

The Wrong Murderer

By HUGH CLEVELY

Chapter 48
ANOTHER AMBUSH

HE took from his pocket a whistle and blew a long, shrill blast. Mahony leaned back against the wall, still smoking, but his hand remained in his coat pocket and his eyes were very alert and watchful.

Ruth crossed the room and stood by him; her face was pale, but her eyes were brave and steady; she seemed to have no fear.

Elsa sat down wearily in one of the shabby chairs. She also had steeled her courage to present a brave front, but her eyes were agonized; she was tormented by the thought that it was she who had brought this misfortune on Mahony and Ruth.

Lawson crossed the room to the window and stood looking out. He was smiling, but there was a trace of uneasiness in his smile; he was still baffled by Mahony's calm, easy manner. He had the air of a man watching anxiously for something. It seemed that he saw what he wanted, for he turned from the window toward the three in the room.

"My men are coming," he said, in a tone of satisfaction. "If you have anything to say to one another, I advise you to make the most of the few seconds left to you. And let me warn you again, Mahony, that any attempt at resistance on your part will involve the most unpleasant consequences for Miss Fraser and Miss Little."

"Just like a film play," observed Mahony. "The villain has everybody in his power. 'Ha ha!' he chuckles fensively, and twirls the ends of his magnificent black mustache.

He was talking nonsense with the object of wasting a little more time. He did not want things to happen too soon.

Elsa rose from her chair and looked out of the window. It was dark outside, but in the darkness she could dimly distinguish a ring of shadowy figures advancing across the plot of waste ground toward the house.

On they came, closing in nearer and nearer, and Elsa felt the last drags of hope drain from her as she watched their quiet, inexorable advance. And then suddenly she stiffened slightly with surprise, and leaned forward, peering anxiously. A new hope sprang up suddenly in her breast.

"But some of them are dressed as policemen," she exclaimed. Even as she spoke, her hope died away. Obviously Lawson had ordered some of them to dress as policemen for his own reasons.

"What's that?" said Lawson in a high, shrill, unnatural voice. HE stepped quickly to the window, thrust Elsa to one side and looked out. On his face was a look of utter stupefaction; and at the sight of his expression Elsa felt her hope revive again. Lawson stared out of the window, and as he stared all the color left his cheeks. Fixed, motionless, he stood there staring, and his expression was that of a trapped animal.

"They are policemen," remarked Mahony in a tone of one who gives out a casual piece of information. "That is, unless friend Inspector Kennedy has let me down. He said he'd meet me here this evening soon after eleven. I imagine he'll want to have a word with you too, Lawson, about that book of evidence I took from your safe just before I came along here tonight."

"That book—the police have got that book!" gasped Lawson. Deathly pale, with beads of perspiration standing out on his lip and forehead, and a wild, hunted expression in his eyes, he looked like a man who has received a death blow.

All the strength seemed to have gone out of him. He thrust out one hand blindly to the wall near the window, as if seeking support. Steps sounded in the hall. Inspector Kennedy's clear, strong voice could be heard calling: "Are you there, Mahony?"

The sound of that voice seemed to reanimate Lawson. His drooping figure jerked suddenly erect; his muscles tensed; he turned slightly, facing the door in a half-crouching attitude, glowering like a tiger at bay.

The door began to open, and as Inspector Kennedy stepped into the room, Lawson's hand flashed swiftly

to his pocket. And Mahony had been waiting for that. As Lawson's hand moved, Mahony hurled himself forward from the wall in a swift, long jump, and was on him.

The revolver came out of Lawson's pocket, but before he had time to aim it Mahony had grabbed the barrel in his left hand and twisted it sharply upwards. There sounded the hard, sharp crack of a shot, and a flash of bright flame spurted upward; a lump of plaster fell down from the ceiling and shattered into broken fragments on the floor.

Then Mahony's right came over in a smashing wallop that knocked Lawson clear across the room, to collapse in a heap in the corner. The revolver remained grasped in Mahony's hand.

