

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

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Contractors' Equipment
WA 0207 or WA 8828. Concrete bucket, concrete hopper, guide rails, concrete carts, concrete mixer, etc.

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Makes 2 blocks of 12 bricks at 1 operation. CENTURY SALES

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A. K. C. Registered Golden Retrievers, 4 months old, distemper immune. From hunting parents. Priced for quick sale.

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160 acres, \$5,000, well located to schools. Electricity, \$2,000 will handle 5-room house, other improvements adequate.

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Assist young rheumatic lady, gen. housework, not confining, modern conveniences, congenial family 2 women. Steady \$60 mo. Raise, \$5. Fare refund. Write ability, personal description. Hawtins, Wyo., Box 543

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BEAUTY OPERATORS are in constant demand. Our school offers the most modern instruction; training facilities.

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Domestic stockers complete with controls and motors. Wholesale and retail.

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HELP EASE ACHING CHEST MUSCLES
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DOAN'S PILLS

Murder in Plain Sight by GERALD BROWN W.N.U. FEATURES

Duke McCale, private detective, is investigating the murder of Curt Vallancourt, who was about to marry Veronica Bigelow, heiress to thirty million dollars.

CHAPTER XIV

But how can I be sure it's the emptiness of lost love? It's more like—oh— She broke off, burying her head in her arms. "I don't know."

"I think I understand," he said quietly. "It hits you sort of in the stomach instead of in the heart."

"You see," he said bluntly, "the thing you suspected, the plot to gain control of your inheritance, was real. It was a diabolical plot—all were in it."

"You went to Chris Storm?" A signal flashed through his mind. He clamped his teeth together hard.

"Had he told them?" His voice was soft, insistent. "Oh, no. I think he realized the danger, because someone was watching him."

"No. He said I wasn't to worry about it. That was all." She began to cry softly.

"That afternoon—the one before yesterday—when you and Curt came into the living room, he flashed you a signal with his eyes."

McCale blinked his eyes, cleared his throat. "All right," he said. Then, "I'm not going in with you. Things to do. Lots of them. Chin up, now. I'll see you tomorrow. Good-night."

what. They read: DETECTIVE SHOT. His mind struggled with this and he made a slight motion with his head. A golden blonde angel leaned over and kissed him lightly on the brow.

"Where am I?" He mouthed confused thoughts. "Why, darling, this is Ann. You know where you are."

"Do you think I'd leave you to the tender mercies of that behemoth? Every time you asked for a drink, he reached for the bottle of Scotch."

"Doc Preble is here, nurse." He dropped a curtsey to Ann. "Preble!" McCale howled. "The coroner! What is this? I'm not dead—or am I?"

He looked McCale over shrewdly, examined the wound, and rebanded it in short order. "You'll do," he said. "Stay in bed for twenty-four hours. Don't want you running a temperature. You're a lucky guy. The bullet was deflected by the cigarette case you carry in your upper vest pocket."

"Undoubtedly, from the nature of the wound. If it hadn't been for that cigarette case, it would have ripped you wide open. Well, mind what I say now. This girl needs some sleep." He turned to Ann, harumphed, and went off, giving Rocky the stare of an anthropologist ignoring an interesting but inferior specimen.

A half hour later, McCale was interrupted in the middle of exasperated resentment at the "light" diet ordered by the doctor and carried out to the letter by Ann. The telephone rang. Ann, provokingly placing the bedside telephone out of his reach, and with a smug expression on her face, went into the outer office to take the call.

"That was Veronica Bigelow," she said matter-of-factly. "I had the devil of a time before she'd trust me with the message. She's upset no end. It seems that Donlevy has arrested Christopher Storm."

"Now, Duke, you're not to excite yourself. You'll raise a temperature. To hell with my temperature. Get Donlevy on the wire."

In less than twenty minutes, the lieutenant strode in, in the wake of Rocky. The two of them so big, but so different, bulked hugely in the doorway. Donlevy, with a muttered greeting to McCale, flung himself into a chair. Crevices of fatigue and worry lined his face.

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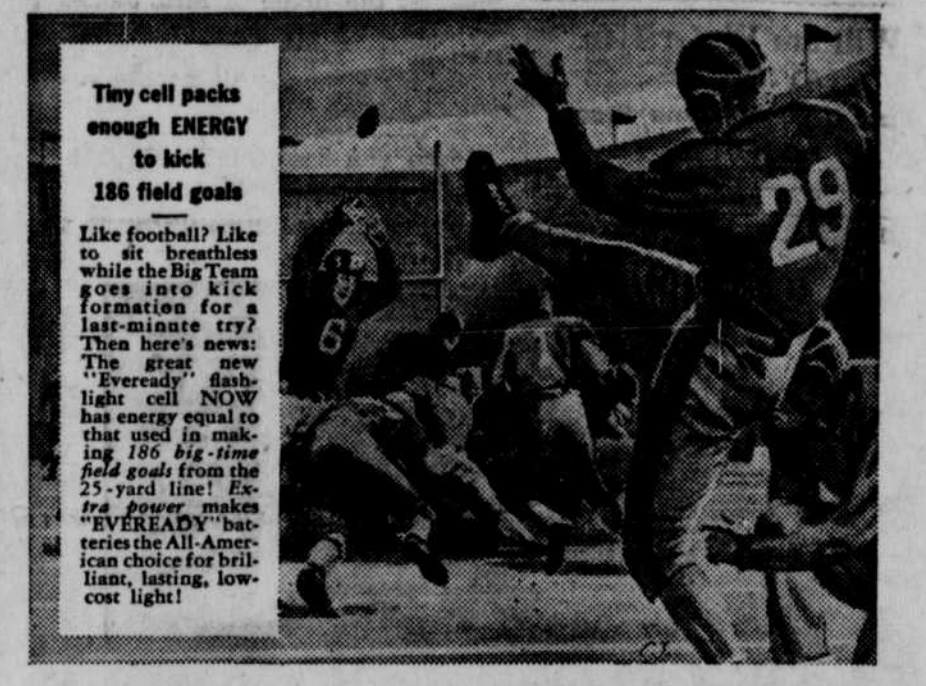
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