

SERIAL STORY

GHOST DETOUR  
BY OREN ARNOLD

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Yesterday, the girls are worried about Dick's strange movements in the old jail, finding the money. They are worried too as the remnants of the money. Franklin buys a purse for Christine, she discovers it, he says it is from the "Christine" who wants to cry, realizing Franklin really bought it for her.

CHAPTER XII

FRANKLIN LARRAWAY just sat there gazing at Christine Palmer as she walked away from his car. "God!" he muttered to himself. "I sure can miff everything!" He hadn't meant for her to see the purse. She hadn't discovered the silver ring because it was in a smaller package. He picked that up and put it in his pocket and stuck the purse back in its wrapper. He doubted if he could handle Dick diplomatically enough to make him give Christine the purse. He had bought the purse to give Christine himself. But then—well, she had practically admitted being in love with Dick earlier. And he was Dick's best friend, trusted friend. A man who let his friend down. If Christine loved Dick, and he himself loved Dick as a friend—well then—aw to the devil with it all. Franklin swallowed, and all at once remembered what he had learned about Carl Quait, the robber-murderer. Impulsively he called to Christine again.

"Hey! Hey, Christy! Wait! . . . Come here a minute!" She stopped and looked back. She bit her pretty lips to keep them from trembling, she who had been about to cry. "Come here, please. Look—I got news to tell you Christy!" His voice had dropped to a confidential murmur. "News about that money in the vault. In the old mine shaft, I mean."

It wasn't in the mine shaft any more, Christine told herself. But no matter now—what did Franklin have? She came close to his car.

"Get in and sit a minute, Christine. Listen—that money was put here by a pay roll bandit named Quait. He was sent to prison, but escaped and murdered a man. He's at liberty now!"

"No fooling! I went to the sheriff's office and—" HE told her all about it. Told her with almost a happy, boyish enthusiasm. Of course Christine found his excitement contagious. She welcomed it, too, because it enabled her to control the other emotions that had stirred her, and so hold back her tears. Franklin had not noticed her crying, though. "Whatever will we do?" she demanded now. "He hasn't shown up yet, but we know he's a dangerous outlaw, free and likely to come any day."

"He's probably just lying low. People forget about a crook after a while and even the officers get careless if they don't catch him. But Christine, he'll learn about Goldcrest being reopened. The papers have carried it these past few days—I brought a San Francisco paper with your photo and Roselee's and the ghost town's in it. He'll come any night for the money. I'm surprised he hasn't come already. When he does—we must trap him! That \$2000 is a juicy reward!"

They agreed not to tell Roselee lest it unnecessarily disturb her. Christine hinted—without explanation—that Roselee was already distracted about business and personal details. Franklin was curious but too interested in Quait to bother much now. "Just keep quiet and say nothing," he counseled. "I'll make arrangements with Dick."

She turned to him in sudden alarm—"Franklin! You'll—you'll both be very very careful! Promise me!"

He was quite close to her then in his car. Too close for ease Christine's eyes were lovely, and very striking when fear shone in them. But now a hurt in his own heart was renewed. He understood what she meant. Understood—he thought—that she was deeply concerned for Dick Bancroft's welfare.

Franklin nodded. "Dick's strong," he almost whispered. "Nobody ever gets the best of him. Don't worry, Christine." He left her then and went to find Dick.

DICK had a group of travelers from Detroit in tow. Two cars of people who were bursting with questions. They represented \$8 gross to the Goldcrest firm, and Dick was trying to be nice to them. He had met them at the highway turnout that morning by appointment. He knew that such patrons, treated right, could send other customers to the ghost town. He stayed with them until noon and enabled Mrs. Hogan to serve them \$5.80 worth of meals, and almost as much more in souvenirs. They had set up an emergency gasoline station, rest rooms, tire repair and cold drinks supply at the highway turnout by the big sign and put a genial old-time ranch cook in charge there. He was an admirable salesman for Goldcrest himself, and sent in many customers for the ghost detour. Before Dick could send his Detroiters away, other cars had come up the rough two miles of dirt road into the old town and Franklin was pressed into guide service. He didn't get a chance to talk to Dick until late afternoon again.

"So that's how it is?" Dick exclaimed, in high interest, when Franklin finally told him about Carl Quait. "Payroll robber, eh? 'It'll be at night, of course,' Dick went on. "When he comes, I mean. Now that we know what

we do we'll have to keep an even sharper watch, Frank. And don't say anything to the girls. They'll just get the jitters."

Franklin looked glum. He had already told Christine but he didn't admit it now. He'd see Christine and ask her to say nothing.

"We'll take the bank watch in shifts," Franklin stated, positively. "You've been sleeping there every night. I'm sleeping there tonight, Dick."

"Listen, Frank—I weigh 201 pounds. You weigh about 148 only. Now I could—"

"There's a gun, remember. That makes men equal."

"I know, but—"

"No excuses. We've been buddies four years. We still are, Dick."

Dick looked closely at his friend. Franklin wasn't smiling. "Okay, Frank, okay then. But I hope he comes on my shift. You—well, don't sleep too tight, is all. You know where the cot is. You can sleep out of sight behind the old teller's cage, and get the drop on him. Keep a flashlight handy. And don't be afraid to shoot."

"I can shoot. And, uh, Dick?"

"Yeah?"

"I, uh, well, I was in town. And I brought out a— a leather purse, beaded. I thought perhaps you— well, you go give it to Christine, see? Those girls have been working hard, without much relaxation and such these two or three weeks. You— we wanta keep them happy. Girls like little attentions, Dick. You know—just give it to her, see? And—well, here—isn't it pretty?"

He held the package out, open. Dick appraised it, with obvious approval.

"Sa-a-ay, thanks pal! That's lucky. How much did it set you back? I'll pay you, and many

thanks. I'm not good at remembering this sort of thing, as you know. You took care of me in college a lot. But say—yonder's Roselee. I think I'll just take it over and give it to her instead. After all, she's the boss."

Before Franklin could protest Dick had lifted the lovely purse and was trotting away. They saw Roselee half a block down the street leading a saddled horse, and Dick impulsively called to her.

"Hey, boss! Hey—Rose-lee! I got something for you!"

(To Be Continued)



Slaying of 11-year-old farm girl Elizabeth DeBruicker, above, was confessed by 27-year-old Thomas Boyce, greens keeper at Harrison Hills Country Club near Attica, Ind. Strangled with belt from her dress, child was found in improvised grave on golf course. She had been criminally assaulted.

OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



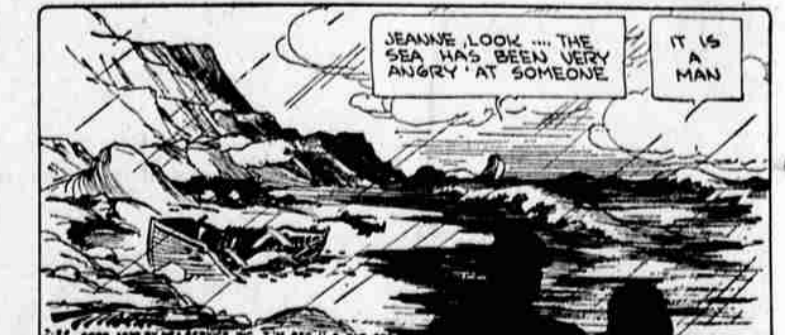
BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN



FLAPPER FANNY By Sylvia



RUMINANT ANIMAL

HORIZONTAL Answer to Previous Puzzle  
1 Woolly-coated animal pictured here.  
6 It is a ruminant of the family.  
10 It is allied to the animal.  
14 Braided thong.  
15 To climb.  
16 Hodgepodge.  
17 To shut up.  
18 Gong.  
19 To sum up.  
20 Sun god.  
21 White.  
23 Ever.  
25 Term in electricity.  
27 Unpolished.  
32 Outer garment.  
35 Its is called mutton.  
36 To interjoin.  
39 To gaze fixedly.  
40 Bulb flower.  
41 Wedge-shaped.  
43 Girdle.  
44 Long grass.  
45 Class of birds.  
47 Like.  
48 Striped cloth.  
49 Pair (abbr.).  
50 Its young is called.  
52 Action.  
54 Amidic.  
57 Superficial extent.  
58 Years of life.  
59 It is raised for its wool and hide.  
60 Writes.  
61 Its antler.  
62 VERTICAL  
1 Senior.  
2 Fealty.  
3 Mooly apple.  
4 Organ of hearing.  
5 Entreaties.  
6 Organ of sight.  
7 To contend.  
8 Small island.  
9 Exclusive.  
10 Gazelle.  
12 Officer's assistant.  
13 Forward.  
20 A male sheep.  
22 Marble images.  
24 Plant part.  
26 One who tends sheep.  
28 Egyptian deity.  
29 Connecting word.  
30 Silly.  
31 Felt concern.  
33 To entertain.  
34 Weights.  
37 Huge body of water.  
38 Sister.  
39 To claw.  
42 Paces.  
46 Go on (music).  
48 So shall it be.  
49 Nobleman.  
50 To wrap.  
51 Common verb.  
52 Heavy knife.  
53 Self.  
54 Dye.  
55 Myself.  
56 Exists.

