

THE DEVIL'S MANSION

CHAPTER 52

BLAIR TOOK his revolver out of his pocket and held it tightly in his hand, then stepped ahead on his tiptoes. When he had walked to the prow, he looked back for Charlie. He had not heard the boy coming after him. Yes, there he was, at his elbow. . . .

"A" . . . the letter danced in front of his eyes when he saw it, shiny brass against a white door. Janet was in there! Janet!

Blair's heart leaped, when he turned again to Charlie. "Is there another entrance?"

"Yes, one from the saloon, and one from stateroom 'B'."

Putting his hand on the brass knob, Blair found the door to stateroom "A" from the deck locked.

"Better try the saloon."

Charlie led the way there. The saloon was dark. Taking Blair by the hand, he drew him through the room, and before Blair knew it, his hand was touching cold metal. A doorknob! This, too, would not turn. He must be locked from the inside!

"Hell! We're sealed in!" he heard Charlie hiss behind him. True, the yacht was moving.

The window on the deck! This might be open! Blair, half stumbling over a chair, turned to leave. It was getting lighter. The dawn was breaking. He could see dimly the objects in the saloon.

In a few moments the two were on deck again. . . . and Blair was standing under the window of stateroom "A". It was open a crack.

Unfastening the shutters, he peered into the stateroom. Someone was lying on the bed. . . . Janet! It must be Janet!

He could get her out and down the rope while the yacht was moving slowly. . . . they could get into the launch and be away. . . . but if the yacht were to speed up!

He lurched against the window. The Wanderer was speeding up! "Janet!" he called softly, so softly he hardly heard his own voice. "Janet!"

The figure on the bed rose. Janet was looking toward the window, her eyes opened wide, staring at him.

"It's I. . . Blair!" Pushing open the window, he leaped into the stateroom, and Janet was in his arms, her face pressed close to his.

He was kissing her lips, her eyes, her hair. . . . "I've a launch outside. . . . it may be dangerous. . . . but we can try it. . . ."

"Who's there?" a voice demanded. Blair, his arms still around Janet, looked around. The voice seemed at his side.

Janet covered her face and started to lean.

"Who's there?" came the question again.

Blair looked bewildered at Janet. Where was the voice coming from? Her eyes met his, and then moved to the door which was just a few feet from where they were standing. The door evidently led into stateroom "B".

Gently taking his arms from the girl, Blair's fingers tightened around his revolver, and tiptoeing to the door, he flung it open and stepped in. There was a scream and then silence. . . . The light switch was near the

door. So snapping it on, Blair looked at the thing on the floor. . . . the thing that had screamed and then fallen at his feet.

Recalling a little, he knelt for a moment. A man? Heavens!

Maurice Boisevain, . . . was this he? The love child of Morelle Boisevain, the child of Morelle and Maurice Creel?

The head of a man, yes. A head bristling with red hair like Morelle Boisevain's, except more vivid, more brilliant. . . . hair such as Blair had never seen before. Coarse, almost like bristles. . . .

A head as big as his own. . . . the features were not badly formed, except that the face seemed evil, horrible, the mouth twisted, the lips bluish in hue.

A face that might have been handsome if it had not carried so much hate, so much vengeance in its expression.

But the body. . . . It could not be more than two and a half feet in height, strongly built, regardless of the stature. The limbs were wiry but muscular. The small hands were clenched, the muscles of the arms knotted.

The body was clad in a red velvet robe, a robe that might have fitted a small child. Green slippers were on the feet.

He put his hand on the wrist of the dwarf at his feet.

Maurice had fallen when he had come in. . . . screamed and fallen. He might have fainted.

But no, there was no pulse, nothing to indicate the man was alive, although the green eyes were open.

Hesitating a moment, Blair closed the eyes. Maurice was dead. Probably of fright, he thought. He who had been so fearless in the dark. . . .

Glancing around the room, Blair noticed a well-bound leather box with straps for carrying. In the side were two small apertures. Perhaps this was the way Maurice had entered the boat. . . . unseen by the crew. As luggage.

Perhaps this was the way he had traveled, afraid that anyone would see him. . . .

Closing the door behind him, Rodman was in stateroom "A".

"He's dead, Janet. He must have died of heart failure, when I came in."

The girl clung to Blair and put shaking arms around his neck. "Darling, it was so terrible. . . . she kept murmuring. . . ."

"We'll go now. I'll call the captain and tell him to stop." Blair gently put Janet on the bed, and reached for the phone. Yes, O'Malley was willing to stop. Glad to, if the fiend in stateroom "B" was dead, as Mr. Rodman said.

