

OCTAGON HOUSE

BY PHEBE ATWOOD TAYLOR



The Story So Far. **ALAN** **OSBORNE**, Cape Cod detective, is investigating yesterday's murder of Marina Lorne, whose husband's post office mark has aroused Quamnet. She was killed by a left handed blow from her sister's knife and Pam Frye is suspected. Pam disappears after hiding \$50,000 worth of ambergris she found. Asey knows someone is after the ambergris and he's trying to locate it. Then Jack Lorne discovers he was never married to Marina because she was already married to Tim Carr, boarder at Octagon House. Marina was also playing around with Roddy Strutt, whose plane conveniently crashed the night before. Pam's father, Tim, and two troopers have been in the woods behind the house quite awhile when the barn catches fire. Jack and Peggy Boone, an artist, urge Asey to do something, but he calmly watches the barn burn to the ground.

The man sidestepped, swung around suddenly and started off on a right angle course. Asey started to follow, and then stopped short. Before him on the ground lay Timothy Carr. He blinked as Asey leaned over him, and put a hand vaguely toward the lump on his forehead.

"Be back," Asey said briefly, and started off again.

"Back what?" Tim said, and struggled into a sitting position. The woods and the pines and the branches all danced dizzily inside his head, and he dropped round for his glasses. But even after he found them and cleaned them twice, everything continued to spin.

Finally the scenery slipped back into its normal place, and Timothy got shakily to his feet.

"Hey, Aaron Frye, Aaron, where are you? Where's everybody gone? Hey—Asey! Asey, where'd you go—oh, there you are—here, Asey. Here—"

But the man whose face he saw for the fraction of a second was not Asey.

"Hey, you!" Tim said. "Come back here—all right, then. I'll go after you! Hey, where'd you go? What's the big idea, anyway?"

The man slid away into the shadows. Tim couldn't even tell what direction he had taken.

"The hell," Tim muttered, "with the whole lot of you! All right, I won't go after you. I'll sit and

Chapter 25 Knocked Out

ONCE in the deepening shadow of the pines, Asey dropped his mantle of carefree indifference. He had not actually seen anyone lurking around, but he felt sure that someone was lurking. There had to be.

Someone had fired the barn, all right, and Asey was the first to admit that it was an excellent piece of work. Not just as a complete bit of demolishing, either.

wait. Hide and seek in the woods or fun for the boarders! Come to Octagon House. No modern improvements, but plenty of old-fashioned action."

"Bad Mans"

BUT after sitting and waiting for nearly a quarter of an hour, Tim marched off toward where Asey had disappeared. He found Asey, too, lying under a pine.

He blinked as Timothy leaned over him, and out a hand toward the lump that was beginning to rise on his forehead.

"So you got tagged too, did you?" Tim said. "I didn't even understand you were in the game."

"Neither did I," Asey said. "My ny!"

"It's best not to open your eye right away," Tim advised. "I speak with authority. Too many things move too much. Asey, who is this stranger with homicidal tendencies? I don't like him."

"I didn't see him," Asey said "but he's a near relation to Jo Louis. Did you catch sight of the lad?"

"I had a glimpse of someone," Tim said. "Shortly after you left I suppose it was our pal. Look when you feel up to it, we'd better seek out the bush where Aaron probably stretched out. Or did you happen to find him?"

Asey sat up. "Aaron? Look what's been going on here, anyway?"

"There are bad mans in the woods," Tim told him, as he lit over a cigarette. "They hit folks over the head. I don't quite understand the game. Asey, Aaron wandered away from Grant and me just the way he kept wandering at that clambake. I went after him. I heard him call me. That's all I can tell you. En route to the noise I got tagged. Then you hopped an me—you know you were quite tuptlet? You were. And then I came here and found you. I think he rubbed his forehead reflectively, "that the curtain has been lowered to denote a lapse of considerable time. It wasn't nearly as dark as this, when I got biffed. Look we'll have to find Aaron before this trickle of grey light disappears. He ought to be in the vicinity. Let's scour."

But Aaron was not in the vicinity, nor could they find any trace of him.

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Someone had done a neat bit of thinking. There was no better way for someone to find out where Pam's ambergris was than to start a fire in the general vicinity, and then sit back and watch to see who can where.

And that person, Asey thought, would never know how he personally suffered, sitting there on the porch and spinning yarns, while he fairly itched to be hunting the Octagon House from attic to cellar.

