DICKIE DARE — The Truth Will Out

DICKIE DARE — DICKIE'LL BE A MONKEY'S UNCLE

DICKIE DARE — CHANGE OF PACE

OAKY DOAKS — The Last Word

OAKY DOAKS — A NOISY NAG

OAKY DOAKS — A MUDDLED MARRIAGE

SCORCHY SMITH — Medical Mrs.

SCORCHY SMITH — SCORCHY SEES SOMETHING

SCORCHY SMITH — WARM WELCOME

Australia Makes Law To Halt Travel Racket

CANBERRA — (AP) — The Australian Government plans a new law to halt a racket in steamer fares to Australia.

Some agents have charged European migrants as much as $812 for a passage to Australia. Fares usually are under $422, and the agent pockets the difference. The new law, forecast by government officials, will compel all agents to register with the Immigrant Department.

WINTER SCHEDULE

BUSES LEAVE 9TH AND ARENDALL STS.

7:45 A.M.
9:00 A.M.
10:00 A.M.
11:00 A.M.
1:00 P.M.
2:30 P.M.
3:30 P.M.
5:00 P.M.

Any Of These Trips Passengers May Go To Atlantic Beach

GILLIKIN BUS SERVICE
MOREHEAD CITY

Koolvent Metal Awnings prevent costly damage to doors and sills; offer a friendly shelter to the guest outside your door. They're ideal for windows, porches and terraces, too. Raise-based ventilation, greatest beauty, absolute permanence, unrivaled economy—all in a single package!

Out-of-Town Orders Solicited

KOOL VENT METAL AWNINGS

KOOLVENT METAL AWNING CO. OF BEAUFORT
James G. Whitehurst, mgr
Phone B 5796
310 Marsh Street
BEAUFORT, N. C.

HIGH POCKETS

Chapter 23

WHEN Gay emerged minutes later Corbin came at once to her side. The street was dark and quiet. They started away at a brisk pace. When a shadow seemed to reach out at her from within a darkened doorway, Gay gasped, and Corbin quickly put a protecting arm around her, and guided her on. They neared the corner presently, stopped when a drunken man came reeling in their direction. Corbin, alert as before, promptly stepped in front of her and the drunk, staggering up to him, halted and looked up at him.

"Wa-al?" Corbin demanded.

The man evidently recognized him, or else the Corbin bulk which loomed up even bigger in the distorting darkness, cautioned him to exercise care and judgment . . . at any rate he sidestepped with surprising nimbleness, circled around them hastily and they went on their way again. Mrs. Sutton's boarding house was located on the next block. They walked in silence, stopped when they reached the white-painted gate in front of the house.

"H'm," Corbin muttered. "Not a light lit in the hull danged house. What d'they do . . . turn in at sundown? Come on."

Gay caught his arm.

"Around the back," she said. "The kitchen door's unlatched."

"Oh," he said. He took her arm again, led her along a dark shadowy path that led to the rear.

"Beautiful out, ain't it?" he asked, nodding skyward. "Moon and everything."

"Sh-h-h!" Gay cautioned him. "Everyone's asleep."

"The heck with th'm!" he whispered in her ear. "They're too old t' appreciate a night like this."

"It is beautiful," she whispered in reply.

"Ordered it just f'r you," he said.

There was a tall, thick-trunked, full-limbed tree behind the house. It cast deep black shadows on the ground below. They stopped within a few feet of the kitchen door. Gay smiled up at Corbin.

"I've got to go in now," she said in a low tone.

"Sure," he said. She knew he would kiss her and she was not at all surprised when his big hands came up, tightened on her arms. Slowly he drew her to him. She did not resist him. He caught her in his arms, crushed her to him, bent his head and kissed her on the mouth.

"Mr. Corbin!" she breathed.

"Ted!" he corrected, and he kissed her again.

"Ted, please," she whispered, squirming in his arms. "You . . . you mustn't!"

"Why not?"

"Someone may come out."

He laughed softly.

"They better not!" he said. He kissed her again, loudly, hungrily. The kitchen door creaked open and Gay burst out of his arms, stepped away from him. "Damn!" he said aloud.

"We lock the door for the night at ten o'clock, Mrs. Hollis," a woman's voice said from the darkness behind the open door. "Come in, please."

Gay flashe past Corbin, and the door closed behind her. A key grated in the lock and a bolt was driven into place. Corbin tugged viciously at his pants belt, jerked it up a bit.

"Of all the nights," he muttered angrily. "This is the night this has t' happen t' me. An' just as I was . . ."

He turned and his voice trailed away. He stalked off, swung around the house, followed the path to the front of the house, glared at the darkened building and stormed down the street. He was some fifty feet from the house when he heard approaching hoof beats. He swerved to the side of the street, stopped and looked up . . . a horseman, shadowy and indistinct in the distance, loomed up. Presently the rider slowed his mount, clattered abreast of Corbin, then rode past him.