"I never really saw him in there. . . . Maurice I mean," Janet was saying. "He told me I would never see him. . . . Twice I saw his face in Miss Boisevain's crystal. . . . even that was terrible. . . ."

"He's dead, Janet, darling, don't worry any more. . . ."

"But, Blair, he fitted into a leather box! I nearly died when I got into the car at Miss Boisevain's, the car that took us to Vancouver. I thought I was alone at first, until I heard him talk, and discovered he was in the box. . . . I broke a string of diamonds he gave me, and threw them

out. It was the only thing I could think of. Did you find them?"

"Yes, that's how I finally came here."

"And Blair, at the hotel he used to come into my room at night, after dark and talk to me. He could see better in the dark he said than in the light. But, I, I could not see him. . . ."

"Here on the ship, he spent hours at night with me, sitting on that stool. . . . and she pointed to a small footstool on the floor. . . . 'telling me how much he loved me. He made Captain O'Malley marry us. . . . in here. Maurice was in the next room, but he could throw his voice any place. That's what used to frighten me the most, because at first I thought he was right beside me. Then I realized he was not, that he only had the power of throwing his voice. . . . He used to tell me he loved me because he could not moud my mind to his."

"You see he gave me all the orders, and then was near so he could hear me repeat them. I don't know what he would have done if I had tried to escape, or disobey him. . . ."

"He's dead, dear, and the Wanderer has stopped. Shall we go?"

"Yes! But what shall we do with this things? His money? He has a trunk full of it. And all the jewels he gave me? Every night when he came in, I would find on the bed the next morning some jewel, a ring, a necklace, something."

"Rightfully they would be yours, wouldn't they?"

"No! Let's take them to Nita. . . . she's stood for so much from him."

While Janet was gathering her things, Blair looked around the stateroom. It was luxuriously furnished, but the mirrors, there were many of them, were all opaque.

"Maurice painted them with something the first night. I heard him," Janet said. "He did the same thing at the hotel in Vancouver."

There was a little silence and Janet began again. "Blair, one night he read to me. . . . some poems of Shelley's. . . . in the hotel. It was as dark as pitch in the room. Another time he acted out a whole play for me. . . . here. If I had not been so frightened I would have marveled at it. . . ."

In half an hour, Janet and Blair were in the big launch which belonged to the Wanderer, Janet's luggage and Maurice's belongings beside them. Charlie was in the small boat, waving to them happily.

"Maurice told me, Blair, that before he met me he hated everyone, even his mother, for he blamed her for all his troubles, although he did not tell me what they were. He said he did not know then what love meant. And that, through me, he would be regenerated. . . ."

Blair interposed: "Captain O'Malley is going to take him out to sea and bury him, Janet. It's best, I think. And we're not going to lose any time getting back to New York!"

"Are you quite sure he's dead, Blair?" Janet asked as she snuggled up to him.

"Quite. Shall we be married here in Seattle now. . . . as soon as we land?"

"Why. . . . I guess so." Blair kissed her upturned lips, and patted her golden hair.

(THE END)

RESETTLEMENT TO AID FOUR GROUPS

Advances of Federal Funds To Be Made for Purchase of Supplies

Daily Dispatch Bureau, In the Sir Walter Hotel, BY J. C. BASKERVILLE.

Raleigh, Sept. 6.—Four main groups of farm families will be aided by the Resettlement Administration in its work in North Carolina. These families will be advanced funds for the purchase or lease of land, livestock, equipment and subsistence goods. Advances will be secured by mortgages and are repayable within a reasonable period.

This detailed explanation of Resettlement work in this State was given by Homer H. B. Mask, of Raleigh, regional director of rural resettlement for Region IV, which is made up of North Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee.

"There are two phases to the resettlement program," Mr. Mask said, "rehabilitation, the temporary phase, and resettlement, the permanent phase."

"Rehabilitation," he explained, "was inherited from FERA, which had taken 290,000 families under care during the year ending July 1, 1935. These families had been taken from direct relief, and helped to become in part, at least, self-supporting. A farm and home program had been laid out for each such family. Agricultural extension workers have now assumed joint responsibility with the Rural Resettlement Division for planning and supervising this program, which is being continued as the temporary phase of the Resettlement Administration activities."

"Resettlement deals with four main groups, as follows:

"1. Farmers living on lands which cannot be cultivated to the advantage of the farm family or the Nation. A preliminary survey by the National Resources Board indicates that about 450,000 farms, including 75 million acres of land, should be devoted to uses other than arable farming in order that both the natural and the human resources of the Nation may be conserved."

"2. Those among our 2 1-2 million tenant farmers who are capable of rehabilitation."

"3. Young married couples with farm experience."