"Good work," said Inspector Kennedy.

He turned to Lawson. "Ambrose Lawson, I arrest you on a charge of being concerned in the illegal sale of narcotic drugs. It is my duty to warn you that anything you say may be taken down and used as evidence at your trial. I may also warn you that charges of a more serious nature will probably be preferred against you later."

The inspector made a motion to a man who had entered the room just behind him.

"Take him away, Sergeant," he said. "He turned to Lawson. "Ambrose Lawson, I arrest you on a charge of being concerned in the illegal sale of narcotic drugs. It is my duty to warn you that anything you say may be taken down and used as evidence at your trial. I may also warn you that charges of a more serious nature will probably be preferred against you later."

"The Inspector made a motion to a man who had entered the room just behind him. "Take him away, Sergeant," he said.

DURING the Inspector's speech Lawson had risen to his feet. It was quite obvious to him that the game was up. What he had planned to be the hour of his triumph over Mahony was the hour of his doom. He knew what the further charges to be preferred against him later would consist of. He would be charged with murder.

He laughed. Now that his end was certain, he could meet it defiantly. "I congratulate you, Mahony. You were too clever for me after all," he said. "You can put those handcuffs away, Sergeant; I shall come quietly—very quietly."

His hand flashed to his mouth. Inspector Kennedy and the sergeant both sprang forward quickly and grabbed him. But they were too late. Even as they seized him his body arched in a tense convulsion; his hands clawed wildly at the air; a hoarse, gasping rattle sounded in his throat.

Then he fell limply in their arms. Inspector Kennedy bent over him for a moment. But there was nothing to be done. Ambrose Lawson was dead.

The Inspector rose. "You take charge here for the time being, Sergeant," he ordered. "I'm going to Lawson's house to finish the investigations there. You'd better take Miss Fraser home, Mahony. I shan't want her or you again tonight. It may interest you to know that we got all Lawson's gang all right. They were never so surprised in their lives as when they suddenly found themselves surrounded by the police."

He smiled. "So far as the warrants against you and Miss Fraser are concerned, I think we may consider them withdrawn. You'll probably wake up and find yourselves the national hero and heroine in the morning."

He turned to Elsa, who was standing rather forlornly in a corner of the room.

"If you'd care for my escort, I could give you a lift home on my way," he said.

Elsa flushed slightly. "Thank you," she said. Mahony took Ruth home in a taxi. During the greater part of the drive both of them were rather silent. Now that all the excitement was over, both of them felt a little flat and washed out.

Ruth sighed. "I wonder what will happen now?" she said. "Oh, inquests and interviews and a whole lot of nuisances of that kind, I expect," answered Mahony enthusiastically. "There will be a lot of fuss in the newspapers and Miss Little will probably be offered half a dozen new film contracts. You will be asked to write the story of your life, and to allow your photo to be put in advertisements of dozens of patent foods."

"Oh!" said Ruth. "Anyway, Elsa knows now that you didn't kill him," she added.

"Yes," said Mahony in a somewhat disagreeable tone. "I suppose so," he said.

"You don't seem very pleased about it," observed Ruth. Mahony shrugged his shoulders. (Copyright 1936 Hugh Clevely)

Ruth calls Terence a pig, Monday.

MEDFORD BOY INJURED ON JOURNEY TO IDAHO

WALLA WALLA, Nov. 28.—(AP)—Fifteen-year-old Donald Thurman of Medford, Ore., was in a hospital here today with three teeth knocked out and his chin cut, the result of an accident last night to an auto in which he said he was hitch-hiking to Lewiston, Idaho.

Donald is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Thurman of Spring street. He left Medford Wednesday, on a hitch-hiking jaunt to visit an aunt in Lewiston. The first word his parents had of the accident was when the above message was telephoned to them by the Mail Tribune.

