

HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman

Chapter 44
MUDDY ROAD

"I WAS then I sent for Miss Farnsworth," said John Neuman, "knowing she was the legal owner of the cannery."

"You might tell Anne how you found the other evidence," suggested Kellogg.

"That was easy," John smiled; "every fisherman on the waters was interested in freeing her. Bit by bit they brought in little things and by piecing them together we built up the true story of what had happened. And of course I cabled for Judge Kellogg as soon as I learned Miss Anne had been charged."

"Why didn't you bring this evidence to me?" the district attorney asked.

John faced the man soberly. "I should have done that," he acknowledged, "but it's an old Finnish custom to trust no one while he's in the enemy's camp. I wanted to wait and let Kellogg tell you. I felt his word would have more weight than a fisherman's."

There was a knock at the door. When the district attorney came back he turned to Anne. "Mrs. Lee Farnsworth wants to talk to you."

Anne hesitated a moment, then squaring her shoulders said, "All right."

Mrs. Farnsworth stepped into the room, smiled at Anne, and with open arms came across to her.

Anne watched Charlotte approach her, and stepped back from the outstretched arms.

"Dear little niece," she began, "you don't know my relief at finding you not guilty of that dastardly deed. Oh, we've grieved so over you."

"Thank you, Mrs. Farnsworth," said Anne.

"Aunt Charlotte, dear,"

"You asked me once not to call you that," Anne countered. "I'm the same girl now that I was then."

"I was distraught, the tragic death of those two loved ones and everything at such odds. You'll forgive me, Anne?"

"It doesn't matter," Anne turned away, then after a moment turned back, "and I'm terribly sorry about Uncle Lee. I loved him, truly."

"You're coming home with us now, Anne, right back to your own little rooms and maybe we can find Yvonne."

"That is your home," Anne countered, and turned to Tecla and John. "My home is with my people."

"But my dear girl," Mrs. Farnsworth's sweetness was vanishing, "you can't pretend you can handle everything yourself. You come home with us and we'll take care of you. Rob can go right on taking care of the cannery, because you must admit, Anne, that a more girl can't handle the business. Don't you think I'm right?" she appealed to the men in the room.

There was only silence to answer her question, until at last Anne went to the district attorney's desk, asked for pen and paper, sat down and wrote industriously.

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"John," she ventured, "remember the night I first came down here and Tecla met me at the door? Do you remember how she acted and what she said?"

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"I'd like that," she confessed, "after these weeks of walking on the highly antiseptic floors of hospitals and jails I'd like some nice brown gumbo on my shoes."

"JOHN," as they turned up a shrub lined road, "why did Rob Crocker have the revolver oiled and buy the cartridges, if Tom was the one who was going to use it?"

"I imagine Tom was cunning enough to provide that alibi. If the revolver hadn't been found and identified as Luke Farnsworth's, he couldn't have been connected with the shooting. To me, Nikki, it proves premeditation. He can say what he pleases about merely having it handy for protection of the cannery. I believe he hoped to find you alone, sooner or later."

Anne shuddered, looked at the dense bushes growing along the roadside, and drew closer to John.

"You needn't worry, now," he assured her, "Tom was taken to jail right away and he won't be allowed out on bail."

"And Rob?"

"Arrested by the federal as he left the courthouse. They've succeeded in connecting him with the bootleg trap. The men working on the legal traps were willing to insist they were owners, but those on the bootleg trap confessed in the hope of getting immunity."

"Poor Sharlee," mused Anne, and John looked down at her with a queer smile.

"You're generous," he commented. "But she wasn't to blame for anything. With a mother like Charlotte, how could she have been different? John, I believe I'll see that she and Aunt Mabel take a trip abroad to forget."

"And Charlotte?"

"As Lisa says, 'drat her.' My generosity stops there. I believe she's as guilty as Rob or Tom. She should be spending the balance of her days in the Salem penitentiary, also."

"Nikki," they had reached the top of the hill and were looking down on Union Town, looking out on the Pacific. Behind them night was crowding over the hills, but out there the afterglow still smudged the horizon with topaz. "Nikki, I won't be far from Salem, after this week."

Anne felt her breath catch, a pain stab at her heart. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"I'm going to Corvallis. Had a wire from the coach—he wants me to come down and take over the junior team."

"And your boat?" she stopped short. There wouldn't be any trawler, because John had probably spent his money saving her from prison; perhaps that was why she had received such special care at the hospital. It hadn't occurred to her to ask who had paid the bills for all of the service she had received.

She looked at John. So, like Rob, he was going away, going to leave her to face her new problems alone. Only she knew why he was going. He had taken the soft hat from his head and was standing, looking out to the sea, the fine features set in grim, hopeless lines.

(Copyright, 1935, by Jeanne Bowman)

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PEAR GIFT SALES REPORTED BRISK, EXHIBITS APPEAL

Brisk sale of gift boxes of pears was reported today by merchants

and packing houses, the demand being described as the largest in years.

