

SERIAL STORY

AN EYE FOR A GAL

BY HARRY HARRISON KROLL

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YESTERDAY, Steve Hogg told Rosy that the Tollivers drew lots to decide who was to kill Jay McAlfee, and Sock Tolliver was chosen. He insists he has proof, but Rosy is unconvinced. Rosy is puzzled, too, as to how Hogg got control of land that should have been Rosy's. Walking in the darkness, Rosy meets Hannah.

CHAPTER VII

THOUGH Rosy McAlfee said the words under his breath, Hannah, hurrying along the path through the starlight, had not heard or seen him. She must have known Rosy was coming home for a visit, and had arranged to follow almost immediately. It was egotistical to think this, but surely she went to all the trouble because she hoped to revive their love by returning to the scene where it had grown into being.

Then she caught sight of his dark shape by the fence, missed a step, and stifled a cry. "Rosy!" she cried, knowing him almost instantly.

"How come you're here?" he demanded, and in spite of himself he was rough with her.

She came up and faced him. "None of your business! But if you think I followed you, you're off your kazip!"

"That don't leave much of anybody but Cousin Steve."

"You wouldn't think of maw and paw and my folks, would you?" A trace of bitterness came into her voice. "I'm not like you—blood for me is thicker than water!"

"What do you mean by that crack?" he wanted to know.

"You're one of these here college students that when they look at a-b-c's they've got to have teacher say, 'Them's a-b-c's.' So I'll play teacher and tell you. I came home because I knew you'd be seeing Steve Hogg and he would be telling you about Dr. Tolliver and how your pappy was killed that time. And I knew you'd not believe it, because in no time at all they had you wrapped around their little fingers down there at the school."

"Ah, I know—I haven't been watching you, but I've seen, just the same. So you would tell Steve he was a liar, and you'd go back and lap up what they fed you, and that would be the end of a second-hand job of doing the right thing. Well, all I got to say to you, Rosy, is now you know. I hope you're satisfied."

FOR a moment Rosy breathed heavily, saying nothing.

"I told Steve he was a liar, all right. Well, I haven't heard anything yet to make me change my mind about him."

"I reckon you wouldn't believe a word I said."

"You must say it and let me see if it's a word that my judgment told me could be believed."

"All right!" she cried. "Then here's the word. What Steve was telling you about the Tollivers having a meeting one night just before that Fourth of July game was so. They had such a meeting, and Sock Tolliver—Dr. Tolliver to you—was there, and they drew lots, and Sock got the call to kill your pappy. You see, it was Steve himself that seen it and overheard the whole thing!"

"But how do you know it was Steve?"

"That night Steve was following one of the Tollivers. He had a gun and he aimed to kill him a man. His first man. But instead of ambushing him, he just followed, and came to the house where where they were all meeting, and he got in the chimney corner and listened through a hole in the chimney. He seen it all, every bit; and heard the whole plan."

"Well, I reckon that'll make a good boy out of you! Now what you aim to do about it?"

"Looks like I've got to kill me a man."

In her temper she was panting. "If there's a speck of manhood in you, that's about all that's left!"

For a moment they stood there with a sense of embarrassment. Rosy wanted to escape and did not know how to manage it. He realized that she was waiting some kind of consent from him. It dawned upon him all at once that she was not really on her way to visit him—their meeting here had been as much a surprise to her as to him; the one she was really hunting was Cousin Steve Hogg, whom she must have expected along the trail.

"I'll be seeing you," he said, and moved quickly away in the darkness. She could go where she would, for all of him.

WHEN he came out at the summit of the ridge, he was in a region where someone had been timbering. The cutter was hewing second-growth hickory for bolts and handle lengths. The bolts were stacked in a symmetrical pile, and the handle stuff was gone. Sold, likely.

Steve Hogg was getting out timber fast, from the looks of tree tops and shavings and stumps.

"Making things fly. Making hay while the sun shines," Rosy thought.

There were a million stars out from this high vantage. Rosy sat down again, running his fingers through his hair. He began to get excited. Hogg was in too big a hurry about selling off this timber. He had been too anxious to follow Rosy down to Lincoln College, check up with him there, make a full report to Hannah.

