

HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman.

Chapter 33
SHOT IN THE DARK

HE couldn't convince Farne worth, however, and when Hannu returned and told the crew, he decided it was time to take action. They told some of the fellows who've been losing money all summer and decided to go into action. They went to the cannery first, to get Farley. They were going to force him to go to the traps with them. They missed him.

"John came in about that time, but they were beyond stopping. He tried to reason with them. Seems he's trying to protect the cannery, for some reason.

"Then he sent us after you, Nikki, he said that you owned the cannery."

"That I do?" questioned Anne, bewildered.

"Yes, that's exactly what he said, and he said to tell you that he was ready to prove it."

Anne shook her head. "He's mistaken, but maybe I can pretend long enough and convincingly enough to check them before they get into trouble."

"John said you must, that if they harm anyone they'll be the ones to suffer, not the guilty ones."

The engine faltered, and Orvi went back to John George. Anne stepped outside into the wind. The rain had stopped but huge waves dashed over the bow, and sent her hurrying back to the cabin. She thought of other storms, of the one the night of Lucinda's death.

And then the waves grew less rough, the wind seemed to die away, they were coming into the cove. Anne stepped out again. She saw the flicker of many lights. They were in a mass of fishing boats, gill-nets, trawlers, and a cruiser was nosing the pillars of an old wharf, the wharf that held the fish trap building.

Anne looked at the cruiser and closed her eyes in quick pain. The "Ahti." What was it doing there.

"Get into this," Orvi threw a rubber coat about her. He went back to the pilot house, and they maneuvered their way through the boats to a spot near the "Ahti."

A barge was nearby, its surface gleaming with its catch of fish. They'd grown bold, this night of storm, with every other boat off the water during the closed hours. A cruiser was near it, nondescript, but familiar, the one which had cut across the Sorki net.

And the mob spirit was there. Voices rising in anger, then sinking to a low murmur more ominous than anger. Unthinking, unheeding, that single voiced monotone would follow the lead of the most reckless.

A searchlight from the "Ahti" flashed on, outlining the fish trap and buildings. Anne recognized them. It was on the beach near them that John had thrust her behind the thicket when he heard voices.

But what should she do? The platform of the trap wharf would make a stage. She would go there. The "Ahti" was in the way, but she could climb over that.

She started, reached the edge of the "Ahti," then paused. Someone called "Anne."

She turned back. Something whizzed past her face. Simultaneously she heard the report of a gun. She swung towards the "Ahti" and gasped in horror.

On the bow of the boat, waiting to step to the wharf ladder, stood Lee Farnsworth. Behind him black hillsides, before him the maze of boats. He looked about, an expression of ludicrous astonishment on his face.

Anne gave a half-articulate cry. That looked had changed to pain. The fat figure slumped, fell forward sprawling over the edge of the "Ahti."

STUNNED silence hung over the scene for a moment, then a cry rang out. "Get the man who fired that shot!"

Tom Farley's voice. It came from behind Anne. She felt a boat bump the one she was in, there came a peculiar thud she couldn't identify, then pandemonium broke loose.

Engines started, but riding lights flashed off as though they'd been doused by a universal wave, and in the darkness came a high sharp command.

"Give us a light to carry him back to the cabin."

A single light focussed on the scene. Anne turned to see from whence it came. In a boat to the left and behind her, stood John Neuman. It was his searchlight.

Now all the cruiser's lights were gleaming. The big motor was pulsing, and then, searchlight ahead, it shot out into the river, leaving churning waters behind.

The mass of boats disintegrated, disappearing into the darkness, until only two remained. One nosed steadily towards them.

John Neuman's voice came cautiously from this, as it moved abreast. "Get Nikki out of this," he ordered Orvi, "beach her if you have to, then put back to the wharf without her."

And then his boat was gone. They headed into the night, and Anne, shocked and horrified, sat face in her hands. Uncle Lee shot. Was he dead? Poor Uncle Lee. What was he doing down here? Had he decided Hannula was telling the truth, and come down to see for himself?

The "Nikki" circled the lights of Astoria and Union Town. "Too rough to beach her," Orvi said. "Let's put her off at Hunters Wharf."

After what seemed hours to Anne they put into a deserted wharf south of Union Town. Anne made her unsteady way down the narrow wet plank to the mainland, and the boat moved away to return to its home berth.

Uncle Lee shot. The swish of her wet shoes made a chant of it. Uncle Lee shot. She should be with him, not out here, sneaking home like a criminal. Why had John insisted upon this? Protecting her, she knew, trying to hide her identity, to protect it, now that revealing it could not check the violence he feared.

Overhead the reflection of lights on the clouds grew lurid as she approached town. She found the end of the dirt road leading to her front door, and followed it wearily until she reached the shingle cottage. She opened the door. Lissa was gone. Exhausted she sank into a chair before the dying fire.

UNCLE LEE, Luke had loved him so, this younger brother who could do no wrong. Good natured Uncle Lee, his only crime was belief in everyone.

Wearily she went to her room, then stopped. Footsteps were coming, running.

"Nikki, Nikki!" It was Milna. "Nikki," she burst into the room, "the police have arrested George and Orvi for shooting Lee Farnsworth."

"That isn't true!" Anne stared at the girl.

"It is true, they're taken them to jail."

"I didn't mean that part, I mean they didn't shoot him, they couldn't do with the shooting; that they were present only because it was believed she might do something to check the violence of the men."

"Where are you going?" Milna asked in alarm as Anne started pulling the sticker Orvi had given her back over her shoulders.

"To the police to tell them the truth."

"No," Milna objected, "Ma says you're to stay here and not let anyone know you're here."

