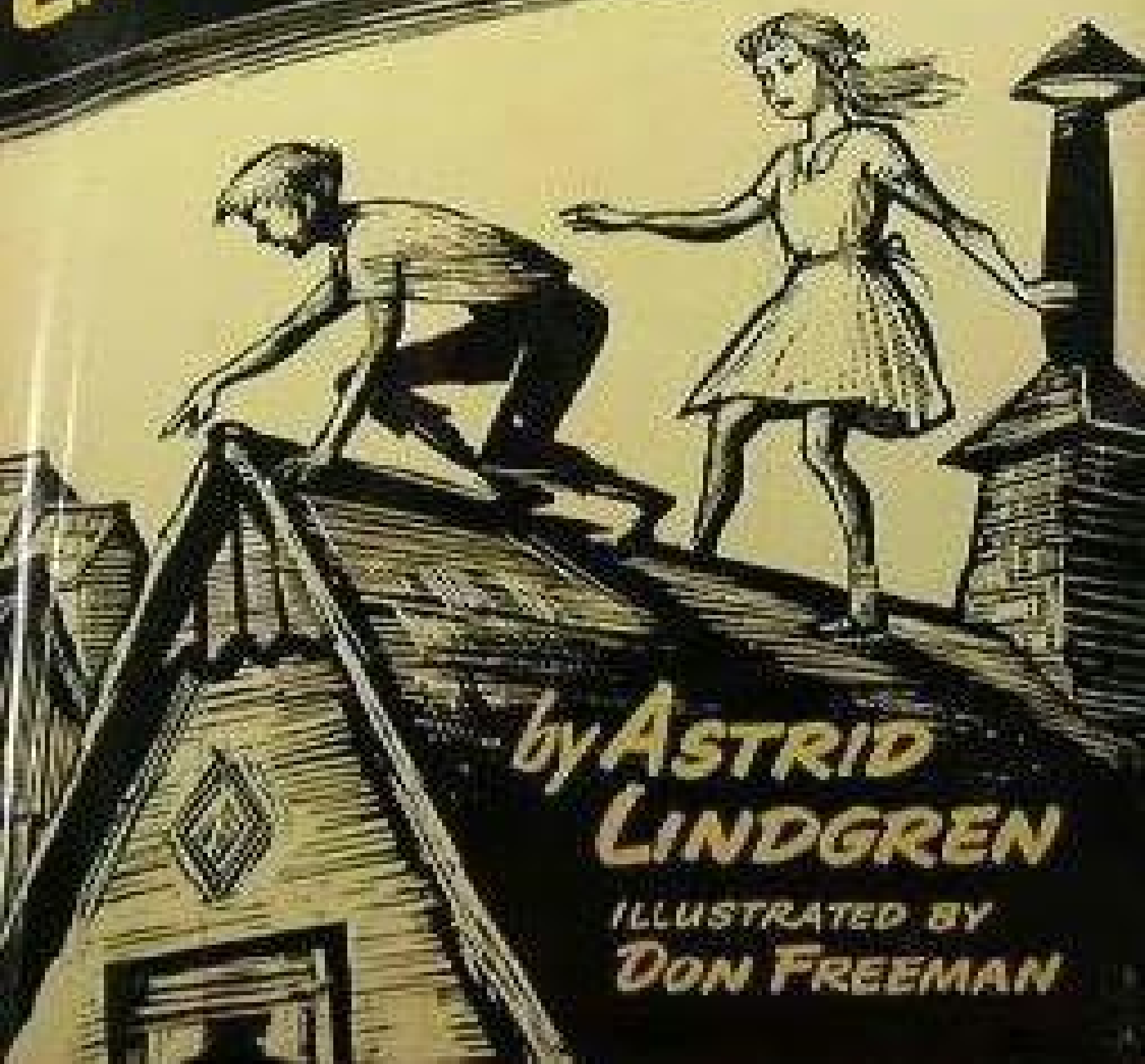
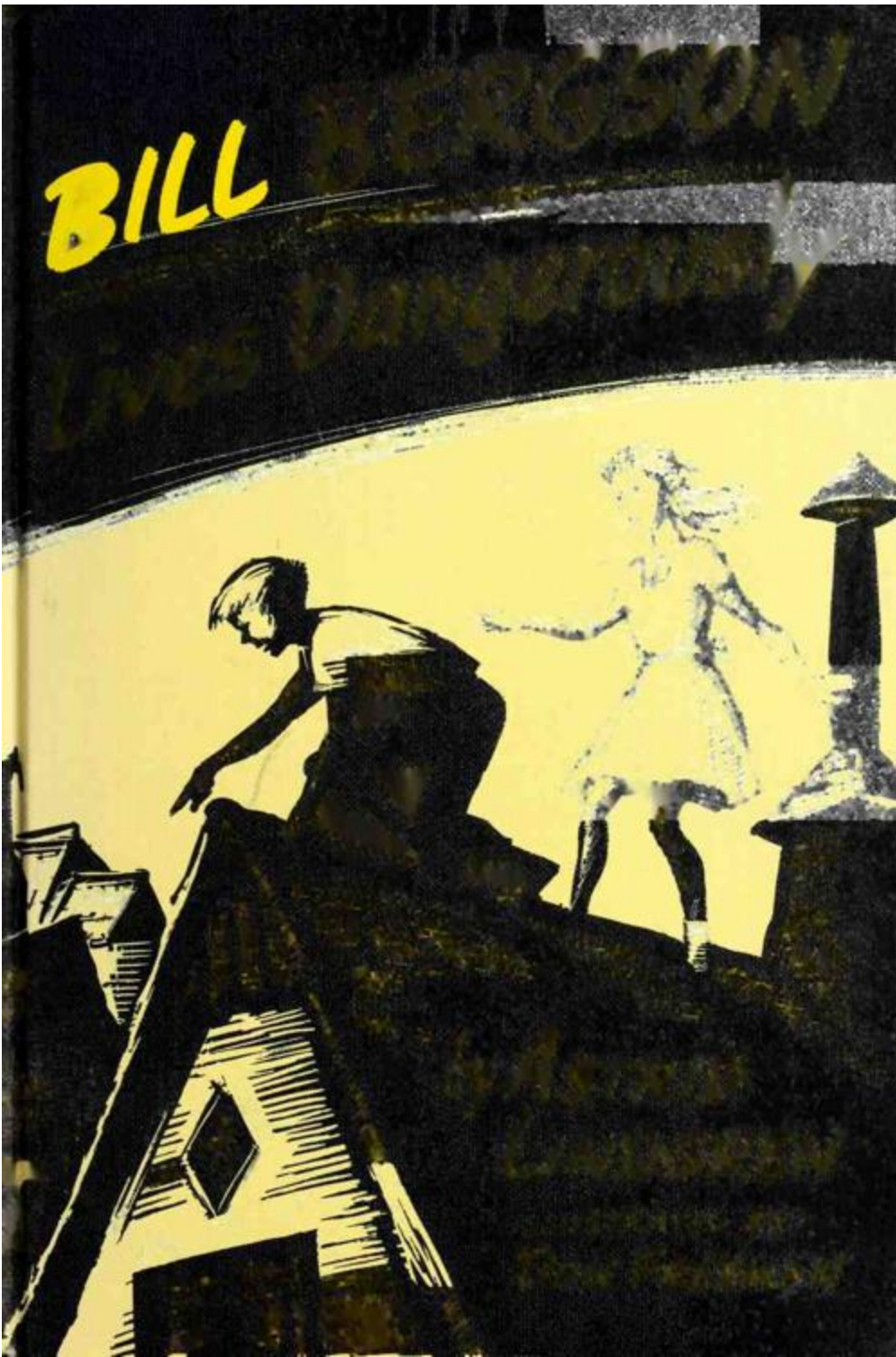


