

The Wrong Murderer

By HUGH CLEVELY

Chapter 46
YEGG MAN PRO TEM

"FIRE!" Mahony shouted at the top of his voice. His intention in making all this noise was to bring everybody in the house rushing straight into the hall. He succeeded admirably.

Another man came running from the back regions of the house, and yet another came clattering down the stairs. Mahony stepped well back out of sight till they were in the middle of the hall. Then he stepped forward, and in his hand was a pistol.

"Stick 'em up," he said curtly. The men turned, they stared wide-eyed; their hands shot up above their heads. One of them spoke in a voice of stupefied astonishment. "But... how the hell did you get in here?" he asked.

Mahony smiled. "Quite simply," he answered. "I knew all the windows were fitted up with the latest idea in the way of burglar-alarms and other electrical gadgets, so I got your kind-hearted master to provide me with a spare key to the front door. Now just turn with your backs to me and put your hands behind your backs. Quickly."

His voice was smooth and quiet, but there was a snap in it that showed that he was not to be trifled with. The two men obeyed.

"You know," said Mahony stepping toward the two men to truss them up, "I'd like to know just how much you know about your master."

But it was not necessary for either to reply, for just as he reached the men he stumbled on the small rug which decorated the center of the hall floor, and lost balance.

They were quick to seize their advantage. Both turned suddenly on Mahony, and before he could recover himself, one had lashed out with a nasty blow to his chin. Mahony staggered back against the newel post, a little dazed and a good deal more angry.

He had returned his pistol to his coat pocket in order to handle the handoffs. Now he tried to regain it, and was too late. The taller of the two men flung his long arms about Mahony's middle, and dragged him to the polished floor of the hall. They rolled over and over, and the shorter man followed them, waiting to land a blow which would knock out Mahony.

"You damned fools," panted Mahony, "do you want to go to prison for life?"

But there was no time for conversation. Quickly Mahony sized up his desperate situation. The second man was upon him when Mahony struck out with his foot, and tripped him up. At the same time he lunged madly against the front door, catching his other assailant sharply against the jamb.

For an instant the man's grip relaxed, and that was all Mahony needed. He flung the man away, and grasping the door handle he yanked himself to his feet. Out came his pistol.

"Back off," he shouted. "I've got you covered."

Snatching the men backed slowly toward the stair.

"And don't try running for it," Mahony went on. "I would as soon plug you as not."

More carefully this time, Mahony advanced on his charges. He forced them to separate, so that while he was busy with one, the other might not attack him.

From a side pocket of his coat Mahony took a couple of pairs of handcuffs which he snapped on the men's wrists. Then he tied their ankles and thrust gags into their mouths. By this time the butler was stirring feebly and trying to sit up; Mahony treated him in the same way.

For the time being he was master of the inside of Lawson's house. He glanced round, went to a small built-in cupboard in a corner of the hall, and took from it a heavy fur overcoat. Then he made his way up stairs to Lawson's study and crossed the room to the big safe.

For fifteen minutes he worked hard on the safe door and then draped the fur coat over the front of the safe, propping an arm-chair against it to keep it in place. In his hand was a tiny switch from which

a long wire communicated with the safe. He crossed the room, pressed over the switch, and waited.

THERE came a dull, muffled rumble; the fur coat bulged outward suddenly; the arm-chair fell over. Mahony crossed the room again, pulled aside the torn, singed fur coat, and examined the safe door. The thick iron was cracked completely across; the combination was shattered. In another ten seconds Mahony had that safe door open.

Mahony's heart was beating fast with excitement as he looked into the safe. Inside were masses of papers and documents, and a big, thick, heavy volume. He seized the volume, drew it out of the safe, and began glancing through it. But the first page told him that this volume was what he sought, and his heart gave a leap of exultation.

Every page of that volume contained evidence against Lawson's associates; letters, agreements, receipts, admissions, and every bit of evidence pasted in the book had little comments and observations written beneath it in Lawson's neat handwriting.

Half-way through the book Mahony found the page he sought—the evidence against Billy Ross. He tore it out and carefully burnt it. Then he replaced the book in the safe, left the study, and went down and opened the front door.

Standing in the front doorway he whistled shrilly twice, and three men came hurrying along the pavement towards the house. He stopped down to meet them.

"Detective-Sergeant Manning?" he asked. "Yes," replied one of the men. "Inspector Kennedy told you that you'd probably receive this signal from this house tonight," went on Mahony. "Now you'd better come in and take possession. You'll find three men tied up and handcuffed in the hall; leave them there till the inspector comes. Till then you can amuse yourselves looking through a volume you'll find in the safe upstairs in the study. I'm just going to telephone."

He found the telephone, lifted the receiver, and got through to Inspector Kennedy at Scotland Yard.

S. P. CARLOADINGS HIKE BY STRIKE

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 24.—(AP)—Southern Pacific company's carloadings ran 29 per cent over last year for the week ended November 21, with traffic diverted to the railroads from shipping tied up by the strike of marine employees.