"I couldn't do that," Anne answered, turning off the lights. "I must go down there and clear George and Orvi at once. Maybe, Milna, you'd better stay here in case anyone wants me. Where is Lissa?"

"She and mother went down to the Neumanns. John is getting an attorney for the boys and seeing about bail, if they're allowed bail."

"Then you'd better stay with the children," Anne preceded Milna out of the door. "If Teela comes in before I return, tell her not to worry." She hurried down the steps to the lower street, down the street to the highway, where she caught a bus for Astoria.

As the lumbering vehicle made its way over the hill, she remembered that this was the first time she had crossed that barrier since she came to Union Town.

She left the bus and went directly to the jail.

Anne faces a torturesome inquisition, tomorrow.

Just before the Civil War most of their own Thanksgiving Day—but they were all in November.

THANKSGIVING DAY IS ONE OF THE WORLD'S OLDEST HOLIDAYS SINCE PREHISTORIC TIMES MAN HAS OFFERED HIS THANKS FOR THE ANNUAL HARVEST.

THIRICE FORGOTTEN CITY—ST. JOSEPH, Florida, WAS ESTABLISHED IN 1718—THEN DESERTED, THEN REVIVED, THEN DESERTED, THEN REVIVED, THEN DESERTED, THEN REVIVED.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



11-27-35 McLaughlin Syndicate, Inc.

Three times deserted and forgotten, St. Joseph, Fla., has each time managed to regain life and start again. The town was first established by the French in 1718—and then abandoned a short time later. The Spanish next tried a hand at locating a settlement there, but soon abandoned it. St. Joseph then remained an early American ghost town for more than a century. In 1829 began its greatest development. A building boom started, land prices skyrocketed, and by 1836 St. Joseph was a young metropolis with huge docks, warehouses and rail connections.

Two years later business failed, cotton prices fell, yellow fever struck the population, and St. Joseph went into its greatest slump. By 1850 the last resident had deserted the once thriving city, and St. Joseph again became a ghost town. Within the last two or three years a revival of the old town has been started, and it may yet become important as a fishing center.

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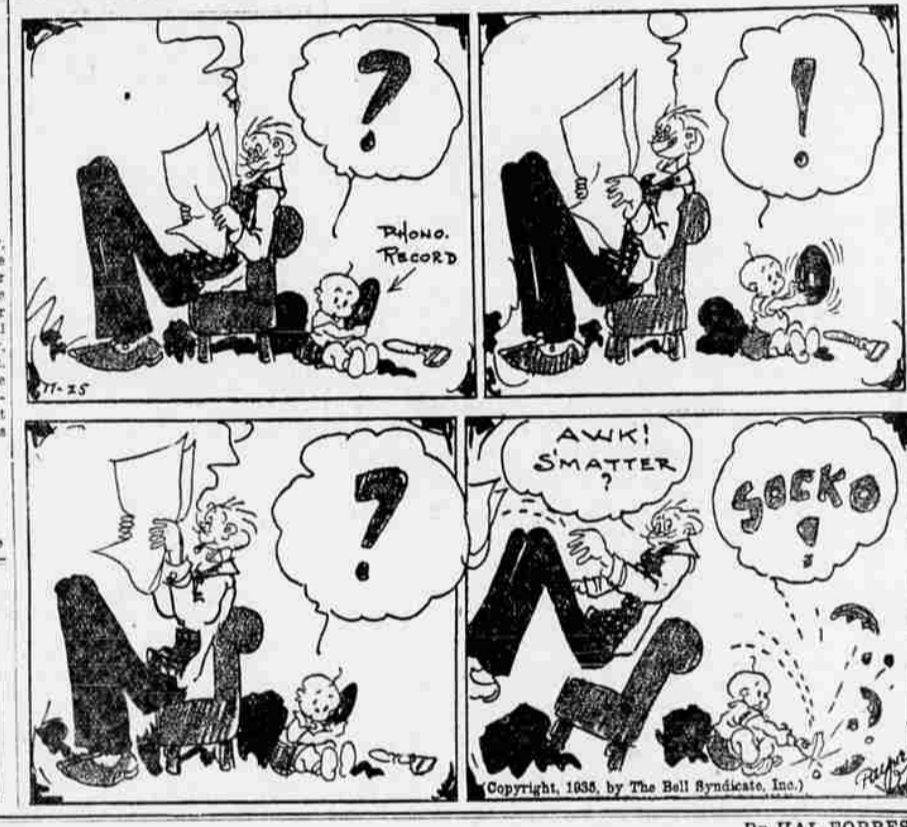
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BIG LAVA CONES DOT MAUNA LOA

HILO, Hawaii, Nov. 26.—(AP)—A forest of lava cones from 200 to 500 feet high sprang up along the slopes of Mauna Loa volcano today, pushed skyward by powerful underground activity.

Eruption of the volcano, which began last Thursday night, continued unabated, and there was a possibility the activity may be prolonged indefinitely. Dr. Thomas A. Jaggar, government volcanologist, predicts that eruptions during the twentieth century usually have not lasted more than three weeks, but before that time of them went on for a year.

The streams of molten rock, flowing at an estimated speed of 25

CCC Man Killed Beneath Tractor

TACOMA, Wash., Nov. 27.—(AP)—John Miglino, 21, of Brooklyn, N. Y., CCC worker, was instantly killed Monday when he was crushed under a tractor at Port Lewis, 10 miles south of here.

Officials said the youth was driving the tractor up a hill when it started to slip backwards. Frantically, he attempted to jump, but instead fell to the ground where he was hit on the head by a gear.

Make your Thanksgiving Dinner completely by serving Hudson's Neeslerode Pudding Ice Cream.