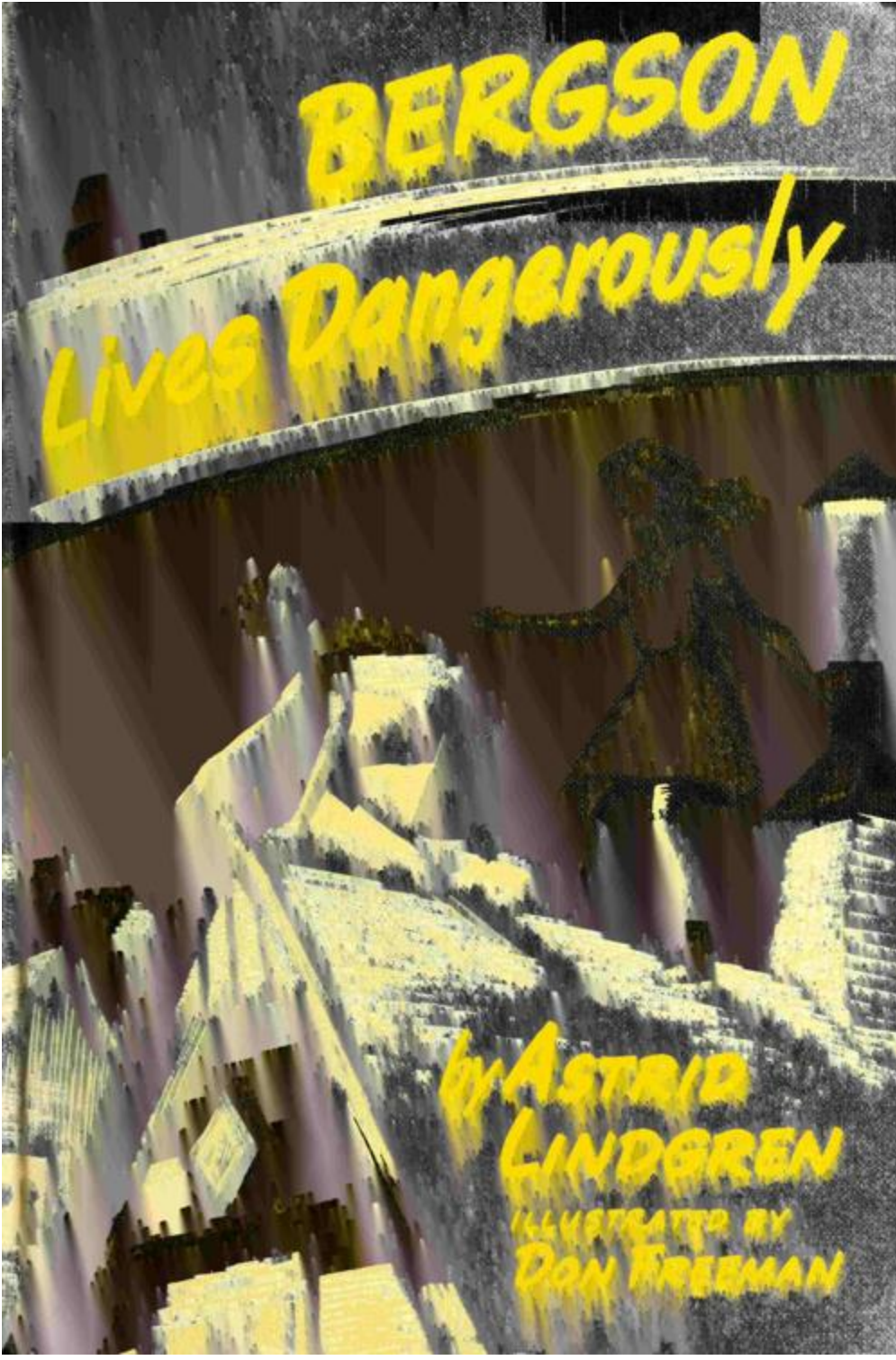
BILL BERGSON Lives Dangerously



by **ASTRID
LINDGREN**

ILLUSTRATED BY
DON FREEMAN

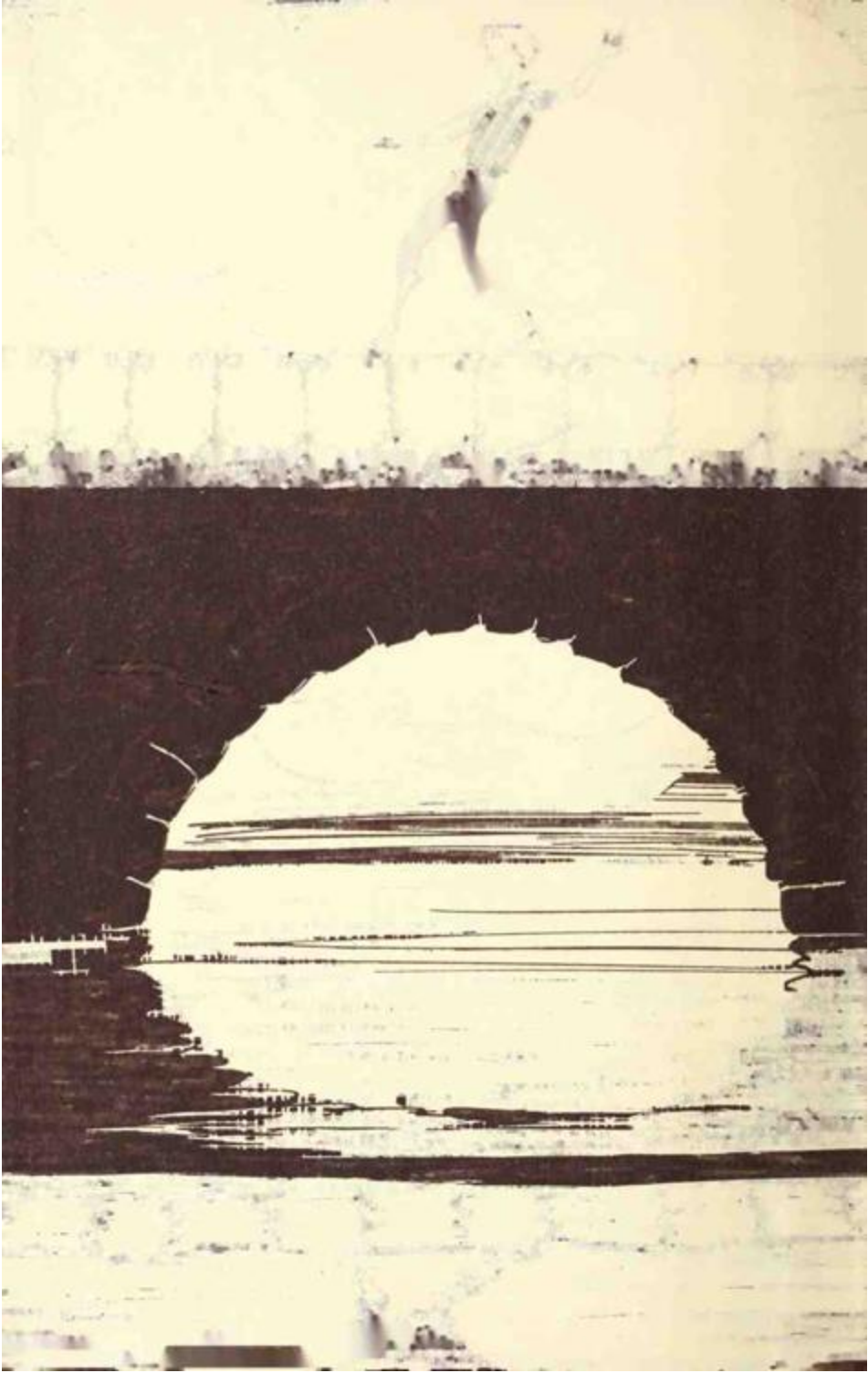


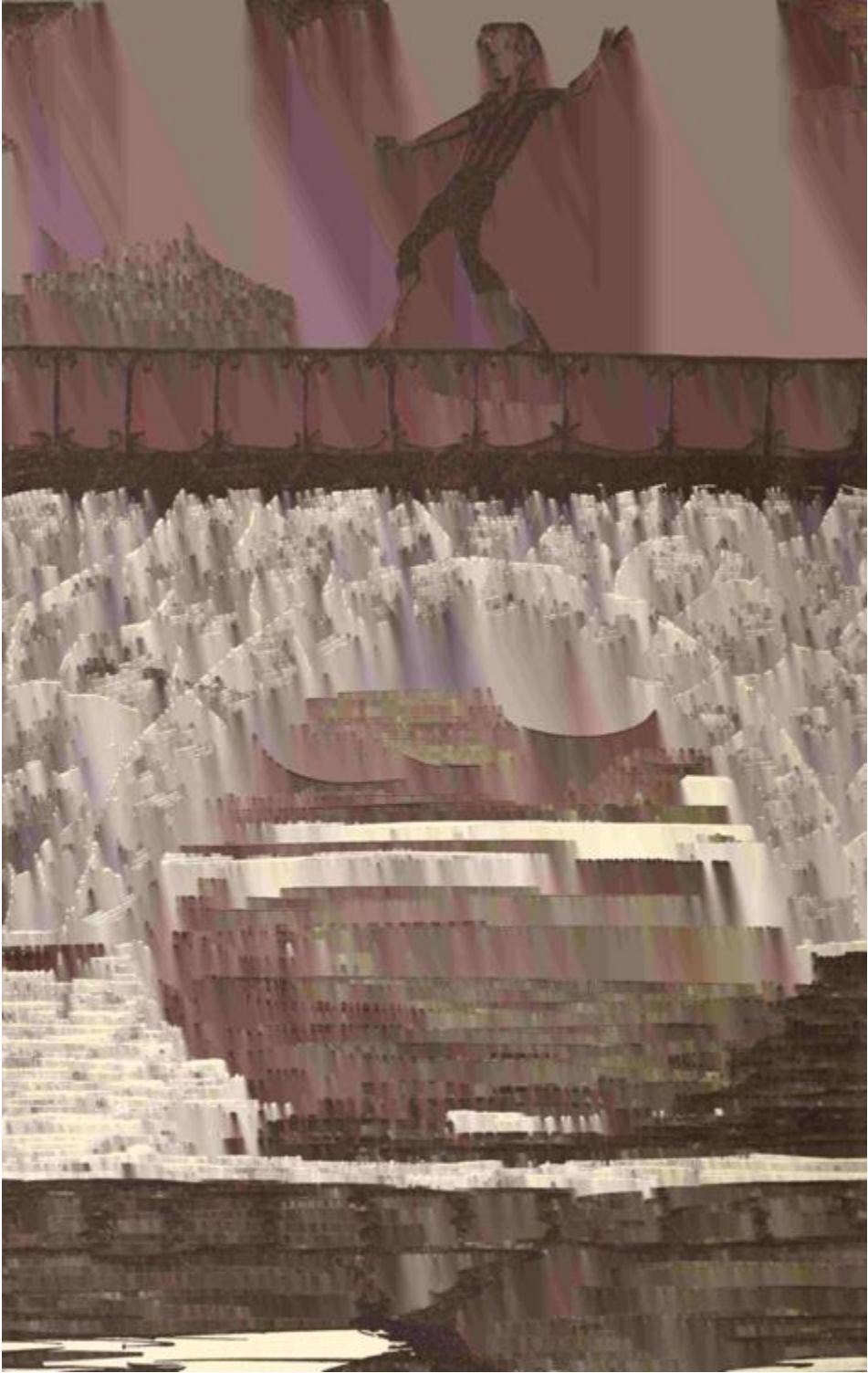


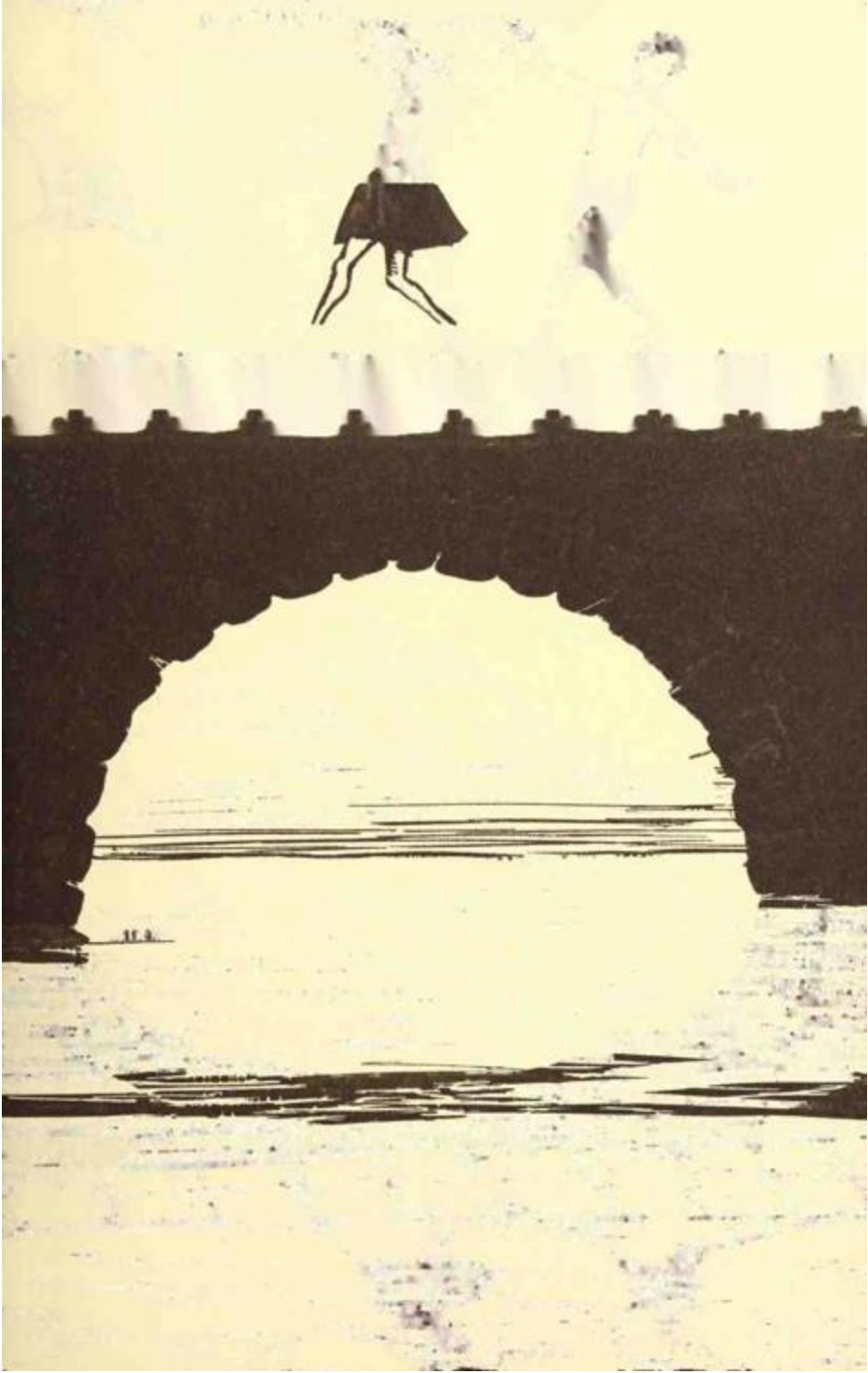
BERGSON

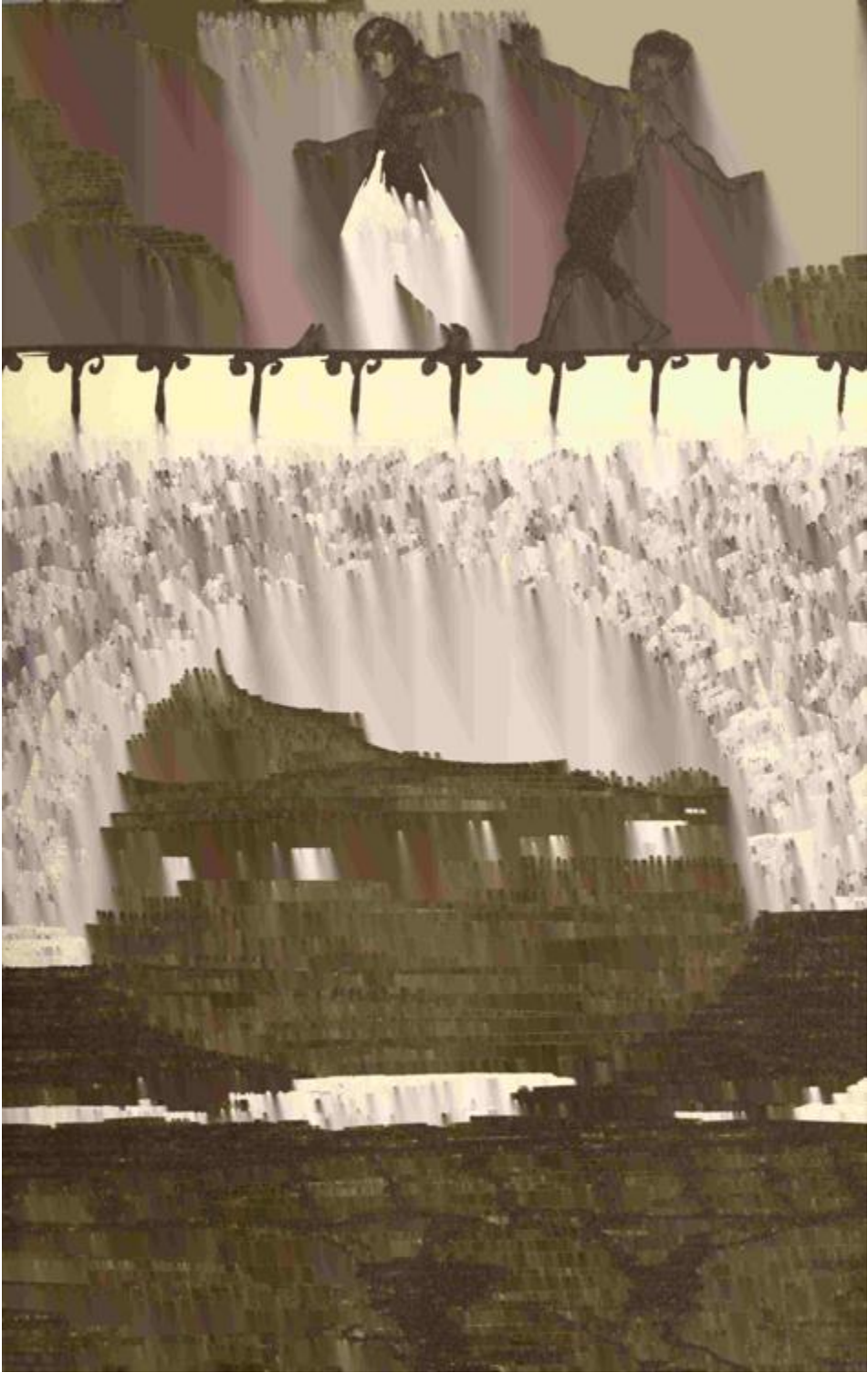
Lives Dangerously

**by Astrid
LINDGREN**
ILLUSTRATED BY
DON FREEMAN











Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012

<http://archive.org/details/billbergsonlivesd00lind>

Bill Bergson Lives Dangerously

Also by Astrid Lindgren

RASMUS AND THE VAGABOND

PIPPY LONGSTOCKING

PIPPY IN THE SOUTH SEAS

PIPPY GOES ON BOARD

MISCHIEVOUS MEG

MIO, MY SON

HAPPY TIMES IN NOISY VILLAGE

CHRISTMAS IN NOISY VILLAGE

THE CHILDREN OF NOISY VILLAGE

BILL BERGSON, MASTER DETECTIVE

BILL BERGSON LIVES DANGEROUSLY

BILL BERGSON AND THE WHITE ROSE RESCUE

THE HISTORY OF THE SOUTH ISLAND

BY
JAMES COOK
AND
JAMES CLARKE
AND
JAMES BURNETT



THE HISTORY OF THE SOUTH ISLAND

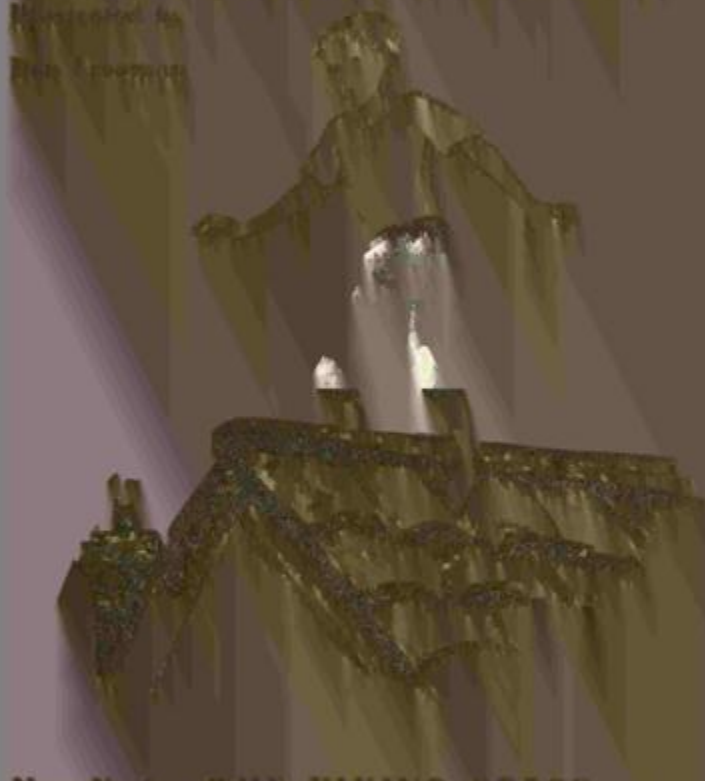
Bill Bondson Lives Dangerously

by Astrid Lindgren

Translated from the Swedish by Hester Aptaker

Illustrated by

Tommy Swenson



New York: THE VIKING PRESS

Copyright 1954 by Astrid Lindgren

Published by The Viking Press in September 1954

Published on the same day in the Dominion of Canada
by The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited

Second printing July 1965

Fic 1. Mystery and detective stories

Printed in the U.S.A. by the Vail-Ballou Press, Inc.

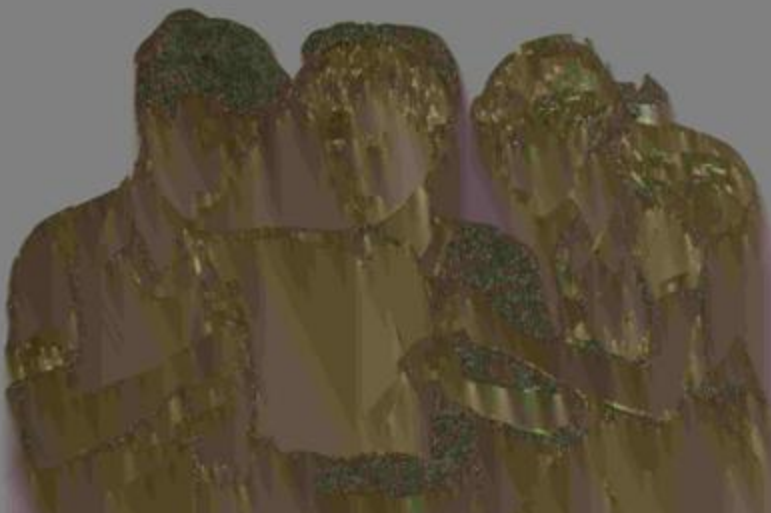
Bill Bergson Lives Dangerously

3193

McMILLAN MEMORIAL LIBRARY
RED SPRINGS, N. C.



The following text is extremely faint and illegible due to the low contrast and blurriness of the scan. It appears to be a list or a series of short paragraphs, but the specific content cannot be discerned.



Chapter 1

MOBY: What's the matter with you? Quincy said "Yes."
"Yes" was going wrong? I was on the ground again and
drowning?

"The "Yes" was jumped justice to his feet and glared
intently toward me a fierce frown at my legs leaning
against the sofa.

"The dear God," I said to him with trouble going to the
very bottom of my soul, "you don't stop being under the same
roof, being walking the streets into your every night day
of your life."

BILL BERGSON

