THE ELKIN TRIBUNE, ELKIN, NORTH CAROLINA



by Lawrence A. Keating

FINAL INSTALLMENT "You get the snow. I want the girl—alive. But there's to be no killing of Graber, understand? Not unless it's self defense." Worriedly, Dan watched the repetition of farms. He berated himself for bungling back there in his office. Over-confidence had ruined the whole game. A swelled head! Otto had certainly been swept off his feet by the news that Irita, known to him as Helen Fane, and Colwell, were Customs Special Agency operatives! It naturally had never occurred to Graber that a Graber-Vael Agen-Special Agency operatives! It naturally had never occurred to Graber that a Graber-Vael Agen-cy sleuth might also be a repre-sentative of Uncle Sam. Graber that a Graber-Vael Agen-cy sleuth might also be a repre-sentative of Uncle Sam. Admiration rose in Colvell's tension heightened. blue-grey eyes. Irita had taken chances, insinuating herself with

chances, insinuating herself with those fellows! It was like walktight-rope over Niagara By astute means known only to her clever, resourceful self, she had prevented the ras-

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the city?

G. "Buck" Wall AND **Rady Holcomb**

Several matches flickered and died before they convinced them-selves that the hunting party had not abandoned the shack for good. Two deer rifles were there, one of them identified as Graber's. A supply of canned food, coffee, and back against the open cabin door. Dan's lucky right flattened Graber's big Ger-man nose. Blood spurted from it as water from a fire hydrant. Otto howled. Colwell tried to wrap both arms around him to bend him back out of control on the floor of the cabin. Graber went two miles down a muddy country lane, and halted when Quillen ordered the driver to do

The two men piled out. "Guess you earned the ten-spot." Dan paid the fare and handed it to "They're coming back," Colwell the floor of the cabin. Graber side-stepped, and his terrific blow Dan stated.

Stated stated to the door and to the temple stunned Dan. He walked to the black sky. Suddenly was aware of shots a distance off almost a mile of the countryside and of Lefty Quillen's scream. flared alight, and at the same And that he himself was weaken-time he became conscious of the ing, that Graber was more pow-whine of a motor. "Lefty! There's erful than he ever had estimated. He nunched again with both him. "Suppose you roll back in three hours?" a plane!"

three hours?" They waited until the rattly cab was gone. "Come on," Quillen snapped, and led the way into the towering forest. It was rap-idy growing dark; in fifteen min-utes it would be like night. But the killer of McDonald and Cat-terby seemed to know the way. Another mile they traversed afoot before Lefty stopped and touched Dan's arm. It's up there See that cabin?" Colwell could not at first make

Colwell could not at first make it out. Going nearer, they found it dark. The two men exchanged questioning looks at this. Dan feit his heartbeat slow, then go faster. Suppose their guess was wrong? Suppose Graber still was back in the city?

Cautiously they approached the square log structure with the slanting roof extended over a

front porch. There was no light

But it didn't land, and Colwell put new savagery into his attack. Graber's gun exploded upward — and again. In the darkness they could scarcely see each other; there was only feeble light from the wing lamps. They stumbled back against the metal stirrup at stumbled

Graber got in a murderous left hook that grazed Dan's jaw. Had

it landed all would have

His stubble of hair felt hard as the bristles of a brush to Dan's hand. They mauled and punched and grappled for the guns. Col-well's twirled from his grasp. It hit wing fabric with a ping. Otto Craher and in a murderous left

1-28

plane!" Quillen followed at his heels fists and sudenly grabbed for the

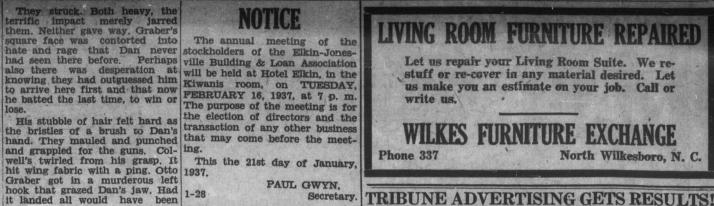
onto the porch. It was a flare the gun as it swung nearer a line ship had dropped, used when a with his face. Their hands struck;