Loadings on the company's own lines were 32,633 cars, compared with 25,325 in the 1935 week, and 31,394 in the preceding week this year. Total cars handled, including receipts from connecting lines, were 42,572 against 32,802 last year and 41,102 in the preceding week.

FREAK WEATHER BRINGS FLOWERS TO MT. HOOD

HOOD RIVER, Ore., Nov. 25.—(AP)—It's snowtime at Mount Hood, but the flowers are blooming in one of the strangest weather freaks in years. George McMillin, inn operator, said the weather was more mild at this time of the year than at any corresponding period for 20 years.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



WHEN FRED PERLEY AND ERNIE PLUMER SIT DOWN TO THEIR RADIOS ON THE DAY OF THE GAME BETWEEN THE COLLEGES OF WHICH THEY ARE RIVAL PARTISANS, THE NEIGHBORS HAVE TO STAY ON DUTY TO QUELL DISTURBANCES THAT ARISE WHENEVER A PENALTY IS ANNOUNCED OR A PLAYER REPORTED INJURED

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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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Atlantic Coral. The strange coral formation on the dome of Coyote Mountain, near El Centro, California, has furnished geologists with a fascinating problem. When tales of prospectors leaked out of the region and came to the attention of scientists in the early '80s, the thought of species of Atlantic coral being found at an altitude of 2600 feet and about 3000 miles away from the Atlantic ocean was considered incredible. Investigation in following years proved the stories to be true. In an attempt to explain the phenomenon, a theory has been advanced to the effect that the west side of the Imperial valley, along which the Coyote Mountain runs, once bordered upon a water connection, believed to have linked the Pacific and Atlantic oceans during the upper Eocene age. Terrific earth upheavals and gradual changes are thought to have made many mountains become seabottoms and many seabottoms become mountains. Quarterback. Not until 1903 was a rule passed in football allowing the quarterback to run forward with the ball. Even then limitations were enforced allowing a man playing that position to run forward with the ball only between the two 25-yard lines. He had to cross the scrimmage line 5 yards away from where he received the ball. Prolific Composer. Born of poor Italian parents at Pesaro, February 29, 1792, Gioacchino Antonio Rossini was only ten years old when he became a professional musician, aiding in the support of his family by singing solos at a church. Turning to the composition of music several years later, Rossini worked feverishly, completing 37 operas by the time he was 37 years old! His first opera produced was "La Cambriale di Matrimonio," presented with great success at Vienna in 1810. Tomorrow: The Ranch on a Bridge!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Fortunate Wind



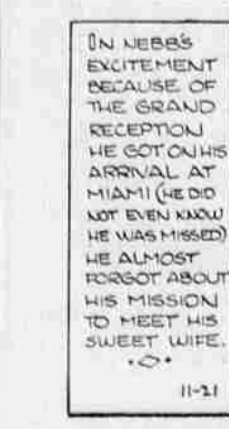
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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Specific Directions



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THE NEBBS—Good-Bye



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PRAYER AND THANKS ROAD TO HAPPINESS SAYS WEATHERFORD

Fred M. Weatherford, pastor-evangelist, speaking at the Nazarene church Sunday, used as his topic "Ceaseless Prayer, a life of Thanks." He drew his text from first Thess. 5-17-18 "Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." In part, he said as follows: "The first Thanksgiving Day to be officially and nationally recognized was ordained by King David in Israel, as revealed in 1st Chron. 16-7. The occasion being the return of the Ark of the covenant, the national symbol of the presence of God. It was a day of great praise and thanks to God for His favor and His national restored presence. "The thankful heart begins with reflection and meditation and proceeds to apply that gratefulness to God in the various expressions of life. Thankfulness seeks an outlet in the service of giving. "The first note of thanks that should be heard from our lips is thanks to God for His infinite supply sources. Then we are to demonstrate

that thanks by making known His doings among the people. The Psalmist says "Declare His glory among the nations. Show forth His salvation from day to day."

"I think we owe a greater thanks to God for the way and perfection of His plan of salvation through Jesus Christ, than from any possible source by which we may be prompted to thanksgiving. It is lamentably pathetic that so many among us have not tapped this fountain of joy and thus remain impoverished through time and eternity.

"The beginning of a truly thankful heart in the broadest sense begins with a vital revelation of God to life through redemption as provided by our Lord and Saviour. This is done through the simplicity of faith in prayer and surrender of life to God.

"The giving of thanks and praying without ceasing is the secret of every happy Christian life, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." He ceases to pray, loses contact with God. It is a joy mortal and eternal to have the glory of His presence in one's life."

HOOD CANNING PLANT FINISHES RUN FRIDAY

HOOD RIVER, Nov. 25.—(AP)—The cannery plant of the Apple Growers association made plans today to close operations Friday. More than 3,800 tons of Bartlett pears and 4,000 tons of apples have been packed.