

SERIAL STORY GHOST DETOUR BY OREN ARNOLD

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Yesterday, while Christine was in Franklin's room, he is wounded. Dick starts after Roselee, catches up, takes her from her horse. At that moment, they see Quail fall when his horse stumbles. Dick starts after Quail but he remembers Quail carries a gun.

CHAPTER XVIII

ALMOST the entire party that day at Goldcrest, 60 or 70 persons in all, headed by Roselee, hastened down the cactus-studded slope to discover Richard Bancroft walking back toward them.

"DICK!" Roselee shrieked from afar.

The terrible fear that was intensified when she had heard Quail shooting lessened a bit now. At least Dick could walk!

She came running fast and without another word she was in his arms.

"What you need, little girl," he murmured, as he might have soothed a child, "is somebody to make you behave! You mustn't chase off after criminals that way, my lordy, Roselee girl!"

"Dick! Are you hurt?"

"No. Of course not. My horse was bouncing and twisting around the Joshua trees. I wasn't a good target for any pistol."

"But you—"

"That was a man named Quail, Roselee. Franklin got the dope on him in town. There's \$2000 reward for him and the money he hid in your bank! I knew he'd come back, but I didn't expect him in broad daylight. And you—gosh, Roselee, you're a spunky kid!"

"Richard! ... Dick!" She was trembling a little now, and looking up at him.

And then he dropped his arms, save for one around her shoulders, as he walked with her, because the crowd had arrived in a flurry of questions and excitement. Dick grinned happily at them.

"The man's back there on the ground," he explained. "I had to conk him. Somebody please take him in charge. He's an escaped convict, a murderer."

That excited all the tourists anew, and diverted their attention to Quail. The rushed to him in a body.

Mrs. Hogan had come belatedly to meet them now, and they walked back into the ghost town with her. Their first demands were about Christine and Franklin.

"Mister Franklin was hit in the leg," Mrs. Hogan said. "But I looked hasty at it and I don't believe it's much. He might've been killed. Whoever was it, honey? I declare, I never see such excitement!"

THEY hurried to the old bank and found Franklin lying calmly on the front porch, with his head in Christine Palmer's lap. Christine looked frightened and pale, but Franklin was smiling.

"Great news!" Franklin greeted the others. "Christine kissed me!"

"Sa-a-ay!" Dick began, pointing to his friend. You—

"Yeah, we're going to be married some day. Tell them it's true, sweetheart. I want to hear it!"

Christine nodded and held out her left hand. "Engagement ring," she barely whispered it, so grave had been her emotional stress. But she smiled happily.

"Cost \$4," Franklin resumed. "Genuine petrified wood, set in silver. Lucky I had it at the crucial moment when she gave herself away!"

He had been holding her hand and now he squeezed it and looked up at her.

"We'll get you to a hospital at once, Franklin!" Roselee cried. "I'm so happy for you and Christine. But goodness, your leg! We must—"

They had a lot to do. So much that there wasn't much time for private talk and explanations. The tourists were milling about and everybody tried to help or ask questions.

Within half an hour they had dressed Franklin's wound carefully and placed him on mattresses and quilts in a sedan—an improvised ambulance—and were riding away to Kingman with him. Kingman was the nearest village where a doctor was available. Mrs. Hogan and the elderly cowboys took charge of Goldcrest temporarily.

Dick drove the ambulance, sedan, and while the four young people rolled carefully along they had opportunity for the talk they needed. Events had moved so swiftly, complications had been so great, that they had hardly had a chance to breathe, Roselee stated with a sigh.

Dick tried to tell them about moving the money into the jail dungeon and having a fight with a mining man there.

"We know it," Christine put in solemnly. "We saw you, and heard the fight."

DICK was incredulous. Franklin had to be told all about that too. Dick said he moved the money because too many people knew it was in the old mine shaft; Mrs. Hogan had even told the cowboys and Indians, he had learned.

"And the ore samples sent in for assay, Roselee," Dick was suddenly enthusiastic. "They mean plenty of money for you! The reports went to the mining corporation by mistake, but they can't take the property from you. You own it entirely. Reworking the old ore I had in mind is good for \$8 a ton, but remember that new stuff is worth around a hundred! No telling how much there is of it!"

"That was Mrs. Hogan's discovery," Roselee declared. "She saw the new gold streak in the rock there when she helped us out of the cave-in. But the money isn't all mine. We're all sharing this."

"No," Franklin said. "Goldcrest is your town. But I would like to keep my job if I can. I need it to get married on."

"You'll get the \$2000 reward, too," said Roselee, smiling. "You and Christine and Dick. You certainly deserve it—goodness!"

They didn't say anything more for a long minute or so. Their young hearts were too full. Christine just sat, her slender legs folded under her, holding Franklin's hand and stroking his head lovingly. They were a little cramped in the rear of the sedan, although it was not uncomfortable because the pavement gave the car smooth rolling. Roselee was in front with Dick and turned often to talk with the others.

"Hurt bad, Frank?" Dick asked then, without turning.

"Not much. Not bleeding any more either."

"I am so—happy, about everything. I think I am—going to cry!" Christine said, and did cry right there with Franklin patting her and murmuring sweet things to her.

Now there is something magic about tears. And about love, too, of course.

They don't have to be your own tears, nor your own love necessarily. Other people's will affect you before you know it. Still, if you do have love in your own heart and if your own emotions have been straining, the magic is likely to be infinitely more potent and consequential.

Roselee didn't want to stare then at Christine and Franklin, so she turned around.

And as matter-of-factly as that, Dick Bancroft put his strong right arm around her and pulled her close, and she rested her head on his shoulder.

his shoulder. He was not driving fast. "Little girl!" he was murmuring, almost whispering. "Little girl. Little girl!"

For a long moment Roselee said nothing. Then she snuggled closer to Dick and whispered back to him, "Dick, everything is so wonderful!"

"Yes," he said, his cheek touching her hair.

(THE END)

WOMAN FLIER LAUDS FIELD AT LAKEVIEW

LAKEVIEW — Miss Bernardine King of Los Angeles, who holds the world's championships in various airplane acrobatic events, made an inspection this week of the Lakeview airport for the purpose of giving local flyers of the community the benefit of her expert opinion as to the advisability of improvements.

The city council has an option on the premises and has the necessary funds to purchase the property. The site of the landing field was recently criticized by government inspectors who said in their opinion that unsatisfactory air currents were caused by adjacent hills. Their report was not based upon flights over the vicinity but upon observations from the ground.

Miss King, who has visited Lakeview with her plane on numerous occasions during the past few years, has offered to take any interested persons aloft for the purpose of demonstrating that the prevailing air currents over the local airport are as steady and desirable as those at any intermountain airport in the west.

News and Herald Want-Ads get results.

OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



THE WORRY WART

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN

RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BY HAROLD GRAY

FLAPPER FANNY By Sylvia

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U. S. SENATOR

Answer to Previous Puzzle

1, 6 Distinguished U. S. senator.	13 Outer layer of skin.
10 Narrow inlet.	14 Lily-like flowers.
11 Deer.	15 Reimbursement.
12 Lensed.	20 Handle.
14 Wild beast.	22 Species of pier.
16 Feline.	24 Exista.
17 Italian river.	28 Point.
18 Reverence.	29 North Carolina.
19 South Africa.	27 Station.
20 Indisposition.	28 Liliaceous tree.
21 Soul.	32 Taciturn.
22 Spain.	35 Feminine relative.
24 He is an or free thinker.	36 Armadillo.
29 To disagree.	38 Part in a drama.
30 To verify.	39 Roadblock.
31 Circle part.	40 A farewell.
32 Blue grass.	41 Ocean vessel.
34 Data.	46 To spoil.
37 Types of sheep.	49 Onager.
40 Beer.	51 Transposed.
42 Laceration.	52 Musical note.
43 To separate from others.	



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN



BY CRANE



BY CRANE



BY CRANE



BY CRANE



BY CRANE



BY CRANE



BY CRANE



BY CRANE



BY CRANE



BY CRANE