CHICAGO, Nov. 28.—(AP)—A jury today directed De Paul university to pay \$3000 on a salary contract to John Bernard Fuller, who was dismissed from his teaching post when it was learned he was a former Catholic cleric who had abrogated his vows.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

JUDAH PHILIP BENJAMIN—
U.S. SENATOR
AND PRESIDENTIAL ELECTOR
FROM LOUISIANA, ATTORNEY GENERAL,
SECRETARY OF WAR, AND SECRETARY OF STATE
OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA
**WAS NEVER
AN AMERICAN
CITIZEN!**

PIGSKIN PARADOX!
THE FOOTBALL USED IN THE FIRST INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOTBALL GAME WAS MADE OF RUBBER—TODAY THEY ARE MADE OF COWHIDE

A CALF WITH HAIR GROWING ONLY ON THE END OF ITS TAIL AND ABOVE ITS HOOPS IS OWNED BY STANLEY RESZKA, Minot, N. Dak.

PUMPKINS GROW ON TREES—ON THE RANCH OF MRS. J. MALMA, Tumlock, Cal. THE VINE COVERS 1/8TH OF AN ACRE ON THE GROUND AND IS ALSO INTERNOVEN IN THE BRANCHES OF 2 TREES...

Non-American Statesman
Enroute to America from their native England, Judah Benjamin's parents were halted outside the port of New Orleans in 1811 by a blockade of British warships and were forced to put back to St. Croix in the West Indies. Here, on August 11 of the same year, Judah Benjamin was born.

With the war of 1812 over, the Benjamins gained entry to the country and settled in Wilmington, N. C. Young Judah's precocity was soon displayed. A brilliant student in his early school days, he swept through his successive grades and at the age of 14 entered Yale university!

Quitting college before he graduated, Benjamin went to New Orleans where he took up the study of law and was admitted to the bar in 1832 at 21.

Oddly enough, the young alien's first political prominence was won when, as a member of the state convention to revise the constitution he advocated an amendment requiring the candidates for governor to be citizens born in the United States.

In 1848 Benjamin was made a presidential elector from Louisiana and in 1852 was elected to the U. S. senate by the state. Upon the secession of Louisiana, 1861, he resigned as senator and shortly thereafter was appointed attorney-general of the provisional government of the Confederate States. Subsequently he won appointments as secretary of war and secretary of state, winning a reputation as the "brains of the Confederacy." Upon the dissolution of the Confederate government, Benjamin fled to England where he became a highly successful lawyer. Throughout his entire life he held his British citizenship.

Pigskin Paradox
The brand of football played in the first intercollegiate game, Princeton vs. Rutgers, November 6, 1869, would hardly be recognizable in comparison with the modern day game. The game was much like soccer and the ball was a rubber sphere.

Tomorrow: Art in a Stable

TIRED

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

HEARS MOTHER CALLS SHE WANTS HIM TO TAKE THE BOOK SHE BORROWED OVER TO MRS. SHIPMAN

GROANS WEARILY AND ASKS DOES HE HAVE TO DO IT NOW?

PULLS HIMSELF SLOWLY OUT OF CHAIR, STRETCHES AND YAWNS

GOES HALFWAY UPSTAIRS AND ASKS COULD MY HE DO IT LATER, HE FEELS SORT OF TIRED NOW

SIGNS AND HEADS FOR COAT CLOSET, MUTTERING NOBODY IN THIS FAMILY EVER CARES WHETHER HE'S TIRED OR NOT

GETS COAT, SINKS DOWN ON STAIRS AND WEARILY PULLS IT ON

CALLS COULDN'T HE TAKE THE BOOK ON HIS WAY TO SCHOOL TOMORROW? HE'S REALLY AWFULLY TIRED

SETS OUT, SEES EDDIE SELZER, HELPS HIM TAKE ASH BARRELS IN, RACES HIM FOR THREE BLOCKS, DELIVERS BOOK, AND WRESTLES HIM ALL THE WAY HOME

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S MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

WILLYUM!

UNK!

