

The Secret of Mohawk Pond

By Natalie Sumner Lincoln

Chapter 11
THE BROKEN CORD

NEITHER noticed the face at the window, so engrossed were they in each other.

"Was Ed Stanton the man?" Jim inquired.

"I don't know," she admitted confusedly. "I never saw Lieutenant Stanton standing upright and cannot judge if he was the same height as the other man."

"But his features?"

"Told me nothing. I saw the unknown man but dimly in the partial darkness, and only his eyes stand out in my memory."

"And Stanton's?"

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Fear was mirrored in Julia's eyes as Peggy and Jim bent over her.

"Lieutenant Stanton" — Peggy's voice grew husky with emotion—"fell face forward. When I screwed up the courage to—in—look at his face, his eyes were closed in death.

"The night you saved us from drowning, I saw the eyes again—in the water."

"What?"

Jim sat bolt upright.

"He, the swimmer, scuttled our canoe."

Peggy spoke rapidly, almost incoherently.

"It is unbelievable!" he exclaimed. "You haven't a faint tinkle in his eye, a family feud, by chance?"

"No, there is only one person I can conceive plotting to drive me from Yew Lodge—that is Com. Jamieson Sinclair."

"And why pick on the commander to fill so despicable a role?" he asked, after a pause.

"Because by the terms of Uncle's will, if I spend more than an hour in any 24 away from Yew Lodge, within a month and a day from the time I came, his fortune goes to Commander Sinclair."

A piercing shriek from behind the portiere brought Peggy to her feet a second later after Jim's bound across the living room.

Julia groveled on the dining floor; her horrified stare fixed on the pantry door.

"It done come dat way," she mumbled, over and over, as speech returned to her.

"What came, Julia? Tell us," coaxed Peggy.

Slowly, painfully, the colored maid clambered to her knees and, with Peggy's assistance, seated herself on a low stool.

"I was standin' dar"—she shuddered as she pointed near the portieres—"when I heard de 'wid's de pantry do gibs when it's openin', an' somethin' col' done reached mah neck"—she caught her breath—"an' an' ald down mah back."

A bright object slipped from under her white niddy blouse and fell with a thud on the bare floor. Jim pounced upon it; an upward glance at the red supporting the portieres, and he burst into laughter.

"A brass hook from there fell down your back," he exclaimed. "See, there is another one loose. You must have been pulling with uncommon strength on the portieres. Why were you behind them, Julia?"

"Waitin' fo' Miss Peggy to call me. Dere ain' no bells in dis yar house, an' de kitchen's some ways off."

Peggy chuckled; her spirits, too were returned, and her reaction from fright was an inclination to hysterical laughter.

"Next time choose a less dangerous neighborhood, Julia," she advised, then obtaining her first clear look at Julia's back—"Mercy, the brass pin point must have scratched you—your collar is stained with blood."

Julia's fingers flew to her neck just as a knock, repeated with more insistence, sounded on the veranda door in the living room.

She made no effort to answer the summons; instead she sat plod to the stool, her numb fingers wandering over, under and around her sailor collar. The cord which she wore loose about her neck and concealed from sight, was broken.

Brushing by Peggy, Jim opened the veranda door and peered outside. No one was visible.

"Wait!" Peggy turned on the porch light. "Don't go unarmed."

He stopped and regarded her queerly.

"How did you know I was unarmed?"

"Why, you left your gun—my pistol"—she stammered, "in your overcoat pocket—the coat that Julia took back to you."

Heavy footsteps crunched the flagstone and Obadiah Evans stepped within the lighted area. "Well, Miss Prescott, how be ye?" with a kindly critical look at Peggy.

"You have news?" she questioned.

"Judge Fisher arranged every thing satisfactorily. No, thank ye,

Chapter 12
CHASE GOES CALLING

AS the gray car sped along the Milton road on its trip to Litchfield Obadiah Evans waved to Jim, sitting behind the wheel.

"Fill her up with gas," he belated, using his hands for a megaphone, and Jim's answering "All right" came faintly to him.

