# The HIDDEN DOOR

BY FRANK L. PACKARD

*SYNOPSIS: Germaine Tremblay is taking Colin Hewitt, mystery writer, from Cap à l'Orage down the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence to a fishing club where Colin hopes to deliver a mysterious letter to Joe Lazarre. Lazarre is to the spy of the Mark, New York killer, whom Colin fears and hates. A fog settled down, and in making shore, Germaine's boat ticked a rock, and Germaine was stunned.*

Chapter 15

THE LANDING

COLIN leaped back to the stern of the boat.

"Germaine!" he cried out in alarm.

There was no answer.

He bent over her anxiously. She must have been leaning forward and in the act of shutting off the power when the impact had flung her from her seat and her head had struck some part of the engine. She was stunned, surely no more than that, for there was no sign of any wound. His common sense told him that it could not be anything really serious—but common sense seemed sorry comfort. He was in an agony of suspense.

The boat grounded on the beach. He picked her up in his arms and carried her ashore. Her face, so close to his, resting on his shoulder, was white, bloodless. It brough. fear to him. Unreasoning fear—because surely there was no real cause for fear. Her hair brushed against his cheek, somehow strangely urging him to hold her closer still. She was no weight in his arms, and yet his arms trembled.

His eyes searched around him. The beach was strewn with boulders and rocks, but beyond, perhaps a hundred yards away, were trees, already beginning to look ghostly through the gray curtain of fog. He carried her across the beach, found a patch of sward under the trees just at the edge of the wooded land, and laid her down.

And now she stirred, opened her eyes, stared at him blankly for a moment—and smiled.

"That's fine!" he exclaimed buoyantly. "Your's better. But just lie still until I tie up the boat."

Then he brought cushions—a tarpaulin to lay upon the ground.

"Now," he demanded, "how's that, little lady?"

"Perfect!" she answered. "It is nice of you—and so silly of me."

"Silly!" he ejaculatel. "All my fault! I should have kept my eyes open."

"For something you couldn't see?"

"Oh, well," he said a little lamely, "at least—"

"Oh, well!" she interrupted. "That expresses it exactly. It couldn't be helped, and anyway there's no real harm done. I pitched headlong against the engine when we struck, as you have already guessed, and I shall probably have a headache—which won't last." She felt gingerly over her head with her hand. "Also a goose-egg—which won't last either."

"Stout fellow!" he applauded.

The fog was still thickening. Colin could scarcely see the boat now at the water's edge. Thank God there was no cause for grave concern on her account, bu what to do now? Suppose the fog lasted on through the afternoon, the night—interminably? He might get assistance from the club. If one struck across overland, it couldn't be very far away.

"Look here," he proposed, "from what you said, this club can't be more than a mile or so at most from here by land, and I think I'd better cut over there and get some of the chaps to help out. You can't stay here all night, you know."

SHE raised herself up on her elbow.

"You will do nothing of the sort!" she stated with finality.

"And why not?" he asked.

"For a host of reasons," she answered. "In the first place, I'm quite all right, or, at least, I will be in half an hour or so; and, if it became a question of going to the club, I could go with yo . In the second place, in this fog, we'd be lost in the woods before we had gone a quarter of a mile. And in the third place, we are perfectly all right as we are, no matter how long the fog lasts. We are not even going to be subjected to any hardships. There's a thermos bottle and a lunch basket in the boat, you know."

It sounded logical. Undoubtedly she was right.

"Still the skipper, I perceive," he teased.

She tossed her head.

"You know the penalty for mutiny, don't you?"

"All right," he grinned; and then seriously: "But if we don't get back within a reasonable time your father will be frightfully worried."

"No," she said calmly; "not a bit. Father was brought up on the coast. He knows exactly what we will have done. So long as we get back before he leaves for Gaspé, it will be all right—and we're sure to do that, for this fog, of course, will delay the Belle Fleur too."

"Splendid!" said Colin. He spread one edge of the tarpaulin over her as a covering, and quite unnecessarily rearranged the cushion under her head. "In that case," he laughed, "I shan't mind, from purely selfish reasons, if the fog lastr on a bit."

The fog did last—unduly. Darkness came. In spite of her insistence that it was "nothing at all," the blow on her head refused t be treated quite so cavalierly, and she had been content to lie where she was, drowsing a good part of the time.

She was asleep now. But now it was a wholly natural sleep. The lunch basket and the thermos bottle, just as evening had set in, had worked wonders.

