

OCTAGON HOUSE

BY PHOEBE ATWOOD TAYLOR



The story of the Octagon House, a murder mystery, is being investigated yesterday by the police. The house, which was built by the late Mrs. Carr, is now owned by the late Mrs. Carr's daughter, Mrs. Carr. The house is located on the corner of the street and is a very interesting building. It is a square building with eight sides, hence the name Octagon House. The house was built in 1878 and is now a very famous building in Medford. The house is now a very famous building in Medford. The house is now a very famous building in Medford.

Chapter 27

Man Hunt

"Where are they?" Cummings' lusty bellow brought the trooper rushing into the kitchen from the front of the house, and behind him rushed Lorne, Peggy Boone and Mrs. Carr. "Hanson said that Aaron Frye and the trooper were with you. Didn't he, Ding?" Cummings said. "That's right," the trooper answered. "That's what Hanson said. He said they were all of them with Asey. That's just what he said. And now—say, where are they?"

"What inspired that brain ripple of Hanson's?" Asey demanded in tones that were crisper than usual. "How'd he get that idea?" "Why, I told him," the trooper said. "That O'Malley and Shorty had gone, and Frye and the Carrs, too. I told him when I went up to tell him about the fire hose, like you ordered me to. He asked how things was, and I told him they was all gone. And Hanson said if you was here, all right, not to worry. You'd get 'em. You got one, anyway," he pointed to Timothy. "You got one. Where's the rest?"

"They're not in my pocket," Asey said, tired of the trooper's refrain. "Lorne, you and Carr and this fellow an' I, we'll have to do some tall hunting." "Can't I hunt, too?" Peggy Boone asked. "You better hadn't," Asey said. "The lad we met up with was a great old basher. Say, maybe you want to get home—do you?" "Go home, with all this going on, don't be silly!"

"Tell you what," Asey said, "you go down the street an' drop in on the neighbors, an' tell 'em we'd like some help in a man hunt. Mrs. Carr, you go along with her." "To second the invitation? I'd love to. How many people would you want, Asey?" "As many as you can inveigle," Asey said. "But get natives, please. No outsiders—"

As soon as the group scattered, Asey slipped upstairs to the attic. "Hi," Pam Frye greeted him genially. "You don't mind if I don't welcome you with a light, do you?" "Hi yourself," Asey said. "I'm certainly glad to know you're safe here—how'd you get here, an' when?" "Oh, I walked in the front door," Pam told him, "while the rest were on the back porch. And if you had a can opener, I could enjoy a light repast of cold beans."

"Forgotten Question" Asey presented her with a jack-knife, and told her about Aaron. "Is he missing?" she said. "Oh, I wouldn't worry, Asey. He often wanders. Probably in his present mental state, he had to wander or bust. Who burned up the barn?" "God Almighty," Asey said. "Is the only one that knows that, Pam, where does your father wander to?" "I've known him to walk to Hyannis."

"An' we're shy two troopers," Asey said. "Then I certainly shouldn't worry about Aaron," Pam remarked, struggling with the can of beans. "He wandered off to town, and they went after him, and probably they're all up there now. Didn't you see the trooper spent some time viewing it this afternoon, and apparently my tourist face is convincing—no one noticed me."

"Where did you go last night?" "Someone," Pam said, "was prowling around your house. I don't know who it was, but I saw the figure beneath the window. There didn't seem to be any sense in exposing you to danger, so I upped and left. Went to your garage, as a matter of fact."

"I looked in the garage an' the shed too." "Oh, I climbed a tree until after you'd gone to bed," Pam remarked. "Then I sneaked into the garage and curled up in your Porter. And if Jennie's maid about a mile missed from the shed this afternoon, don't blame the trooper, Asey, what's that noise outside? Herds of people—" "My man hunt," Asey said. "Look, you stay here quiet for the

night, will you? Don't go rushin' off again. I'll be up later an' bring you some food. Cummings an' Mrs. Carr'll be downstairs. I've got to go an' make sure your father an' them fellers didn't meet up with my bitter—"

"Oh," Pam said with her mouth full. "It occurred to Asey as he ran down the stairs to the kitchen that he had not, in his relief at finding the girl, asked a single thing about the question uppermost in his mind. He still didn't know where that lump of ambergris was!"

"We've got around two dozen for you," Mrs. Carr said with a touch of quiet pride. "All natives, and for all I know, all of impeccable Mayflower ancestry." "A triumph," Asey said, "of organization. Thanks. We'll see if we can't get somewhere."

At two o'clock that morning, they gave up the search. Not a single trace of Aaron Frye or of the two troopers could be found in the woods or the vicinity. "An' that," Asey said wearily, after dismissing his searching party. "Is that?"

Cummings agreed. "What are you going to do now? What—say, here's Hanson in his car. Maybe he's got some news." Hanson regarded them sleepily through glazed eyes. "News?" he said. "The town's in order. If that's what you mean." "But I rye, and your two men, they're still missing," the doctor said. "Missing?"

"Don't shout. I believe you," Hanson said. "Wakeup for a second," Asey said. "Have you seen Shorty an' O'Malley up town? They're still missin' I'm beginnin' to believe they must have joined your crowd in the village." "They didn't," Hanson yawned widely.

"A Complete Mess" "GO GRAB some sleep, Hanson. You need it. There's a hammock on the front porch. Tumble into it. Hanson said he was on guard duty at the same time. I'll look after things here, I've got Lorne and Carr to help." "That's white of you," Hanson said. "I mean it. Usually I can take three or four days without sleep, but this mob in the town got me."

Asey led him to the hammock. Before Cummings finished draping a blanket over him, Hanson was dead to the world. "I'll get another blanket," Cummings said. "And look, what about Roddy?" "He could menace me," Hanson said, "more'n I could menace him, at this point. If there was another hammock, I'd flip into it myself."

In the kitchen of the Octagon House, Mrs. Carr was bustling around with coffee and sandwiches. "You have a choice," she said, "of ham with mustard or ham without mustard. Last week I saw an ad of the perfect hostess serving a midnight snack, and she had thirty-four different kinds of cheese and sixteen varieties of cold cuts. By those standards, this is a low-class party. But it's food. Peg, get the butter—"

"I forgot about you," Asey spoke to Peggy Boone. "Want Cummings to take you home?" "She can't go home," Mrs. Carr said. "She's going to stay and take the bedroom next to mine. I shall feel safer. Did you know that my bedroom has 16 sides?"

It was long after three o'clock before Asey got the household straightened out, with Mrs. Carr and Peggy Boone upstairs, Tim on the front porch beside the snoring Hanson, and Jack Lorne in the cellar. "I'm takin' the back porch," Asey said, "and it seems to be that between us, we ought to discourage any further prowlin' or firin' or bashin'."

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

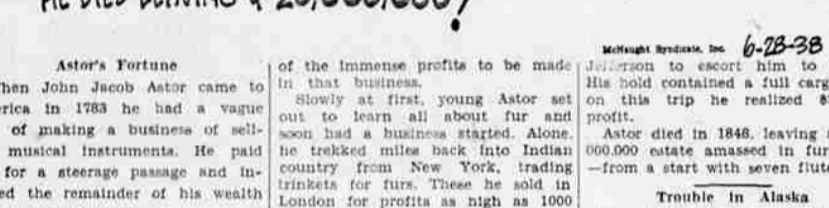
For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



A BRITISH BATTLESHIP WAS DISPATCHED TO AID AMERICAN RESIDENTS AT SITKA, ALASKA, AGAINST AN INDIAN UPRISING—AFTER THE U.S. GOVERNMENT HAD REFUSED THEM ASSISTANCE! —1878—



A SPLINTER OF WOOD WAS DRIVEN COMPLETELY THROUGH THE TIRE OF AN AUTOMOBILE IN BELLEVILLE, Mo., DURING THE TORNADO OF MARCH, 1938



THE SIDEWINDER, a Western U.S. rattlesnake, STRIKES WITHOUT COILING! IT MERELY ARCHES ITS NECK, SWAN-LIKE, FOR LEVERAGE...

SEVEN FLUTES—COMPRISED THE ENTIRE WEALTH OF JOHN JACOB ASTOR WHEN HE CAME TO AMERICA TO OPEN A MUSIC STORE, 1783... HE DIED LEAVING \$20,000,000!

Astor's Fortune When John Jacob Astor came to America in 1783 he had a vague idea of making a business of selling musical instruments. He paid \$25 for a steamer passage and invested the remainder of his wealth in seven flutes. Astor soon began trading with the Orient. He shipped cargoes of trinkets to the Pacific Northwest, traded there for furs and shipped the furs to China. There he traded the furs for sea at a great profit and brought the tea to New York. Once, in 1807, when an embargo was in effect on Chinese trade, Astor is said to have dressed a Chinese dock laborer as a Mandarin and secured permission from President

Jefferson to escort him to China. His hold contained a full cargo, and on this trip he realized \$300,000 profit. Astor died in 1848, leaving a \$20,000,000 estate amassed in fur trade—from a start with seven flutes!

Trouble in Alaska The United States had owned Alaska only 11 years when, in 1878, an Indian uprising threatened the lives of 300 U. S. citizens living near Sitka. An appeal for military protection went unheeded, so the colony appealed to the British admiral at Victoria, B. C., who sent the H. M. S. Osprey to the scene. Later arrival of the U. S. Alaska relieved the situation. Tomorrow: How Did the "Yard" Originate?

Students Urged to Forego Hotel Jobs PORTLAND, Ore., June 28.—(AP)—Student leaders of six Oregon colleges appealed to fellow students today to "seek honorable summer employment" elsewhere than the 16 Portland hotels affected by a strike. They said the students who replaced workers on strike would "undermine the American spirit of fair play and help drive down the standard of living."

Ben Webster's Career—All Set! BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—All Set! "COME ON, BIG BOY, YOU'RE GOIN' TRAVELIN'—" "GOSH, RUSTY, HE'S STILL GROWING!" "COME ON OVER HERE, BEN—I WANT TO SHOW YOU THE OTHERS I'VE BEEN GIVIN' DOC KILEY'S SUNSHINE PELLETS TO—"

The Nebbs—Watered Stock? HELLO, SLIDER, HOW'S THE MIGHTY LITTLE MERCHANT THIS DAY? "OH, HELLO MR. NEBB—STEP IN! IF YOU'VE GOT 15 MINUTES OF CONVERSATION STORED AWAY IN YOUR OLD CARCASS I'LL JUST OBLIGE YOU" "SLIDER, THIS IS A PRETTY PROFITABLE BUSINESS HERE" "NOXAGE A JIG IN EVERY SWIG" "NOT SO PROFITABLE. WE MAKE ENOUGH TO KEEP EVERYBODY WELL-FED AND IT STILL LENDS ITSELF TO SUCH CONTENTED AND SUCCESSFUL ARGUMENTS" "WELL, COULDN'T THIS WATER BUSINESS BE A GREAT INDUSTRY?" "WELL, IT COULD AND IT COULDN'T—YOU SEE THERE'S A LIMIT TO THE PRODUCTION OF THIS WELL—WE COULD MIX MEDICAL PROPERTIES WITH OTHER WATER TO MAKE IT ALMOST LIKE IT BUT WOULD YOUR BROTHER STAND FOR IT. NO—HE'S SO HONEST IT'S A COMMERCIAL TRAGEDY"

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



WITH FIVE MINUTES TO GO BEFORE TRAIN TIME, THE HEAD OF THE CAMP, WHO HAS JUST DISCOVERED THAT HE HAS ONLY 18 TICKETS FOR 19 BOYS, IS REQUESTED TO TAKE CARE OF GEORGE'S TRUNK KEY, TO REMEMBER THAT ALBERT CANNOT EAT TOMATOES, AND TO SEE IF HE CAN GET SOMETHING OUT OF JUNIOR'S EYE

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SMATTER POI

By C. M. PAYNE



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—More Dirty Work!

By HAL FORREST



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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—All Set!

By EDWIN ALGER



(Copyright, 1938, by Edwin Alger)

THE NEBBS—Watered Stock?

By SOL HESS



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Pomona Grange

By Gertrude Baak
Grange Sunday was fittingly observed in Ashland park with about 225 gathered around the picnic tables, nearly every Grange in the county being represented. Arrangements were in charge of Mrs. Olive Floyd, Pomona lecturer; Mrs. Nora W. Brown, Pomona chairman; and Mrs. Winifred Brown, Pomona home economics committee chair man. A beautiful and inspiring program was given as follows:
Group singing, led by Mrs. Doris Nealon, Beatrice Calbreath at the piano.
Invocation: Adjutant Durham of the Salvation Army.
Solo: By Mrs. Werner Jensen of Zion Lutheran church, accompanied by Mrs. Beatrice Calbreath at the piano.
Closing lines for Too Late to Classify Ads 12:30 p. m.