

The Wrong Murderer

By HUGH CLEVELY

SYNOPSIS: Terence Mahony already rescued one girl from Am-brose Lawson's gang of kidnapers. —Ella Little, the film store, just when he took her home he became the leading suspect for the murder of her uncle. Now Mahony has learned from Miss Fraser, one of Lawson's men, where Ruth Fraser is being hidden, and is determined to release her. He has battered his way into the hideout, and is being intercepted by one of Miss Fraser's guards.

Chapter 11 GIRL WITH GUN

MAHONY turned on him like a tiger, grabbed him by the collar, jerked him nearer, and raised his pistol.

"Where's Miss Fraser? Answer quickly or I'll knock your brains out," he ordered harshly.

"Eh? Miss Fraser. She's locked in a room upstairs," answered the man. He had a bleary, bloated look, as if he had been sleeping in an armchair and was not yet properly awake.

"Thanks," said Mahony.

His pistol-butt came down with a sharp rap. The sleepy-looking man joined the fat man on the floor.

Mahony sprang for the stairs and ran up them two at a time. At the top was a corridor with doors on either side of it. Half-way along the corridor a man was sitting as if keeping watch, a pistol in his hand.

As Mahony gained the top of the stairs, he rose from his seat quickly. Again there came the sharp splitting crack of a shot, and something twitched Mahony's sleeve. Instantly Mahony fired back; the reports of the two shots followed one another with hardly an interval.

The man clutched at his shoulder, spun round on his feet, and sprawled on his back on the floor; his pistol slid from his hand across the carpet. This wisp of acrid smoke formed a slight haze in the corridor.

After the report of those two shots the silence, for a moment, seemed almost unnatural. Then Mahony shouted:

"Miss Fraser! Miss Fraser!"

From behind a closed door came a clear, defiant voice—a girl's voice.

"What do you want?"

"Are you locked in?" shouted Mahony. "I'll have you out of that in a minute."

He ran for the door and put his shoulder to it in a football charge. The timber cracked. He was about to have another go at it when the girl's voice came again, warningly.

"I shouldn't try that if I were you. I've still got four shots left."

Mahony didn't know what she was talking about. Anyway, she spoke too late. He had already started on another charge. Again his shoulder struck the door with all his weight behind it. There was a rending crash, and one of the timbers caved in slightly. From behind the door came the crash of a shot, and a splinter of woodwork jumped from the door and grazed Mahony's face.

He was amazed. The girl was shooting at him from behind the door. It occurred to him that it was probably she who had shot at him from the window.

"It's all right," he shouted. "Don't shoot. I've come to rescue you."

"Go and tell that to the Marines," came the girl's voice from behind the door. "You won't catch me like that."

"Hell and damnation!" said Mahony in a tone of intense annoyance.

AS yet no hardly understood what was happening, but the fact that the girl whom he had come to rescue was trying to shoot him aroused in him an acute exasperation. The fish-faced little half-wit, he thought; that was the kind of thing an in-tray-did young airwoman would do. He did not try to argue with her or persuade her; he acted.

He drew back slightly, and then lunged forward with his right foot, with all his strength behind the lunge. The sole of his shoe struck the timber in its weakest part, where it had already begun to give. With a splintering crash a panel split all the way down and the door flew open. As it opened, Mahony dropped to one knee, ducking as low as possible.

"Crack!" went the girl's pistol viciously, but the bullet passed harmlessly over Mahony's head. Before she could fire again he flung himself forward, thrust out a long arm, grabbed at her ankle and gave a vigorous pull. She uttered a yell and sat down suddenly. The pistol went off again, but this time the bullet went into the ceiling. Before she could fire again Mahony grabbed the barrel and wrenched it from her hand.

"What the devil do you think

you're doing?" he asked. "You might have shot me."

"That's what I meant to do," she said.

Sitting on the floor, they examined one another bad-temperedly. Ruth Fraser was a slim girl with a boyish figure, candid, slightly freckled features, a small determined chin, and very clear dark eyes. She looked at Mahony with great scorn and dislike; it was evident that she disapproved of him strongly.

Mahony sighed.

"Didn't you hear me say I'd come to rescue you?" he asked in a brave, patient voice. His tone seemed to indicate that she probably did not understand the meaning of a long word like "rescue."

"Of course I did," she answered. "But I didn't believe you. Why should I? I thought you were one of them. They've been promising me all sorts of things if I'd come out."

"I see," said Mahony.

His annoyance vanished; he laughed.

"Do you believe now that I've come to rescue you?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

He rose quickly to his feet, and held out his hand to help her rise. She grasped it, and he pulled her up.

"Come on, then; we'd better get out of here," he said.

"That will suit me," she answered.

SHE swayed slightly; of a sudden she looked very weak and tired. Mahony took her arm and helped her along the passage and down-stairs to the hall. No one tried to stop them. In the front doorway the fat man was sitting up, leaning back against the wall and groaning loudly. He looked rather like a fat expiring fish. He watched them, glassy-eyed, while they got into the car. Mahony started the engine, and with a loud roar they were away.

