

HAUNTED HOLIDAY

By Cameron Dockery

Chapter 21

THE sprawling house of Simeon Mannley was silent with the deep death-like stillness of midnight. Presumably the occupants were sleeping.

Vince Bonnay, however, lay wondering if he were doomed to become a chronic insomniac. He was horribly aware of the troubled breathing issuing from Dr. Palmer's bed next to his and of each creak and whisper of the old house as the damp weather began to affect it. No one could forget the ugly significance of a telegram Johanson had received from the Honolulu police.

"Regarding Julia Mannley," it said, "attended University here for two years, majored in English, Arts and Art. Member of Liberal Arts Club, Musical Society, Captain of Women's Archery Team 1 and 2."

Women's Archery Team! That could mean anything or nothing and he had seen the sardonic glimmer in Johanson's eyes as he read the words aloud.

In fancy he penetrated the wall facing him and gazed down at the sleeping girl in the next room. It wasn't hard to visualize Julia, her hair spread out in a golden fan, her lips parted slightly in dreamless sleep. Was it innocent and dreamless though, or the harried hag-ridden nightmare of a clever murderer?

He turned on his left side and a second later was watching the bedroom door swing silently inward as the bulky figure of a man was briefly silhouetted then slipped toward his bed and bent over him.

"Commander?" Bakes struggled to hold down his husky whisper. "Yes. What's the trouble?"

"That Deveraux dame in the end room. She's up to something! She's comin' out of her room and I just saw the Chief and Miller headin' down the beach with the dawgs. What'll I do?"

"Stay here. Keep an eye on the doctor. I'll follow her. Where's Warner?"

"Downstairs somewhere."

Vince donned his dressing gown and stepped into the hall. Moonlight, mist bedimmed, poured

through the leaded panes making cross-barred areas of light on the thick Chinese runner. A silver-sanded foot followed by a wisp of chiffon crept through one of these patterns. Vince took up the trail.

He let Sonia stay well ahead of him. She drifted before him almost a vision but at the junction of the stairs and entry to the pantry a third figure emerged from the shadows. The metal nose of a revolver sought and found the region of Vince's heart.

"What are you doing down here, Commander?"

"Oh it's you, Warner." Vince's voice almost broke with relief. "I'm following Miss Deveraux—she's planning something, it may be a clue."

"But I'm supposed to guard this floor!" Warner protested. "That's right—just don't let her see you. If she except the responsibility if anything goes wrong."

The gun was withdrawn reluctantly and Vince continued down the lower hall. Johanson had taken over Mannley's bedroom for himself and Sonia had slipped into it through the door yawned. She must have seen the investigator leaving the house to take such a chance, Vince decided.

THE tiny circle of a flashlight was darting over the bedclothes then moved on to make a thorough circuit of the moiding and baseboard near the floor. At last it disappeared under the bed and went out completely. Vince heard a frustrated sigh then Sonia left Mannley's room and slipped past the forbidding Samurai armor into the vast vault of the living room and went to the window overlooking the terrace. Vince lost in admiration of the picture she made stumbled over a footstool and swore.

"Who... who sees there?" Sonia's voice trembled.

"Vince Bonnay," he said quickly then wondered if that would be so very reassuring. For all Sonia knew, unless she herself was guilty, he might very well be the murderer. "Why are you wandering around in the dark, Sonia?"

"I am not afraid of the dark or what the darkness holds," she

laughed softly, "Why would anyone want to keep me, Sonia Deveraux?"

"A maniac doesn't need a reason," he quoted Johanson.

"Non? Then I am glad you are here to protect me. Come closer, then."

A soft hand reached for his, drew him forward. Vince felt his defenses crumbling. "But you haven't answered me, Sonia?"

"Ah must you always be the watchdog? Very well, I tell you. I am standing by my weendow looking out onto the night when I see a shadow come around the weang of the house. I thenk maybe eet ees Hugh. He ees so pitiful and lost like a child and poleeice weel terrify heem so I come down to admit heem."

"Are you certain it was Hugh?"

"Non, but it walked liked heem—sucked over like an animal."

Her words trailed off vaguely but when next she spoke her voice had a determined timbre. "Vince, weel you help me?"

He tried to conceal his surprise. "How? What do you mean?"

"I mus' leave here. I haf nothing to do weeth thees murder. I want to see my counsel about returning to my own countree now that war is over."

"I'm afraid you overestimate my importance, my dear—am just as much involved in this case as anyone. We can only hope..."