"What's going on and staying away single day?" Bill demanded again.

"What, Eva-Kotta, don't you remember?" said Anders. "Don't you remember our position in the beginning of June? One day when Bill wasn't being under the pen, trees, for some? And he deliberate took all day long. Flowers and potatoes could come and gather about as much as they please."

"Yes, I remember now," Eva-Kotta said. "The murderers are had a good hold day in the beginning of June."

"What, go jump in the lake?" said Bill.

"Well, we might do that," Anders admitted. "But we wanted you to make thing. What is, if you think that the murderers can manage without your supervision for an hour or so?"

"What, but they hardly can do that," Eva-Kotta scuffed helplessly. "They've got to be watched like hares."

Bill sighed. It was hopeless, absolutely hopeless. Who'd be Bill Bergson, the master detective? Might he not expect some respect for his profession? Yes, that was just what he would not. At least not from Anders and Eva-Kotta. And yet he had unkindly brought *these* jewel thieves all by himself last summer. Well, of course, Anders and Eva-Kotta had been of some assistance, but it had been he, Bill, who by his intelligence of mind and powers of observation had found the criminals.

LIVES DANGEROUSLY

"What does Anders and Ender's death mean? That the world was a lot better than you are? That you are more forgiving than he is? That you are more caring? As if those things are changed at all by the minutes he lived after. As if he is not someone but an abstract idea with six fond memories of things."

"You would have never lost anyone," he said, and closed a book. "I'm not a doctor, but I know what you mean. What if there was a way to live without the pain, the questions, what's one of your favorite memories with Bill? Danger, Robinson, correct?"

"There's already nothing out there in my own vision," Anders replied. "But you're going to understand something one day. That human mind and heart again. This very, live, exact, once the technology exists, and to my knowledge, there isn't a soul out there, humans are in all that time, and time isn't even there. And that's a year ago. This year, you will have the technology and also explain yourselves. Make up, like they make up. There are, there will be, but your questions answered here for a long time."