What time was it? Colin, sitting on the ground beside her, fumbled for his watch, and then replaced it in his pocket. If he struck a match he might awaken her. It must be somewhere around ten o'clock.

A queer smile twisted his lips. The last sort of complication he had expected to encounter on this quest of his for one Joseph Lazarre was—Germaine Tremblay. Like a story. He knew now that he had written her finally and for all time into his life.

HE realized now that, from the moment he had met her on the Bonaventure, he had subconsciously known this would be so, but he had never questioned himself. And this afternoon when he had carried her from the boat, and she had lain there in his arms white and unconscious, suddenly he had known then, too, that there never would be need for questioning. He knew now that everything that the world held for him was vested in Germaine Tremblay.

And she? He shook his head. If their companionship had come to mean anything more to her than the frank and open friendship which she offered, she had shown no sign of it. But neither had he, for that matter. His hands clenched suddenly. Over their picnic supper she had asked some natural and innocent questions about his life in Boston—and he had lied glibly.

But why go on with that? It had been with him all afternoon and evening. What good did it do to tell himself again that the masquerade was not of his making, and that he was no criminal? What could he say to a girl about love, even if he dared hope that she too might care, when he himself was being hunted for his life and could only be a source of danger to her if he were discovered?

He shrugged his shoulders in vicious dismissal of the subject. He thought of the boat—and wished he could at least glimpse it. But between the fog and the darkness he could not see more than two or three yards in front of him. Perhaps he couldn't have seen the boat anyway from where he sat even if there were no fog.

He turned his head sharply—listening. His ear had caught the sound of movement somewhere in the woods near at hand. It came nearer—the crackle of twigs and underbrush. An animal of some sort, probably. His lips tightened a little.

Germaine was still asleep, and he did not waken her. Why should he—yet? His hand went into his pocket and came out with the revolver, for which he had bought a reserve supply of ammunition in Quebec, and which had never left his person since the night he had picked it up in Butch Connal's room.

And now the sounds died away for an instant—then came again. But this time it was the crunching of sand. Whatever it was, it was moving along the beach now. Not far away. But he could see nothing.

And then suddenly there came what seemed like the thud of a heavy body falling on the sand, then a yell of pain, followed instantly by a torrent of vile oaths in English.

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Sudden danger thrusts itself upon Colin and Germaine, tomorrow.

## AMERICAN TEACHER WOUNDED IN TURKEY

ISTANBUL, Turkey, Aug. 14. — (AP) Raymond S. White of Winfield, Kansas, an American teacher of the Smyrna International college, was wounded in the foot last night by Turkish gendarmes who mistook him for an escaped brigand as he was motoring at high speed from Gergama to Smyrna.

**China Flood Horror**

HANKOW, China, Aug. 14. — (AP) — Further news of conditions in the flood area of North Honan Province, arriving from Chengchow tonight, disclosed additional details of horrors facing the seemingly doomed town of Szeahoi, about 50 miles west of Chengchow.

STETTIN, Germany, Aug. 14. — (AP) —Charged with remarking to drinking companions that Chancellor Hitler was a Czech Jew, Thoursten Johnson, an American sailor, was sentenced today to six months imprisonment by an emergency court. The American consul is investigating the case.

Acetylene welding — Brill Metal Works.

## TOURNEY POSTPONES MEETING OF LEGION

Owing to the activities necessary in connection with the Legion's amateur boxing tournament, starting at the Armory tonight, there will be no meeting of Medford post of the American Legion this evening, Commander L. C. Garlock has announced.

The tournament will continue three nights and as there are a great many details requiring attention of Legionnaires it was decided to postpone the meeting until next Monday, August 21.

## *Sams Valley Grain Yield Above Hope*

SAMS VALLEY, Aug. 14—(Spl.)—From all reports, so far from, grain growers in this section, the newly threshed grain is yielding above expectations. Two exceptionally good yields of wheat were reported by Dick Straus and O. T. Wilson. The former reports over 60 bushels to the acre and Wilson over forty. These were small tracts.

## RIGID CONTROL FOR PETROLEUM PLANNED

WASHINGTON, Aug. 14. — (AP) — An intimation the federal government would provide for rigid control over oil production in the petroleum trade practice plan now nearing completion came today from Hugh S. Johnson, the industrial administrator, whose aides are writing it.

**Bandit Kicks Victim**

GRACEVILLE, Minn., Aug. 14.—(AP) —Twelve customers and employes were forced to lie on the floor today as six bandits raided the First National bank of approximately $5,500. One victim was kicked in the mouth when he turned to see what was going on.