What was that?

Instinctively as Sonia gave a little frightened cry he clasped her to him. They both stared at the long window. The direction of the moonlight through the fog had made the glass opaque from their side; only a few feet away, beyond the panes a shadow had moved suddenly!

Now as they watched in tense rigidity, a flashlight snapped on almost blinding them. And then they saw the easily recognizable shadow of Hugh Mannley rise from his crouching position by the sill and swing about defensively as a hand descended on his shoulder. He emitted a shuddering animal cry that sent shivers of fear coursing through their bodies.

Chapter 22

WHEN Vince accosted Johanson on the sunlit terrace the next morning there was an unusual twinkle in the investigator's eyes. He was struggling with the cumbersome bulk of a straw and canvas archery target.

"This is Sophie's stand-in," he explained patting it cautiously.

"What are you planning now?" Vince asked.

"An archery exhibition to be conducted from Hugh's bedroom window."

"You don't think the murderer will be fool enough to give himself away?"

"Not at archery, but he may emotionally."

"Then you've discarded Hugh as the killer?" Vince felt relieved.

"More or less," Johanson admitted. "When I caught him last night he let out a yip like a frightened child. After that he just babbled about his tree house where he'd been hiding, and asked for Sophie. I felt it was just too damned genuine to be an act. Besides, look at this!"

From his pocket he extracted a gold signet ring and held it out on his spatulate palm. An elaborate D was set in the seal.

"That letter could have stood for Dukane, Donovan or Deveraux but after what you told me about following Sonia last night there doesn't seem to be much doubt. I found it yesterday in Mannley's bedroom."

"But all it proves is that she lost it there."

Johanson nodded. "Yes, but if she didn't connect it with something unpleasant in her mind why did she go hunting for it in the middle of the night?"

"Afraid if you found it it would incriminate her in the murder, I suppose. After all she's a foreigner and in a rather precarious position."

A monosyllabic grunt was Johanson's answer to that theory. He crossed to a wrought-iron bench and picked up a handful of arrows. "Found these in the basement with some of the furniture from Hugh's room. Say Bonnay, will you get a few meat

skewers from the Chinese cook? I want this to be realistic."

AFTER breakfast they all trooped up to Hugh's old bedroom, all but the servants—their archery trials were to commence. Hugh peered at Vince in his odd gnome-like way. "Are we going to play a game?" he asked.

"Yes," the naval officer lied and suffered a twinge of conscience. "You were so good the other afternoon we all want you to show us how you do it."

"Have you ever shot from this window before, Hugh?" Johanson pointed to the window that overlooked the flagstoned terrace.

"Yes, I have," Hugh eyes clouded, "but it wasn't very good."

The others were watching Johanson speculatively as though he had taken leave of his senses. All but the two Donovans who seemed fascinated by Hugh—they were unable to take their eyes off him.

"All right Hugh," Johanson handed him the bow and arrows. "You show us how it's done. The archery target is just this side of the pool excavation."

Realization of the meaning of this trial dawned on the others' faces then. Hugh frowned at them. "This is my only bow, so we must be careful. I wanted to take in with me to Olands but Sophie wouldn't let me."

Thereby signing her own death warrant, Vince thought easily.

With experienced fingers Hugh braced the bow, drew back the string and released the arrow. It fell short of the target by several yards.

"I missed!" he exclaimed. "The target's too far, let me try it again."

The results were the same and Hugh reached for another arrow but Vince put out a restraining arm. "Let someone else try it, Hugh."

Sonia's long fingers curved about the bow. She handled it gingerly as though it were some explosive weapon ready to backfire. Her arrow merely looped over the window ledge and fell to the flagstones below. Iris Donovan's attempt was equally poor.

Then Johanson handed the bow to Julia.

Vince found a cigarette and lit it; it disgusted him to see that his hand trembled slightly as Julia took the bow and aimed it competently.

"Just to keep the record straight, I should tell you that I used to captain the University women's archery team," she said. Her words were to them all but the mocking glint in her eyes was for Vince alone.

Her arrow fell even shorter than Hugh's had.

"Mr. Dukane next," Johanson said tonelessly but his jaw tightened.

The islander picked up the bow. He was a big man and muscular. He released the arrow with a reverberating twang that sang in their ears. It went beyond the target into the pool. The group stared at him with new interest and his face turned a dull angry red.

Dr. Palmer, trembling and nervous was next. "This is ridiculous," he protested weakly and his arrow wavered and veered off into a flower bed.