"4. The more capable and industrious of the 'rehabilitation' families. 'The purpose of Resettlement is not only to help the farmers himself but to help the Nation as a whole by stabilizing that segment of the Nation's population which has been shifting back and forth between country and city—comprising in times of depression a large percentage of the total of unemployed."

"A good many rehabilitation and resettlement families will be placed on individual tracts. However, a number of group settlements have also been planned, a few completed and occupied, and others are under construction. Projects begun under FERA and the Department of Interior have been turned over to Resettlement Administration."

"The Resettlement program is an attempt on the part of an agency of government to create new opportunities in rural areas."

"Farmers from these groups who desire to be accepted for this program should apply to the county agent of the Agricultural Extension Service, or to the County Representative of the Resettlement Administration."

Probe Started Of Hurricane Deaths

(Continued from Page One.)

rising today and 144 bodies have been recovered.

Seventy civilians were missing throughout Florida.

State Attorney G. A. Worley opened an investigation today into alleged delay in dispatching a special train into the keys to evacuate camps housing veterans. A court of storm dead at the general morgue and funeral homes at 10 a. m. here totalled 132 bodies.

More than 100 of the dead remained unidentified.

The immediate burial of the bodies was demanded by Miami authorities.

The question which officials sought to answer today was:

"Why did the veterans die?"

Governor Scholz said "great carelessness somewhere was responsible for the tragedy."

In Washington Federal Relief Administrator Harry L. Hopkins declared that in his opinion the Weather Bureau had not warned the residents of the keys in time for them to prepare themselves for the hurricane.

NOTICE OF SUMMONS

State of North Carolina, County of Vance.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT BEFORE THE CLERK.

P. B. FINCH, Administrator of the Estate of Harry G. Staunton, Deceased.

Vs. GROVER STAUNTON, VIRGINIA STAUNTON, HAZEL STAUNTON, THELBERT STAUNTON and MITTIE STAUNTON (all unmarried) heirs at law.

The defendant, Grover Staunton, will take notice that an action entitled as above, in the nature of a Special Proceeding, has been commenced in the Superior Court of Vance County, North Carolina, for the sale of real estate for assets; and the said defendant will further take notice that he is required to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Vance County, in the Courthouse in Henderson, North Carolina, on the 23rd day of September, 1935, and answer or demur to the complaint in said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

This the 22nd day of August, 1935. E. O. FALKNER, Clerk Superior Court, Vance County, Gholson and Gholson, Attorneys.

Standings

Club	W.	L.	Pct.
Richmond	39	22	.639
Wilmington	35	23	.603
Portsmouth	31	31	.500
Asheville	27	32	.458
Norfolk	28	34	.452
Charlotte	22	40	.355

Club	W.	L.	Pct.
Detroit	83	44	.654
New York	73	52	.584
Cleveland	68	62	.524
Chicago	65	65	.500
Boston	54	73	.425
Philadelphia	51	71	.418
St. Louis	56	76	.397

Club	W.	L.	Pct.
St. Louis	81	47	.633
New York	77	49	.611
Chicago	81	52	.609
Pittsburgh	75	58	.564
Brooklyn	58	69	.457
Cincinnati	57	75	.432
Philadelphia	54	73	.425
Boston	33	93	.262

Club	W.	L.	Pct.
St. Louis at Washington			
Detroit at Philadelphia			
Chicago at New York			
Cleveland at Boston			

Club	W.	L.	Pct.
New York at Cincinnati			
Philadelphia at Chicago			
Boston at St. Louis			
Brooklyn at Pittsburgh			

Today's Games

Club	W.	L.	Pct.
Wilmington at Portsmouth			
Charlotte at Richmond			
Norfolk at Asheville			

Club	W.	L.	Pct.
St. Louis at Washington			
Detroit at Philadelphia			
Chicago at New York			
Cleveland at Boston			

Club	W.	L.	Pct.
New York at Cincinnati			
Philadelphia at Chicago			
Boston at St. Louis			
Brooklyn at Pittsburgh			

Results

Club	W.	L.	Pct.
No games played.			

Club	W.	L.	Pct.
Cleveland 8-1; Boston 1-6.			
Only games played.			

Club	W.	L.	Pct.
Pittsburgh 5; Brooklyn 4.			
Cincinnati 4; New York 1.			
Chicago 3; Philadelphia 2.			
St. Louis 15; Boston 3.			

Fairbanks-Morse Stokers. See Tanner Roofing Co.—Adv.

Rural Churches
SANDY CREEK BAPTIST.
Rev. L. B. Reavis, pastor.
Sunday school, 10 o'clock. David Ayscue, superintendent.
Morning worship, 11 o'clock. Sermon by the pastor.
B. P. U. 7 o'clock.
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