Obadiah watched the red tail light until it disappeared behind a curve in the road, then he went slowly back to his house. Passing by the front door he continued around to the rear porch, and made himself comfortable in his favorite chair, propping his feet up on the porch railing.

Obadiah's head was nodding on



Obadiah critically examined the holster; Aquila said it was Stanton's, as chest as he doled off every now and then, when the knacker on his front door came down on the wooden panel with a resounding whack. He went to the door.

marked agitation. "Then the half-breed could continue to live on Blind Man's Bluff unmolested."

"Ed feared Sundown," Chase stated, with emphasis. "Why I don't know, but I heard him screaming his name down by the brook and if I ever saw deadly terror in any creature's face, it was stamped on Ed's face when I ran up to him."

"Do you suppose Ed was hunting Sundown when he visited Yew Lodge last night?" Chase asked.

"The months roll away," he said, with a faint sigh. "It hardly seems a year since we've met."

"Eight months, to be exact," returned the other.

"Times have changed; Jim's back and Herbert Prescott's gone," Obadiah shifted about in his seat. "You'll miss Prescott?"

"Very much," agreed Chase. "Intellectually, Prescott was a delightful companion and his hospitality was unbounded. Do you see much of his niece, Miss Prescott?"

"Not so much as I was calculating to," Obadiah looked across at the hostess inquiringly. "Why?"

Ignoring the question, Chase hitched his chair closer.

"I've just come from Litchfield, the town's seag over the killing of Edgar Stanton."

"I imagine so," Obadiah commented. "Poor girl, she's in for trouble."

"The clerk at Philip's Tavern said Miss Prescott had signed a paper confessing she shot Ed."

"Sure, taking him for a burglar," broke in Obadiah, unceremoniously. "Now, what in heck was Stanton doing at Yew Lodge at two o'clock in the morning and where'd he come from?"

"Stone Tower," answered Chase and added: "Ed came late yesterday afternoon and asked if I'd put him up for a time."

"He stopped here first," admitted Obadiah, as Chase passed. "But I wouldn't take him in. Well, when did you last see him?"

"Around 10 o'clock, when we both went to bed."

"Ed fell asleep first, for I heard him snoring. Then I, too, dropped off, when I awoke he was gone."

"And the news?"

"Guns also," Chase sat back, "I took it Ed had left for an early morning ride, as his things were scattered about the tower, and never gave the matter a second thought. I took the car and went to Litchfield by way of Tyler Pond. There, I heard of his death and, so I drove over to see you."

He halted abruptly before the former.

BOGNOR IS MADE ROYAL TOWN BY KING DESIC

BOGNOR REGIS, England.—Citizens of this little health resort on the south coast where King George convalesced after his long illness, feel that one of the townsmen has committed a faux pas.

Soon after the king had recovered his health, the local business men, with, perhaps, visions of in-

RYNOBIRK: Rumor runs as the mystery of Mohawk Pond threatens the security of Yew Lodge. Presently, who is responsible for the murder to her territory, evidence at Yew Lodge. Her residence at the lodge is accosted by the provisions of her uncle's will which provisionally made her his sole heir. Heavy clouds in Jim, the tall and handsome son of Obadiah Evans her former neighbor, and tells him of the shooting. Lieut. Edgar Stanton when he broke into the lodge in the night. Jim shows deep interest and at Obadiah's suggestion, goes to engage an attorney to defend her.

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ITALY'S PROTESTANTS FAVOR LATERAN PACT

TORRE PELLICE, Italy.—The synd of the Waldensian church, the one indigenous Protestant sect of Italy, has sent thanks to Mussolini for the safeguarding of its rights in the Lateran treaties and confirmed by the law of June 24, covering the expropriation of those sects admitted to the Italian state.

The Waldensians declared themselves particularly grateful for the solemn reaffirmation of the great principles of civilization governing our public law, which are the liberty of conscience and belief and free discussion in religious matters.

The message concluded by invoking "the benediction of the Most High on the chief of the government and on our fatherland."