John Bisset took up the bow. He drew back the string slowly. Surely he could do better than that! He held his upper arm close to his body and let the arrow fly with a slight widening of his fingers so that it went no further than Julia's. It was apparent that he wasn't trying and didn't care who knew it.

"Archery isn't my forte," he said sullenly and handed the bow to the investigator. Johanson's thin silken brows went up slightly but he was silent.

To Vince's mind the test had been a failure and if Johanson had profited by it, he concealed his reward well. His face was expressionless.

What were they left with?—Bud Donovan, a visibly sick, nervous little man who swallowed with such apprehension as he took the bow that they all heard the sound of his Adam's apple juggling in his too dry throat.

And then they all started at another sound! It was Hugh's shrill cry of dismay as the bow string snapped in Donovan's hand!

(To be continued)

BAY VIEW

Quite a large number of the people from this community attended the singing convention at Morehead City Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. I. S. Taylor held services at Graham's chapel Sunday morning and evening.

Miss Bertha Mason spent Monday night with Miss Shirley Hardesty.

Mrs. Walter Williams spent Wednesday with Mrs. Johnny Knox of Cherry Point.

Mr. C. L. Freeman, Miss Sally Jo Freeman and Mrs. Nannie Small spent a while Saturday in the community.

We are all glad that Mrs. Lloyd Culpepper who has been quite sick, is much better. We hope he will soon be well.

Mr. and Mrs. Billie G. Lewis and little daughter, Darlene, of Morehead City, spent a while Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Small and family.

Several people from the community attended the music recital at Newport school Friday evening.

Miss Louise Jones spent Friday night with Miss Pearl Small.

Several people from the community attended the dedication service at Harlowe Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Haskett, of Havelock, spent the weekend with their parents.

Mr. Canady, of Hubert, spent Sunday in the community.

Rev. J. Randal Bennett, of Bridgeton held services at Mt. Pleasant F. W. B. church Sunday afternoon.

Miss Norma Lou Skinner spent Friday night with Miss Armenta Lilly.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Knox and little daughter of Cherry Point spent a while Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Carraway and sons, Thomas and Ernest spent a while Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Dail.

Mr. Dennis Lilly, Thad Lilly and Vernon Lilly spent a while Saturday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Lilly.

Mr. J. F. Small, Misses Pearl Small, Armenta Lilly, Louise Jones, Norma Lou Skinner and Lawton Mason, Mr. Willie Jones, Boydie Culpepper and Ardell Small attended the Baccalaureate sermon at Newport school Sunday morning.

Mrs. Bessie Graham, Misses Lu la Haskett and Bettie Williams plan to leave Friday for Falcon to attend a Sunday School meeting.

Mrs. John Parker and Mrs. Cal Whaley, of Morehead City, spent a while Sunday in the community with relatives.

RUSSELL'S CREEK

The Free Will Baptist Sunday School and league convention will meet next Sunday at Davis. Mrs. Lee Garner was appointed Sunday to represent the Russell's Creek Sunday School and Miss Mattie Taylor to represent the Missionary Society.

The Women's Home Demonstration club will meet this week with Mrs. A. H. Tallman, Mrs. I. I. Fodrie has been called to the bedside of Mr. Ed. Fodrie and couldn't have her regular meeting.

Mr. Colon Pake is spending a few days here with his family before returning to the hospital for treatment. We all wish for him a speedy recovery.

Mrs. Herbert Jackson and Mrs. Bill Perry, of Raleigh, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Russell.

Mr. Leon Fodrie had the misfortune of breaking his foot last Tuesday while working on a ladder. The ladder gave and he jumped with the result of a broken foot. We all hope he will soon be well again.

Mr. Flynn Goldston, of Wake Forest, spent the week end in the community.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morton and children of Morehead City spent Sunday here with his parents.

Mrs. Leon Fodrie went to Wilmington Saturday to see Doctor Johnson, where she received treatment.

Mr. F. J. Worthington spent a while Sunday morning with Mr. J. L. Morton.

Mrs. Arlie Fodrie spent last Thursday in Newport with her brother.

WILLISTON

The Rev. Haywood Harrell filled his regular appointment at the Williston church Sunday.

Mr. Iredell Willis left Friday to go back on the freight boat at Norfolk. He has two weeks on the boat and one week at home.

Mr. Travis Willis was taken with a nervous breakdown Monday. He was at Cherry Point, been working there the past three years. We surely wish him to get better soon so he can get back to his work.

