OVERNIGHT GUEST

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

THE STORY THUS FAR: Adam Strong, 37% success, inspector Pope and Mrs. Trent search in the Wales woods. They found it was murdered at such cause executed by the Bonds. He was believed to be Mr. Ledbrye, head of Fox Studios' office. Ledbrye's friend was found to have gone with local tourists. His checkout, Ruth, was located, admitted that he let Holden on land, upon Holden's notice that checked he was leaving for his wife. Pope and Strong went on to lodge where Morris, another friend of Ledbrye's, was staying. They took to ask that the statement that the Ledbrye. They also knew that a woman and man were present when the time the murder was committed.

CHAPTER XI

"Sure—even if I have to put on a song and dance to keep them amused."

He hurried away, and the old man turned to watch the proceedings here. Adam and Cumberland came beside him.

The wrestling-grave must have looked late last night to accomplish so much. Two pairs of good girls had been cut and trimmed to serve as shears; their bulls anchored on. The rim of the ledge, against how trim set in holes drilled in the solid granite, their lips crossed and linked with chains from which a steel pulley and cable were suspended. The shears were geared with wire cables carried back and anchored to trees in the fringe of the wood 140'-2. Men were busy tightening the cables, testing the winch, answering questions and comments.

At the edge of the precipice the fatherson, on his hands and knees, whistled a cross wire system made in the quarry pool below. The full from the pulley descended beside this man. He floated on his back, paddling with his hands, and called up.

"More slack, Mike! I must get a hitch around the axle."

"O.K.," said Mike, and waved his hand in signal. The winch creaked, the ropes whirred, the steel fall descended six inches, a foot, two feet deeper into the water.

"I'll try it now," the swimmer decided. "Don't take any strain on it while I'm down."

He made a neat surface dive; his heels gleamed in the sun. He seemed to be out of sight for a long time, but at length Adam saw a pale blur in the gray water, and then the man's head appeared. He rolled on his back, by breathing deeply for a moment, shouted:

"Take up on it now! I think I've got it! Don't lift—just draw it taut."

The fall drew taut and stopped; and the swimmer once more descended.

After this time he broke the surface again, he came a little away from the chain. "Give take it up!" he called. "Till the front end is out of water, so I can see if the hook is set all right!"

The winch revolved, and the fall began to climb laboriously upward. The man swam away a rod or two and waited.

At out of that gray unyielding water, wheels appeared, and a bumper, a mudguard, the front of a screaming radiator . . . Adam stood braced, driven to an intense excitement. This was, after all, no mere man a car which some one had waited to hide; just its resurrection from that hiding place, where it might have lain forever, had no it accidents occurred, almost undetected. It was like the emergence of a monster, slowly, from its lair, alive, lethargic—and gendarme with consequences!

"Hold it!" called the man below. The winch stopped while he swam toward the car. Adam felt some one beside him. Here was Pope, on hands and knees, panting down, the District Attorney just beyond.

"O.K.!" shouted the swimmer triumphantly. "You can have it! Take it away!"

He began to swim toward the farther side of the quarry, where his clothes lay on a rock in the sun. Mike Fearns waited till the swimmer was well clear before he gave the signal.

And at last it was here just below them. It hung six feet beyond their reach, its bottom toward them. They all stared at the bottom of this car, searching it with eyes absurdly intent, as though it might have some secret to reveal.

And then suddenly Pope stood up; he spoke to Mike, in sharp irritated tones. "What are you going to do with it?" he demanded.

"Eh?" said Mike. "Do with it? Why—drag it out of there! That's what you wanted, wasn't it?"

Pope's temper flared. The old man was tired, impatient. "How?" he insisted. "You can't reach out and grab it like an apple, and you've got no way to swing them closely at once. You've wasted all this time—and it's as far away now as it ever was! Man, you—"

Then abruptly he checked himself. His eyes were fixed on the car, hanging now within ten feet of them, six feet out of reach. He moved to one side, approaching the edge of the precipice as closely as possible. The man on the winch ceased to wind; the car rose higher. And Pope called sharply:

"Stop! Stop it!"

Mike lifted his head in signal. Mat Cumberland came to Pope's side, asked: "What is it, Pope?"

