

It's Death, My Darling!

By AMELIA REYNOLDS LONG

(AP Newsfeature)

CHAPTER 15

That night, Beau moved from the garconiere to the house, taking the room that had formerly been occupied by Claude. He invited Lewis Hays to come in with him; but Lewis, who had lately drawn aloofly into his shell—probably as a result of his misunderstanding with Pick, whatever that had been about—declined. Therefore Lee, who had originally been teamed up with his father, moved in with Beau, leaving Uncle Raoul a room to himself.

It was somewhere around the middle of that same night that Bobby Hays came in with him; but Lewis, who had lately drawn aloofly into his shell—probably as a result of his misunderstanding with Pick, whatever that had been about—declined. Therefore Lee, who had originally been teamed up with his father, moved in with Beau, leaving Uncle Raoul a room to himself.

I got up and started toward the door that gave upon the upper gallery. Bobby straight up in the box. There was a patter of bare feet on the floor behind me, and the next minute she was standing beside me at the gallery railing. "Where's it?" she breathed. "Can you see it?"

Of a sudden Bobby jerked convulsively at my sleeve, and with her free hand pointed downward and to the left.

I looked where she was pointing. In the very heart of that blackness, something was moving; something that was large for a dog. That it passed from the shadow into the moonlight, and I saw with relief that it actually was Uncle Raoul.

"He's probably looking for that damned dog," I replied. "He's got a stick or something in his hand."

We stood for a minute watching Uncle Raoul as he continued on his way. Then, just as he reached the curve himself and disappeared around it, a moonbeam caught the "stick" he was carrying.

"Good heavens!" Bobby gasped. "He's got Colonel Dumont's sword!"

Most of us were at breakfast the next morning when Bountiful announced the arrival of the sheriff. Since Uncle Raoul had not yet come down, Lee, after a brief hesitation, rose from the table and went out to receive him.

But almost immediately he returned again. He was looking puzzled and, I thought, a little worried. "Wilkes wants to see all of us for a few minutes," he announced. He wouldn't say what it's to be about."

The sheriff's attitude, when we joined him, was not so threatening as we had expected. In fact, he seemed perplexed.

"When we were gettin' your cousin ready for the autopsy," he began abruptly, "we found a couple o' things on him that seem to need a little explainin'."

He thrust his hand into his trousers pocket, and brought out some-

thing which he laid on the little table beside which he was standing. It was a bright, new silver dollar.

"That's the first to speak," Henri was the first to speak. "What's so funny about my cousin having a dollar in his pocket?" he demanded.

"Nothing," the sheriff answered. "Only, this wasn't in his pocket. It was in his left hand."

The sheriff brought a worn leather wallet from the inside pocket of his coat and extracted from it a torn piece of paper, which he laid on the table beside the dollar.

"We found this crumpled up in his right hand pants pocket," he announced. "Maybe some of you know what it is."

The paper, obviously part of a leaf from an ordinary notebook, had some writing on it; but because of the way it had been torn, the words were not continuous.

"I, the undersigned, do hereby intertest in and rights to the will of my lately deceased for the sum of one dol

"Which one o' you bought Claude Dumont's share in his grandfather's estate for one dollar?" he demanded at last.

Even Beau looked surprised.

There was the sound of footsteps descending the stairs just then, and Cousin Ed came into view. At sight of the sheriff, he stopped.

The sheriff picked up the paper, and handed it to him.

"Maybe you can tell me something about this, Mr. Marshall," he suggested.

"I'm afraid I can't," he said after a moment. "What's it supposed to be?"

The sheriff thinks Claude may have sold one of his shares in Grandpere's estate," Amedee explained.

The sheriff glanced around the circle.

"Where's Mr. Raoul Dumont?" he demanded suddenly.

"My father hasn't come downstairs yet," Lee explained.

"Uncle Raoul returned," "Mistuh Raoul ain't in his room," he announced, addressing himself to Lee. "Shall Ah go look for him?"

Lee glanced inquiringly at the sheriff.

"No, I don't guess that'll be necessary," Wilkes said unexpectedly.