Mr. Alex Tosto and wife, of New Bern, Lt. Johnnie Green, his wife and little son, Johnnie, of Cherry Point, and his parents from Missouri spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Wade.

We heard Mrs. Edwin Piner's mother, of Sealeville, had a heart-attack Monday and was taken to Morehead Hospital. We all hope she will soon get well again.

Mr. Cullie Piner is much improved and so he can get out again.

Mrs. Seymore Davis has improved considerably, but is still so she cannot get out.

Mr. Thomas Wade has not been able to go back on his work as Dr. Way has not discharged his case yet.

Mrs. Bessie Piner is feeling better. Surely we all wish her to get

well and so she can get out.

Mr. Hugh T. Piner and his wife, and son, Kenneth, went to Richmond last Friday to see Mrs. Piner's son, Ray Barber and family. Mrs. Piner will spend a few weeks with her son before returning home.

Mr. Martin Brooks and wife came home Monday from the station at Cape Lookout where he is employed. They will be home a few days this week.

Mr. Leslie Wade, of Morehead City, spent a few days last week here with his mother, Mrs. Madeline, doing some work around the home for her before he leaves to go north fishing.

Mrs. Cora Piner, Mrs. Vivian Wade and daughter, Jannet, was in Beaufort, Saturday, shopping.

Mrs. Ion Willis spent Saturday in Beaufort with her daughter, Rubby.

The ancient Chinese customarily offered a guest in the house a leather glove, indicating warm welcome.

Parking Meter Cheats Blind Man

BUTTE, Mont. — (AP) — Frank Ericson, blind news vendor, says he's sick of competing with a parking meter. The meter is located near Ericson's newsstand and it has the advantage in that it never has to leave the spot for a sandwich or a snooze. Ericson says his ears have told him on more than one occasion that someone absent-mindedly took a paper, then dropped the nickel into the meter, instead of into the collection box.

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May 29th Primary

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To The Voters Of The 7th Senatorial District

I hereby announce my candidacy for the North Carolina State Senate from the 7th Senatorial District subject to the Democratic Primary on Saturday, May 29th.

Carteret County has not furnished a representative in the State Senate since 1921. Your vote and support will be appreciated.

Elwood R. Willis

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Vote for JAMES B. Vogler State Treasurer

VOTE FOR DONALD BOONE SHERRILL DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE For N. C. COMMISSIONER OF LABOR.

who believes that out-of-state union bosses should not interfere in the North Carolina Democratic Primary, and that a state official should not be under obligation to these arrogant men.

I stand for impartial, courteous and efficient service to the people of North Carolina.

ANNOUNCEMENT

I announce my candidacy for the office of Constable of Morehead Township subject to the voters in the Democratic Primary May 29th. I respectfully solicit your support.

HUBERT L. FULCHER

SOUND VIEW

Those who visited at Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Lewis Sunday at Bogue Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Burnes, Mrs. Bessie Pelittier and two sons, Mrs. I. Zahab Bell and Mrs. Minnie Sharp.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Hall visited friends at Broad Creek last Thursday.

Mrs. Earl Lyle returned to her home at McKinney, Va. Sunday after spending a week here with her parents.

Mrs. Lester Hall visited a short while Sunday with Mrs. Lorenzo Taylor who is still sick.

Mrs. J. B. Henderson visited Miss Claude Willis at Morehead City Hospital Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Hall visited a short while with Mr. and Mrs. Vannie Willis at Ward's Creek Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Taylor spent Sunday night with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Willis at Broad Creek.

Friends will be glad to learn that little Terry Garner seems to show some improvement since last writing.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Henderson visited his parents at Bogue Sunday.

Mrs. Lester Hall and Mrs. Earl Lyles attended church at the Broad

Creek Methodist church last Wednesday night.

Mrs. Lina Garner celebrated her seventy-second birthday last week.

Mrs. L. L. Hall attended a shower at the home of Mrs. Fred Cannon Friday night.

Miss Helen Taylor spent the weekend with Miss Dollie Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Garner visited with Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Garner Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. E. I. Garner and Mrs. Mollie Hall attended church at Holly Springs Sunday.

Miss Margaret Hall, who taught at Deep Run, has come home to spend some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Hall.

Mrs. J. H. Lewis visited Granny Gore who is very feeble last Tuesday.

Mrs. Lina Garner spent Saturday with Mrs. Becky Hall.

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