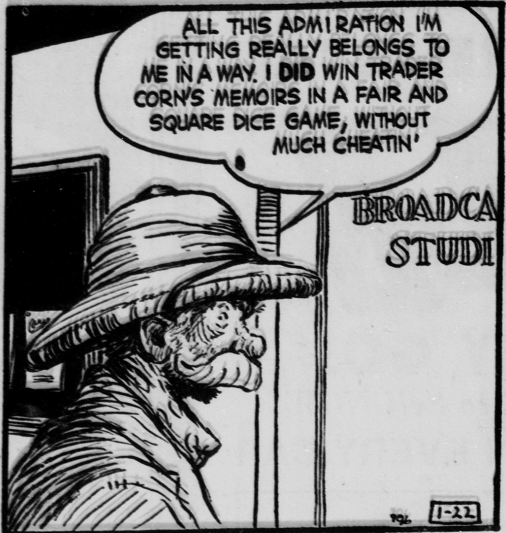
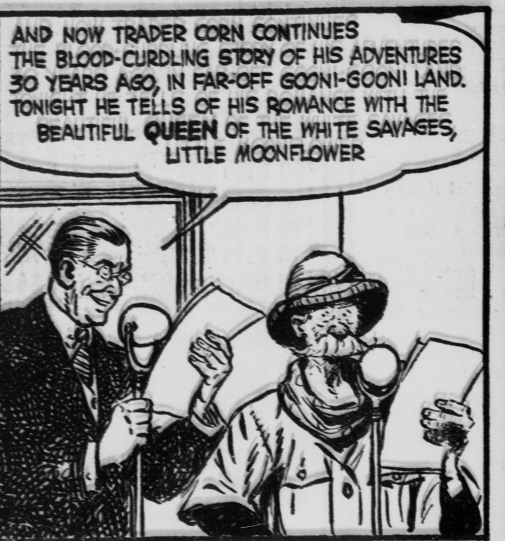
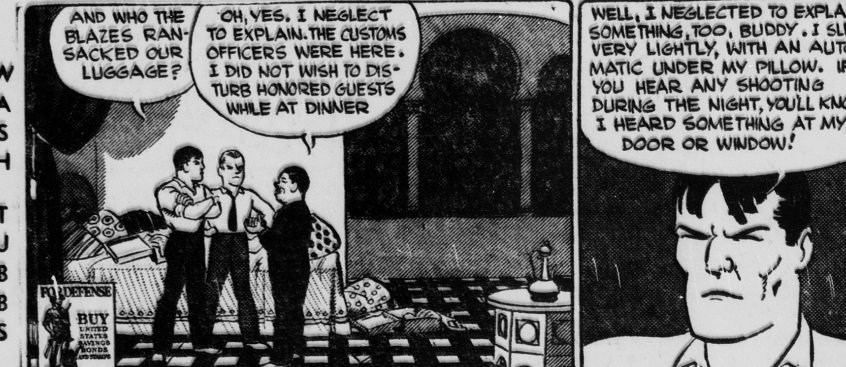
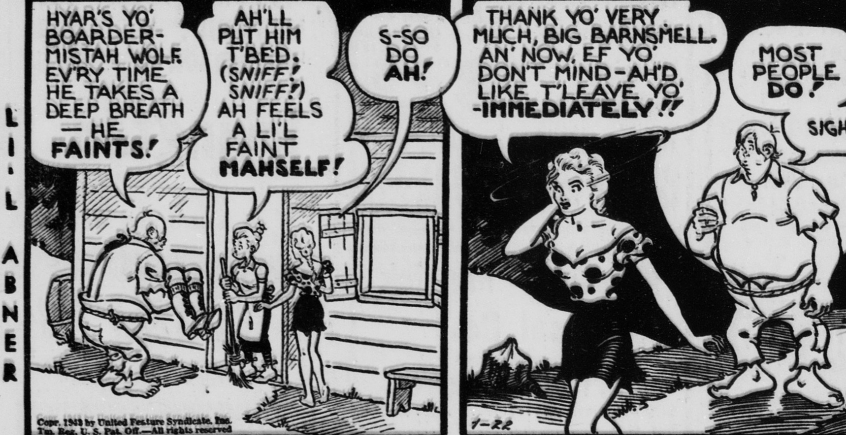