**Remembers Poem 80 Years.**

ROCHESTER, N. H.—(UP)—At 86, Mrs. Vienna Jewell recently won a prize speaking contest by reciting a piece memorized when she was a child of six.

## S'MATTER POP— By C. M. PAYNE

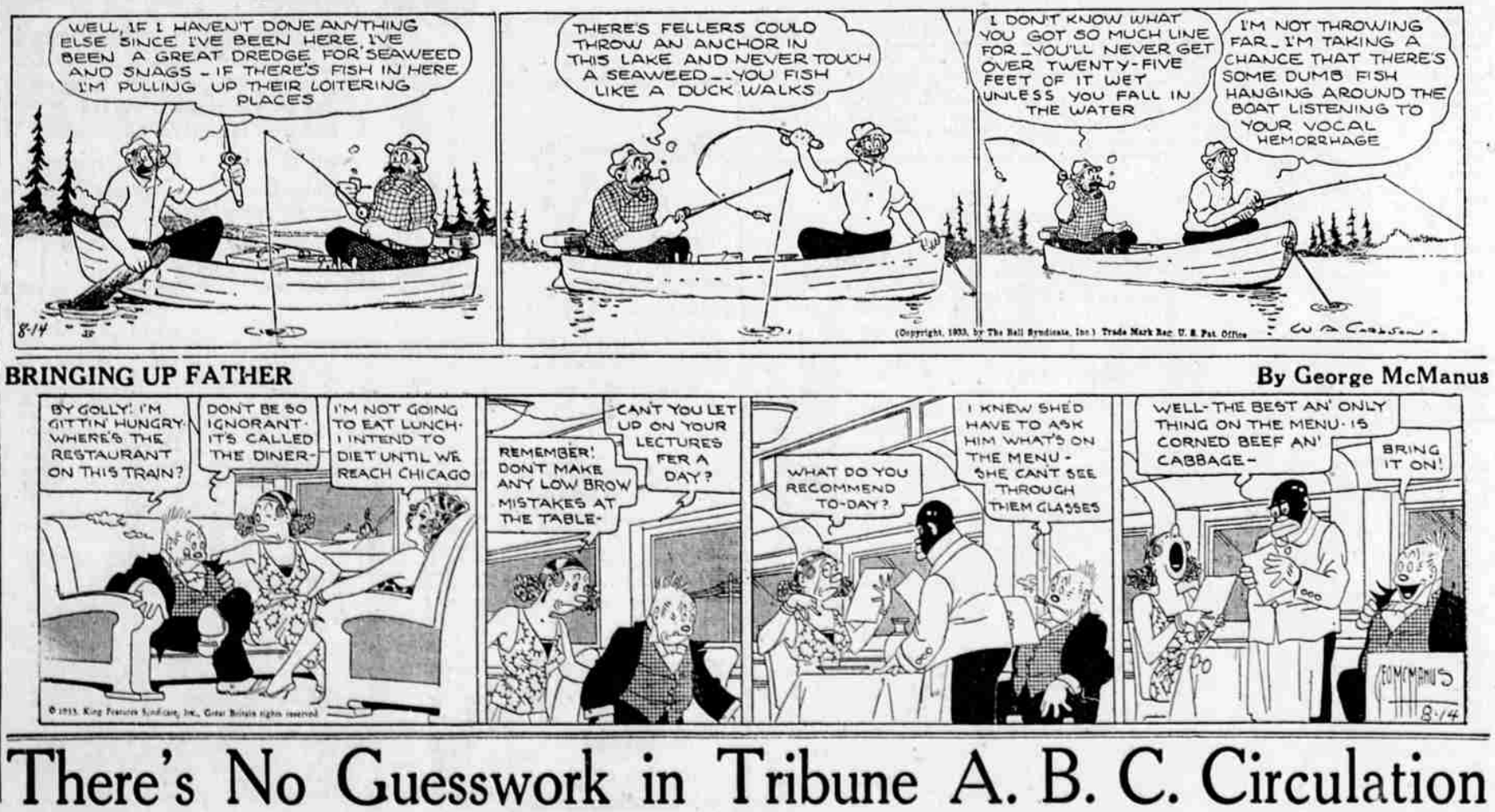
## SUBURBAN HEIGHTS By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Abandoned Treasure!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

## BOUND TO WIN—The Strange Sound! By EDWIN ALGER

## THE NEBBS—My Kingdom For A Fish By SOL HESS




## BRINGING UP FATHER By George McManus




There's No Guesswork in Tribune A. B. C. Circulation