The pears are attractively wrapped in gift boxes ranging in capacity from six to 20 or more. Half and full cases also are available for shipment to friends and relatives in other parts of the country.

The increased demand was attributed to the educational campaign being conducted by the Rogue River Traffic association, the Fruit Growers League of Jackson county and Pear-O-Scope as well as to the attractiveness with which the boxes this year are done up.

What is considered an especially attractive display of pears and apples may now be seen at the Jackson County Chamber of Commerce. It shows Blue Goose fruit in colorful packages designed for Christmas gifts. Big blue geese occupy conspicuous positions in the windows.

The display, arranged by American Fruit Growers, Inc., has attracted considerable attention and is credited with having spurred the trade in gift fruit.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Strange as it seems, the little island of Curacao, a Netherlands possession in the West Indies, has developed a language all of its own, complete as any, although it was originated and perfected by a colony of only 35,000 people. It is the official language of the island today, now populated by more than 75,000 persons, and magazines, newspapers and legal documents are printed in it.

The language is known as Papiamento, and was developed with a mixture of Spanish, Portuguese, Indian, Latin, English, French, Dutch and native negro. It has its own grammar with its own system of conjugations, declensions and syntax.

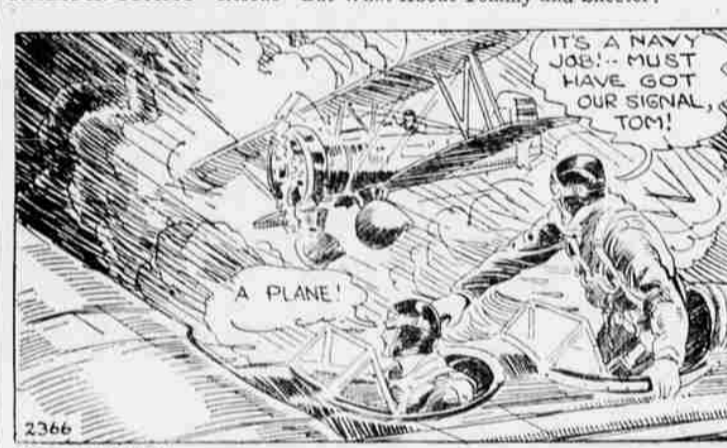
Like the framework of an airplane, the skeleton of a flying bird, must be light as well as strong for efficient flying. In most animals the centers of bones are filled with marrow—but in birds, where weight is all important, the center of the bone is air space.

Strange as it seems, these air chambers in the skeleton are connected with the lungs through a system of air sacs—thus the bird actually breathes with its bones as well as with its lungs.

The chair constructed by Floyd L. Bird inside a small-necked bottle is made of pieces admitted through the neck and then assembled on the inside. The bottom of the chair is woven, top and bottom. When he completed the chair, Mr. Bird devised a cork for the bottle which looks down over the cross pieces on the back of the chair—and the stopper cannot be removed without wrecking the chair.

Tomorrow: Fish That Know Their Names.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Rescue—But What About Tommy and Skeeter?



BEN WEBSTER



THE NEBBES—The Law



THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

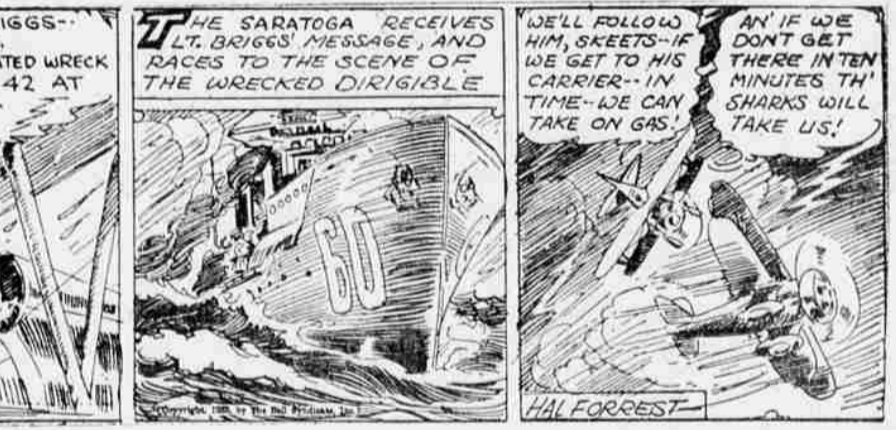


S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



HEY! HEY! WRIGLEY'S HAS FRESH FLAVOR

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM THE FLAVOR LASTS

Use Mail Tribune want ads

May Ask Governor Quarantine Dogs

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 11.—(AP)—Governor Charles H. Martin will be asked to quarantine Portland dogs unless the city takes steps to stamp out rabies, officials were informed here by Dr. E. H. Lytle of Salem, state veterinarian. Such action would mean no one would be allowed to take dogs outside the city limits. Dr. Lytle said 30 cases of rabies in Portland were reported to him since March.