The old man was staring in astonishment at the car; and Adam came to see. And then he felt the inside of his right suddenly ache with the wheel out of a bit from which the bottom is removed.

The windows of the coupe were closed, and they were somewhat clouded by a gray deposit of silt accumulated during the days the car had lain here submerged. These windows were, incredibly, not broken; the car must, turning in the air as it fell, have landed on its wheels. The window toward them was tilted on the car's left side, next to its wheel.

And against the glass of this window, from within, a hand was pressed!

Four slender fingers touched the window, from knuckle to first joint; the backs of four fingers. There was upon one of them a ring, a gold band, a wedding-ring. The hand with its fingers pressed against the glass had moved a little, in a short arc that left a smeared quarter-circle in the silt on the glass. There was in this mark a terrible suggestion that the hand had moved in signal, as in a last pitiful appeal!

They could see the rest of this hand dimly, the forearm hairy;

"You promised to tell me if Mrs. Keli was found."

but nothing else at all save one thing: about the wrist, something like a black cord was knotted, seen even thus dimly, it seemed to have been knotted tightly, to have cut into the soft flesh.

And this was, clearly, a woman's hand and arm.

Cumberland muttered: "Pope, there's someone in the car!"

Pope said: "Mrs. Mrs. Keli," he said kindly. "You'll have to—" He checked, his thoughts absorbing this—got her out of there, all right, he directed absently. "Swim out or make a raft or something—get her out of there quick's you can. Send for the ambulance. Take her to the undertaker's. I'll meet you there."

He turned and strode away. Adam beside him; they reached the car and started down the road. They came to where Ned Quill held two men of newspaper men in restraint. Adam turned off the road, crashing through the undergrowth to reach them; and Pope leaned out and shouted:

"Let them go on up, Ned! There's a murdered woman in the car, up there. They've got a right to be on the quarry!"

Then as the newspaper cars started up the hill, he bade Adam stop, called back:

"And," he said, "I'll be in town, at the undertaker's. Come up there when you've seen the Vermont girl—"

"Right," Quill agreed; and he said: "Doctor Medford's on his way down here. I talked to him on the phone a while ago."

Pope nodded. "Good. He'll watch for him," he agreed.

They went on. When they turned into the main road, Tope pointed to an approaching car, cried sharply:

"Hold up! There's Medford!"

Doctor Medford stopped to speak to them; and his tone was respectful. "You were right, Inspector," he said.

"Found a drug in him, eh?" Tope asked.

"Gas in his lungs," the medical examiner replied. "Had dispel. Chloral, I think, but analysis too. I'm not an expert on such stuff. We don't have much of it to do, up here. But after you'd told me what to look for—"

Tope nodded. "They're getting a woman—dead—out of the quarry up here, Doctor," he said. "I want to know how she was killed. And if she'd been given chloral, or morphine, I want to know that too. I'll be at Will Fenton's."

And a moment later, as they started on, Tope touched Adam's arm. "Pull up at that filling station, Adam," he directed. "There's bound to be a phone there. Call up New York. Tell them to find out whether Dick Flint, first pricing pilot, had been given chloral, or some other knockout drops."

Adam went to obey, and Tope sat deep in thought. His eyes were closed, so that he did not see young Jo Dane at the wheel of a car that presently went racing by.

Adam returned from the telephone. "They'll get it," he said briefly. He put the car in motion, then asked: "Why do you want that, Tope?"

Tope said abstractedly: "I figure he lost Flint by him up here, and back to New York on the morning. He could give Flint a drink of doped whisky, say. Flint would take off in the plane, pass out after he got into the air, and crash. Then he couldn't testify—"

Adam uttered an ejaculation: "That's awful!"

"I know it," Tope agreed.

"But who, Tope?" Adam insisted. "Who is he?"

Tope said impatiently: "Oh, let me alone, now!" And he said no further word till they came into the hollows of North Windermere. Then at last he spoke.

"Go to the jail, Adam," he directed. "We'll get something out of Kell now—enough so we'll know how to go at Holden."

Adam nodded. "Something happened on their trip up here Friday, all right," he agreed. "But I don't see what it was."

