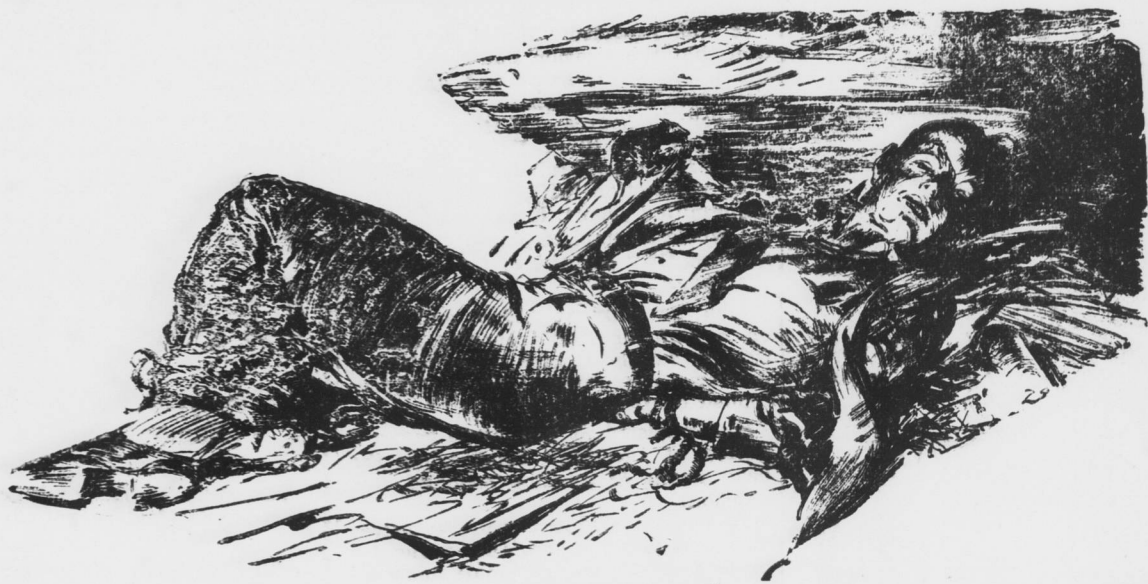


THE DEVIL'S MANSION

BY REX JARDIN



He couldn't move . . . and his head was bursting open.

CHAPTER 23
"WE SHOULD have a doctor for Miss Boisevain," Janet insisted as they reached the kitchen.

"Nita shook her head dolorously. "But, Nita, there is something serious the matter with Miss Boisevain. That was a bad heart attack she had!"

"Nita answered her by going to the door, and looking out. When she came back she sank wearily in a chair and put her head in her hands. Her shoulders were heaving, yet not a sound came from her.

"How can we get a doctor?" Again the servant shook her head, and looked at Janet. Tears were streaming down her face, and her tightly closed lips were trembling.

"Nita, tell me!" the girl urged. "Tell me where Mr. Rodman is . . . write it down for me, won't you?"

Nita turned. A shiver ran over her big frame. If Nita could only talk! If she could only tell me! Janet searched frantically in the kitchen for a bit of paper and a pencil. She could find neither. Discouraged, she knelt at Nita's feet.

"Please, Nita, tell me about this mad house! What's the matter with everyone, you and Miss Boisevain and Rajah? Am I dreaming, or is all this true? I can't believe it!"

Nita lifted the girl by the arms gently, and led her to the door, and out into the back. Then she turned and went back into the house.

Janet walked around listlessly for a while. Blair Rodman had come and gone. He might be waiting out here for her . . . might be! Although Miss Boisevain had said she would never see him again!

She had sent him outside, telling him Janet would follow in a few minutes and he had gone. . . . Yet by some chance he might be waiting for her still! Gathering

hope, she hurried through the garden, peering into the bushes as she went. Presently she came around to the front.

His car was standing on the path near the porch! He must be here, looking for her! Miss Boisevain had led? She would see him again.

Hurrying around to the other side, she kept calling, "Mr. Rodman! Mr. Rodman!"

There was no answer to her cries, nothing but the faraway call of a bird, somewhere in the deep forest. . . .

Blair was just coming to his senses. He groaned as he turned over. His head ached fiercely with a throbbing, steady pain. He had never felt such terrible pain before. He tried to move his hands but could not.

It was dark. He could see nothing around him. Something wet and warm was on his fingers. He moved one of them, but the wet warm feeling was still there.

Where was he? What had happened? Too tired to think, he closed his eyes again. But the pain in his head racked him and he moaned aloud.