"A woman!" Corbin said half aloud. "An' if that wasn't Cathy Ballard, I'm plumb loco. Now what d'you s'pose she's doin' here at this time o' night?"

HE TURNED quickly, saw Cathy pull up in front of the boarding house, saw her dismount . . . when he saw her trudge off toward the rear, he dashed back, came panting up to her waiting horse. He slipped down the length of the shadowy path, reached the end of it, jerked to a hasty stop and flattened out against the protective side of the house when he heard voices.

"I know it's terribly late, Mrs. Sutton," he heard Cathy say. "And you know I wouldn't think of disturbing you if it wasn't necessary. I simply must see my sister."

"Yes, Mrs. Sutton's voice said. "Come in. Her room is at the head of the stairs, to the right. I'm going back to bed. You might tell your sister to let you out when you go, and to be sure to lock up!"

"I will," Cathy answered. "And thank you."

Corbin heard the door close, but this time the key did not grate in the lock, nor did the bolt rasp home. He smiled grimly, slipped around to the door, listened at it for a moment, then he turned the knob gently. The door opened and he peered inside. The lower floor was dark . . . he raised his head, spied a tiny light on the upper floor. He stepped inside, closed the door behind him, tiptoed to the stairway, drew a deep breath, then he went up the stairs. Presently he reached the landing.

"To the right," he muttered, and turned in that direction. The light was directly overhead in a tiny swinging ceiling lamp. He stopped, eyed it, reached up, and with a single twist of his wrist turned down the wick, plunging the upper floor into total darkness. He had already noted the door. Now he inched his way up to it, knelt down at the keyhole put his ear to it.

Chapter 24

"GAY," he heard Cathy say. "I came here to ask you something and I won't go 'till you tell me what I want to know."

"O-h, Cathy, for heaven's sake," Gay replied. "I've had a long day and now I'm terribly tired."

"Don't you think I'm tired, too?" Cathy countered. "I want to know where you got the five thousand dollars you offered first to lend George and later deposited to his credit in the bank."

"O-h, that?" Gay asked with a drawn-out yawn. "You heard me tell the Sheriff, didn't you?"

"But you didn't get it from Dave," Corbin heard Cathy say.

"I didn't mean that Dave actually gave it to me," Gay said quickly. "What I meant was that that was money I got for selling the ranch after Dave died. Now do you understand?"

"I don't know yet. Who'd you sell the ranch to?"

"I'm afraid I've forgotten," Gay said. "I'll probably remember it the minute you've gone. But his name isn't important now, is it?"

"How much did you get for the ranch?" Cathy asked, disregarding her sister's question.

"O-h, sixty-five hundred dollars, I think it was."

"Who sold the ranch for you, Gay? The bank?" Cathy asked.

"Of course," Gay said. "I wouldn't have known what to do by myself."

"The bank people gave you a copy of the bill of sale, didn't they?"

"They gave me something."

"That's more like it. By the way, where do you keep it, that something the bank gave you?"

"O-h, it's somewhere around."

"Probably in your trunk."

"Yes, that's where it is."

"Would you mind getting it out, please?" Cathy asked. "Or better still, since you're so tired, if you'll give me the key, I'll get it."

"Now that I think of it," Gay said hastily, "it isn't in the trunk. I wonder where it was that I saw it last? I'll have to think about it, Cathy. But it'll come to me, never fear."

There seemed to be some sort of movement within the room . . . when Cathy spoke again Corbin decided that she had moved.

"Gay," he said with finality, "I think this has gone far enough. Everything you've told me is a lie, and you know it. What's more, the Sheriff knows it, too. He sent his deputy, that red-headed McCabe man, down to Shannon, and he knows all there is to know."

Corbin pressed his ear closer to the keyhole.

"Gay," he heard Cathy say, "this is serious. Actually it's a matter of life and death. Can you understand that? George has been arrested for the murder of John Snediker and the only link between George and the killing is that five thousand dollars. I know he didn't kill that man. But that isn't enough. If we could prove that the money was yours, or that you got it from someone else, someone other than George, then the Sheriff wouldn't be able to hold George for a minute. . . ."

"Cathy, please. . . ."

"Gay, this may mean George's life. I love him. You'd better tell me, do you hear?"

A sob broke from Gay.

"Did you get that money from George?" Cathy screamed.

"I won't tell you!" Gay cried.

"All right, Gay," he heard Cathy say heavily. "I know how you got that money. You murdered Snediker. You're the one who'll hang. Think of it, Gay . . . your pretty white neck in that coarse rope noose, your hands tied behind you. The rope will tighten and you'll scream. It'll be awful, awful!"