Tope said briefly: "It was a plant, a game, a play somebody tried to pull."

"How do you figure that?"

"Because Holden and Kell to tell him over the head."

Adam nodded. "That's right." He asked eagerly: "That was to make Holden look like a victim too? Then you think he—"

Tope said grimly: "I think some one made a sucker out of Holden. Used him. Holden's a crook, Adam. Always has been, in little ways. You heard Hal, at the quarry; heard what he said about Ledbrye filing charges against Holden, with the Stock Exchange authorities."

"You figure Holden was double-crossing Ledbrye, and some one would be found out, and killed the other man—"

Tope said quietly: "Ledbrye filed those charges himself yesterday, Adam. Now could he do that if Holden killed him Friday?"

They reached the jail behind the courthouse; and when barriers had been removed they came in Kell.

They found Be his was sitting on the cot in his cell; his head between his hands. He did not look up at the sound of their steps, not even this paused before his cell door. The guard who had let them in spoke to him: Adam's voice of old, and at the young man's word left them here; and Tope spoke, gently:

"Kell!" he said.

Kell roused, and he came slowly to his feet, the bars between them. He stared; and then he seemed to remember them.

"I know you, sir," he muttered. "You promised to tell me if Mrs. Kell was found."

"Yes, Kell," Tope answered, and he added harshly: "She is found!"

"Where is she, sir?"

Tope said pitilessly: "The coupe was in the quarry, Kell. We got it out today. She had been murdered, and tied in it, tied to the wheel, before it was run over the precipice into the quarry."

"Dead!" Kell whispered, holding his breath.

"Yes, dead," said Tope; and the breath came out of Kell in a long sigh, and the big man shivered like a stricken animal. He backed away, his hands up before his face; he slumped down on the cot again. Tope added harshly: "I think you killed her, just as you tried to kill Holden—"

"I didn't, sir!" he protested. "I didn't!"

"Mr. Holden says you did!" Tope declared. "You tried to kill him! Because he was chasing your wife, Kell!"

"No sir, I didn't, sir!"

Kell mumbled: "Dead! She's dead!"

"Of course," Tope insisted. "You killed her."

"No sir. No!"

"Then did Holden? Was that why you tried to—"

"No, it wasn't Mr. Holden," Kell answered. "I took him back, left him by the road. But when I came home, she was gone."

And the big man cried suddenly, shuffling to his feet: "I meant to kill him then; the way he told me to; but when the wrench started down, I thought about the way he had—believed her; and I let harder than I'd meant to."

He caught himself. "Where is she, sir?"

"They're bringing her to town," Tope told him. "What did you do to Mr. Ledbrye, Kell? Or did Holden—"

And Kell cried piteously: "Let me alone, sir! Wait. Let me see her first. I can't believe it. Let me see her. Then I'll tell you anything."

He collapsed, sobbing like a child, his head in his hands. Tope hesitated; but in the end he said: "Well, all right, Kell. I'll wait. I'll come for you—later."

(To be continued)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By WILLIAM E. GILROY, D. D., Dean, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for February 13

A PEOPLE DISCIPLINED

Temptations Lesson

LESSON TEXT: Exodus 16:11-36.
MEMORY SELECTION: For when the flaxe comes in contrariety, even as a feather the sun is risen to judgment.—Proverbs 4:18.

Instruction, training and culture, sometimes calling for the touch of judgment or punishment, that the lessons may be rightly learned—this is the meaning of discipline.

If it is a good word and speaks of that which is much needed in a disordered and disunited world.

Our lesson tells of God's plan for the discipline of the people of Israel in preparation for their entry into the Promised Land. They were not ready when God first brought them up to it, but through hard and trying experiences they learned. They did not believe God, so they had to learn the hard way.

One wonders whether we will be wiser than they. America is now in the awful grasp of a postwar wave of careless living, of moral disintegration and of awful dissipation. At Catholic Square Bow in an uncontrolled flood of destruction. Where is the moral fiber that made America great?

I. There Is a Limit to God's Patience (vv. 11, 12).

The background of our lesson is the report of the spies who were sent up into the land. All agreed that it was a good land, but 10 of them were afraid of its inhabitants. Two of them, Joshua and Caleb, urged the people to take God at his word and go up to possess the land. But the people rebelled and wanted to turn back to the fleshpots of Egypt.

