

The Secret of Mohawk Pond

By Natalie Sumner Lincoln

Chapter 10
JIM COMES TO DINNER

As they sped toward home, Peggy's eyes traveled from speedometer to her wrist watch and gained confidence as they went faster and faster.

The hood was back and the full force of the wind prevented conversation, Peggy shivered between excitement and the cold rushing wind.

Out of the end of his eye Jim noticed her condition and reaching down, pulled his overcoat up over her knees.

"Keep warm," he admonished, his smile was infectious. "We can't have you ill."

A week and a day she had spent at Yew Lodge, coming happily and care free, and stark tragedy had stalked her there. She had killed a man, taken a life... Her head dropped in her hands and her body shook with tearless sobs as she leaned against the porch pillar for support. Julia flew to her, drawing her into her strong arms.

"Don't you grieve, Miss Peggy, dear; if it hada' been for yo' we'd a'been murdered in our beds," she declared stoutly five minutes later. "I know them Stantons."

"You know them, Julia?" Peggy looked up curiously.

"Sho! I heard what do men-folks hyar-to-day had to say 'bout 'em, an' it was plenty. Come inside, honey, an' 'le down a bit."

Peggy went with her into the living room. She snuggled down on the lounge and closed her eyes. She was grateful for the warmth and she was very, very weary.

When she again opened her eyes the living room was dark except for the firelight. Too drowsy to move, she lay still watching the burning embers; then her gaze shifted from the hearth and stopped—arrested by the sight of a pair of long legs stretched out from a wing chair.

"Jim!" She barely breathed his name.



Peggy colored warmly under Jim's critical gaze as they ate and chatted.

The blood danced in Peggy's veins as she watched the speedometer creeping higher and higher. Ah, they would make it, in time, she saw as she again glanced at her wrist.

Three minutes later the car drew up at the door of Yew Lodge and she hopped out.

"Come, come, in?" Peggy inquired.

"I own you no such—"

"See you this evening," he called and Peggy, her impulsive speech checked, stood watching him out of sight.

Slowly she turned to go in the house, the sheriff's assistant holding the door open for her.

It was not until she was in her bedroom that she realized that she held Jim's coat in her hands. She took down a coat hanger and inserted it in the sleeves. As she dropped her hand, she touched the butt of a weapon protruding from the pocket.

Drawing it out she stood for a moment looking at the automatic pistol, then walked over to the dresser by the window and turned it over.

The stamped lettering on the pistol "U. S. Property," arrested her gaze. Far full a minute she stared at it, then drawing out her "memory book," she turned its leaves to a recent entry.

"U. S. Property, Colt—45 caliber, Model 1911—U. S. Army, No. 23177."

Peggy looked again at the pistol in her hand—the lettering on it, the number, 23177, corresponded exactly with the lettering and number she had copied from her uncle's automatic pistol when first she found it.

This then must be her uncle's pistol. Taking out the clip she counted the cartridges—one was missing. It must be the pistol she had used when she killed Edgar Stanton.

She dropped weakly into the nearest chair. If this was her automatic, then to whom belonged the pistol Sheriff Beach had found in the living room near Edgar Stanton's body?

The Litchfield undertaker had come and gone, taking with him all that was mortal of Edgar Stanton, and once more quiet reigned at Yew Lodge. Upon his departure, Julia had regained some measure of composure.

Peggy turned and stepped outside on the kitchen porch. From there she watched the dark clouds gather ominously over the mountains with a sinking heart.

Like a shot he was by her side. Absorbed in each other, neither noticed the use of his given name. He whirled the wing chair about even as he spoke and coughed into it.

"You look better."

She colored warmly under his critical gaze, conscious of her unbecoming hair and generally disheveled appearance.

"Pop sent you over some broilers," began Jim, only to be interrupted by Julia.

"I've got 'em right hyar, Miss Peggy."

Julia wheeled the tea wagon, which she had converted into a supper table for two, between them. The maid had exerted her culinary ability to its utmost to prepare dishes that would tempt Peggy's appetite, roasting the girl's exhausted nervous system needed something more substantial to feed on than the sandwiches she had requested earlier in the afternoon for tea in lieu of supper.

Paying no attention to Jim's mumbled refusal, Peggy almost forced the plate bearing his share of broiled chicken and fried potatoes into his hands.

Peggy lifted the coffee pot and held it over Jim's cup.

She caught his eyes and, confused by the light in them, looked away. Julia was nowhere in sight. Now was her chance for a confidential chat.

"What do you suppose brought Edgar Stanton here at two o'clock in the morning?"

"I'm wondering myself," he admitted frankly. Raising his head he looked straight into her eyes.

"And here's another thing that puzzles me—why were you so ready to fire?"

"I—she hesitated. "I thought he was the mysterious man I encountered here on my arrival—in this room," she interpolated. "He ushered me into a seat in the dining room and put a soup tureen in front of me—"

"And then?" prompted Jim, leaning forward in his eagerness. "And then?"

"Disappeared."

"The fresh log in the fireplace caught on last and the flame blew up, throwing their faces into bold relief."

A figure, peering through one of the long French windows which opened onto the veranda, pressed its face closer against the pane of glass, in an endeavor to catch the expression.

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Peggy's excitement grows as further mysterious happenings at Yew Lodge. Continue the story tomorrow.

MANY CONTRIBUTE LAKE CREEK FUND FOR GRANGE BLDG.