ship had dropped, used when a plot seeks an emergency landing field. The motor roared loudly now and in the slow-burning three hundred candle power magnetism they found the ship itself circling. It was quite low. A cabin job of the Monogram make with a pow-erful Whirlwind motor. By mutual consent when the flare died at the end of its ap-pointed three minutes, Guillen and Colwell rushed to the fringe of woods. They iudged that Grab-er—if t was he—intended landing somewhere to the south. Both men ran fast as they could over hard, utes later, they burst suddenly from the copse of trees onta a wide, flat clearing. "Sure! I remember this, But I never thought Otto could use it for heading."

"Sure! I remember this. But I never thought Otto could use it for landin'," Lefty panted. Colwell determined the direction of the wind and knew which way Graber must face to land. As the ship banked, coming lower, he started at a dead run for the spot it was due to touch. But he had forgotten Graber's second flare. It burst alive suddenly, illumi-nating the two men who raced across the cleared space. "Down!" Colwell yelled, and hurled him-self flat. With a searing curse uttered a low moan-then folded

Self flat. With a searing curse Quillen followed suit. But they had been seen . . . The motor, which had been cut out, picked up with a roar. The ship's nose lifted as Graber put her in-to a climb. Dan's heart stuttered and seemed leaden in is breast. They had given themselves away! Vengefully, Quillen raised his automatic. He, too, could utilize the still burning flare that sway lower on its small parachute. He fired, twice, three times, Frolish, of course. It seemed useless. Or was it? The monoplane was only two hundred feet up. Sud-denly the motor sputtered. It died and the plane rode without a sound. The white magnesium still made the field almost bright

made the field almost bright enough to read a newspaper. The motor picked and Graber increas-ed his revs anxiously. It sputtered, boked work complete the space of the space



Thursday, February 4, 1937

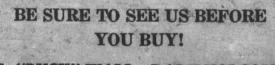
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choked—went completely dead. "He's got to come down!" The words were scarcely out of Colwell's mouth before he and jerk. Lefty gave an ejaculation. Dan's jaw sagged; he was speech-less. His eyes like agates followed the sharp swoop of the aircraft, nose formost but side-slipping badly. There was a splintering crash. That was the undercarriage and the wing tip. Yet the monoplane like a wounded bird bumped and floundered along with diminishing speed, pushed by her momentum. Another yell from Quillen — trees looming up close before the ship —and a louder rending of metal and wood and fabric. Quicker of wit, Colwell was dashing for the ship before that final catastrophe. It was a hun-dred yards that seemed never-ending. His great fear was of a sheet of flame that would bum them all to a crisp and prevent any interference, any saving of life. "He's got to come down!" come so fast? We were stalledmotor trouble. any interference, any saving of inside. any interference, any saving out ite. It did not come, In the dying ispit of the flare which hads struck ground somewhere, Colven save a form crawl out. "Stick "Ine man did—but with a gun in his hand. It lanced fire. Col-well's hat left his head as though this chap was not the first to alight. The first fellow was hid-man had opened fire. "Ine man did—but with a gun this chap was not the first to alight. The first fellow was hid-the could. As he struck ground ban-healized that Inita Doran was on-the floor of the partially demolish-ed cabin of the monoplane—heip-bat when Colwell got within the fourners, The second man to alight wullen locked with the other outarry. The fellow lay still...-but when Colwell got within the for the floor of the rounded for his orna-utarry. The fellow lay still...-but when Colwell got within the for the floor of the struck for the floor of the partially demolish-ed cabin of the monoplane—heip-but when Colwell got within the for the floor of the partially demolish-the tweak closing in as fasts and had opened fire. The man did oppied Dan saw outilen locked with the other outarry. The fellow lay still...-but when Colwell got within the for the floor of the partially for the floor of the partially demolish-the the rushed for his orna-the the rushed for his orna-the the floor of the partially demolish-the the floor of the partially demolish-the the rushed for his orna-the the floor of the partially demolish-the the floor of the pa **Turner Drug Company**

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