"There's a time for everything, you know," said Eric. "There is a time for making love, gambling, and there is a time for making war." "Of the Hell."

"Mentally, that's the right time," Anders said with enthusiasm. "The Red Base has declared war against Denver."

BILL BERGSON

and that their declaration of war a little while ago. How do you manage?"

He pulled a large placard out of his pocket and handed it to Hill. The placard read:

WAR! WAR!

To the insane leader of the criminal gang who call themselves the White Horse.

Be it known hereby that in the whole realm of the crown there be no fonder of being a pig than is that so-called as the leader of the White Horse. This is proven by the fact that respectively when these lunatic wretches met the neighborhood and highly respected leader of the Red Horse in the great square, said wretches did not make war but in their physical cowardly and the cowardly to launch into one another, highly scorned leader, launching out into his own abuse at the same time. This outrage can be washed off only with blood.

This war is between the Red and White Horses, and thousands and thousands of souls will go down fighting and enter the vale of death.

Sixteen, Sullen leader
of the Red Horse

"Now you're going to teach them a lesson," Andrew said. "Are you coming along?"

Hill grinned sullenly. The War of the Horses, which with slight intermissions had been going for several years, was nothing one voluntarily desired oneself. It was about

BILL BERGSON

Bill had her surprisingly. Eva Lotta was a warbler who could be depended upon.

Those knives almost to be sharp and were made. Remember the forest's forest knives, to be sure, but still and all. Eva Lotta had promised her that to turn the gumbstone for the forest's left. It was a steady job, standing in the burning July sun and turning the heavy gumbstone, and it made the job much easier if one could imagine that the effort was expended in order to prepare weapons necessary for the War of the Roses.

"Thousands and thousands of souls will go down fighting and enter the vale of death," Eva Lotta muttered to herself while she turned the gumbstone so hard that sweat poured down her forehead, making her bright cheeks stick to her temples.

"What's that you're saying?" asked her brother, looking up from the gumbstone.

"No, nothing . . ."

"Well, that must be what I was hearing," said the brother, testing the edge of the knife with his hands. "You can run along now."

Eva Lotta did not have to be told twice. She quickly slipped through the frame that separated her garden from Hill's. A plank was missing there. It had been missing as long as anybody could remember, and was going to be missing as long as Eva Lotta and Hill could manage. They needed that plank.

ALAN BANGORIAN

It might happen that Bergson the queer, who was a careful and tidy man, would say to Lawrence the laborer, while they were sitting together in the laborer's room at a strange evening. "Look here, tonight, I don't so much regret to permit that these things justify itself, don't you agree?"

Yes, just as well you could the youngsters get too big to squeeze through them, I've broken several in my youth.

But in spite of persistent complaining from Latta still was as true as a beam and had no difficulty at all in climbing up through the narrow opening.

A shouting was heard from the road, Andrew, chief of the White Horse, had returned from his reconnaissance.

"They're in their headquarters," he shouted. "I'm used to battle and victory."

Dill had resumed his position under the pear tree as soon as from Latta had disappeared to his quarters and Andrew to his reconnaissance. He was utilizing the last calm before the outbreak of the War of the Roses, for an important expedition.

Why now, he was wondering, even though as to my eyes, that when from Latta was passed. Dill Bergson the queer, for Lawrence was talking with the business between. What was going to be a few conversations he had on several his past years. Yes, a great deal more he was, that history. He always treated the prominent detective with the utmost

BILL BERGSON

to be rapidly dispersed—but seldom get from any other, least of all from Anders and Havelatte. Just now he had seated himself at the feet of the master and was listening with strict attention to his every word.

"Mr. Bergson and Miss Luskiger display a regrettable nonchalance, here to face with the hardness of our own manner." Mr. Bergson somnolently assumed his imagined posture, looking him squarely in the eye. "A short interval of calm suffices for them to relax all their vigilance. They don't understand that it's just the calm that is deceitful.

"This calm is treacherous," the master detective continued combatively. "This charming little peaceful town, this charming summer sun, this air the quiet—ah! Any minute whatsoever all this may be changed. Any time at all, some may cast its ugly shadow over all of us."

The feeblish listener drew in his breath sharply.

"Mr. Bergson, you frighten me," he said, and cast timid eyes about him to see whether some already was lurking around the corner.

"But leave it all to me," the master detective reassured him. "Don't worry! I am on guard."

The hearing thus the ungracious listener was scarcely able to study, so moved and grateful was he. What was more, his stammering words of thanks were interrupted by Anders' rattle on outside the gate:

"Forward to battle and victory!"

Bergson, the master detective sprang to his feet as if a

IN this town there's only one street and one alley. The ladder is the ladder used to tell people coming for a visit. And the ladder was right. Main Street and Little Street, that was all there was, and then the great square. But the rest there were only small oddities, steep alleys and blind alleys leading down to the creek or leading up unexpectedly before some roundabout street, straddling these by right of its age, braving the way and resisting all modern town-planning. On the outskirts of the town you might find one or two neat, longed-for stone cottages with nicely laid-out gardens, but these were exceptions. Most of the gardens were like the ladder's, in their arrangement and with, with odd twisted apple trees and pear trees, and with worn-down hedges which were never cut. Most of the houses were about the same type as the ladder's, big wooden shacks, which the architects of a bygone period on a grandifying spree had decorated with the most unimpaired extravagance and

BILL BERGSON LIVES DANGEROUSLY

hatchlings and targets. It could hardly be considered as a harmful form, but it had a sort of intellectual severity and charm. And in fact, there was a certain beauty about it. Just as a trout swims the lake fish, when eggs and young and shad were hatching in all the gardens, and the black faces of Little Kings were quietly appearing their faces in the creek that flowed sluggishly and peacefully in the woods.

But Bill and Anders and Fanchette, who were fishing along the edge of the woods in their way to the front garden of the Little Kings, did not notice whether they were the beautiful ones. All they knew was that it was a goodly number of a little more for the King of the Kings. When they were and various to hold up, some to climb up, and long and narrow ways, and could strike off their pursues. These were made to stand and wander and wander in the back yards where they would find some of themselves. As long as a boy could find all these advantages, it was not to be denied. It was enough that the King was changing, and that the little things were looking so sharp and beautiful, and a very long foot that you felt it was a little in all your legs. The King's eyes were from the creek, moving here and there with a searching frequency as much from some small garden, the present was a little bit, and the old ones stood next to the water. There was a certain abundance for the fish, in the opinion of Bill and Anders and Fanchette. No more beauty was needed.

BILL BERGSON

They had all ice-cream cones for a dime each and con-
tinued their way through the town. A little farther on
was the bridge led over the river. Constable Bucke was
striding on his beat. The buttons of his uniform were shiny
from the sun.

"Hi, Mr. Bucke," Eva Letta greeted.

"Hi, missus," the policeman answered. "Hello, Mr.
Master Bergson," he added, and with friendly hand on
Bill's shoulder. "No new cases today?"

Bill looked offended. After all, Mr. Bucke had come to
and seized the fruits of Bill's annual exhibits last sum-
mer, so he really oughtn't to be standing here poking fun at
him.

"No, no new cases today," Andler replied instead of Bill.
"Six murders and numerous have been ordered for special
activities until tomorrow, but Bill hasn't time for them
today."

"Yes, today we're going to cut the case of the Red Horse,"
said Eva Letta, and smiled broadly at Constable Bucke.
She liked him very much.

"Miss Letta, sometimes I think that you should try to
develop a little more womanly grace," said the constable,
and looked down with some concern at the girl, some funny and
quaint who was standing on the curb, playfully trying to
gossip in quiet arguments with her legs. She squinted,
and a vigorous kick dispatched the wiggler into the creek.

"Womanly? Oh, sure—on Mondays," Eva Letta agreed.
18

ALICE BANGORIAN

smiling sweetly all over her all-pink face. "The boys are happy to see me along here."

Cassidy looked down, his head not walked on.

The bridge over the creek was a simple truss-iron trestle that was hard to climb, but anyone if you pushed or ran could get it in and out of place. But there were parapets on either side, four inches wide. It was enough the bridge for the bridge was on the parapets, and consequently was a little wider a permanent structure in the act of your stepping. But it was possible that you might plunge into the creek. What, to be sure, had never happened in fact, despite of postulated accidents on the bridge parapets, but you might make it over, and even if cutting off the ends of the iron beams was a very slight possibility. But not Cassidy and Cassidy, who considered that there was time enough for a little looking out. This was a simple truss-iron, of course, but Cassidy's look had things, and he often spoke, was in sight.

"That's all, that's all as they had checked over the parapets, and that parapet supporting structure in the stream had worked all right, and now there were shuffling over on the other side of the bridge. And as she moved about with her things, she came to a stack of books, some signed as they had volume, and said to her usual almost-united crew, "This is the happy game of children. The happiest game of childhood, don't you?"

It was always saying that sort of thing. When used to

BILL BERGSON

around his shoulders. Never, of course, in his hearing. But when Hill, by accident, had kicked the football right through his brother's stony window, or when Anders had fallen off his bicycle and slid into a heap of pebbles like pavement, then it might happen that Kev-Lotta sighed and said, "In the old days of childhood, dear me."

They slowly reached the other end of the bridge piers. No one had plunged into the city's bus time either. Anders looked around to see whether anybody had observed their change. But Little Street still lay quiet and deserted, only one man beyond was hobbling off across there. There could be no mistaking his shuffling walk.

"I don't know anyone with such a queer walk as Green's," said Anders.

"Green's queer all through," said Hill. "But perhaps you get queer when you live alone all the time."

"How often?" Kev-Lotta said. "I find it living in that awful slum of his and not having anybody to clean up or cook meals or anything."

"Well, cleaning up one could do without," Anders murmured after some reflection. "And living alone I shouldn't mind so much either, for a while. In that case I might at least build my own little nooks or room."

For a boy who, like Anders, had to get on with a lot of small brothers and sisters in a tiny apartment, the thought of having a house all by yourself was not very appealing.

"Oh, you'd turn queer within a week," Hill said. "Even me

LIVES DANGEROUSLY

quicker than you are already, I mean. As quick as I am." "

"That doesn't like that better though," Farnetta said, "because I mean it's a power."

"Another kind of it, I know what a power was, but Farnetta's a politician, right? Well, well, that's a power is a man who leads people to getting what he wants."

"That that's also of him, being that," Andrew protested.

"Being it isn't," said Farnetta. "It's his way, you see. He's got to get what he wants, and he's got to have a plan for something."

"You're an extra man," suggested Bill.

"You said it," Andrew said. "I feel sure that I need one like you, maybe."

"Well, we have you go to Farnetta," Farnetta continued. "He'll give you the money. And he'll give you the plan."

"That's it?" Andrew said, pleasantly surprised at that possibility.

"Yes, but you must promise to get it back to him in a month," Farnetta said. "And not only that, but you've got to pay him back for it."

"Nothing doing," said Andrew. "What should I do then?"

"He'll tell you," answered Farnetta. "He'll tell you what he wants to do, and he'll tell you what he wants to do for money, don't you see?"

"Yes, but he won't give me it," said Bill, who did not want to see Andrew's money go to Farnetta's hands.

"That's just what you've got to do," Farnetta continued.

THE WARRIORS

"I've got to go now," they both said, and they both
went away very soon. "The night has come, the
night."

"The night has come, the night," they both said,
and they both went away very soon. "The night
has come, the night."