He had come to see Janet Lord . . . Janet . . . a nice name, and it fitted her so . . . hair like sunshine she had . . . and deep violet eyes . . . he had seen her again, but where? Yes, he had come to the house, Miss Boisevain's house . . . why was his brain whirling so . . . he couldn't think straight . . . he couldn't move . . . and his head was bursting open. . . .

Where was he? He had come to Miss Boisevain's house to see Janet—even in his agony her name was sweet to him. He tried to say it aloud but couldn't.

He had seen her again, he was sure of that . . . she was pleased to see him. Her hand, when she gave it to

him, thrilled him . . . He remembered he had never wanted to let it go. . . . There was a happy smile on her face when she came to greet him. . . . Miss Boisevain, he had seen her again, too. She looked the same, as he remembered, except that her face seemed sickly to him, her color was bad. Miss Boisevain . . . it was her house. . . .

The note asking him to dinner. The dog, he had not noticed the dog around. Yes, he had. . . . Then, what was next? Yes, Miss Boisevain had kindly suggested he talk to Janet outside . . . alone . . . or had he thought of it? Everything was so hazy, except Janet's sweet face.

Well, he went out of the room, through a swinging door. Miss Boisevain had pointed to it. A swinging door. That was clear. He had been thinking of Janet . . . yes, Janet. Then he remembered no more. Except that there had been frightful pain, and then sleep. Pain; was he ill?

A little stronger, he attempted to feel his head again, where the pain was the worst. He could not get his hand up. Something was keeping it down in that wet, warm thing.

His feet he could not move, either, and his ankles ached. Ached but did not pain as his head did.

Why couldn't he move? Was he paralyzed? What had happened after he left Miss Boisevain's big living room, where Janet was smiling at him happily?

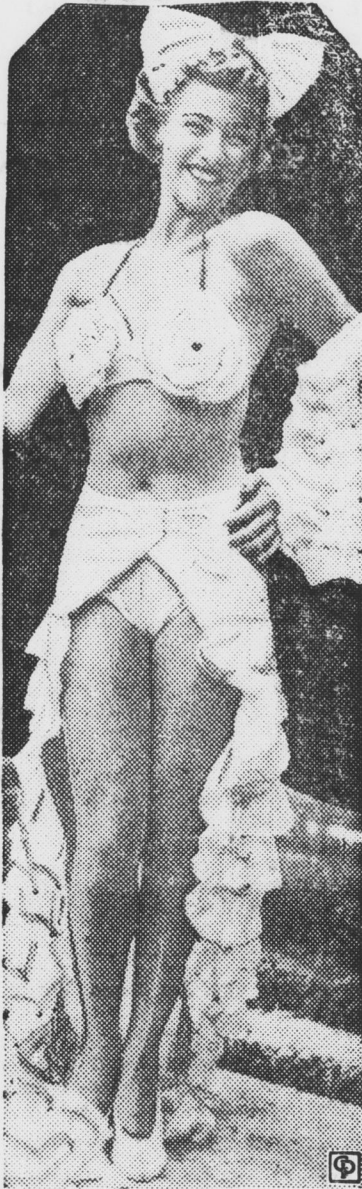
Lying quite still, he tried to puzzle it out, but the more he thought about it the more muddled he became.

He couldn't move . . . his head pained. . . . God! He was bound! His wrists, and his ankles! Rope all around his body! The wet, warm thing was blood!

He had been struck in the head, and his head was bleeding!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