God had been patient with the people, but the time had come when further patience ceased to be a virtue and would only be indulgence. Then judgment came—and fast!

There is a limit to God's patience with a sinful people. It is almost heartbreaking to think of the possibility that America may sit too soon down to downward course to the point where God says, It is enough.

II. There Is Power in Intercessory Prayer (vv. 13-20).

Moses stepped into the breach and made a mighty and moving prayer for his people. He knew the power of intercession and called on God for mercy upon the people. He pointed out that the honor of the Lord was involved in bringing His people into the land. He recognized the guilt of the older members of the number, but asked for mercy and patience for the children. He based his prayer on the known qualities of God, His justice and, above all, His mercy.

Does not this strongly suggest the importance of Christian people making their influence count in the solution of social problems? Prayer is powerful, and the people of the world but ever concerned to be possible. Praying people count with God, and bring deep count in the affairs of men.

More Christian people ought to be deeply concerned about our country's figure problems, and all the physical, moral, social, political and spiritual ills which are caused by drink.

III. There Is Punishment for Unbelief (vv. 21-35).

The purpose of God for the people as a whole did not overlook or wink at the awful unbelief of those who had rebelled against God.

He had not left them without a strong basis for faith in him. Again and again he had made known his might in miraculous deliverances during their days of travel from Egypt. But they simply hardened their hearts in unbelief.

Lack of faith in God is an idle offense against him. He has a right to our unquestioning belief and immediate obedience. Sometimes we have come to regard it as a special favor toward God if we believe him, when the fact is that unbelief in such a God is definitely and eternally sin.

IV. There Is a Reward for Courageous Living (v. 24).

We are looking for men of faith. All through Scripture we find the Lord coming magnificently to the help and blessing of the one who will believe him.

Caleb and Joshua were brought into the land, preserved through all of Israel's wandering, and kept in vigor even in old age in order to enjoy the promised possession (see Josh. 14:6-9, 10-12).

Caleb is an example of what courage, faith, wholehearted—yes, devoted—can do for a man. We need more and women—yes, young men and women with the spirit of Caleb. Social problems of our day encourage self-indulgence. Drinking is on the increase. Moral standards are low and sexes is be getting lower.

What shall we do? Teach our young men and women to have faith in God and to discipline their lives in accordance with his word, so that they may be set free for courageous and useful living.

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Household Hints

Charred wadfe iron may be cleaned by placing between the grids a cloth wet with household ammonia and wrung nearly dry, and allowing it to stand for several minutes. Remove the cloth, clean the grids with a stiff brush and air for some time. Reconditions the grids without oil, so you did when the iron was new.

To remove rust from a rug without spotting, cover freshly with dry salt before attempting to sweep, and there will be no resulting stain.

As you iron clothes, stack them according to the drawer or room in which they belong and put away clothes that need mending.

Here's a cheese trick for lining the shelves of your child's play stove. Cut the feet off an old cotton stocking, insert the part that's left into the shelves, and stapleitch it in place at the waist and shoulder. You'll be surprised how much warmth and comfort it gives.

Washing rubber overshoes and galoshes in warm water in the washing machine cleans both the outside and the inside. This process quite a protection to shoes.

Mix This Cough Syrup at Home. Quick Relief

Easily Mixed. Needs No Cooking.

Here's an old home recipe that pleases millions now. But, once tried, you'll always use it. Includes it from your pantry. Pleasing relief for coughs due to colds.

And it's so easily mixed. Make a syrup by adding 2 cups of granulated sugar and one cup of water a few moments, only stirring, the cooking is needed, for you can use corn syrup or mapl honey if desired.

Now put 2½ ounces of Pinex obtained from any druggist; take a good bottle, and fill up with your syrup. This makes a full pint of truly pleasing cough medicine, and gives you about four times as much for your money. It keeps for your use, and lasts a long time.

You can feel this simple home remedy takes hold of a cough. It loosens the throat, soothes irritations, and helps clear the air passages. Notice how clear your throat feels and how you get restful sleep.

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