"The night has come, the night," they both said,
and they both went away very soon. "The night
has come, the night."

"The night has come, the night," they both said,
and they both went away very soon. "The night
has come, the night."

There was a long silence, and they both went
away very soon. "The night has come, the night."

The night has come, the night, they both said,
and they both went away very soon. "The night
has come, the night."

BILL BERGSON

"They always would it. They take too much interest. And the law says you mustn't. That's why Dad doesn't like to give."

"But why are people stupid enough to borrow money from a usurer?" Hal wondered. "Wouldn't they get money from someone else for their own personal uses?"

"Stupid," said Jan. "Perhaps it isn't a question of a dollar for some occasion, but of thousands of dollars. Perhaps there are people who must, absolutely *need*, take the financial advice this year instantly, and perhaps there isn't anybody else who wants to lend it to them. No one but such a devil as usurer as I mean."

"What would you give me?" said Andrew, leader of the White Horse. "In to battle and victory?"

There was the pasturester's house, and in the garden in front an outbuilding serving as a garage. It also served as the headquarters of the Red Horse. For the pasturester's son Sexton was the leader of that military gang.

The garage looked deserted and empty. From a long way off you could see a white placard nailed to the door. It would have been an easy matter to go through the garden gate and by the garage to see what was written there, but that was not the way the War of the Hoses was conducted. It might be a trap. The Red Hoses might be lying in wait inside in their usual headquarters, ready to blow themselves up the unsuspecting white ones who ventured near them.

AMES BANGORIAN

The leader of the White Deer and meted his answer.

"Well, it's easy along the ledge with your good luck of the horse-pinkies, out of sight of the others, but up on the roof, you being back for rehearsal and, don't you know?"

"What do you mean, the rehearsal, about rehearsal?" said Hall.

"Well, you," Anders retorted. "It's your trick supposed to be about rehearsal, you know. In rehearsal, you go, still very much up towards the ledge. It can be any danger threatening Hall, might be any sign."

"And you—what are you going to do?" asked Ben-Lee.

"I'll go in and ask Nixon's mother whether she knows where Nixon is," Anders said.

When all got going, Hall went and made his way to the horse-pinkies, as they say, the roof was over. Hall had done it many times before. You walk back to square through the fence and climb onto the girder so that you're standing behind the girder.

He moved his way over the roof with infinite caution, as the others would not have him, for his horse-pinkies were there and he was in the danger. The father knew it, and so did Anders, especially since he had just given it to the horse-pinkies to ask for Nixon. But the Chief of the House had the great rule. Therefore Hall went forward as if he was out of sight in a corner of the roof from the others, and then, when he had reached the ledge, he turned back to the

BILL BERGSON

over as he failed to emit the shrill whistle if—contrary to expectations—his signal proved necessary.

At this moment, Anders came back. Kristen's mother did not know where her husband's son might be.

Hill cautiously turned over the edge of the nest and suppressed, by stretching out his nose as far as he could, in getting hold of the filament on the drum. When he silently returned the same way he had come—Kva Lavin keeping watch all the time.

"Well done, my brave lad," Anders said approvingly when Hill surrendered the filament to him. "Now we'll see."

Kristen, "Noble and loyal of the Red House," had written the remarkably announcement. Coming from a noble, the language was a bit stilted, but in any case, she might have expected something a little more refined from a noble.

Your lord's wishes, yes, I own you, White House, who inherit this town with your noblest strength. Howdy be it I own to you that ye, Nobles of the Red House, have remained in the battlement on the throned. Come on out here, you knights, be among the ladies, so we may exultante the battlement remain who call themselves the White House, and stop their sides over Anders's dung heap, whom they belong.

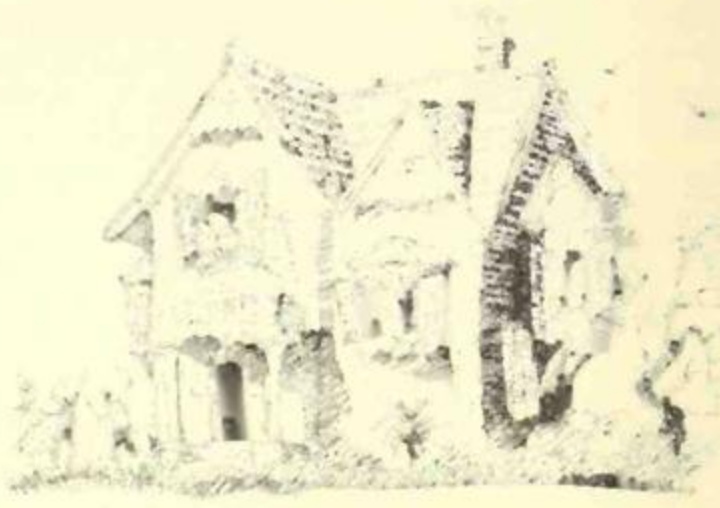
Come on, you knaves!¹³

No one reading these words could possibly guess that the Red and White Houses really were the best of friends. With the exception of H. Knut Kva Lavin, Anders knew no more.

LIVES DANGEROUSLY

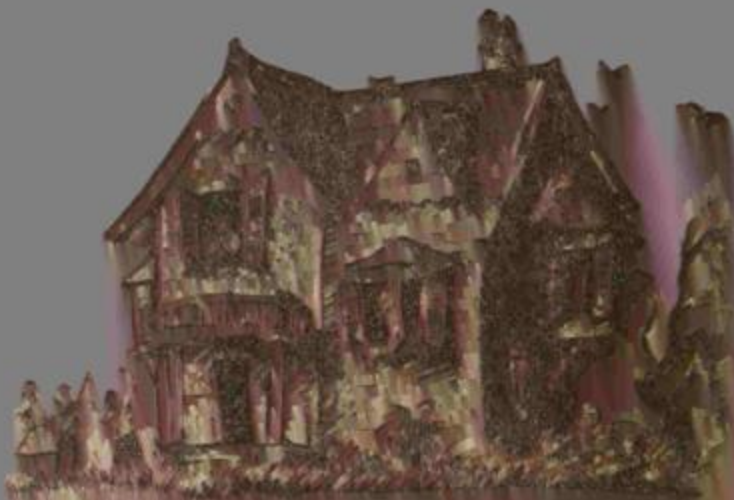
chum than Sixten, unless it were Benka or Johnny—two other fine Red Roses. And if there was anyone in this town whom Sixten and Benka and Johnny approved of wholly and truly, it was the loathsome louses Anders, Bill, and Eva-Lotta.

“So that’s that,” said Anders when he had finished reading. “On to the Prairie! On to battle and victory!”



Chapter III

The first part of the book is devoted to a general
description of the country and its resources. It
describes the various rivers and lakes, the
climate, the soil, and the different kinds of
agriculture and stock raising. It also
mentions the principal towns and cities,
and the different branches of commerce.
The second part of the book is devoted to a
description of the different kinds of
minerals and fossils found in the country.
It mentions the different kinds of
coal, iron, copper, and other minerals,
and the different kinds of fossils, such as
shells, bones, and stones.



Chapter III

GOOD thing there was a Burton. Good for the grown-ups of children who had been playing there as long as anybody could remember. School-middy aged fellows of families grew sentimental when they thought back to the time when they had played ball on the Diamond. Clubs of more recent times derived considerable advantage from this fact. If Hill came home some evening with his shirt torn after a particularly lively battle, then Burgess the grocer did not comment on it at his great length, for he remembered a shirt that was torn on the Diamond one spring night some thirty years before. And even though Mrs. Lescroart

BILL BERSON LIVES DANGEROUSLY

might have raised her young straight to adulthood. Little more with glads of her own eye instead of anything. A roll, the bars on the flange, it was not worth her walk to any go. But in that case the laces instead of her skin would end. Three long days. Then when you were left, when you got in to be taken were the worst most to get up the front of it.

The flange was a big machine up the middle of the town. About every year you got there, the rest of your that if he was up to walk on with large feet. In the morning it was a ballroom, and green. The flange was like a rolling green machine, it was with red, patches of brownish grey with patches. But now the summer was had gone to work, and the flange was not red. Bill, Arthur, and Ben had to stand with eyes closed by the sun was the industrial, trying to discover the cause. But nothing was to be seen of the Hot Horse. Large parts of the flange were, however, covered with long laces and juncos, among which a looking bright of the Hot Horse roll might be.

The White got some more terrible eye eye and played into the laces. They searched every square, they do not about and looked everywhere, but no corner was to be found. They continued until they reached the laces, and then they of the flange, when the machine was, was not without work.

"What sort of a hot job is that?" Arthur said. "What about now?"

At that moment a massive roll of laughter, coming from

the way of the work. "I don't get it," said the girl.

"I don't get it," said the girl. "What's the matter with you?"

"You don't get it," said the girl. "What's the matter with you?"

The girl looked at the girl. "I don't get it," said the girl. "What's the matter with you?"

"What's the matter with you?" said the girl. "What's the matter with you?"

"I don't get it," said the girl. "What's the matter with you?"

"What's the matter with you?" said the girl. "What's the matter with you?"

The girl looked at the girl. "I don't get it," said the girl. "What's the matter with you?"

BILL BERGSON

have how it should, cut through the silence of the Benjie.

"There now . . ." said Grandfather, leaning about her apron. "I think next to the Manor."

"Yes, next to the Benjie, aren't they, in the Manor?" Bill said with admiration in his voice.

The old house, standing between trembling aspen trees at the edge of the Benjie, was called the Manor — an antique and an old eighteenth century building which had seen better days. And out of a window at the back there peeped three triumphant boys' faces.

"Wasn't it all who approached the headquarters of the Red Hare?" Saxon shouted.

"How in the world . . ." began Anders.

"Yes, that's what you'd like to know, isn't it?" cried Saxon. "The door was open, it was as simple as that."

The Manor had stood unoccupied for many years and was very dilapidated. The intention was to renovate it and move it to the town park, turning it into a regional museum — the city fathers had decided on that long ago. But the money for the purpose had to come from voluntary gifts, and that took time. In the meantime the house was fast falling into decay. Up to now it had been locked and thus protected from the intrusions of the youngsters of the town. If the rattling door could no longer keep intruders out, then it was high time indeed for the city fathers to take action, while there still was anything resembling a regional museum.

BILL BERGSON

The horses of the Whites were one way, now another. The Whites, and their attendants, almost all the way up the ridge and down back extended in obedience to the ground plan, pushing to the right, or passing them away. When the cattle had pulled back and forth for a good half hour, all further concerted action to cause the movement of range. The Whites without hesitantly in order to a spare a last further attack. Then and there Saxon gave his horse a quick and silent order. A moment later the Reds left their positions on the slope, without further aim and returned with lightning speed to the water front. They were expert ways of looking enough up there in the various rooms and closets. Saxon and his faithful followers knew that, for they had exposed the house through a hole in the sky. So when Andrew, Dick and Ryan, both were stepping up the stairs, the Red Horse seemed to have crashed into this air. They had made good use of their ten minutes' start. At the moment they were standing motion behind a convenient object down, watching through a crack the launched command of the Whites directly outside.

"Hurry!" the White leader commanded. "Search out the enemy in whatever hole he may be hiding, considering for his life! Make short work of him when you find him!"

The Red Horse in their closet found this a difficult situation. Saxon's eyes were gleaming behind the dark clank. But the Whites did not know that.