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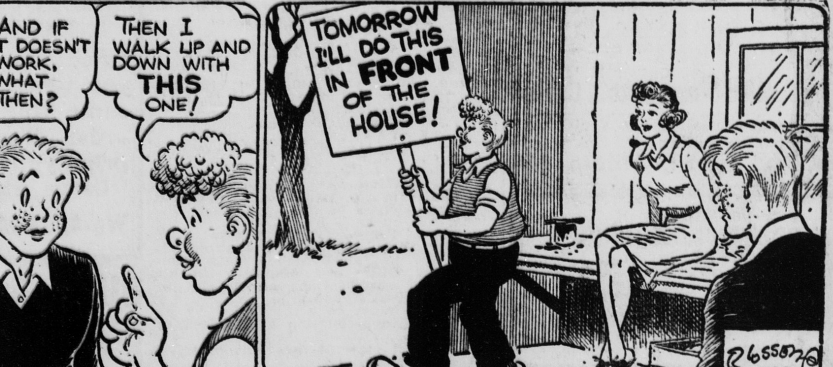
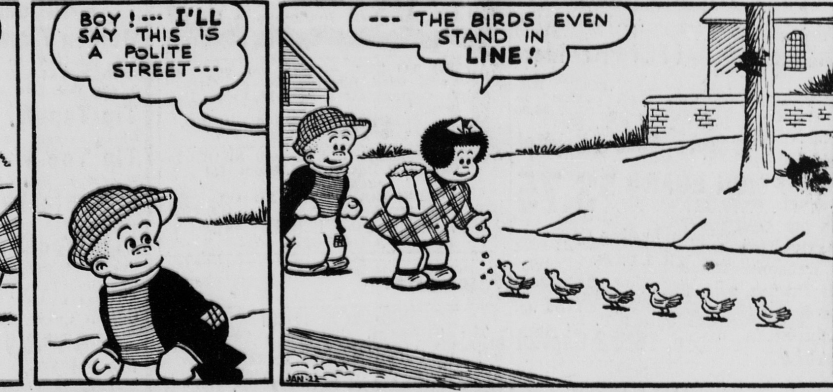
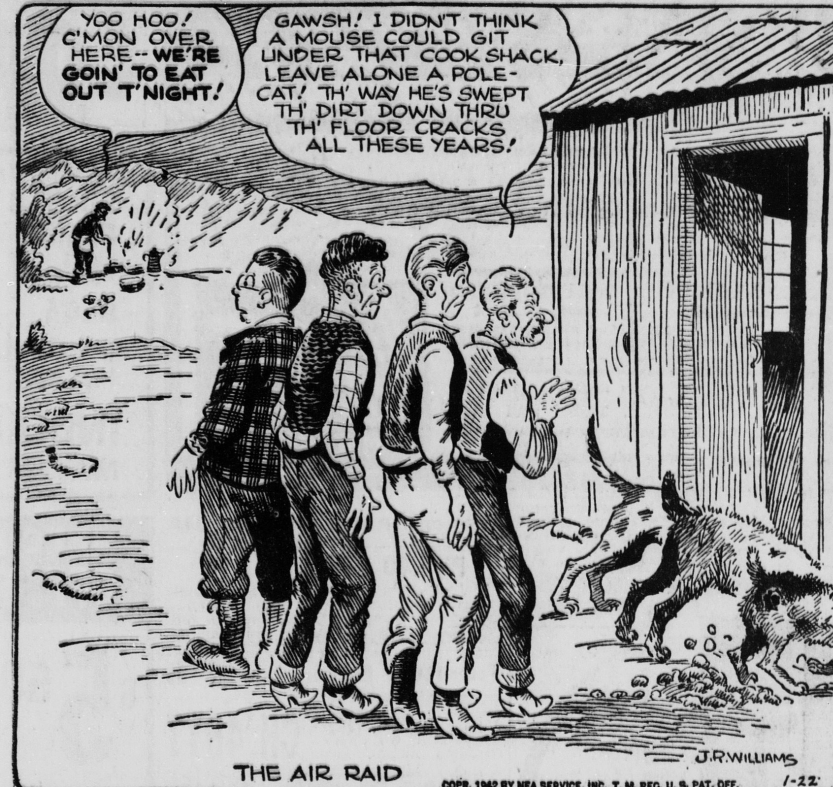
OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With Major Hoople



OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



Serial Story

'Tambay Gold'

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

WHEN WE came out I said to Juddy, "Does Angel know you've been married?"

