

## ROPE ENOUGH

Continued from page eleven

innocent. It felt hot against the cold palm of his hand. Grannan took it and threw it. It fell with a soft *clup* where the water was deepest, and winked yellow in the sunlight for a second before disappearing.

"Don't look so down-hearted," Grannan said. "They'll find *something* when they search the island. I want 'em to." He fished an empty from his own pocket. A thirty-thirty. "They'll find this," he said. "Your gun fired it."

He tossed it toward the spot where the tent had been pitched. It rolled a little on the hard ground and came to rest against a clump of grass. "Get back to your boat."

WILL was past caring. A man could do no more than his best; after that, if luck left him, there was no point in struggling. On the way out of the swamp he might find a way to escape again, but it wasn't likely. Not with a man lik Grannan poling a boat behind him, ready to snatch up a rifle and shoot. He stepped into his boat, took up the pole and pushed the rickety craft clear.

Then he began to wonder... Maybe Tom Grannan didn't mean to take him back.

He turned his head. The Model 20 was wedged between Grannan's arm and body.

Why didn't he lay it down in the boat? Will knew the answer. Grannan meant to shoot him in cold blood as soon as they were some distance from the island! Then he could say to Sheriff Downey, "You gave orders to shoot on sight. He tried to get away. I shot him." Will's flesh crawled in anticipation of the bullet's impact. In desperation he searched the water lane for a way of escape.

It was only a fool's chance — an opening, boat wide, through the sea of sawgrass to his left. In this rickety old boat it was no chance at all. But he had to take it.

He set himself to thrust the pole deep and spin the boat around it. Timed his strokes as he neared the opening. One ... two ... three... Then suddenly the lane of escape was blocked. Out from behind a hummock glided a two-man boat occupied by Sheriff Downey and Helen's father.

Will stopped poling. In silence he stared at the shotgun in the sheriff's hands as the big boat slid alongside. The look of rage on Tom Grannan's face had already vanished.

"I caught him on the island," Grannan said. "He was huntin' for the missing cartridge case, I expect." His voice was matter-of-fact. "I was bringin' him in to turn him over to you."

The sheriff lowered his gun and looked toward the island. Nothing in his reply gave Will comfort. "We figured to have another



look for that empty ourselves. Might's well do it, now we're here." He glanced at Helen's father, and got a nod in answer.

Grannan led the way. But on the island he shrewdly let the others do the looking. Just once he peered at Will. His thin smile said plainly, "Go ahead and tell 'em."

Sheriff Downey picked up the empty. "Thirty-thirty," he said, and looked at Will.

Will said nothing. What was the use? Grannan was right — no one would believe him. He waited.

The sheriff glanced at Helen's father then, and both stepped forward. Will gasped. It was done so quickly that Grannan never

guessed what they were up to. Too late, the poacher struggled to throw himself clear. Downey's handcuffs snapped shut. Tom Grannan gazed in livid anger at his wrists.

"What's eatin' you?" he snarled. "That thirty-thirty empty is his, not mine!"

"You put it here," the sheriff said.

"You're crazy! Why would I —"

"You knew if we found a thirty-thirty case, Will's last hope was gone. So you got hold of one in the likeliest place — out of Will's boat, in the creek back of his house. You brought it here." The sheriff glanced sideways at Helen's father. "You were right, John. I'm glad I listened to you."

Tom Grannan was not one to give up without a battle. "You can't prove I did any such thing!"

"THIS," Downey said, "isn't just *any* thirty-thirty case, Grannan. It's special." He held it up. "See the scratches in the bottom of it? I put 'em there — with witnesses. The same witnesses saw me plant this in Will Clay's boat this morning. You figure out, Grannan, what *that* proves."

Tom Grannan was as gray and still as the dead cypresses in the swamp. Helen's father, smiling a little, put an arm around Will Clay's shoulders.

"It was Helen made us do it, Will," he said. "One thing you won't need to prove is the faith of the girl you marry." *The End*

## Here's to Romance—win a Smoother Skin with just One Cake of Camay!



Your complexion is the measure of your beauty! You're lovely when your skin is soft and clear. Yes, and you can win a softer, clearer, more appealing complexion with just *one cake* of Camay—if you'll give up careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Follow the easy directions on the Camay wrapper. Use Camay and Camay alone—and watch your beauty grow!

MRS. EDWARD-GORDON HOOKER  
The former Marian Thelma Butler of Charlottesville, Va.  
bridal portrait painted by *Becker*



OF MR. AND  
MRS. HOOKER



Edward took Marian to lots of football games at the Yale Bowl. Lovely Marian is devoted to Camay—her very *first cake* worked wonders for her skin.



Groom taught bride deep-sea fishing. Bride caught all the fish! Lucky about her skin, too—Marian will stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