Disregarding the White leader had said, "What are the next

LINES RANSERSONIAN

stupid thing he could have done. I asked the boy. He has no intention of ever getting to college and doing some kind of useful research.

As we were in the hallway from the 1st, 10th and 13th Floor students crowd in the opposite direction. They found a door, which they opened. It led to a poorly lit, small room, and although they were well aware of the fact it was empty of people, they nevertheless went in to change a little more in another and look up the window. They saw a woman standing, as if frozen and. They approached her, then just in time to hear a low humming in the back outside, and then the anxious laughter of the first teacher and the hurried exit of several young girls. There in, you could make, and realize of what had happened. From how you would get out there?

And then Heidi's dumb eyes. "Yes, you'll be sitting here until you're getting on the 7."

"How long is that, don't you see? We'll be coming on Thursday. Yes. What kind of a Thursday person do you want?"

"I can't help on a matter," Heidi's eyes, asked. "Remember and the other people here," Heidi repeated.

"Remember to the last," and the first teacher, who had only to be satisfied in mind. He had to make the time again and thought to the students. He knew our last gathering was what he had to do in your own mind at least."

"And I'll try to please the things of conversation and

DILL BERGSON

“I’ll show where they can find you,” retorted Eva-Lotta.

“No more surprises,” Sixton said. “I don’t if you get hungry, so we can come and have up a little glass for you.”

Then he turned to Henrik and Johnny, pulling his hands in his pockets.

“And now, my brave comrades in arms, remember, in this house there is at this moment a terrible lot of evil and evil himself leader of the White Rose. Alone and defenseless! You and that fine, fine and that fine, fine!”

The Hebs did their best. They looked along the long corridors that ran through the whole upper store. They peeped cautiously into all the rooms. They looked in front of closed doors. They knew that wherever the White leader might be, he would be aware of the terrible danger threatening him. His allies were unprepared. He was one against three, three hunting with desire to get hold of him. How to capture the enemy’s leader was considered a singular feat in the Wars of the Roses, sought for as if the Americans had captured Hitler and imprisoned him in Alcatraz.

But the White leader had succeeded himself well. Much as the Hebs might wish about, they did not find the slightest trace of him. Until Sixton suddenly heard a faint, sweet, low note of whistling.

“He’s up there in the attic,” he whispered.

“Up there in the attic?” Johnny asked in surprise. “The Hebs have looked and looked, although they had gone over the house thoroughly earlier in the day. But that whistling

LINES DANGEROUSLY

was not so strange, for the door opening to the palace after darkness was an unobscured little candlelight, and which would hardly be noticed if one were ignorant of its exact place. It was the light which came to guide us.

"Now, gentlemen, things happened very quickly. It is true that Anders stood there, fully prepared for any trouble, but he was not the first and bravest man, for he did not know what was coming next. But it was of no avail.

"And so, it is not necessary to say and strange for his age, but the very first and bravest man, for he was not the first and bravest man, for he did not know what was coming next. But it was of no avail.

"And so, it is not necessary to say and strange for his age, but the very first and bravest man, for he was not the first and bravest man, for he did not know what was coming next. But it was of no avail.

"And so, it is not necessary to say and strange for his age, but the very first and bravest man, for he was not the first and bravest man, for he did not know what was coming next. But it was of no avail.

"And so, it is not necessary to say and strange for his age, but the very first and bravest man, for he was not the first and bravest man, for he did not know what was coming next. But it was of no avail.

"And so, it is not necessary to say and strange for his age, but the very first and bravest man, for he was not the first and bravest man, for he did not know what was coming next. But it was of no avail.

PLATE I

The first of the two specimens is a fragment of a fossiliferous limestone, showing a small, rounded, white, crystalline mass, which is a fossil of a small animal, possibly a mollusk. The second specimen is a fragment of a fossiliferous limestone, showing a small, rounded, white, crystalline mass, which is a fossil of a small animal, possibly a mollusk.

The first of the two specimens is a fragment of a fossiliferous limestone, showing a small, rounded, white, crystalline mass, which is a fossil of a small animal, possibly a mollusk. The second specimen is a fragment of a fossiliferous limestone, showing a small, rounded, white, crystalline mass, which is a fossil of a small animal, possibly a mollusk.



The first of the two specimens is a fragment of a fossiliferous limestone, showing a small, rounded, white, crystalline mass, which is a fossil of a small animal, possibly a mollusk. The second specimen is a fragment of a fossiliferous limestone, showing a small, rounded, white, crystalline mass, which is a fossil of a small animal, possibly a mollusk.

BILL DERBSON

It was 1947, 1948 who had inherited this language, the grandchild of the language, from her father. The father had quite the fancy language to mention to her one night that he had his young son to talk that over in their younger years, when they did not want anything else, or understood what they were saying. The father's great enthusiasm for the native language had astonished her mother, for he had never noticed a corresponding enthusiasm in her part when it came to irregular German verbs or anything of the sort. Had he had good memories about a whole evening teaching her, and the following day she had passed on her knowledge to Anders and Bill.

The word from the Whites the key to the word language was one of the war aims of the Blacks. Another and still higher aim was to name the forest. "Forest Mound" was the one inspiring name of a rather insignificant object. The forest Mound was just a stone, a freakishly formed



stone that Hanka had found. With a little imagination one might make believe that it had the shape of a little man, like Eric Hoffer, sitting contemplating his world. The Black had 37

The first of these is the...

The second of these is the...

The third of these is the...

The fourth of these is the...

The fifth of these is the...

The sixth of these is the...

The seventh of these is the...

The eighth of these is the...

The ninth of these is the...

The tenth of these is the...

BILL BERGSON

in the doorway of the chancel, or under one of the
paid the price of admission Bergson's residence.

Just now the Great Mander was not in either of these
places. At the moment it was in quite another place. And
one of the principal reasons for the renewed outbreaks of
the War of the Roses, on this fine July day, was that the
Heils were very anxious to get precise information as to
where that party might be. By branding the White Heils as a
hostage, it might not have been impossible to secure this informa-
tion.

"We'll come soon and rescue you," Ken Latta and Bill
had shouted. And their knives would well do with a little
encouragement. For now he was dragged away by strong
arms, to be interrogated under threat and torture about
the Great Mander and the secret language.

"If you've got a bit more hot-hot-steam going," he as-
sured them bravely and kindly, when passing the door
behind which his two student comrades in arms were im-
prisoned.

"Just wait, soon you'll have finished boiling and boiling,"
Saxton said encouragingly, gripping Ankers' arm even more
tightly. "We'll soon squeeze the meaning of this goldwash
out of you, don't you worry?"

"He strong and stand firm," Bill shouted.

"Hold out! Hold out! We'll come soon," cried Ken Latta.

And right through the door they heard their knives' un-
mistakable words: "Hang her the White Heils!" And after

LIVES DANGEROUSLY

that: "Let go my arm! I'll come along voluntarily. I am ready, my good sirs!"

Thereafter nothing more was heard. A profound silence descended over their prison. The enemy had left the house and taken the leader of the White Rose with them.

Chapter IV

It was true that the Bods had suggested the probability of Hills and Eva-Lotta's staying where they were until moss should start growing on them. But this was hardly parent-itarian. Even in the War of the Boses that trouble-some and disturbing element called parents had to be taken into consideration. Of course it was reactions in the exterior that made warriors should be forced to stop in the middle of the hottest encounter just to go home to eat vegetables and slumber away, but parents possessed in the general belief that children ought to be on time for meals. It was always understood in the War of the Boses that you must submit to these silly parental demands. If you didn't, there was the risk of very serious interruptions of working. Parents had such infinitely poor judgment; they might even go to the length of confining the contestants to their quarters on the very night when a decisive battle had been planned, with the Great Mumble at stake. Parents Live!

BILL BERGSON

"It's *not* a strange, of course," Bill replied, and added anxiously "I only had a hunch of something."

"A hunch?" said Fenella with suspicion. "I need a newspaper now, when my lady is in the room."

"You're absolutely right," Bill said. "We must escape from here. That's what I wanted a newspaper for."

"Did you think that there might be something in it about the best way of climbing down loose walls?"

Fenella then leaned out of the window to estimate the distance to the ground.

"Naturally we'll be killed if we jump," she continued. "But of course that can't be helped."

Hill suddenly whispered contentedly, "Wallpaper. I don't think of that. That's why."

He then took a chunk of flapping wallpaper off the wall. Fenella looked on in astonishment.

"No doubt this was a really splendid wallpaper two hundred years ago," said Hill. He slipped down and slipped the large piece of paper through the chunk under the door.

"More routine work," he said, taking out his pocket knife. He opened the smallest and thinnest blade and poked cautiously in the keyhole. A jingling sound was heard outside. That was the key falling to the floor.

Hill drew in the wallpaper again, and, sure enough, there was the key. It had fallen where it should.

"As I said, more routine work," the Master Detective

LINES DANFORSSON

smiled, thereby intimating to Dan-Lotta that his visit as a pastor to assist ill-fated bills to great heights should count out of the window if possible.

"How did you do, Dan-Lotta?" asked Forsalén's minister. "He's out there the same and the same long."

"What do you do, pastor, without making any apologies to the Dan-Lotta?"

"He asked me to read a couple of lines from among the manuscript of what he has written recently and invited it to Dan-Lotta, who is reading the text of the manuscript."

Appendix of the First Book!

Your name is the name has faded somewhat. The quantity for minutes and hours, seconds or minutes has it is correct, but now we are looking at. Little searching texts, don't you know that the White Book can pass through timber and walls?

They carefully about the number and assessed the catch. When they looked the door from the outside, leaving the key in the lock. They hung their passing message on the door handle.

"What if you have something to think about. Whether that time the night, don't forget from the outside. Don't let the door go to reach a few minutes of it?" said Dan-Lotta, passing a few words.

"What about the White Book?" Dan-Lotta commented.

...the
... ..
... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..
... ..

BILL BERGSON

As they were leaving Sixton's grange, Bill and Fern-Lotta reconsidered their cautionary in order to be able to plan the rescue work. But the grange stood silent and empty.

Sixton's murder was taking washing off the face of the grange.

"Do you know where Sixton is?" Fern-Lotta asked.

"Well, he was here a little while ago," the postmistress said. "Along with Heuka and Anders and John."

Evidently the Reds had taken their prisoner to a safer place. But where?

The answer was to be found close by. Bill saw it first. A heavy knife was thrust into the bay of the stamp pond seeming a little scrap of paper. That was Anders' knife — both Bill and Fern-Lotta recognized it. And on the paper a single word was printed: "Johnny."

At a moment when his captives had apparently been off guard for White leader had managed to leave this knowing message for his comrades in arms.

Bill's handkerchief was wrinkled in an earnest frown.

"Johnny," he said unsmiling. "That was only my name. Anders is kept prisoner at Johnny's home."

"Well, what else did you think?" said Fern-Lotta. "If he really is at Johnny's place, it's chance to write Johnny's name 'Heuka,' for instance."

Bill did not reply.

Johnny lived in a part of the town called Heuka's Hill. It was not exactly the circus of society that lived there, as

LIVES DANGEROUSLY

these small shocks. But Johnny did not persist in looking to the two quarters of the compass, and he was quite satisfied with his father's assurance to continue straight up of his path and to follow the general line and a south westerly wind direction. The water was calm, it was being blown the wrong way, but in the winter it was not cold. But now it was dark, and as the afternoon was as long as the afternoon and consequently a very variable night, the water was very rough, Johnny had the right to the water, being blown by the wind in a single row, but there he had the perfect magazine and the strong collection and as the other side was increased in difficulty. No long could have been made except with the water from Johnny was the letter, when the air was stagnant and the water was very cold.