TROUBLE, I PRESUME?

I LOST MY CENT, AND, AND, WILLYUM HELPED ME LOOK FOR IT AND HE FOUND IT!

NOW, I CAN'T KETCHUM!

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Reckless Ride!

I IN THE BORROWED FLIVVER, TOMMY LOOKS AT HIS WATCH, AS SKEETS DRIVES THE ANCIENT VEHICLE AT SPEEDS IT NEVER ATTAINED BEFORE... THE NOISE OF THE MACHINE DROWNS OUT THE MENACING BARK OF THEIR PURSUERS.

GOLLY TOM! IT'S TWO-THIRTY! WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!

NOT AT THE RATE YOU'RE GOING! POUR ON THE SAP!

HOLY COW!

I'M GIVIN' ER ALL SHE'S GOT, PAL!

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REN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Meeting

VOICES! GOOD HEAVENS THE WEBSTER BOY AND PETTY CAN'T HAVE REACHED HERE AHEAD OF ME—

MR. KINLEY? GERALD KINLEY? I, ER, ER, THOUGHT I HEARD VOICES—

YOU DID—COME IN—

BUT I DON'T SEE ANYONE ELSE ABOUT—

NO, YOU DON'T—THE FOOL I WAS TALKING TO HAS GONE—BUT HE'LL BE BACK NEVER FEAR!

HAVE A DRINK?

NO, THANK YOU—I AM HERE ON A MATTER OF BUSINESS—

8-26

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THE NEBBS—Rudolph the Great

COULD I HAVE A TELEGRAPH BLANK?

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE ANYBODY IN PARTICULAR TO GET A BLANK—IF YOU LOOK ON THE DESK IN FRONT OF YOU YOU'LL FIND A MILLION OF 'EM. WE DON'T TAKE 'EM ON THE CEILING

I'VE GOT TO WIRE POTTS FOR 200 BUCKS—I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I'LL HAVE TO WAIT HERE FOR FANNY AND I'M AS BROKE AS A POLITICIAN'S PROMISE

EVERYBODY'S LOOKING AT ME AND I CAN JUST HEAR THEM SAYING—THERE'S NEBB, THE FELLOW WHO WAS REPORTED LOST IN AN AIRPLANE! IF PEOPLE FORCE THIS POPULARITY ON ME, I'M THE GUY WHO CAN TAKE IT—GRACEFULLY AND MODESTLY

11-24

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CATTLE DROWN IN SWIMMING ROGUE

ASHLAND YOUTHS HELD ON LARCENY CHARGES

TOLO, Nov. 28.—(Sp.)—Bovine inhabitants of the Tolo district this week faced the loss of four of their members who met a watery demise when attempting to cross the middle channel of Rogue river where the stream was deep and swift and filled with debris.

Charles Standiford came upon the hapless cattle while tending a trapline and hurried to Gold Ray to notify the owner, E. H. Day of Medford, and obtain help in extricating the animals. When the rescuers returned to the scene, the four leaders of the herd were beyond relief but several of their companions, hesitating on the bank, were saved from a similar fate.

The grim reaper also struck at the herd of Frank Ray, claiming a number of cattle as the result of poisoning from sprayed fruit and frozen alfalfa. Still another barnyard tragedy was recorded when two and a half dozen young hens belonging to Mrs. T. A. Muse made the fatal mistake of eating spoiled food.

ASHLAND, Nov. 27.—(Sp.)—Vinell Burnett, 22, and Rock Stewart, 23, Ashland youths, were charged with petty larceny in justice court Friday after allegedly removing and selling to a local second hand store a "chiffonier and other articles from rented furnished house at 47 Fifth street.

The prisoners were arrested by city police Thursday night and held in the city jail over Thanksgiving day.

Burnett is under parole to Captain Lee Bow of the state police from a five-year penitentiary sentence passed several years ago on a charge of burglarizing the J. C. Penny store here, according to Chief of Police Talent.

By HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS