

HOUSE OF SHADOWS

by Ida R. Gleason © 1936 NEA Service, Inc.

BEGIN HERE TODAY
CLAIRE FOSDICK sets out to drive to the lonely mountain home left her by her eccentric uncle, **LYMAN FOSDICK**. Claire is trying to decide whether to marry **HANK HALL**, to whom she owes money. She also hopes to find a valuable and mysterious jewel owned by her uncle and believed to be hidden in the house.
 Her car is wrecked by a log across the road. **PAT HANNAH**, an old friend, and **BOB STEELE**, young engineer, arrive on scene and take Claire to the mountain home where **MRS. HANNAH**, Claire's sister, **SUSIE**, are the caretakers.
 Claire sees a curious arrow carved on the wall of an upstairs bedroom and, using a lamp, follows the arrow to the cupola. A noiseless bullet shatters the lamp.
 Next morning, Claire starts to answer. The men search the grounds but find no trace of him. **HANNAH**, Claire's caretaker, arrives and reports that a man is lying dead in the aspen grove.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER VI

DISREGARDING the rain which had become a steady down-pour, the two men, Claire, Hannah and Susie all rushed to the aspen grove. They saw the figure lying there, just as Hannah had said. Pat ran forward with a little cry.

"Bob! It's Bob!" Quickly he turned him over. When he looked up, Pat's own face was pale. "He's alive," he said, "but that's about all."

"The first thing is to get him up to the house," Dan F-l-las announced in a matter-of-fact tone. "You take his feet, Magan, and we'll ease him up the hill."

"Better go on ahead, Susie, and get the north bedroom ready for Mr. Steele," Claire said.

After the patient had been made as comfortable as possible and Susie had gone back to the kitchen, Claire dispatched Dan Dallas for the doctor from the village. Then she told Hannah of all the strange happenings at the House of Long Shadows.

"The Doc may know something 'bout Eb being down at the town," Hannah suggested. "Anyway it won't do no good to let the police come messin' inter things, when there ain't a thing but a cap to show 'em."

"That's why Bob was going down to find out himself," answered Pat. "Looks as though the opposition was engaged in picking off our men, one by one."

HANNAH snorted and squared her shoulders. "Don't forget you got me now, Mister. I've looked across a knife at a ragin' devil of an Injun, and I'm alive to tell it. Guess I can do something 'bout this what-ever-it-is, that's kickin' up a ruckus 'round here."

A faint smile touched Pat's lips. "I'm thinking you can do just that," he told her.

The shower was over now, and after what seemed an interminable wait, the doctor came, followed by Dallas. Expertly the doctor's gentle fingers moved over Bob's prostrate form to the accompaniment of little clucks of sympathy.

"A bad rap on the head, that's all. Oh, yes, young man, he'll pull through okay. Don't look so downcast." He addressed Pat. "I suppose he fell and hit his head on a boulder or something," the doctor went on.

When the doctor was ready to leave Claire asked the question that was uppermost in everybody's mind. "Have you seen Eb in the village today, Doctor?"

"No, not for almost a month now," he answered. "Why?"

"We were just looking for him, that's all, Doc," replied Pat. "That's how we happened to discover that Bob'd been hurt."

"Well, keep the patient absolutely quiet, and I'll come out tomorrow to see how he is."

Pat followed the doctor downstairs. After the ancient car had chugged off down the winding road he walked down toward Dan Dallas' cabin intending to demand the gun.

BUT Pat did not reach the cabin. As he made his way around the edge of the aspen grove, he saw something moving up the winding trail on Squaw Mountain. He stopped and watched. A man in white was plainly visible, weaving his way in and out along the curving loops of the path. For a minute Susie's fantastic story of the white miner rushed back to Pat's mind.

"Apple sauce!" He said aloud. Then he started off at a brisk run to follow.

Pat had come quite a way. Those trees that had towered above him a few minutes ago now were spindling tops. He looked across at the Fosdick house, thinking that the arrow mark in Lyman Fosdick's bedroom certainly pointed in this direction, too. Could it have meant, after all, something as far distant as Squaw Mountain? A gleam of white ahead made him bend his shoulders and once more take up the rocky trail.

He began to save his breath and energy, stopping at brief intervals, then trudging on again. Whatever else the man in white might be, he was sure a bang-up mountain climber. Pat decided, after several more loops of the trail, in which he did not seem to be gaining on his quarry. What if, after all, he was following some image of his own imagination, inflamed perhaps by lack of sleep and anxiety over Bob?

He shook the idea from his mind and peered ahead. Yes, there was no doubt about a distinct white figure crossing a shale drift at this very minute.

As Pat rounded the curve that brought him to the edge of the shale, he was astonished to see the man in white vanish.

"Well, I'll be—!" Pat hurried

across the sliding, sharp parterres. At last he was over. Before him yawned the entrance to an old mine. Could this be what the arrow meant? Every claim in this part of the country was duly recorded, as he well knew, so why the mysterious hokum on Lyman Fosdick's part?

The hole explained the disappearance of the man in white, however. Pat determined to investigate further since he had come this far.

The entrance was still well timbered, he discovered, as with the aid of a box of matches, and later a cigaret lighter, he made his way along the damp passage. The walls showed unmistakable signs of having been excavated for mining purposes, though there didn't seem to be any cross cuts, as yet.

Pat's last match was gone, and he was afraid the cigaret lighter would give out. He decided to retrace his steps, and slipped the lighter in his pocket. He was certain he could find his way back without its help and he might need it—

Strong arms seized him from behind, and he found himself in the grip of an antagonist as clever as he was muscular. After the first shock of surprise, Pat's fighting Irish blood rushed to his rescue. Twisting sharply, he managed to jerk one arm free and plant a blow that crunched tellingly against firm flesh and bone. Again and again he struck out in the inky darkness, evading the clutching hands that gouged at his eyes.

Once for a brief second he gripped his opponent's hand in his own, and his mind automatically noted the fact that he would know this man if he ever met him again, for the little finger of that hand was cut off. Pat realized it was a battle to the death. The blackness and silence added to the horror. He could be killed here without anyone being the wiser. Perhaps Eb—

Once again he landed a smashing uppercut, then felt himself being battered backward along the slimy, rotting boards that formed the flooring of the tunnel. Desperately he braced himself, and tried to regain his lost position. His foot stepped suddenly into space, and Pat felt himself falling down—down into darkness.

(To Be Continued)

In addition to its water protection, the Bank of France has installed apparatus to release tons of sand in the passage leading to its strong room, in case of emergency.

Dane Wins Hand of Ruth B. Owen



Romance has come for the third time to Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, daughter of the Great Commoner. On her return to the U. S. from her post as minister to Denmark, it was announced she would wed Capt. Boerge Rohde, shown above in the uniform of King Christian's bodyguard. Mrs. Owen divorced William H. Leavitt in 1909 and is the widow of Maj. Reginald Owen, British army officer.

Flapper Fannie Says

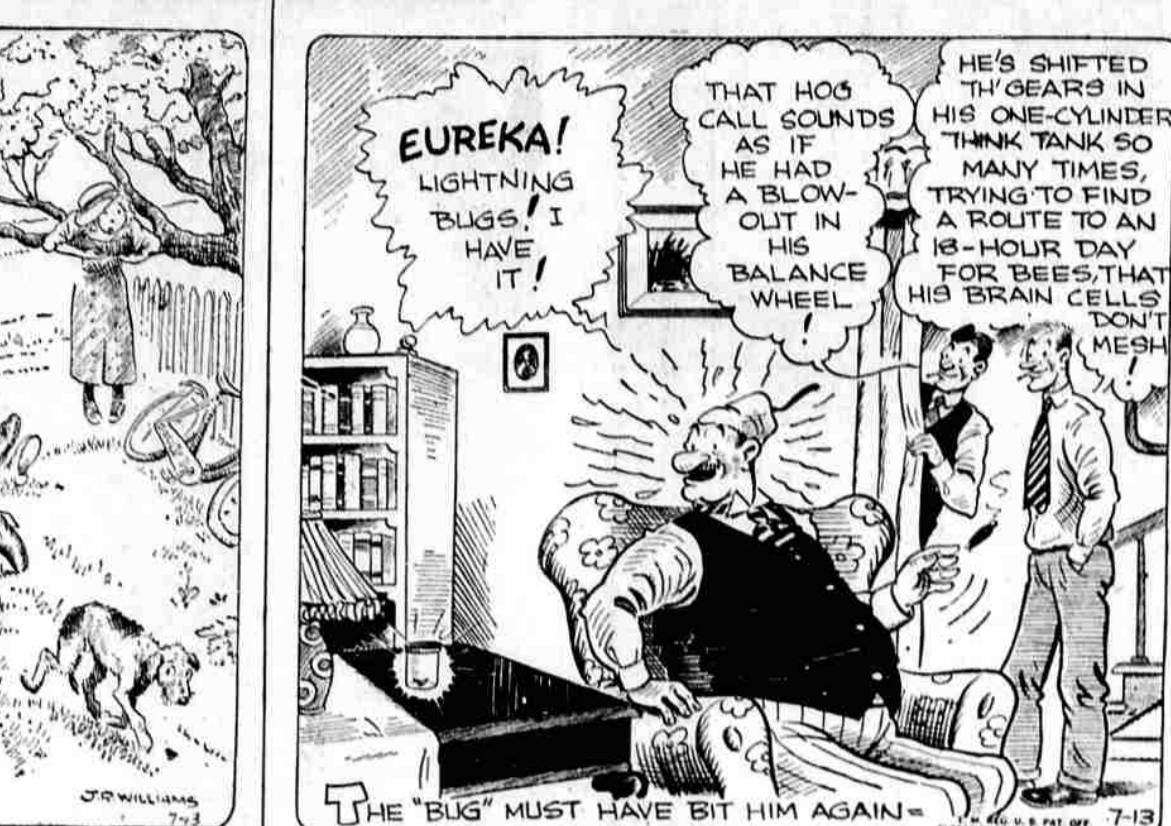


Shoe polish was invented to shoo away dirt.

OUT OUR WAY



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE



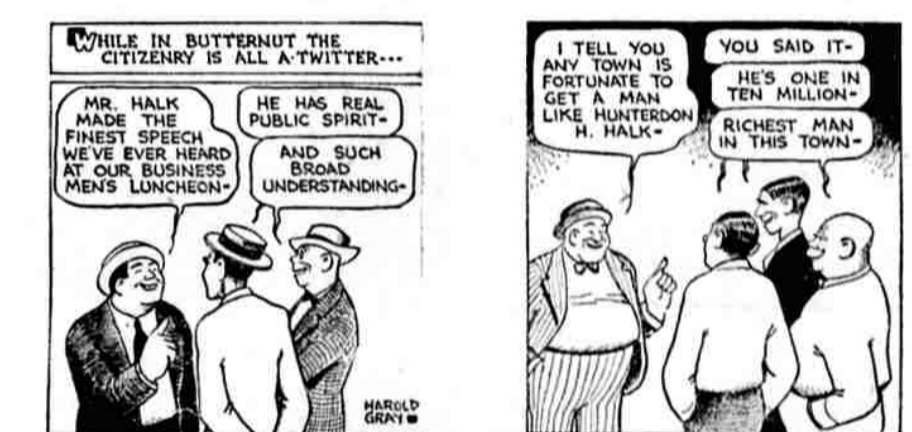
BY THOMPSON AND COLL



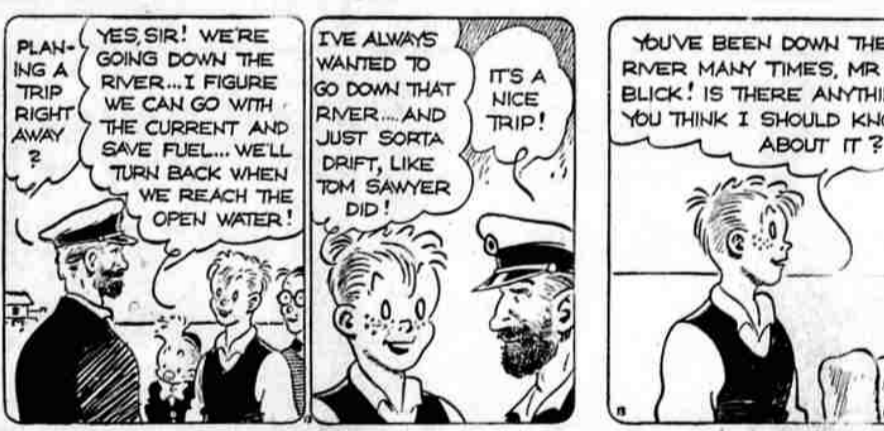
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BY HAROLD GRAY



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BY BLOSSER



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



BY CRANE