The woods were thicker than he had supposed existed any more, what with all the reforesting and deforesting that had taken place in the neighboring towns. The air was damp, and the tops of the tall pines cut out what twilight there was left. Not the sort of place, definitely, where Asey would care to meet up with those two muscle-bound servants that belonged to Roddy Strutt.

He stopped for a moment to tie a shoestring, and for the first time it occurred to him that he was being trailed. He couldn't hear anyone—the carpet of pine needles was too thick to carry the sound of footsteps—but he knew, he could almost feel the presence of someone behind him.

"Ho-hum," he said aloud, and started back the way he had come. He couldn't see anyone hiding in the dense growth.

And then suddenly someone to his left started to run. Asey set off in pursuit.

Within 10 yards, he knew that he would never catch the figure that twisted and turned and sidestepped so nimbly ahead of him. It wasn't so much a question of speed. It was the combination of the slippery pine needles and his leather soled shoes. Those were the things that would lick him.

When he changed to his painting clothes, he'd climbed into an old pair of work shoes from the back shed. Each shoe weighed five pounds, and the soles were so dry and brittle that they might have been made of wood.

"Where's Everybody?"

GRABBING at a tree to save himself from a fall, Asey yanked the shoes off, and then dashed to catch up with the figure ahead. An unexpected patch of blackberry vines made him wince and wish that he had kept the old clodhoppers on. But he was gaining on the figure. If he could keep up, he'd get the fellow before he reached the edge of the clearing.

Immediate investigation of the Umatilla project with relation to the salmon industry in the Columbia was demanded by Hoy, who also asked a similar study of the proposed Willamette flood control project.

SALEM, June 25.—(AP)—Charles A. Sprague, Republican nominee for governor, will be the principal speaker at the Fourth of July celebration to be held at the state fairgrounds here.

The celebration is being sponsored by Capitol post No. 9, American Legion.

Automobile races will be held in the afternoon.

PORTLAND, June 25.—(AP)—Gov. erment officials who "plan came first and consult fisheries people afterward" were assailed in an address to the Isaak Wanton league by M. T. Hoy, master fish warden of Oregon, yesterday.

Speaking after Harlan B. Holmes, aquatic biologist with the United States engineers who described the proposed Umatilla rapids dam, Hoy declared "fisheries men have no chance in these plans."

"Every other phase of the dam is given careful study but nobody is assigned to study the probable effect upon fish life," Hoy added.

FISHERMEN IRKED BY DAM PLANNERS

SPRAGUE TO GIVE FOURTH ADDRESS

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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

THE CORNEA AND LENS OF THE EYE ARE THE ONLY BODILY TISSUES NOT SUPPLIED WITH BLOOD!

TEXAS MAINTAINS THE RIGHT TO DIVIDE ITSELF INTO 5 STATES AT ANY TIME—AND WITHOUT CONSENT OF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT!

JOHN OSBORNE, British jockey, RODE FOR 46 YEARS—AN ALL-TIME RECORD! (1846-92) HE WAS 59 YEARS OLD WHEN HE QUIT...



GEN. RAFAEL L. TRUJILLO MOLINA, PRESIDENT OF DOMINICAN REPUBLIC, IS AN EX-U.S. MARINE!



46 Years a Jockey ... When jockey John Osborne, famous English rider, hung up his saddle in 1892 he had completed the longest track record ever made in the history of the turf.

Osborne was 59 years old then—an old man so far as active sports competition is concerned. For 46 years he had booted mounts home over the various English tracks. Osborne died in 1922 at the age of 89.

His record calls to mind that Steve Donoghue, another long-time British jockey who retired last year after 31 years in the saddle. He was 82 when he quit the track.

John Paulkner, another English rider, rode until he was 74—and never once bet on a race! He got into the saddle again at 102 to break an unruly mare, died at 104 in 1933.

Rights of Texas ... Texas, largest of the United States, at any time can divide itself into five separate states without consent of the federal government. In spite of the fact that the U. S. Constitution does not sanction such an action.

The right to subdivide was granted the state when it left its status of a republic to become a member of the union in 1845. Only the consent of the people of Texas is necessary.

The Texas "Panhandle" has long been the scene of controversy on this point, because of its great distance from Austin, Texas' capital.

Bloodless Tissues ... In spite of the fact that your eyes often become bloodshot, they contain the only bodily tissues not served with blood vessels.