Severs Leg Arteries

MARSHFIELD, Ore., Nov. 29.—The coroner announced today that Chappell Seaman, 68, said to have been a member of a prominent wealthy eastern family, ended his life yesterday by severing the arteries of his legs because of dispendency.

Workmen Killed

COEH, Irish Free State, Nov. 28.—Three workmen were reported killed and sixteen seriously injured today in an accident aboard the hull of the liner Celtic, which is being dismantled. She grounded in Cogh harbor.

Riddle Woman Stars in River Death Case

By Ralph W. Wheatley, Associated Press Correspondent.

POINTE A LA HACHE, La.—(AP) A mystery novel in herself—that's lone Orde.

Of women who lately have risen from obscurity to place the public curiously, none has been heard within a shroud of secrecy with more success than this ultra-modern product, central figure in the investigation of Jack Kraft's death.

This black-haired, green-eyed girl has baffled experts on feminine psychology, shrewd detectives and even her own mother.

She landed here October 11, a riddle woman. A month later she was ill that, as the curtain slowly lifted on her past, the enigma deepened.

She has clung to spoken lines with the skill of a trained actress. She withstood, immovable, the rigors of a third degree, the pleadings of a priest of her church and of her distraught mother, and not once did she falter in those lines.

Her presence, they tried to break down her story, she drove to exasperation by boldly enacting her role on the witness stand with a threat of perjury dangling before her.

From the witness stand she openly smiled at John McGouldrick, shif's officer, man-about-town type, indicted on a murder charge in connection with the death of young Kraft in what the prosecution contends was a fight over the girl. She was determined to defend him, then, she said, to marry him.

That might well be the picture of a woman of the world, but in her antics out of court she has presented herself in quite another light.

She has been viewed romping in slats at "tag" with youngsters in the jaiyard and chugging baby chicks to the disgust of a ruffled hen.

"What is your name?" bellowed the district attorney, in court.

"Jane Marie Gloria Gay Powell Rouzer Orde," she replied sweetly.

She explained her maiden name was Marie Gloria Rouzer, that she became Gay Powell on her marriage to an Irish actor in France, and used lone Orde on sketches she made.

Twenty-one years old now, lone was reared in France.

She left New York early in October with Jack Kraft, a press-room employe with other ambitions and a bent for travel. Aboard the steamship Orde, they found their total capital was less than \$25.

He planned to carry a white in New Orleans, then hitch-hike to the Pacific coast, sketching and writing. It was an idea they had.

Aboard the ship the girl met John McGouldrick, saucy second officer.

The night of October 14, a drama, full details of which have not been established, was enacted on the boat. The climax came when the lookout called:

"Man overboard!"

Rescue failed.

When the Creole reached New Orleans the log told of Jack Kraft committing suicide. The story was accepted by authorities. A few days later Kraft's body was washed ashore. A bullet hole through his heart was found.



lone Orde, held in connection with the death of Jack Kraft, has mystified all who have interviewed her at the jail in Pointe a la Hache, La. Also held in the case is John McGouldrick (lower left), ship's officer.



John McGouldrick, ship's officer, is held in connection with the death of Jack Kraft.

She explained she wished to protect the family name.

"This is the first time my daughter has deceived me," she said. "I cannot understand her."

And neither can others.

Thanksgiving Day Busy One for Mr. Stork in Portland

PORTLAND, Nov. 29.—(AP) It may have been Thanksgiving to some people but to the Honorable and Venerable Mr. Stork it was just Thursday—work day.

By the time most Portlanders had completed garning the last bit of white meat from the wishbone and drumsticks, eight babies, six of them boys, had been born in Portland hospitals.

The stork made its initial holiday call by presenting a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. R. F. McCabe.

PIONEER OF SILENT PICTURES PLAYS DIES

OSHKOSH, Wash., Nov. 29.—(AP) Alice Washburn, 68, one of the first comedienne of the cinema, died at her home here yesterday.

In the early part of the century Miss Washburn became identified with the Edison Company of New York in the production of photoplays and shared in the popularity enjoyed by John Bunny, best known of the early screen comedians.