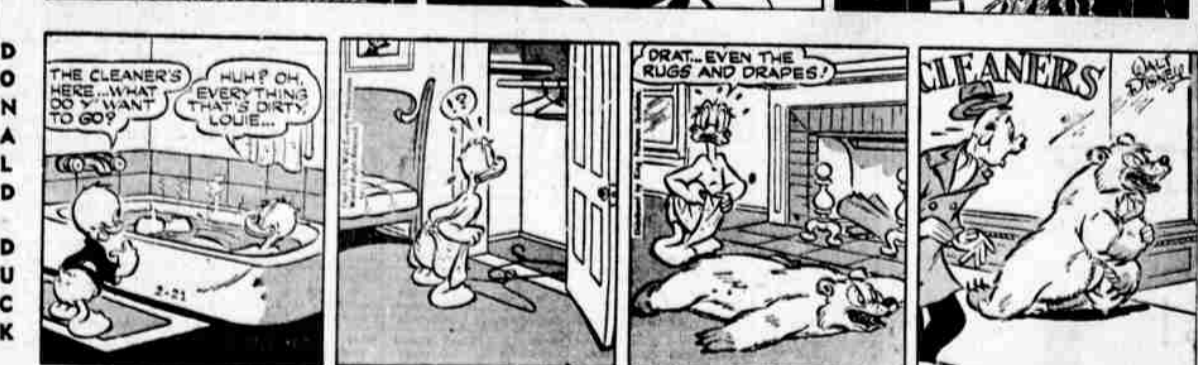
"One more thing," he said as he was about to leave. "We forgot to take the sword along with us when we were here yesterday. The corner thinks we ought to have it for the inquest."

"Do you remember what the corner did with it?" Cousin Jeff inquired. "I mean after . . ."

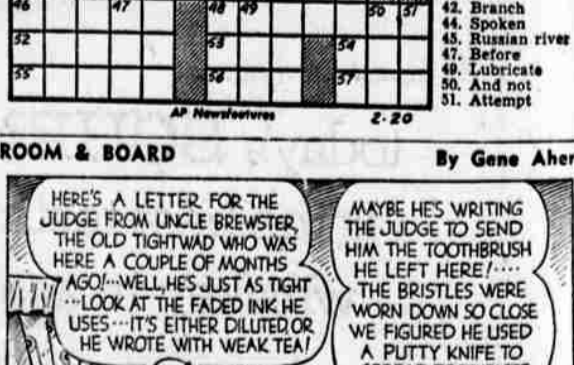
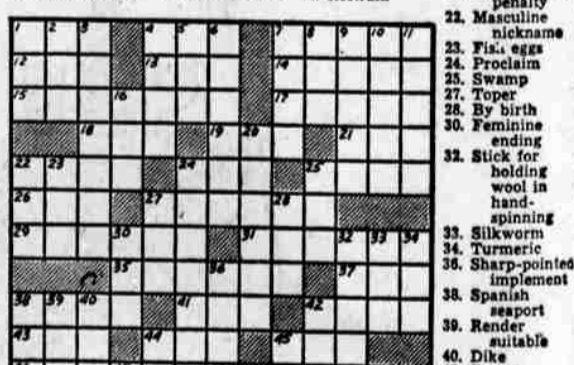
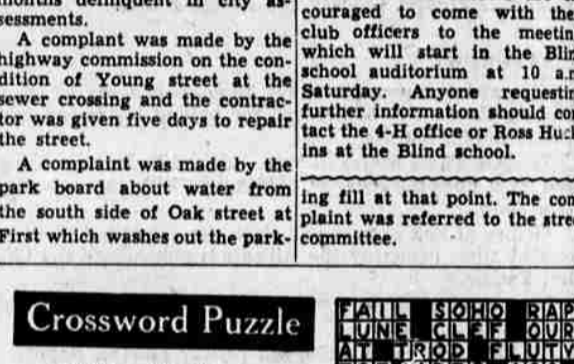
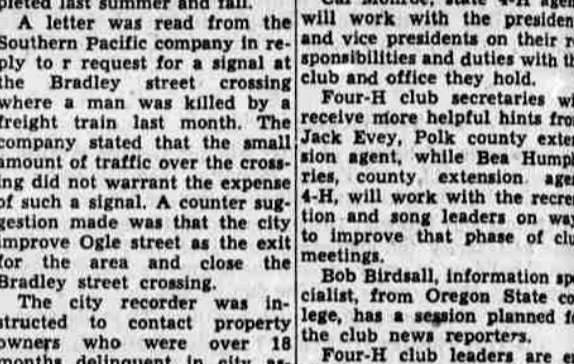
At that, I saw Bobby open her mouth to say something. I shot her a warning glance, and she closed it again.