It was not till they were well clear of the house that either of them spoke. The girl broke the silence between them.

"So you came into that house after me alone," she observed.

"Yes," said Mahony.

She appeared to consider for a moment. Then she went on:

"I'm sorry I was such a nuisance. I mean, trying to shoot you, and all that sort of thing."

"That's all right," said Mahony.

"How are you feeling?"

"Tired," she answered, "and hungry. I suppose you haven't by any chance got a ham sandwich or a piece of chocolate about you? I haven't had anything to eat since the day before yesterday. There was some water in my room, but that's not frightfully sustaining."

There was no trace of hysteria or terror about her; she spoke quite simply and seriously. Mahony liked her. A nice kid, he reflected.

"I'm sorry, I haven't," he said.

"But I'll soon have you back at your own home, and you'll be able to get all you want there."

"I didn't really think you had," she said. "But I thought you might have, if you know what I mean."

She looked at him with frank curiosity.

"By the way, who are you?" she asked. "And how did you happen to butt in this evening?"

Mahony had no intention of disclosing his identity to her. He did not want to have to explain to her relatives, or the police, how he had found out that she was in that house.

"Don't bother about who I am," he answered. "I'm not going to answer any questions, but I'd like you to tell me about yourself—how you were kidnapped, and what was going on inside that house when I turned up."

"I was kidnapped about three days ago, when I was with a friend of mine named Billy Ross," she answered. "He met me as I was coming out of my guardian's house, and asked me if I'd like to go with him to see a marvellous fortune-teller named Rachel."

"I went with him, and while I was looking into a crystal somebody came up behind me and pressed something over my mouth. I think it was chloroform; it smelt like it."

"Of course I kicked and struggled like anything, but it was no good. That's all I remember. I'll I woke up in that house. There were three men there, and they kept me locked in a room. They didn't treat me, except for not letting me go, but I believe they put something in my food."

"Some drug, you mean?" asked Mahony.

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Tomorrow, Terence tells Ruth they must part—forever.

BROTHERS KILLED FOR BARRING ROOM

PRINEVILLE, Oct. 15.—(AP)—Sheriff Ben Groff said today that two brothers, Harvey and Ben Puett, were shot and killed here shortly

before midnight after they had refused to admit Whitney Taylor to a boarding house room.

After the killing, Taylor submitted to arrest by Ray Putnam, night watchman, and was held in the Crook county jail here pending an inquest.

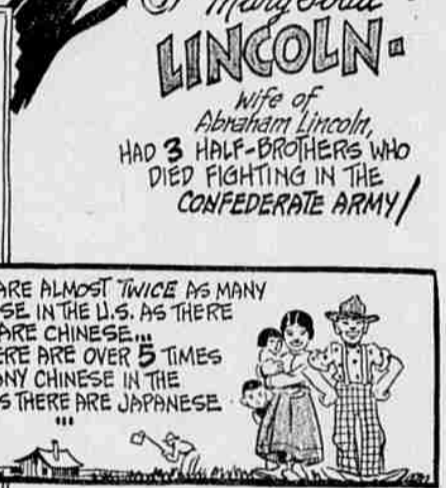
Taylor, employed by a large central Oregon stock concern, advanced no reason for the shooting, the sheriff said, but witnesses told the officer that Taylor apparently was intoxicated.

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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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A Family Divided

Numerous are the accounts of conflicts between father and son, friend against friend, and brother against brother in America's Civil war.

Little remembered, however, are the tragic consequences that affected the White House family itself. Strange as it seems, three sons of Abraham Lincoln's father-in-law were killed fighting in the army of the Confederacy, championing the cause their half sister's husband defeated.

They were: Samuel Todd, killed at Shiloh; David Todd, fatally wounded at Vicksburg; and Alexander Todd, killed at Baton Rouge.

Chinese vs. Japanese

According to the latest figures obtainable, there are approximately 75,000 Chinese living in the U. S. and about 130,000 Japanese. The total number of Chinese in the world is more than 400,000,000, while the number of the Japanese is somewhat under 80,000,000.

The Human Towboat
Swimming a mile off shore from Ft. Hamilton, New York Bay, in August, 1919, Charles Atlas came to the aid of five persons in a small pleasure boat who had lost their oars.