LAKE CREEK, Ore., Nov. 29.—(Special)—Those who have contributed to the building fund for the new Grange Bldg. by the "little apron" method, since the last Grange meeting, November 14th, are: L. E. Bean, Mr. and Mrs. Frank and Parlow, Mrs. Wm. O'Hara, Mr. and Mrs. Royal Brown, O. R. Bankoy, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Grove, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Pankoy, Dr. R. W. Clancy, H. C. Manry, E. C. Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Wilkinson, Mrs. H. T. Pankoy, Wm. Almy, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Cason, The Toggles, Hubbard Brothers, Mrs. Clarence Cartwright, Mrs. Edith Weidman, Ridy Weidman, Medford Daily News, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Klinge, Roland Holman, Mr. and Mrs. Theron Taylor, Geo. M. Roberts, Fred E. Wiley, Monarch Seed and Feed company, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Stoner, Mrs. Mabel C. Mack, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ward, Mrs. J. J. Emmens, Mr. and Mrs. Pearl Bonney, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Carlton, C. E. Gates, Mrs. Esther Simmington, Gates & Lydard, Mrs. Lottia Van Scoy, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Owens, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Percy and W. C. Clements.

Several have contributed who failed to sign their names.

JOINT SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION IN G. P.

WILLIAMS CREEK, Ore., Nov. 29.—(Special)—There will be a joint convention of rural union Sunday schools at the Baptist church in Grants Pass Wednesday, December 4.

Lunch will be served at noon in Cafeteria style. Rev. D. D. Randall of Medford, union Sunday school evangelist, will preside. All interested in Sunday school work are cordially invited.

WILLIAMS CREEK

WILLIAMS CREEK, Ore., Nov. 29.—(Special)—Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Finley drove over to Klamath Falls Tuesday to visit their daughter, Mrs. Jessie Sutton, and spend Thanksgiving. They were accompanied by their grandson, Harold Hoag.

Mr. and Mrs. John Heestory of Willits, Cal., came up Tuesday to visit their son Phittin Heestory. While here Rev. Heestory will hold a series of evangelistic meetings at the Methodist chapel, beginning Sunday, December 1. All are cordially invited to attend.

Fred Powers has moved his family to Prosser to the house owned by Mr. Davis.

Mrs. A. E. Bledgett left Tuesday for Coquille on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Will Lovel. She will be absent about a month.

Mr. and Mrs. George McClain of Phoenix spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Roberts.

Film Testimony Used
 PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 28.—(S) For the first time in the history of Oregon courts, motion pictures were used today in the trial of Lee Lawson who is suing Mrs. C. S. Selzer for \$20,000 personal injuries alleged suffered in an automobile accident.

WESTERN Mother's Experience shows what can be done with children

HARSH corrective measures are seldom necessary with a child. Most modern parents recognize this. That's the reason so many agree on this gentle means of putting a child in order when bad breath, coated tongue, headache, biliousness or upset tummy of a changed digestive tract.

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Falls is visiting at his parents' home near here.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Milton and baby daughter, Lois May, left Tuesday evening for Longview, Wn., to visit Mrs. Milton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Snow.

Philmath—Recently burned planer mill at Griswold-Grier Lumber company being reconstructed.

How One Woman Lost 20 Pounds of Fat

Lost Her Double Chin—Lost Her Prominent Hips—Lost Her Sluggishness

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If you're fat—remove the cause! KRUSCHEN SALTS contain the 6 mineral salts your body organs, glands and nerves must have to function properly.

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Notice also that you have gained in energy—your skin is clearer—your eyes sparkle with glorious health—you feel younger in body—keener in mind. KRUSCHEN will give any fat person a joyous surprise.

Get an 85c bottle of KRUSCHEN SALTS at Jarmine & Woods (lasts 2 months). If even this first bottle doesn't convince you this is the easiest, safest and surest way to lose fat—if you don't feel a superb improvement in health—a superbly energetic—vigorously alive—your money gladly returned.

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SIZE	Wear-well			
	Balloons 10,000-Mile Guarantee	Western Giant Standard Rib-Tread 15,000-Mile Guarantee	Western Giant Center-Traction 15,000-Mile Guarantee	Double-Duty Western Giant 20,000-Mile Guarantee
29x4.40 (4.40-21) . .	\$ 4.97	\$ 5.78	\$ 6.68	\$ 9.45
30x4.50 (4.50-21) . .	5.59	6.57	7.60	10.25
29x4.75 (4.75-20) . .	6.60	7.98	8.75	12.35
30x5.00 (5.00-20) . .	7.10	8.49	9.65	13.35
31x5.00 (5.00-21) . .	7.25	8.78	9.90	13.85
30x5.25 (5.25-20) . .	8.40	9.77	10.95	14.65
31x5.25 (5.25-21) . .	8.55	10.15	11.35	14.85
30x5.50 (5.50-20) . .	10.15	11.35	12.40	15.85
32x6.00 (6.00-20) . .	10.80	12.15	13.75	18.60
33x6.00 (6.00-21) . .	10.95	12.30	13.95	18.90
32x6.50 (6.50-20) . .	11.35	12.75	15.65	19.75
35x7.00 fits 33x6.75	12.15	13.65	16.65	24.65

SIZE	Wear-well		
	Card 10,000-Mile Guarantee	Passenger Car Tire 15,000-Mile Guarantee	Extra Heavy Truck 20,000-Mile Guarantee
30x3 1/2 Cl. Regular	\$4.45	\$ 4.97
30x3 1/2 Cl. Oversize	4.69	5.38	\$ 8.45
30x3 1/2 SS Oversize	6.60
31x4 SS Oversize	7.60	8.95
32x4 SS Oversize	7.84	9.65	12.70
33x4 SS Oversize	8.55	10.15
32x4 1/2 SS Oversize	13.40	16.85
33x4 1/2 SS Oversize	13.85	17.95
30x5 SS Oversize	20.85
33x5 SS Oversize	18.65	21.95

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