"Well, you can ask him when he gets back," the sheriff said. "I don't guess it matters a whole lot, but some o' the jurors may want to see it at the inquest."

(To Be Continued)



BY CARL ANDERSON



Sewage Plant Nearly Finished 4-H Leaders Meet Saturday

Woodburn — A report was given at a regular meeting of the Woodburn city council Tuesday evening that the city sewage disposal plant would be completed within the next 30 days. The mains and all of the disposal plant except installation of machinery were completed last summer and fall.

A letter was read from the Southern Pacific company in reply to a request for a signal at the Bradley street crossing where a man was killed by a freight train last month. The company stated that the small amount of traffic over the crossing did not warrant the expense of such a signal. A counter suggestion made was that the city improve Ogle street as the exit for the area and close the Bradley street crossing.

The city recorder was instructed to contact property owners who were over 18 months delinquent in city assessments.

A complaint was made by the highway commission on the condition of Young street at the sewer crossing and the contractor was given five days to repair the street.

A complaint was made by the park board about water from the south side of Oak street at First which washes out the park-

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

- Young dog
- Astern
- Ward off
- Hail
- Hurry
- Body organ
- Line touching a curve
- Go
- River embankment
- Dried grass
- Press for payment
- Kind of rock
- Edge of a garment
- Nourish
- Negative particle
- Placid
- Shooting star

DOWN

- Method of standing
- Anger
- Chums
- Shelter
- Continent
- Fruit drink
- Poem
- Worthless bit
- Purple seaweed
- Sleeping
- Musical drama
- Recline
- In favor of
- Metal
- Building addition
- Cook in fat
- DOWN
- Gentle stroke
- Restrain
- Associate
- Contend
- Shirk
- Musical show
- Inclination
- Opening
- Exact a money penalty
- Masculine nickname
- Flea eggs
- Proclaim
- Swamp
- Teper
- By birth
- Feminine ending
- Stick for holding wool in hand-spinning
- Silkworm
- Turmeric
- Sharp-pointed implement
- Spanish seaport
- Render suitable
- Dike
- Branch
- Spoken river
- Before
- Lubricate
- And not
- Attempt

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

1. Associate 2. Contend 3. Shirk 4. Musical show 5. Inclination 6. Opening 7. Exact a money penalty 8. Masculine nickname 9. Flea eggs 10. Proclaim 11. Swamp 12. Teper 13. By birth 14. Feminine ending 15. Stick for holding wool in hand-spinning 16. Silkworm 17. Turmeric 18. Sharp-pointed implement 19. Spanish seaport 20. Render suitable 21. Dike 22. Branch 23. Spoken river 24. Before 25. Lubricate 26. And not 27. Attempt

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Too Sick to Trial; Tell It to the Judge

Washington (AP)—A lot of people who have pleaded they were too sick to face trial on charges of federal income tax evasion in recent years may soon be telling their stories to a federal judge.

Atty. Gen. Brownell announced last night that the old "health policy" in criminal tax fraud cases, where prosecution was withheld on grounds that the defendant was in ill health, is out as far as his administration is concerned.

Carol Curtis Pattern



583

Toys of Plastic Fabric. An 11-inch Scottie dog in golden-striped plastic fabric, 9-inch pussy-cat in gold-strope and green and a 12-inch elephant in plaid make an amusing threesome of inexpensive toys for the younger set. Plastic by-the-yard material is used in bright colors, seams are simply overcast on right side, stuffing may be foam rubber or soft cushion. Pattern contains actual size chart, pieces, all sewing, stuffing and finishing instructions.

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