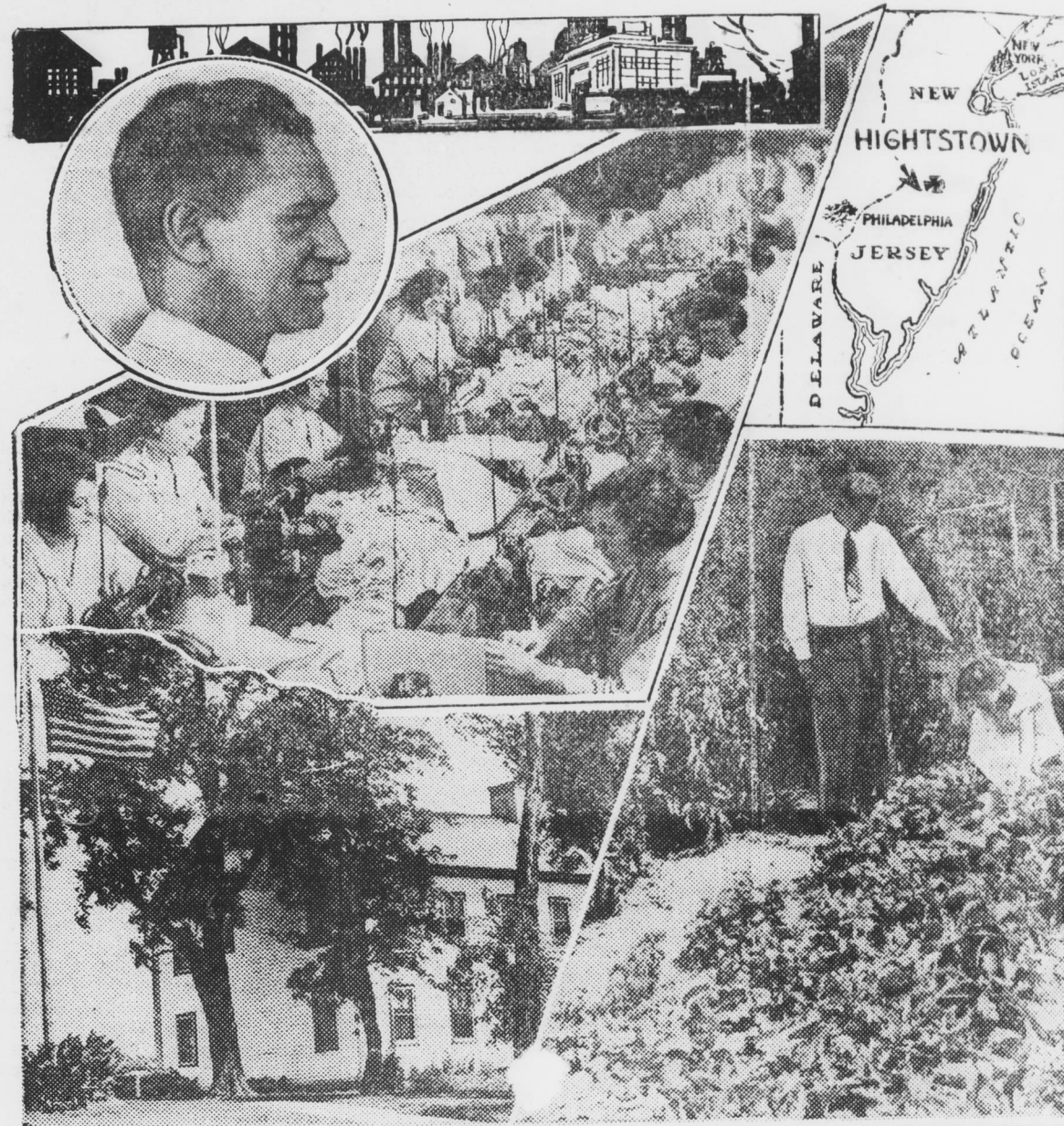
Rhumba Queen



Jo Andrews

Miss Jo Andrews of Boston has been voted by the English club of Mexico City, as the best American rhumba dancer. She began studying the rhumba last December and since has out-danced several of Mexico's best rhumba dancers at social affairs.

Workers Go to Farms, Eliminate Sweat-Shop



Elimination of New York "sweat-shops" conditions (typically represented in center), through movement of garment factories from New York to country, with workers residing in farm-homestead communities, is objective of garment workers' groups which have started model community near Hightstown, N. J., with federal aid. Photos show (top), Max Blitzer, leader of project; farmhouse (left), that now is headquarters of the community; and typical garden started by worker. (Central Press)

Royal Romance Renewed



After having been separated from her by displeasure of his uncle, plump Prince Ali Ibrahim, nephew and heir of the King of Egypt, has renewed his romance with Pearl Shepher, American dancer whom he met abroad. She was Pearl Ginsberg of the Bronx, N. Y. He's visiting her in New York now and they're seen together in nightclub.

The Call to Arms! by Goat's Horn

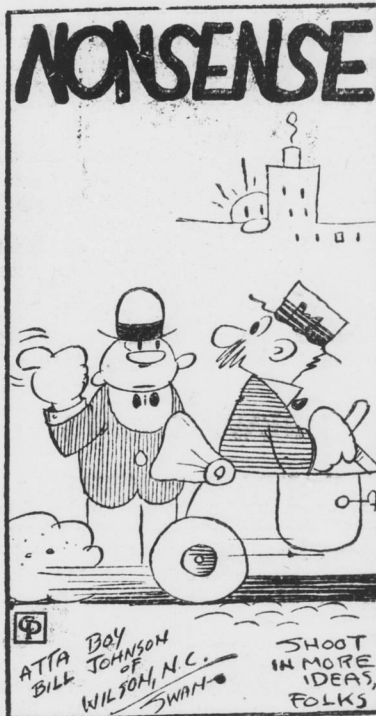


Reveille in Ethiopia is called by a bugler using a primitive goat's horn as his instrument. Note the ancient model rifle held, a sign of Ethiopia's attempt to hurriedly arm its men as modernly as possible under the arms ban imposed by the large Powers. (Central Press)