Anyway, why had Hannah trailed him so quickly? All on Rosy's account? All because of Rosy?

"Rats!" Rosy scoffed to himself. Steve Hogg put her up to it; now he was trying to prove something

the creek and I come to you to find out what it is." (To Be Continued)

Jacques Gringonneur, court painter to King Charles VI of France, designed our modern pack of playing cards. He modified the old style of cards known as Tarots. On completion of the job he went insane.

Only husbands can sue for divorce in Japan.

Still A Bottle Baby



Although three years old, "Toby," the pet of Mrs. Jeanette Scott of San Diego, still gets his meals via the nursing bottle route. Mrs. Scott started feeding him through a nipple when he was a kitten and the feline prefers that method of feeding.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"He says there's no difference in the girl of today and of 20 years ago."

"Hmph!—20 years makes a lot of difference to most guys."

HOLLAND'S QUEEN

HORIZONTAL

1 Ruler of The Netherlands.

13 To beseech.

14 To regret.

15 Invisible emanation.

16 Cow-headed goddess.

17 Hog.

18 Printing errors.

20 Snuggles.

22 African tree.

23 I am (contr.).

24 Musical term.

25 Pains in ears.

26 Signal of distress at sea.

27 Unit of work.

28 To butt.

29 Break of day.

31 Note in scale.

32 To lower up.

33 Epoch.

34 Backward.

35 Preposition.

36 Toward.

37 Observed.

38 Alleged force.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

COLUMBUS FINDS

ROPE STAND NEAR

TIDES TIDE OCTANT

SITIA SPARE OCTANT

OPATE SPARE SITE

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OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

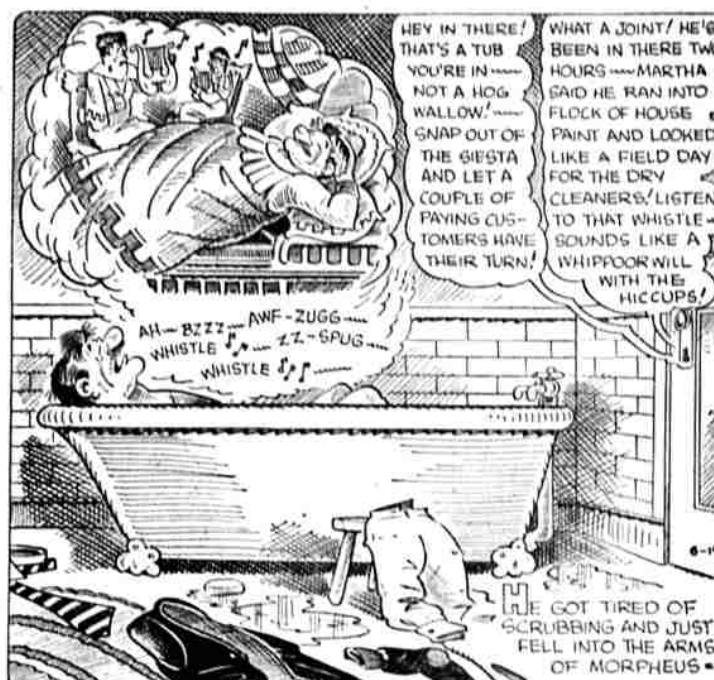


ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

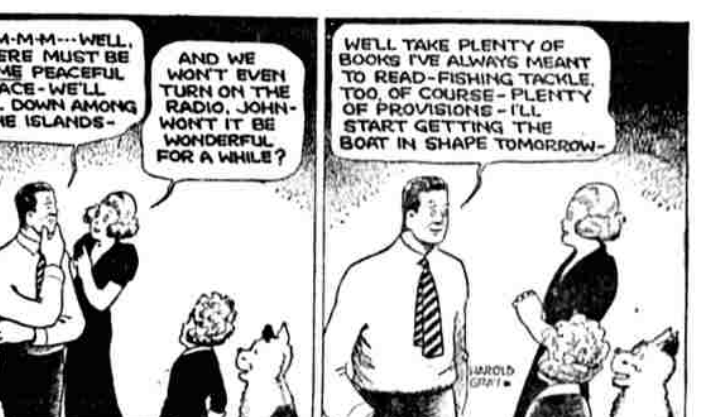
With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