"The cornea and the lens of the eye are both avascular," a recognized authority on the subject states. "However, under certain conditions blood vessels may and do grow into the cornea from surrounding tissue. This condition is known as vascular cornea or pannus and is not usually permanent."

Baker To Have Radio ... WASHINGTON, June 25.—(AP)—The federal communications commission today authorized Louis P. Thornton to erect a radio station at Baker, Ore., and to operate for an unlimited time on 1,500 kilocycles with daytime power of 250 watts, night time power of 100.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads.

Oil Well Bomb Takes 8 Lives ... HOBBES, N. M., June 25.—(AP)—Public and private investigators open inquiries today into the mysterious premature explosion of an oil well

time-bomb, which dealt horrible death to eight persons, one prominent New Mexico financier, and injured four others.

The blast snuffed out the lives of George A. Kaseman, 69-year old Albuquerque, N. M., banker, and seven oil workers whom he was watching as they prepared to "shoot" a well in the rich Monument field, about 20 miles southwest of Hobbs.

Phone 542. Well haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Bribe!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—"No Show Today!"

THE NEBBS—Cat's Out of the Bag

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DETOURS

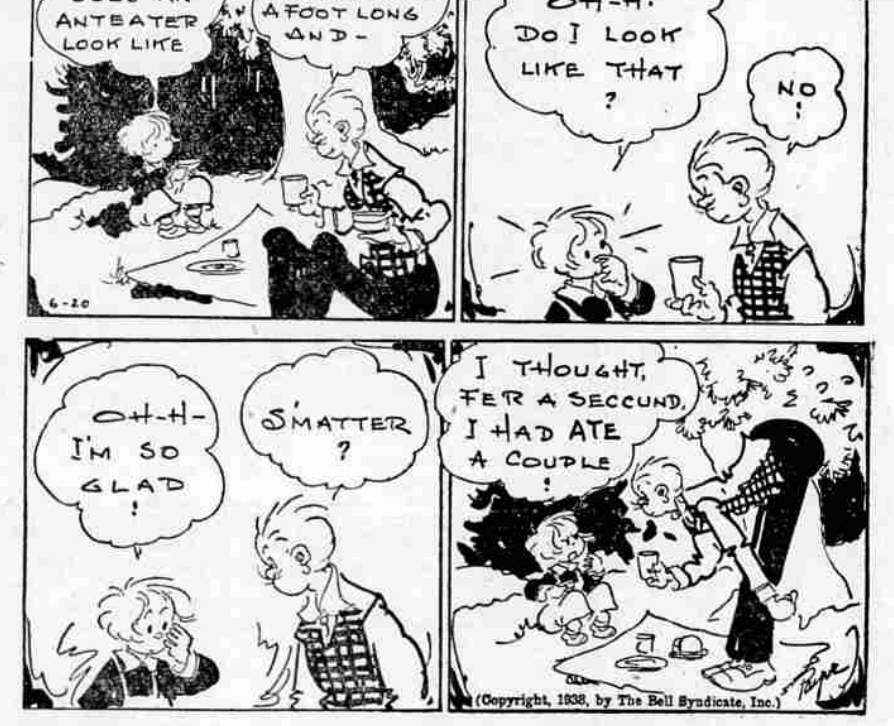
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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MATTER PO!

By C. M. PAYNE

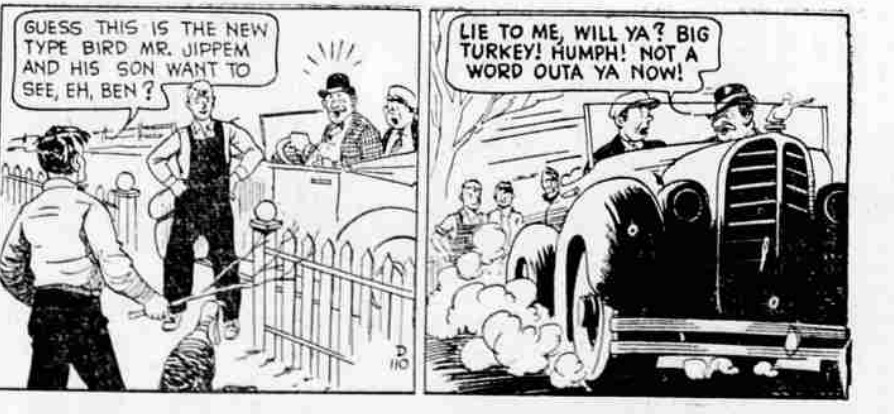


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By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGERP



By SOL



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