From Statue to Bullets

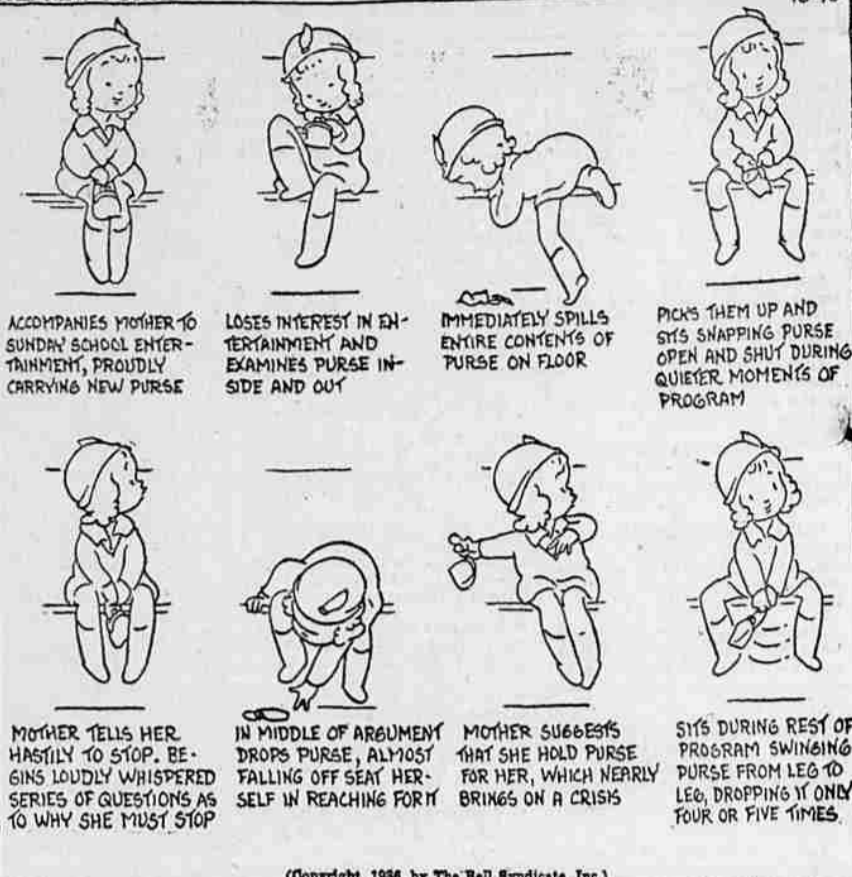
Shortly after the announcement of the Declaration of Independence in New York, a jubilant crowd of patriots marched on Bowling Green. There they demonstrated their support of the cause by pulling down an equestrian statue of King George III of England.

Upon hearing of the incident, George Washington voiced his disapproval of the action as being "a reversion to mob rule." Lead contained in the statue was later melted down and cast into 45,000 bullets as ammunition for the American forces against the British.

Tomorrow: The Rebel Noont!

THE NEW PURSE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS 10-10



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Herb Reasons With Paul!

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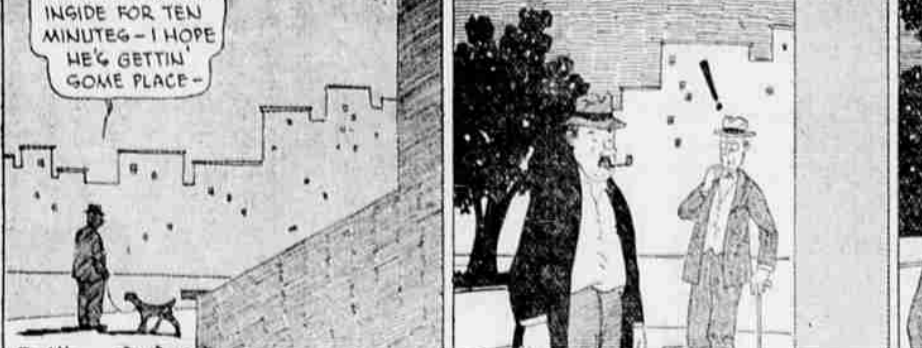
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By EDWIN ALGER

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Percy's Spotted!

By SOL HESSE



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THE NEBBS—News Flashes



By SOL HESSE

COAST STEEL PLANTS ENJOY BEST BUSINESS SINCE BOOM OF 1929

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 15.—(AP)—Steel plants along the Pacific slope are doing more business in construction lines than ever except in 1929 the record year.

Business picked up at the steel mills in September. That is, orders increased. The plants, or most of them, were already working at capacity.

September orders totaled 42,024 tons. This included structural shapes, reinforced bars, cast pipe and steel plates.

The September total rose from 35,970 in August, and 29,112 tons contracted in September, 1935.

Business done in the 11 far western states so far this year amounted

to 485,922 tons, compared with 349,738 in the first nine months of last year.

Plants worked steadily on the large accumulation of unfilled orders on hand. These orders in nine months have already topped the total for 1935, the whole year producing 448,702 tons of new business.

While 1936 sales are already enough to make this the second best year in coast history, and while there is considerable new business in sight in all lines, it will take more than can now be looked for to place this year's awards high enough to threaten the 600,000 tons booked in 1929.

Dating Defined

ALFRED N. Y., Oct. 15. (AP)—A "date" is defined at Alfred university as "any casual or pre-arranged meeting lasting more than 15 minutes with a man after 6 p. m. Under the college's newly-revised "date book," freshmen can't be dated on Sunday evenings. The definition was given to eliminate any misunderstanding.

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