

turned his bright blue eyes on Miss Millington.

"Know what happened?" he asked. She told him, quickly, of her arrival, of the man with the soot-stained face, of her black eye and the man's escape.

Uncle George's hands caressed the rifle he held in the crook of his arm. "He didn't come down the road or we'd have

seen him," he said. "We might still catch up with him if he took to the woods. You hop down to the Hunter place and call the Sheriff, Miss Millington. Joey and I will see if we can pick up your sooty man's trail." . . .

Miss Millington was near tears when she reached the Hunters' phone. She didn't call the Sheriff. Perhaps it was

natural that in that moment of trial she called Mr. Patrick Aloysius Molloy. Mr. Molloy, assured that she was safe except for a "beaut of a shiner," promised to be there in ten minutes.

It took him half an hour, because on his way up the mountain road Mr. Molloy and Trooper Gilligan ran head on into the Grabowski boy coming down

the mountain road. The Grabowski boy wore blue jeans and a blue work shirt under a battered leather jacket. His face was clean, but when Trooper Gilligan opened up the leather jacket he saw that the Grabowski boy's shirt was spattered with blood. They dragged him back to the scene of the murder.

Miss Millington was shocked. She had put a great deal of faith in the Grabowski boy. He protested he hadn't been to Dave's that day. He finally admitted to another crime to explain the bloodstains — an out-of-season deer the Grabowski family needed for meat.

"The laboratory will settle that," Mr. Molloy said, grimly. "Those bloodstains came off Dave Champagne, you can be sure. The boy lied about stealing those automobile parts, and he had to silence old Dave."

"You won't make a positive identification, Miss Millington?" Trooper Gilligan asked.

Miss Millington stared unhappily from her project number one to her project number two. "I — I thought he was wearing coveralls, not blue jeans," she said. "But they are the same color. And in the smoke . . . His face was black with soot so . . ."

"Take him away," Patrick Aloysius Molloy said to Trooper Gilligan.

They had taken only a step toward the trooper's car when a voice bellowed at them from a distance.

Miss Millington and company turned to look toward the brow of the hill. A man came toward them — a man in a tweed suit, wearing a tweed hat and carrying a blackthorn walking stick.

Directly behind him was the tall figure of Uncle George Crowder, his rifle aimed straight at the man's back. Joey and the dog Timmy cavorted around them happily. Even at that distance Miss Millington recognized the town's most influential citizen — Mr. Horace Twining, president of the Lakeview National Bank.

Mr. Horace Twining was in a chattering rage. "I demand you arrest this senile idiot!" he shouted at Trooper Gilligan.

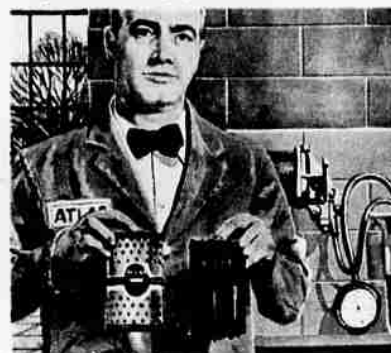
"What's wrong, Mr. Twining?"

"Wrong! — Continued on next page"



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"I don't want to be a man like Daddy. I want to be a little boy and have fun!"