Sues Crack Pilot



Florence Suddarth Sixty cents to start a bank account for her baby—that is all that Royal Leonard, transport pilot and recent entry in the London-Melbourne air race, has contributed to the support of their alleged daughter, Royale Leonard, according to Florence Suddarth. The mother, shown in court at Los Angeles, where she is seeking \$150 monthly alimony, claims, Leonard is the child's father. He has denied parentage. She asserted their romance began in Kansas City in 1933 where the aviator made stop-overs during transcontinental flights.



Wife Preservers



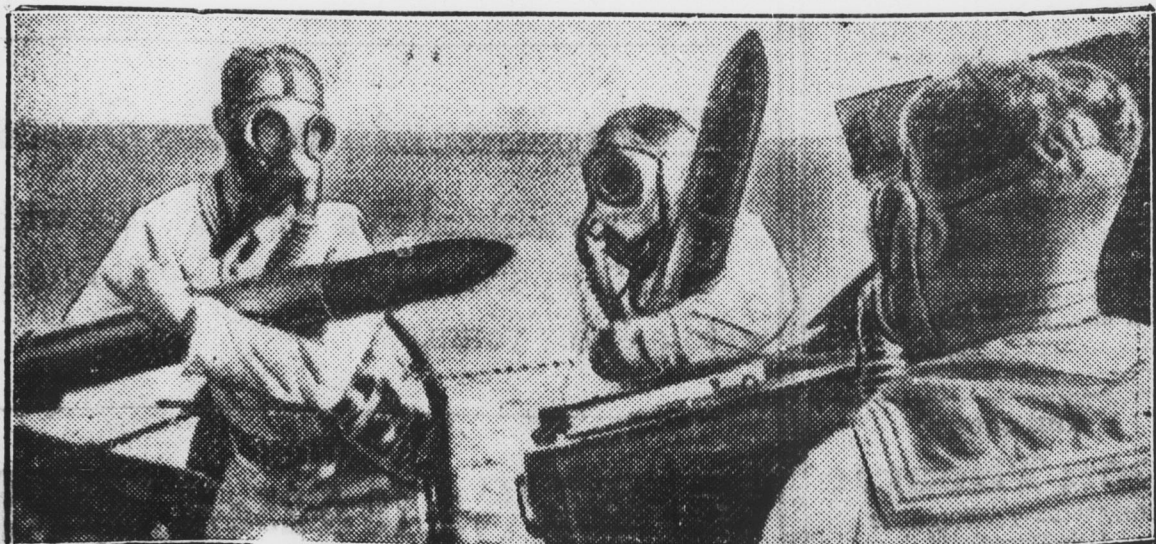
To make that perfect cup of coffee use level measurements, just as you do in baking. Fill the measure, then level it off even. If you do this your coffee will be consistently good—not good one time and bad another.

ITALIAN TROOPS IN AFRICA READY FOR BATTLE



Wearing their sun helmets, Italian troops are shown marching with full pack under the broiling sun of Eritrea, near Massawa. They are headed toward the Ethiopian border, where they will dig in and await Premier Mussolini's word to advance into Ethiopia.

Germany's New Navy Adopts Gas Masks



Now that Great Britain and Germany have agreed on naval strength in the North Sea, German naval authorities are permitting glimpses of the fleet secretly built before the negotiations started. German gunners working with gas masks were pictured during recent maneuvers. (Central Press)

NATURE PRESENTS— Rat Kangaroo

PHYSICAL FEATURES
Eighteen inches long, six inches high at shoulder with 10-foot tail; much like a tiny kangaroo in shape; fore limbs short and hind limbs long with three toes, the middle being much longer than the other two; thick, coarse hair. Color—dark grey.

WHERE FOUND
Australia and Tasmania.

TODAY'S DRAWING LESSON

SPAN OF LIFE
Five years.

FOOD
Grasses, vegetables, bread and oats.

OFFSPRING
One or two.

The rat kangaroo makes his nest in a hollow in the ground where he sleeps during the day. He uses his tail to carry leaves and grass when building his home. After the young are born both parents are careful to drag spikes of grass well over the entrance when entering or leaving their home. This fellow hops like the kangaroo but also has the capacity to leap high. As a rule he sits upright.

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