a node
27. Impelled
28. Withers
29. Musical instruments
30. Seed container
31. Beam of light
32. American Indian
33. Turnerie



ROOM & BOARD

By Gene Ahern



MARY WORTH

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