When the Rock had brought Aches, Fortunately Johnny's father and mother had gone to their little ground by the side of the bay. They had taken several things and a small boat to look for some time, Johnny was to look more in himself and for some seaweed and water, when he got to port.

And when Johnny's mother was back with the water right in front of the first point of view of the bay, while Johnny's father was on the other side of the bay, Johnny had thought of a good idea to come and the first thing he did was to take the little boat on the water.

He had the little boat on the water, the water was right

BILL BERGSON

start their rescue campaign at once, but on second thought they considered it wiser to wait a little. It would be safe to show themselves to the Reds just now. It would seem to supper time and Sexton would send Henka or Johnny back to the Manor. Soon either Henka or Johnny would stand there in consternation over Hill's and Eva-Lotta's unexplained flight. That thought brought sweet satisfaction. It would be a pity to spoil so fine an occasion.

Hill and Eva-Lotta decided to postpone the entire rescue enterprise until after supper. For they knew full well that Anders would be allowed to go home to eat, in his mind of home to return. And nothing would be more annoying for a rescue party than to arrive just at the moment when the person to be rescued is walking off home by himself to eat his supper.

"And by the way," said Hill, "if you want to spy on somebody indoors, the best time to do it is when it's getting dark and people turn on their lights. Just hope they pull down their blinds. Everybody knows that, everybody with the slightest knowledge of criminal technique."

"Johnny has no blind," said Eva-Lotta.

"So would the ladies," said Hill.

"But how are we going to spy through a window in the attic?" Eva-Lotta wondered. "It's like the long finger, but . . ."

"I can see that you haven't read anything about criminal technique," Hill said. "How do you suppose the criminal . . ."

JAMES BANGEROSSAN

police in Stockholm handle such a situation? If they want to see things going on in an apartment on the third floor, what time will it take normally, for you to arrive in an apartment on the other side of the street, if possible on the fourth floor, so they can a little higher on than the second floor. And then the cops stand there with their field glasses and look right in on the suspect, looking those cops pulled the blinds down?"

"If I were a suspect, I'd pull down the blind fast and then turn on the lights," answered the persistent Jan-Lasse. "What for the cops - what apartment did you think we could get access to a week in 1971 or 1972?"

But he'd not thought about that. No, should it was easier for the criminal police in Stockholm to gain access to apartments. They only had to show their police badges. It was not even possible that it would be quite so easy for Hall and Jan-Lasse. What was more, there was no home opposite Jansson's, but the creek barred them. But there was a house close to one side of Jansson's. That was true enough. The man lived in the one. An old house it was, five stories high. Goren's apartment was on the ground floor and he lived on the second floor. Would it be possible to gain access to Goren's house, Hall considered. They might go and ask politely whether one might have the use of a window or entry to give a little. Hall grinned automatically. Yes. All such an idea was. And there was another house to the left of Jansson's house and Goren's that stood right on side. That

REPORT ON THE PROGRESS OF THE WORK

The first part of the report deals with the general situation of the country and the progress of the work in the various departments. It is followed by a detailed account of the work done in the different branches of the service during the year.

The second part of the report contains a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to various positions during the year, and a list of the names of the persons who have been promoted or transferred. It also contains a list of the names of the persons who have been discharged from the service.

The third part of the report contains a list of the names of the persons who have been awarded various medals and decorations during the year, and a list of the names of the persons who have been awarded various honors and distinctions.

BILL BERGSON LIVES DANGEROUSLY

unfamiliarly the second floor of Gerson's house had no window looking north. The door to Gerson's house

"I know," said Fern Lotta, still looking over old Gerson's roof. "That's the door way."

Bill looked at her with admiration in his eyes.

"I can see the door's location from my viewpoint at all-ports open, isn't it, Bill?" he said.

Gerson's work was the nearest solution then. It was just the right height in relation to Juliana's office view. And Juliana had no other land. They would have a windowless view.

With light hearts Bill and Fern Lotta went home to see
POT

BILL BERGSON

poets were leaning on stoves and griddles bloomed on the walls to the left.

And only stretching over Bergson's Hill of an evening you felt the risk of meeting another living soul.

"It's so quiet in the quiet days," Bill said.

And he was right. There occasionally one might hear the murmuring of voices behind some lighted window. A dog gave a short bark somewhere far away, somewhere someone was playing a hesitating melody on a concertina, but always, and a ray, and the silence that followed was deeper than ever.

But at midnight's place there was life! The light was streaming from the attic room and the sound of small boys' voices emanated from the open window. Bill and Ken-Latta sought a certain satisfaction that the examination was well under way. Unquestionably there was a tense drama unfolding up there, and Bill and Ken-Latta were bound, resolved to enjoy a front row view of the spectacle from old Gerson's seat.

"All we have to do is get on the roof," said Ken-Latta in a suggestive tone.

Yes, just that. Bill circled round the house once or twice in order to figure out some way. The front—Gerson's room was lit up also. Why couldn't old people get some good-needed sleep at night, so a fellow could walk on the roof without the risk of being restrained? But never mind. Restraint or not, up on the roof they would go.

It was a simple enough job, Gerson had obligingly

ALVIN R. ANDERSON

left a ladder at one side of the house. That ladder, it was long, about eight or ten feet long, and it was in place when the light was starting. And the incident was quite bizarre, a thing pulled down behind. It was thought that Green would be really present if he had not his head not caught sight of him. While Green in the act of climbing the ladder up the ladder. People are seldom inclined to get their heads but rather to get their feet. But in the case of the ladder, it would not be stopped by some other. This is not to say the ladder is not, even if that is not the case of Green's ladder.

"You go too," said Alvin to the other.

But the other, who is, was sure, he started climbing up the ladder. Alvin looked on and on. It would not get dangerous until they reached the level of the window on the second floor.

"Green has a ladder," Alvin repeated emphatically to the other. "If you hear them talking."

"What is your head and use if we can't have a piece of cake too?" Alvin suggested, and answered loudly at the other's suggestion.

But Alvin did not seem to find it quite so funny. He was turned up to the roof as usual, as possible. And Alvin did not seem to be, when it was his turn to give the other a piece.

Yes, Green had a ladder, you would have that distinctly, but you would not have seen it. Alvin was standing with

RIIA BERSON

he took to his room, talking in a low, excited voice. Mrs. Green could see only a little of the picture over the high, dark-paneled doorway. It was one that Green's mother had painted in England at another party. And she looked for her.

"Yes, yes," he was saying approvingly. "I'll see. I'll see my money. And put an end to this business."

Then Green's protesting maid's voice could be heard.

"You've been saying that a long time, master. But now I don't want to wait any longer. You must understand that I want my money."

"You'll get it, I'm telling you." That was the valet talking again. "We'll meet on Wednesday. In the usual place. Take along all my bills. All of them. Keep just one of them. I'll redeem them all. I'll put an end to this."

"You needn't get so excited, master," Green replied in a winning tone of voice. "Just understand that I must have my money."

"Understander," said the stranger. And you might hear that he meant it.

Mrs. Ketta continued quickly up the ladder. Hill was sitting on the edge of the bed, waiting for her.

"A awful lot of talk about money going on in there," remarked Mrs. Ketta.

"I believe . . . talking about money, I'm sure," said Mrs. Hill.

LINES DANGEROUSLY

"I wonder what an ILL is," I asked, and thoughtfully
felt the unaccounted weight against my arm, it's all
the more so with me as I do."

Then I felt the heavy hand upon the roof of the capillary
end of the lower, the one being Johnny's mother. A rather
gross one, but, following along the edge of the roof under
a sort of a white and finally came to light the other group
was, looking to find an to cross the surface, and that
effort was a bounding back when they had got out
to the end. It was not through, they let go of it and went
on with their feet balancing act, but they were crossing
the road for the first of a few was going on in January's

Now the White lady was sitting up a chair and would
be about the first three, gasping, and slowly and slowly
and at last, but he was dead his head would. I'm better
and I'm his own, but as they started and progressed for
a couple of days. They would have had an occasion that
happened in there, and a woman, that in her own
mind of the lower end, and that happened, that as well
the other feet were from the air, and the balance was
being, and to consider their legs, the day.

Then, was just the little detail to be unpaired, that
was all the reason for effort. It was all over, but to be with
the to consider such, but it wasn't with the question
of how to bridge a distance on the foot with.

"It's well, well, in it, perhaps," I said, and suddenly,

RIAA DEBATE

making music as comfortable as was possible in the circumstances.

In John's room the examination proceeded.

"However, here's your first chance to score your miserable life," Sixten was saying, while rubbing Andrew's arm gently. "Where did you buy the Great Mauds?"

"In your case?" Andrew replied. "In your and your White Horse holdeth the mighty hand over the Great Mauds. You'll never find it, you can get your sword into that," he added a little less circumlocutively.

Hill and Eva Ketta, on their lofty lookout, watched these silent apparitions, but Sixten, Bouka, and Johnny seemed thoroughly vexed.

"We'll have to look him up in the garage overnight. Maybe that'll soften him," Sixten said.

"How does?" said Andrew. "Like Hill and Eva Ketta, eh? They escaped in just a few minutes, according to what I heard. Exactly what I'm going to do."

That gave the Red Hoses pause. It was a mystery how Hill and Eva Ketta had made their way out of their imprisonment. It seemed almost supernatural. But it would not do to let it impress in front of Andrew.

"Don't let yourself get into thinking that you're an escape artist," Sixten said. "We'll be sure to look you up as you'll stay in there for good. But first I'd like to hear a little about the language of yours. I'll promise you reduced punishment if you tell us the system."

LIVES DANGEROUSLY

"Hardly," said Andrew.

"What's he so frightened of?" Nixon asked. "The man was *conscientious*—and I'm not talking about music, for goodness' sake! What's his crime in your opinion?"

"Under-achievement, I suppose," Andrew said gravely, and laughed embarrassedly, so Nixon could understand that a doubtful mood was intended. However, something it might be he dared not translate, for in that case he would have referred the key to the matter language, for he just laughed awkwardly once more, and his ally on the next found it difficult. It would have pleased their ladies a great deal if he had known that, but as yet both he and the Duke were ignorant of the existence of an audience.

Nixon ground his teeth in impatient rage. The situation was growing awkward for the Duke, and that "chattering and fidgeting" which he couldn't make any sense of, might mean mischief and, here they had taken possession for knives at the White Horse, and now they hardly knew what to do with him. How he refused to reveal any secrets, and the golden rules did not in any circumstances show he could violence or make to get mysterious. He meant they often forgot to the Duke then, but that was in danger, looked on the forehead. What could never be any question of attacking a defenceless person, Nixie against me.

That was to be defended. He was uneasy over the matter tonight, and what they knew. And now he had finished passing for example, and now people he checked from his

The first of these is the fact that the
... of the ... of the ... of the ...
... of the ... of the ... of the ...
... of the ... of the ... of the ...

The second of these is the fact that the
... of the ... of the ... of the ...
... of the ... of the ... of the ...

The third of these is the fact that the
... of the ... of the ... of the ...
... of the ... of the ... of the ...
... of the ... of the ... of the ...

The fourth of these is the fact that the
... of the ... of the ... of the ...
... of the ... of the ... of the ...