"No!" Gay sobbed hysterically. "No! I won't hang, I tell you . . . I won't! I didn't kill Snediker! It was Phil, Phil Martin who did it. I know because he told me he did!"

"Then how did you get Snediker's money?" Cathy hurled at her relentlessly. "How did you get it?"

"I took the money from Phil," Gay sobbed.

"Was Phil still alive when you took the money from him?" Cathy asked her.

"No."

"Why did he kill himself? He did kill himself, didn't he?"

"Yes," Gay answered. "He had begged me to go away with him. I'll never know why I agreed. It must have been because he was so terribly unhappy, and I was so sorry for him. Anyway, he killed Snediker in order to get money with which to finance our going away. When he told me what he had done, I was frantic. I remember telling him that I wanted no part of him, of the money. He tried to strike me, but I avoided him somehow, managed to get out of the shack. I was some distance away from it when I heard a shot. I ran back and looked in. Phil lay on the floor. He . . . he was dead."

"There was more than just the five thousand dollars, wasn't there?

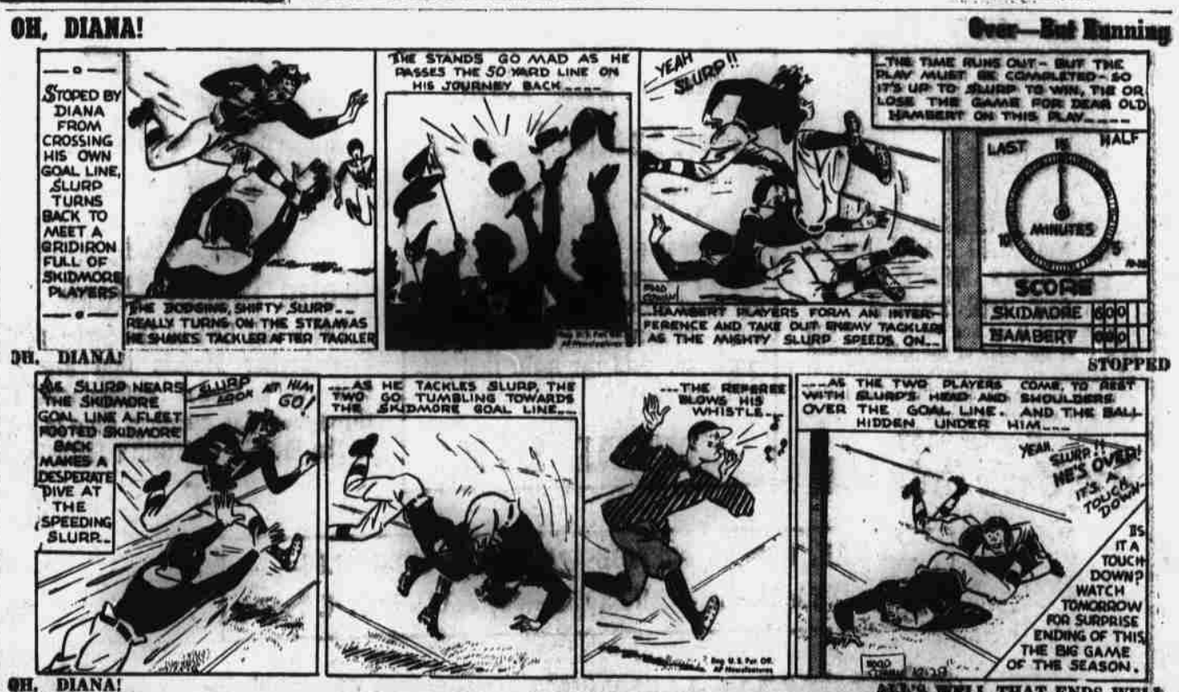
"Oh, yes . . . quite a lot more. It's in my trunk."

"Get your things on, Gay. We're going to call on Sheriff Loomis."

"The Sheriff?" Gay repeated. There was fear in her voice.

"Yes," Cathy said. "If you're telling the truth, and I think you are now, you've nothing to fear. Hurry. It's getting late."

A FEW minutes later the sisters emerged from Gay's bedroom. Corbin had already backed away from the door and into the protective darkness of a far corner. They groped their way to the stairs, went down the steps and out of the house. When he heard the back door close behind them, he moved swiftly, entered Gay's room. A lamp burned brightly atop a bureau that stood against one wall . . . the trunk was just beyond it. The lock on the trunk was old . . . it yielded without offering much resistance to Corbin's knife blade, and finally, to pressure from the barrel of his gun. Locating the balance of John Snediker's money was even easier. Corbin grinned broadly, pocketed the money, left the room without delay. In another minute he was safely out of the house. In the enveloping darkness there was a grim smile on his face . . . it was a reflection of a plot he was concocting.

(To Be Continued)

OH, DIANA! — Over—But Running