ENDURANCE TEST FOR LOCOMOTIVE BETTERS RECORD

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 15.—(AP)—St. Louis and San Francisco locomotive No. 4112, world's endurance record holder, today ended a 25-day, 7350 mile run here with the engine still reported in good condition. The old record was 3,500 miles.

Engine No. 4112 was fired in the local yards July 19, and that evening left on a regular freight run for Birmingham, Ala. The fire never was drawn, the boilers washed, or repairs made during the 25 days the locomotive pulled freight cars between Kansas City and Birmingham.

Engine No. 4112 is a standard Baldwin Mikado type steam locomotive weighing 560,000 pounds.

During the endurance run the engine consumed 1,500,000 gallons of water and 275 tons of coal. It pulled 13,750,749 gross tons of freight.

PTOMAINE ATTACKS LUNCHEON GUESTS

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 15.—(AP)—Seventeen persons were recovering today following hospital treatment for ptomaine poisoning, the result of partaking of a luncheon served under the auspices of the Los Angeles chapter of American War Mothers. Physicians said none was dangerously ill. Health authorities were attempting to discover which of the food stuffs served had caused the attacks.

PLANE PILOT MISSING AFTER FORCED LANDING

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 15.—(AP)—A Cleveland-Detroit amphibian passenger plane sank in Lake Erie after being forced down in a dense fog yesterday and the co-pilot was missing today, the Thompson Aeronautical Corporation reported. The pilot and two passengers, one of them a woman, were rescued after battling to keep afloat in the water two hours.

Killed on Combine

WALLA WALLA, Wash., Aug. 14.—(AP) Losing his balance on a combine when it was going down a steel hill on the Louis Kerckhof farm at Prescott near here, John Jepsen, 32, was killed yesterday. He broke his neck in the fall, dying 15 minutes later. He was said to have relatives in California.

Amity—Contract awarded for construction of new gymnasium for Amity high school.

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THE GENERAL VIOLET RAY ANTI-KNOCK GASOLINE

No more knocks

Death Treasure

by R. A. J. WALLING

SYNOPSIS: Royal Secretary Grenofen, archaeological guest—round Newplace Abbey, attract Roger Pell to Blackwater and into a circle of vicious hatred. Bertram Fotherbury, new owner of the ancient abbey, is friendly but the persons Marling is especially bitter in his animosity toward Pell and spreads a story that Pell is an ex-convict. Tom Grenofen discredits Marling's claims, likes Pell but is more concerned with Veronica Seabroke's captivating charms. Veronica mysteriously is being drawn into the baffling tangle. Late one night, Grenofen and two friends, Royle and Somerfield, hear a woman cry out. They run to the road and find Veronica, badly frightened but unharmed.

Chapter 4

A MIDNIGHT SURPRISE

ROYLE and I dashed to Veronica's side.

"Hullo, Andy, is it you?" she said, panting. "And Mr. Grenofen?"

"Veronica," Royle was insisting. "What is it?"

"Nothing, Andy, only a little game of hide-and-seek."

"Veronica! You cried out. Something's up."

"Steady, Royle," said I. "Always accept a lady's word."

"Thanks," said Veronica. "That's the most sensible thing I've heard since we met."

Before anybody spoke again, Somerfield came across the road.

"You know," said he. "This Newplace Abbey is queer business. There were never any Romans at Blackwater."

"Then how——"

"How did the stuff get there? Had Pell anything to do with it?"

Mr. Fotherbury made the discovery," I replied.

"Tell you what, we'll go to Newplace Abbey now and see a few things for ourselves."

He seemed amused by my amazement but I assented. Thus while the clock in Marling's tower was striking twelve, we were vaulting over the walls of Newplace and found a path leading to the cloisters.

These were ruins. Hardly a vestige of the big church remained except three of the external walls, pierced at short intervals by pointed windows. We entered the bay so formed, and here Laxton took the lead, slinking by the wall that abutted the excavations.

Laxton fiercely grabbed my arm and pointed through a window. A tiny quantity of light was reflected from one spot in the disordered ground of the excavation.

Suddenly the light went out. We heard a metallic sound repeated three or four times. Then the light reappeared. Somebody was digging there on his own account—a few

A mysterious digger in the abbey ruins—searching for buried treasure!

"Missed him," he said. "What's up, Veronica?"

"Nothing, Martin. Tell you tomorrow. Mr. Grenofen—see me as far as Sandspoint, will you?"

Royle seemed on the verge of another outburst, but Somerfield caught his arm, both lingered a moment to say good-night and then walked toward their pad.

Veronica leaned back against the bank again.

"Better now," she said after a few moments.

"That's fine," said I. "Is there anything you want to say to me?"

"Nothing tonight, I think," she replied. "I'm rather tired; I've walked from Hollam Bay station."

We moved away towards her house, I by her side, wondering why she had told me that tara-diddle. Hollam Bay was four miles and the station swarmed with taxis.

Suddenly Veronica said: "You're an understanding person, Mr. Grenofen, you know when to keep your thoughts to yourself."

And that was all that passed between us before I left her at the gate of Seabroke's house.

With my mind full of the chance that Laxton might have arrived at Woodcot while I was absent, I hurried back.

But not far. Just round the bend where the three of us had started running down, I staggered back, struck by the dazzling light of a torch shot at me from a distance of two or three yards.

Instantly the light vanished, leaving me groping. I heard a sound of rapid footsteps. Then silence. Having hesitated a second or two, I moved upwards, nerves a little frayed.

"Don't be alarmed, Mr. Grenofen," said a voice, and a figure dimly moved out from the hedge. But I recognized the voice. It was Professor Laxton's.

"Did you show that light?" I said angrily.

"Certainly not, Mr. Grenofen. I couldn't see the man who did—My car broke down at Brimpton, 3 miles away, and I was trying to find Woodcot. Fortunately for me, he lit up your face."

My anger subsided and we walked on to my home. Mother greeted us, set out supper for Laxton and retired. Afterwards, Laxton and I sat in the den smoking.

"Mind if I smoke?" he said. "Thanks. Now, Grenofen, I want your help. Pell is a dangerous man. Marling is a dangerous man. Pell is a gentleman. Marling is not. Pell is a man who has paid his debt to society. Marling is a man who has not. Pell is a man who has been wronged by Marling. Marling is a man who has wronged Pell. Pell is a man who has been wronged by society. Society is a man who has wronged Marling. Marling is a man who has wronged society. Society is a man who has wronged Pell. Pell is a man who has been wronged by Marling. Marling is a man who has wronged Pell. Society is a man who has been wronged by Marling. Marling is a man who has wronged society. Society is a man who has wronged Pell. Pell is a man who has been wronged by society. Society is a man who has been wronged by Marling. Marling is a man who has been wronged by society. Society is a man who has been wronged by