MOSLEMS PROTEST BAN ON INFANT MARRIAGES

BOMBAY, India, Nov. 29.—(AP) The city was without meat or chaps today because of a religious strike called by section of the Moslem population to protest against the child marriage restraint act, recently passed by the Indian legislative assembly.

Asleep at Wheel

SALEM, Ore., Nov. 29.—(AP) Boyd Fletcher was killed Friday morning when his machine plunged over an embankment on the Three Rivers road three miles from Hobbs. Ed Wiscott, state traffic officer on the Hooswerd highway, telephoned T. A. Rafferty, chief state traffic officer, Friday morning. According to the officer, Fletcher, who had been up all night, apparently had gone to sleep while driving.

Common Italian Politeness Calls For Freest Use of Superlatives; Grandiose Titles Given To All

By Hudson Hawley, Associated Press Staff Writer.

ROME.—(AP)—"The fair land where the 'd' doin' sound," as Dante—translated by Longfellow—described Italy, might also be known as the "land of Isimism."

Superlative adjectives are as common in this country as the garden variety of them in America. They are formed by adding "issimo" to the stem. Their use in addressing persons is merely an elementary form of politeness.

For example, in the United States one would address a fairly humble grammar or high school principal as plain Mister. Not so in Italy. Here he is Illustrissimo Dottore or Professore. So-and-so—the doctor title meaning merely that he has been graduated from a university. To call him anything less than "most illustrious" would be belittling his scholastic attainments.

"Hello, Jack, old scout!" would never, never, do as an opening to an informal and friendly letter to an Italian or any. Nothing less than "Carissimo Giovanni" (dear-as-in-John) would get by the social censor. To a casual acquaintance a non-superlative adjective may sometimes be used in greeting—"cognato." But that word, according to the best dictionaries, means nothing more nor less than "famous."

One addresses a lowly curate in America as "Rev." when writing to him. His Italian counterpart rates nothing less than Reverendissimo, most reverent or right reverend, a title reserved at home for high ecclesiastical dignitaries. As for an Italian cardinal, the "Reverendissimo" is immediately followed by "Eminentissimo," of most eminent.

The Pope, of course, is addressed as "Santissimo Padre" or "most Holy Father." In the semi-official Vatican organ, "Osservatore Romano," he is usually referred to as "La Santita di Nostro Signore" (The Holiness of Our Lord).

The King and Mussolini seem to be the only people on the Italian peninsula who can be addressed without superlative adjectives. The monarch, when one is speaking to him, is "Maesta Vostra" (Your Majesty) as in other countries. In print he is referred to simply as "Il Re" (the king) or "Il Sovrano" (the sovereign), always of course with capital letters.

It is quite strange to address Mussolini in public as plain "Duce," if one belongs to his party. Others use "Vostra Eccellenza" (Your Excellency) such as they might in an ambassador or the governor of an American state. The newspaper

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SAN FRANCISCO

Talent Ladies Will Serve Turkey Supper

TALENT, Ore., Nov. 29.—(Sp.1) We wish to remind the readers again of the turkey supper to be given by the Ladies Aid of the Methodist church at Talent, December 6. Supper will be served from 5:30 to 8.

For Glasses That Are RIGHT See Dr. D. A. Chambers OPTOMETRIST 404 Medford Bldg.

VALVE OF SUN PORCHES PROVED BY POULTRYMEN

BLOOMSBURG, Pa.—(AP) By using sun porches to keep his chicks off the ground, Samuel Golden, Columbia county farmer, lost only 23 out of 600 this year.

He used two brooder houses with a sun porch on each, elevated about two and one-half feet from the ground, screen enclosed and equipped with a wire bottom.

At the end of four months 225 pullets were placed in the laying house and when they were six months old Golden was getting better than 50 per cent production.

John Brigham, using a similar plan on his Salem township farm, lost only 46 out of 1100 chicks.

For Glasses That Are RIGHT See Dr. D. A. Chambers OPTOMETRIST 404 Medford Bldg.

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