

I did not kill Osborne

By VICTOR BRIDGES

My friend Jerry told me that he had just escaped from the hands of the spy, Peter Orloff, Orloff is trying to find the valuable formula which has been stolen from the military. Orloff and his henchmen are Jerry and Nick with the help of Jerry's mother and the boy, Jimmy. Jerry tells his allies that Jerry's mother and the boy, Jimmy, were the ones who stole the formula. Jerry's mother and the boy, Jimmy, were the ones who stole the formula. Jerry's mother and the boy, Jimmy, were the ones who stole the formula.

Chapter 41 SINISTER FARM

In single file, on account of the narrowness of the path, we headed for the dark line of straggling bushes which marked the site of the lane. A yard or two from our goal, Jerry, who was a short distance in front, pulled up and waited for us.

"I'll go first and have a scout round," he whispered. "Stop here till I give you the tip."

"Better let me come too," I objected.

He shook his head. "You look after Molly—that's your job. If you hear any shooting, clear off at once and make for the boat. Don't worry about me; I can take care of myself."

Without pausing for any further expostulation, he crept forward to

stepped out from a room on the left of the passage, and stood there framed in the doorway—a white-faced, tragic figure. The front of her cotton dress was smeared with blood.

It was Jerry who was the first to speak. "These are two friends of mine," he said. "Miss O'Brien and Mr. Nicholas Trench. May we come inside?"

At the mention of my name Mrs. Gowlland's whole body suddenly stiffened. Her eyes fixed themselves on mine in a searching stare, and then, as if her head ached, she moved into the passage.

The room into which Jerry led us looked out on the back of the house. It was a long, dark, low-ceilinged apartment; such daylight as still remained being almost obscured by a thick shrubbery, which grew up within a few feet of the windows.

At the farther end stood an open stone fire-place, and in front of it, stretched out on a black horsehair sofa and covered by a blanket, lay a stiff, shapeless object. Propped up against one side of the hearth was a double-barrelled twelve-bore gun.

MRS. GOWLLAND, who had followed us into the room and closed the door behind her, came up slowly to where I was standing.



"I've done you a great wrong," Mrs. Gowlland whispered.

wards a gap in the hedge, where a dilapidated stile led out into the muddy cart track beyond. In another moment he had disappeared from view.

For what seemed to be an interminable time Molly and I stood there listening. The wind kept up its dismal wail, and now and then something small stirred or scuffled amongst the rough grass.

Out to seaward a sickly-looking moon was slowly mounting up above the horizon.

At last a low whistle reached our ears. It was evidently the appointed signal, and, moving forward, we climbed cautiously over the broken stile. As I did so, a sharp twinge of pain reminded me viciously of my injured shoulder.

Jerry, who was leaning against a tree a short distance along the lane, remained at his post until we came up.

"It's all clear," he announced in a low voice. "At least, so far as I can see. Don't make any more noise than you can help, or that blasted dog will probably start barking."

HE led the way round the corner, and following him in the same order as before, we came out opposite the entrance to the farmyard. The gate was unfastened and an uncanny stillness brooded over the neglected out-buildings.

The farm-house itself was invisible from the road, and it was not until we were nearly half-way across the yard that its ugly slated roof and grey, weather-beaten walls suddenly came in sight.

It stood back a little to our left behind a narrow strip of garden, and, passing through a second gate, Jerry guided us along a rough laurel-bordered path which ran up to what was apparently the front entrance.

As we approached, I saw that the door was wide open.

We all three came to a halt outside, and at the same instant Mrs. Gowlland made her appearance. She

"You are Mr. Trench," she faltered. "You are the man they—they..."

"I was accused of killing Osborne," I interrupted, "but, as you know, it's a lie."

She opened her lips, but remained dumb and motionless.

"It's because of that," I went on, "that I'm here now. I had nothing to do with Osborne's death. He came to me when he was in trouble and asked me to help him; I did what I could, and for the last three months my life has been a hell on earth. Even now some people still believe I'm guilty."

I came a pace nearer. "Haven't I suffered sufficiently?" I demanded. "Haven't I a right to ask for the truth?"

There was a tense pause, broken only by the slow ticking of the wooden clock above the fireplace. Then, with a dry sob, Mrs. Gowlland bent forward and buried her face in her hands.

Molly came up from behind us and put her arm round the trembling woman's shoulder. "Don't cry," she said gently. "We want to help you if we can; we want to be your friends."

I pulled forward a chair and, sinking down into it, the other crouched there for a moment, her face still hidden.

"I've done you a great wrong," she whispered. "Please—please for give me, sir. I ought to have told the truth long ago. I would have only—I didn't dare."

With a sudden shiver, she lifted her head. "It was my husband who killed him," she said slowly.

We none of us moved or spoke. In the silence it seemed to me that I could almost hear the beating of my own heart.

"He killed him because Osborne had loved me"—her voice was almost inaudible—"because we had loved each other."

Tomorrow, the group searches Gowlland's chest.

FEDERATED CHURCH OF CENTRAL POINT PLANS EVANGELISTIC SERIES

Commencing Sunday, the Robert Charles Lewis evangelistic party will conduct a series of evangelistic meetings in the Central Point Federated Church. Rev. Lewis comes unusually well recommended. For eight years he was the successful pastor of the Hawthorn community church of Hawthorn, Cal., and a former superintendent of men of the Bible Institute of Los Angeles.