"No."

"What difference does it make?"

she said, "You don't understand Angel and me."

I sure didn't.

Shortly before commencement a bunch of Chi Rho Gamma alumni came over for a week-end conference.

At the end of the dinner they invited Juddy and me over for coffee and a drink.

We went over and she settled in quietly and naturally beside Angel Todd.

A whiskery old gazabo who looked as if he had been left over from the class of 1840 brought up the lynch-

ing.

"There was one when I was in college, too," he said. "Tambay Tree was green then."

Juddy got white and twitchy around the mouth, but the old boob burbled along:

"They say the Tree bears fruit three times in every ownership."

Juddy gave a sort of cry. "Not in mine," she said. "How could anyone--"

I tried to switch the talk, but Angel grabbed it. He put on that cherub grin and said:

"Ask Brother Sears."

Maurie Sears darkened up. "I don't care for your choice of words, Todd," he said.

Juddy said to him: "I think it was horrible of you to be there."

Poor Laurie looked as if she had hit him. "Do you know what the man had done, Cousin?"

"Don't tell her that," Doc said, quick and sharp.

"I hadn't intended to," Sears said. "Being a Northerner, you don't--"

"Nonsense!" said Juddy.

"Button it up, pal," I said.

The old party bristled up.

"Have you ever heard of a lynching being stopped in these parts?"

He talked like he was defending a cherished institution.

Doc jumped in. "Yes, I have. This one was stopped by--he smiled--"an aged man, two lads, a narrow lane."

"Shakespeare," I said. "Shoot, Doc. I could feel the tension loosening up."

"RIGHT HERE at Tambay," he went on. "Several years ago, there had been a particularly brutal murder on one of the plantations. There was no plain clue, but an old Negro man had been seen putting around the place. He was too terrified to explain what he'd been doing there. Word reached a dinner party that the old fellow was being taken to Tambay Tree. There was an old gentleman there for whom the Negro worked. He excused himself from the party. Two other guests followed him, boys of 17 or 18. Their horses were outside. They got to

Tambay only just in time. They rode their horses through the mob, took the rope from the praying Negro's neck, and faced around with their pistols in their hands. No-body stopped them. Weeks later what the murderer was caught."

"Who were the rescue party, Doc?" I said.

"Ask Laurie Sears," he said. "Angel had put his lip in. "Pity you didn't show a little of the same spirit the other night, Prof," he said.

"That'll be about enough from you, Big Boy," I told him.

Juddy left. Angel and went over to Sears. "Who was the old man, Laurie?" he said.

"Great--uncle Rantoul Laurie. He's right much of an old fire-eater and afraid of nothing on earth."

"And you?" She smiled at him. "And the other boy, whoever he was?"

"My cousin, Elliot Laurie. We

couldn't let the old gentleman ride alone."

"No; you couldn't. And yet--Oh, I'll never understand you people! But, Laurie, I'll tell you one thing. If that ever happens again at Tambay I'll--I'll have the place so that I'll leave and never come back. Never!"

He said very quietly: "Then it must never happen again, Cousin."

I caught Wat Smith before he got away and asked him why Angel had made such a dead set, first for Laurie Sears, then for Loren Oliver.

"There's trouble over that Am. Eh, exam," he said. "Angel's paper bounced right back and smacked him in the jaw."

"But I thought he passed it."

"Passed it? I'll say he passed it! The big showoff! Instead of just easing through which would have been reasonable, he had to go and turn in a 90-plus paper."

"Just what Doc Oliver said, then; it was too good to be true."

Juddy came up in time to hear this, which I hadn't meant her to.

