



by Edwin Balmer

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Was the body of that gay young lieutenant BARNEY LOUTURE, lying cold and stiff in the snow and ice? This was the fear in the heart of ETHEL CAMPBELL when she rushed from the home of her grim old grandfather, LOUTRELL, to the lake shore where he learned that Loutrelle had gone to Resurrection Rock, that ghostly island in Lake Huron, where he had been struck with anger and terror when he learned that Loutrelle had met in those northern woods of Michigan, London, he had a secret message from Ethel's father, instructing him to go to the Rock—a trip which he hoped would clear up his son's name.

Old Lucas Cullen, winner of millions in violent battles for timber land in the early days, tried to reach Loutrelle, but failing to find the Rock, and Ethel fears that Barney has been killed by KINCHELOE, acting under Cullen's orders. She tries to reach the Rock herself.

CHAPTER VI.

Ethel reached the lake and removed her skis. Kincheloe was still far ahead of her, but he was exhibiting an uneasiness which restored to Ethel her fears of the night. Miss Platt's husband seemed to be losing determination; he no longer was hurrying but was glancing back often at her, and he was wandering off from the direct line to Resurrection Rock.

She noticed that something on the shore seemed to disturb him and, looking about, Ethel observed that Asa Redbird had emerged from the trees and was hastening after them. Asa was carrying his rifle.

"You want me to stop him?" Asa inquired when he came up.

Ethel shook her head. "Just come with me."

In silence they completed their journey to the mysterious house on Resurrection Rock. There were no signs of life and when Ethel and Asa Redbird reached the main entrance, the girl received the first shock.

The glass panel over the knob had been broken. After a moment's hesitation, Ethel thrust her arm through the hole so plainly prepared for turning the key from the outside.

As she did so, she realized that neither Bagley nor Barney Loutrelle would have need to enter in this fashion.

"Bagley got key from Wheedon," Asa explained. "Barney Loutrelle came yesterday and Bagley right here and let him in."

The room showed no signs of disorder or of violence done there; yet sight of the room itself amazingly disturbed her. She did not know why, at first; she merely felt frightened as by something uncanny.

"Asa, I've been in this room. I've never been in this house before; but I've been in this room!" Ethel exclaimed.

"Tess?" Asa inquired, unable to comprehend her.

It was plain to her that this room once had been part of a French building. French of the sixteenth or seventeenth century. Ethel's recognition of this partly explained her impression of familiarity here when she was a child at her aunt's chateau. Aunt Cecilia had taken her on visits to chateaux of many of Uncle Hilaire's friends. She might indeed have been in this very room before. It was hopeless for her to try to recall from her memories of when she was a child.

Her mind was not now dwelling upon what might have been her own association with this room. What was Barney Loutrelle's? He had been sent across the ocean to the room. Why?

rolled over, barking. She was fearfully expecting that Lad was leading her to the sort of horror which she had believed to be in the house when she came upon chunks of ice standing beside a hole, about a yard in diameter, which had been chopped through to the water.

Young ice had frozen over, not yet half an inch thick. She knelt and leaned forward with her hands on the edge of the hole, peering down through the new, glassy crystal into the dark, deep water underneath. She felt footsteps on the floor of ice and, looking about, she saw that Asa after some delay had descended from the Rock. He came to her side and gazed into the hole.

"Water hole," he said quietly. "Bagley chop it here yesterday to fill buckets. Bagley did not chop it so big."

"Yes; that's it; why, Asa?" she cried, suddenly losing control of herself. "Why should any one want that hole bigger?"

"Nobody would," Redbird assured positively, "for water."

"No," she said. "No; no; no!" She meant, first, agreement with Asa; then revolt at and denial of the images in her own mind. The Indian and she now understood the same events alike; Asa, indeed, had discovered more than she.

"What kept you up there?" her husband asked.

He said he would show her; and together they ascended the steps in the Rock. He led her to the part of the floor where the dogs had been sniffing.

"Somebody washed right here, you see. Somebody did it last night, I think; somebody scrubbed. But no place else."

"Somebody burned cloth in fireplace," Asa informed, going to the hearth and producing a handful of ashes which exhibited the woven texture of cloth; he produced also a charred bit of shaped wood which had been the back of a scrubbing brush. Asa offered it to her and then she could not touch it. Blood had stained it before it had been burnt; Kincheloe had put it in the fire to burn away—blood.

Asa had let go of it, thinking that she was taking it, and it dropped to

the floor between them. It was to make sure that such trifles as this were completely burnt, she thought, that Kincheloe wished to come to the Rock early this morning.

She could think these things; but she could not say them.

She told him about the mat of blood in Lad's hair.

Asa went out and examined the dog.

"Nothing there now," he reported when he returned. "Hair there all cut off."

This brought her to the door to witness for herself that, since her discovery early that morning, some one had clipped the hair close under the dog's jaw. Who had done that? Kincheloe? Or Miss Platt? Or her grandfather?

"Somebody was killed here, Asa?"

"What else to think?"

"But who—Asa, who?"

"Who was here last night?" Asa retorted logically.

She finished. He meant, of course, her friend of yesterday, Barney Loutrelle.

CHAPTER VII

"Well," Lucas hailed Ethel on her return. "Well; you're back from your little sunrise expedition, Kincheloe tells me. Tell me all about it."

"Grandfather!" she cried, breathless from her excitement and from hurrying. "He was just here. Kincheloe mustn't go away; he—"

"What's the trouble with you?" her husband asked.

He said he would show her; and together they ascended the steps in the Rock. He led her to the part of the floor where the dogs had been sniffing.

"Somebody washed right here, you see. Somebody did it last night, I think; somebody scrubbed. But no place else."

"Somebody burned cloth in fireplace," Asa informed, going to the hearth and producing a handful of ashes which exhibited the woven texture of cloth; he produced also a charred bit of shaped wood which had been the back of a scrubbing brush. Asa offered it to her and then she could not touch it. Blood had stained it before it had been burnt; Kincheloe had put it in the fire to burn away—blood.

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He used just enough force to overcome her physical opposition. She did not struggle violently, as his grasp warned her that if she exerted more strength, he would also employ more and overpower her.

He was angry with her for what she had done in the night and for having gone out early this morning; but he was big and firm-handed and so much as usual, that she cried out confidently: "Grandfather, you don't know what he's done!"

(To Be Continued)

"Who done?"

"Kincheloe!"

"Well; well," he demanded. "What's he done that I don't know? Tell me all about it," he invited.

"You know about it; all; all!" she cried aloud. "Oh, grandfather!" And she shrank back before him under her share of the horror and guilt of what had been done.

Twenty-five posters have already been received.

The winning posters are to be used in the campaign for funds for the Riley Memorial Hospital to be conducted Oct. 1 to 7. Prizes in the amount of \$150 have been offered by Howard Chandler Christy.

wide poster contest of the Riley Memorial Association, entries for which will close at 5 o'clock today. Twenty-five posters have already been received.

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Armour's Star Ham, whole, Pound	.21c
Dried Beef, sweet cure, Half Pound	.27c
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RESURRECTION ROCK

by Edwin Balmer

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She moved nearer the mantel and leaned at the design incised over the fireplace; it bore a dignified formal device like—yes, very like—the device wrought upon Barney Loutrelle's Rock. He came to her side and gazed into the hole.

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