He is a man of broad experience, thoroughly conversant with the Lord's work, and very loyal to the word of God. Associated with him is his wife, Mrs. Lewis, a Bible teacher of ability and consecration, who will conduct Bible classes for the ladies from 2 to 3 each afternoon.

The music and the young people's work will be under supervision of the Rev. Stanley Parrish, a recent graduate of the Bible Institute of Los Angeles, and ordained by the church of Hawthorn, of which Rev. Lewis was pastor.

A wonderful time is expected in these meetings and a most cordial invitation is extended to everyone in the valley who believes in the inspired word of God, and enjoys having it preached in its purity and simplicity, to join in getting the most out of the meetings.

SIX-POUND PHEASANT STOPS MIGHTY MUGUL

TRENTON, N. J., Jan. 16.—(UP)—A six-pound wild pheasant hit a 10-

NEGRO PREACHER GIVEN INSTALLMENT SENTENCE

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 16.—(UP)—A jail sentence on the installment plan was City Judge West's sentence to Guilan Hamiel, negro clergyman. Under the sentence Hamiel will enter the jail at 1 p. m. each Saturday and serve until 4 a. m. Monday morning for 10 weeks.

LESSENER MORAL FIBRE DAMAGE CLAIM CAUSE

CHICAGO, Jan. 15.—(UP)—Judge J. Harrington Covington, counsel for the National Cannery Association, told its convention today damage claims against canning companies increased 100 per cent during the depression. He attributed it to "lessened moral fibre."

PHOENIX EXTENSION UNIT MEETS FRIDAY

PHOENIX, Jan. 15.—(Sp)—Phoenix Home extension unit will begin its bread making project at the church Friday with a covered dish luncheon. All members are requested to meet at 10 a. m.

Huge Wild Turkey Killed

ST. JOSEPH, Mo.—(UP)—The largest wild turkey reported killed in the Ozarks this season was shot by John Bender, a member of the city health board. The bird weighed 27 pounds. The largest turkey reported killed last year weighed only 20 pounds.

SUAVE SWINDLER SENT TO FEDERAL PRISON

CHICAGO, Jan. 17.—(UP)—Oscar M. Hartzell, convicted in a Bronx City, N. Y., federal court of using the mails to defraud, in connection with a scheme to promote a mythical St. Francis Drake estate, was sent to Leavenworth today, to serve a 10-year sentence.

BOUGHT LIQUOR FOR INDIAN OUT OF PITY

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 17.—(AP)—Edward Quigley, 63, Klamath Falls, was sentenced by Federal Judge James A. Fee today to serve 90 months in jail and pay a \$100 fine for obtaining liquor for an Indian. Quigley pleaded that a Shasta Indian at Klamath Falls told him he was "dying" for a drink, and he bought the liquor out of pity.

NEGRO SETS RECORD GETTING INTO JAIL

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo., Jan. 16.—(UP)—Joe Brown, 39, negro, stole three shirts from a local clothing store today and escaped. Detective Sergeant George Emrick answered the police call. In 30 minutes Brown was captured, tried, sentenced and in the county jail. The proceedings were believed to have set a record.

WARM HAT

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



SMATTER POP

By C M Payne



TAILSPIN

By Hal Forrest



WERNER'S CAREER

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS

By Sol Hess



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManis



PAIOTRI'S BIRTHDAYS JUST DAY OFF TO KIDS

CHICAGO, Jan. 16.—(UP)—Chicago school children regard birthdays of Washington and Lincoln as just "days off." Otto P. Aken, Cook county superintendent of schools, told American Legion members today. He advised a wide program of Americanization.

Baby Booms Tooth at 8 Days

MANHATTAN, N.Y.—(UP)—Parents of Harold Dean Perry are holding him up with his mouth open so admirers can see the tooth which the 8-day-old lad cut recently. Generally, seven to eight months is required to cut the first tooth, but babies have been born with teeth, doctors say.

Wellesley Girls Kilt Ear Laps

WELLESLEY, Mass.—(UP)—Winter won't find the Wellesley college girls unprepared. The latest fad here is knitting ear lap covers. The girls get the old-fashioned ear muffs and slip on the covers. Some are of light colors for formal wear and others harmonize with their coats or sweaters for sports wear.

EVANGELIST COMING TO CHURCH OF GOD

The Church of God, corner of Holly and Haven, will begin a two weeks series meeting next Sunday, starting at 7:30 p. m. The Rev. Oral W. Clemens of Anderson, Ind., will be the evangelist. A welcome is extended to the public.

Brain Stated Man

HOLT, Mo.—(UP)—A sack of bran carried on the shoulders of W. H. Harris saved him from serious injury when he was struck by a train recently. The engine hit the sack of bran. Harris received a few cuts and bruises when he hit the ground, but otherwise was unharmed.

Nevada Elk to Travel

LAS VEGAS, Nev.—(UP)—Elk from Yellowstone national park are expected to be transported to Charleston park, near here, during the early part of 1935. The herd of approximately 40 elk will be for "show purposes only." W. O. Yates, local official in charge of the shipment, said hunters will not be allowed to shoot the animals.