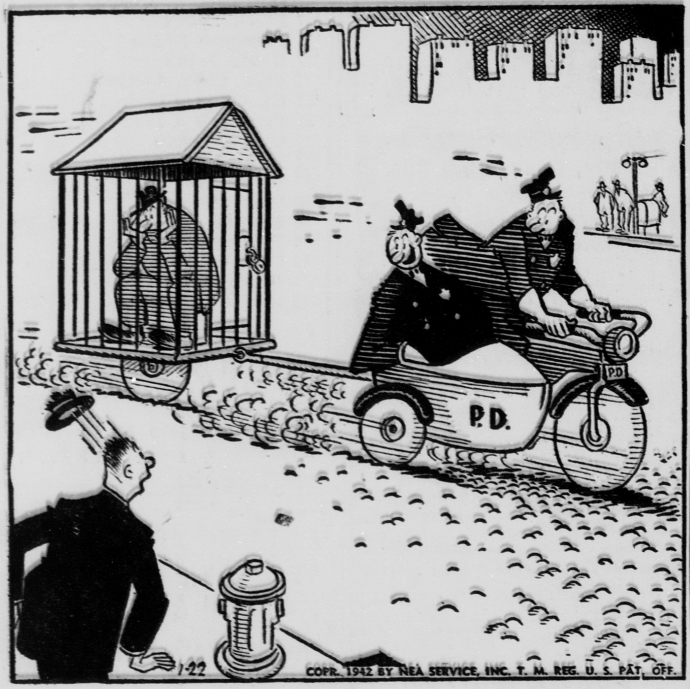
"He'd never give Angel a break," she said. "I think it's rotten."

"It isn't Oliver's doing," Wat said. "The Student Council got onto it and put Angel on the carpet. Laurie Sears is alumni representative on the council. He put some questions that got Angel sore, and the big boob walked out on them. So now he's got to take the exam again, next semester. At that, he got off easy."

(To Be Continued)

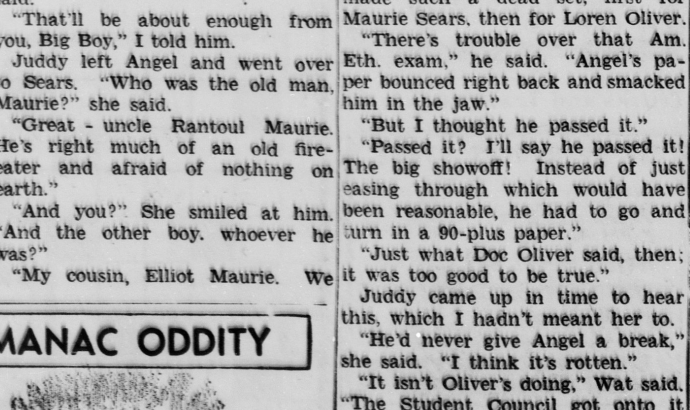
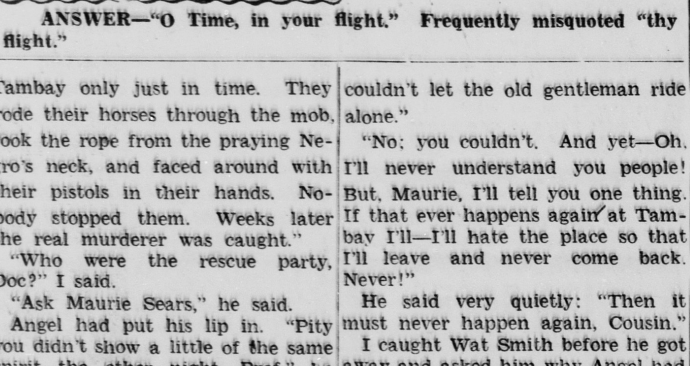
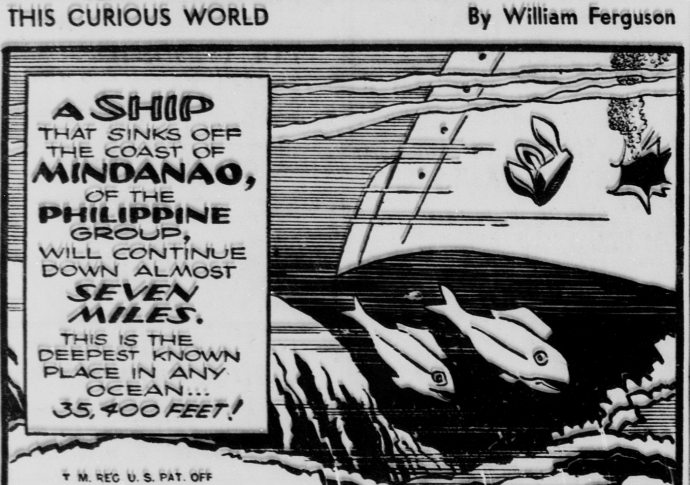
(All events, names and characters in this story are fictitious)

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By William Ferguson



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