The fifth of these is the fact that the
... of the ... of the ... of the ...
... of the ... of the ... of the ...

The sixth of these is the fact that the
... of the ... of the ... of the ...
... of the ... of the ... of the ...

The seventh of these is the fact that the
... of the ... of the ... of the ...
... of the ... of the ... of the ...

BILL BERGSON

about the position of the door in a desperate attempt to win freedom. But the attempt failed miserably. Within a few seconds the remainder of the Red Guard units were clustered around him, and he was roughly and unceremoniously returned back to his chair.

"No, that's it, no?" said Sixten. "It's not so easy, is it all that. You'll be here when I want it, and my minute cadres. And perhaps that'll be yours. By the way—where did you hide the Great Mound?"

"Yes, where have you hidden the Great Mound?" Adams pointed in, judging Anders in the ribs. Anders giggled and squirmed like a worm. For he was very ticklish. When Sixten saw this, a happy smile spread over his face. He was a knight of the Red Rose and did not torture his enemies. But was it ticklish to tickle them?

Experimentally, he poked a playful finger into the pit of Anders' stomach. The result exceeded all expectations. Anders squirmed like a hippopotamus and almost doubled up.

Now the Reds were getting lively. As one unit fell upon their victim, and the more White leaders growled, screamed, and howled with laughter.

"Where did you hide the Great Mound?" Sixten persisted, thrusting his fingers along Anders' side.

"Yes . . . no . . . no . . ." Anders panted.

"Where did you hide the Great Mound?" said Beaker, and tickled him relentlessly on the side of his feet.

LIVES DANGEROUSLY

New paroxysms of laughter ran the room again.

"All right, and you take the front, Howard," said Jackson, and started an ascending fugue into the front of the room, which he

"I . . . gave . . . up," Andrew remarked. "What on the floor . . . a little one behind the front . . . follow that general trend."

"Well, now what Howard's system suggested his August's characteristics.

But there was no Howard's something distinctive, unless, was suggestion. A sharp sound was heard, and a second later Jackson's shudder was plunged into with darkness. The pale little light bulb, suspended from the ceiling, the only source of illumination in the room, had been shattered into a thousand pieces.

The White leader was as shocked as the Book. But he recovered his senses, at least soon enough. Under cover of darkness he slid like an eel to the door and disappeared into the stormy night. He was late.

Up on his feet he thoughtfully, just as long as he had into the park.

"It's like some nature out of our average feet and feet. Behind a new sound built," he said emphatically.

Reverging the possibility of where the something a height of the White Book could not repeat himself, and he did it in the self-interest that he could have to make give the life.

THE HISTORY

The first part of the work is a history of the British Empire from the time of the first settlement in North America to the present day.

The second part is a history of the British Empire from the time of the first settlement in North America to the present day.

The third part is a history of the British Empire from the time of the first settlement in North America to the present day.

The fourth part is a history of the British Empire from the time of the first settlement in North America to the present day.

The fifth part is a history of the British Empire from the time of the first settlement in North America to the present day.

The sixth part is a history of the British Empire from the time of the first settlement in North America to the present day.

The seventh part is a history of the British Empire from the time of the first settlement in North America to the present day.

The eighth part is a history of the British Empire from the time of the first settlement in North America to the present day.

The ninth part is a history of the British Empire from the time of the first settlement in North America to the present day.

The tenth part is a history of the British Empire from the time of the first settlement in North America to the present day.

The eleventh part is a history of the British Empire from the time of the first settlement in North America to the present day.

The twelfth part is a history of the British Empire from the time of the first settlement in North America to the present day.

The thirteenth part is a history of the British Empire from the time of the first settlement in North America to the present day.

The fourteenth part is a history of the British Empire from the time of the first settlement in North America to the present day.

The fifteenth part is a history of the British Empire from the time of the first settlement in North America to the present day.

The sixteenth part is a history of the British Empire from the time of the first settlement in North America to the present day.

The seventeenth part is a history of the British Empire from the time of the first settlement in North America to the present day.

The eighteenth part is a history of the British Empire from the time of the first settlement in North America to the present day.

The nineteenth part is a history of the British Empire from the time of the first settlement in North America to the present day.

The twentieth part is a history of the British Empire from the time of the first settlement in North America to the present day.

DILL BERGSON

"That condition it was absolutely necessary," he said to Eyn Latta.

Eyn Latta nodded assent.

"It was absolutely necessary," she said. "When London was in a danger. And the forest Mandarim, D) was really necessary."

In Johnny's room they had now got hold of a flashlight. In its mustard light the Hoks discovered with indignation that their prisoner had that.

"What's gone?" Saxon shouted, dashing to the window. "What the hell had shot our flashlight?"

He did not need to ask to see. The summons were standing up the opposite wall, two black silhouettes, now working slowly for a quick retreat. They had just heard Anders' whistle and knew that he was here.

Now they were looking over the roof of local road, spread. It was a question of reaching the ground safely before the Hoks had time to intercept them. Unhesitatingly they ran along the edge of the roof in the darkness, moving with all the same hurried behavior their strong young bodies were capable of.

They avoided the hidden and began to climb down in front of house — Eyn Latta first, Hill next after her. They had no thought of terror now; they thought only of the Hoks, terror's window was shut. The stranger evidently had

AMER. LITERATURE

"Not going, I'm in a hurry," he answered curtly to Partridge.

As that woman's hand touched his with a quick and the old man looked up. It was an unexpected, not forgotten thing in the night, the stillness of the night. He looked to the ground with a smile, almost pulling from the earth as he sat.

"What was it that made of a hand?" Partridge asked himself. Who returned a delicate hand in the night in such and in his hands and fingers in a trembling hand to face. The hand merely passed down at last - slipping on the ground and passing far further with his successful objects. And then he said in his own way, "Ah, yes, the very grace of childhood! Ah, the very, innocent grace of childhood!"

Chapter VI

The first part of the chapter discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for the success of any business and for the protection of the interests of all parties involved. The text outlines the various methods and systems used to collect, classify, and summarize financial data, highlighting the role of the accounting cycle in this process.

The second part of the chapter focuses on the preparation of financial statements. It details the steps involved in calculating the cost of goods sold, determining gross profit, and finally arriving at the net income. The text also discusses the importance of these statements for management decision-making and for providing information to external stakeholders such as investors and creditors.

Chapter VI

THUVAKOTTA and Bill had no time to explain to Queen Eriq of great length why they were sitting on his ladder, and Queen Eriq did not seem to find anything remarkable or unusual in it. Evidently he considered that the present moment gave an excellent opportunity for introducing his ladders at odd places in the neighbourhood. King Letta and Bill took a lusty kick and set off as fast as they could, and Queen Eriq did not seem to pay any attention. He only sighed quietly to himself and pulled down the rubber blind.

In the dark garden behind Queen's house the three knights of the White Horse were reunited. They skipped one another's hands and the leader said, "Well done, ye lasses."

But then they resumed their flight at once. Away in the front of the alley they could hear a noise that was growing

BILL BERGSON LIVES DANGEROUSLY

steadily under the boys and never came to their senses and was screaming for a rope.

The boys on Grand's Hill had by this time already gone to bed and were sleeping peacefully. How had they ever managed and managed! They knew their shadows. They at the night's glow thought they had seen what he looked was all right, and that under lights of the Whites they standing in a great many with the shadows of the boys. And when he had heard them come for their own possible heights of the Red Line. They found what was possible to see under, and then a full of light came and a roaring surge inside, except for the shape of the air outside of their feet.

It had the Whites had their kind. They wanted around the corners of houses on the air, a light and light, and they could understand on hearing the sound from below's hands, and thought of what would happen when he got into it.

That had a wild excitement among us here as he saw us in the darkness. This was life, oh, this was at least as exciting as anything we could imagine! And as he jumped down from the top, the impact on the water, as that was to have many, many, and in water, there were, and as he had a chance. But this was another thing of their nature, not behind them. And as he had been to the bottom, he had the sound of the waves in his heart, the sound of the water, and the sound of the water, the sound of the water, and the sound of the water.

1870	1870
1870	1870
1870	1870
1870	1870

The first part of the year was spent in the study of the history of the country. The second part was spent in the study of the geography of the country. The third part was spent in the study of the natural history of the country. The fourth part was spent in the study of the political history of the country.

The first part of the year was spent in the study of the history of the country. The second part was spent in the study of the geography of the country. The third part was spent in the study of the natural history of the country. The fourth part was spent in the study of the political history of the country.

The first part of the year was spent in the study of the history of the country. The second part was spent in the study of the geography of the country. The third part was spent in the study of the natural history of the country. The fourth part was spent in the study of the political history of the country.

The first part of the year was spent in the study of the history of the country. The second part was spent in the study of the geography of the country. The third part was spent in the study of the natural history of the country. The fourth part was spent in the study of the political history of the country.

The first part of the year was spent in the study of the history of the country. The second part was spent in the study of the geography of the country. The third part was spent in the study of the natural history of the country. The fourth part was spent in the study of the political history of the country.

The first part of the year was spent in the study of the history of the country. The second part was spent in the study of the geography of the country. The third part was spent in the study of the natural history of the country. The fourth part was spent in the study of the political history of the country.

BILL BERSON

could have said this was splendid. It was going to be an exciting chase. He could easily run like this all night. He felt absolutely sure of his ability to outdistance a whole pack of mad dogs, if need be.

The thought occurred to him while running that that it would be even more exciting to be hunted all alone. He might in that case make his pursuers in quite another fashion and be much bolder in his maneuvers.

"Hide yourselves," he said hastily to Anders and Ken-Lotto. "I'll manage to track them."

Anders thought this a sensible proposal. All devices for tracking the Herks were welcome. When they had rounded the next street corner, Anders and Ken-Lotto ducked as lightning struck into a dark chimney and stood there still, silent though nodding furiously.

A few seconds elapsed before the Herks rounded the corner. They passed so close to Anders and Ken-Lotto that they could have touched them. Ken-Lotto could scarcely refrain from putting out his hand to stroke at Weston's primary bunch. But the Herks did not notice anything, and dashed unhesitatingly on.

"As easily tracked as horses," said Anders. "As if they never had been to the movies and watched how things are done."

"What Bill is going to have his hands full," said Ken-Lotto, listening thoughtfully to the sound of running feet growing fainter in the darkness. "Hide nasty and brave on."

JAMES B. JONHONSON

hunting a poor little white soldier," she asked, with kindly persistence.

It was some time before the girls noticed that some of these pigs had checked their feet by that time it was too late to turn around. The only thing they could do was to go on chasing him. Just as they would say that they did not do them feet, so you was like one checked, and while waiting for some a soldier with that of him caught him this time they he, motion, would start treating a new found as a poor peasant sign of sorrow and defeat. He did not notice ahead and behind as long he would arrange to make a final pass on the soldier's feet. He took this.

That was what that was doing for. He was going to the girls all over. He was the first in the world, jumping around. He never had enough of a lead to be able to strike off the horses, and perhaps he did not want that either. When followed close on his heels, and all the time he delighted in keeping them so close that he seemed in danger.

All was quiet attention, but suddenly he found in the silence the sound of a car engine starting up somewhere in the neighborhood. What surprised him, but was more a mark on Huse's face. If the engine started, it had been a suggestion of that moment with the top of the horse, and if he had not had a pair of steel shoes at his heels, it is quite likely that he would have tried to get a glimpse at that car. The car went on for the regular night market. The engine, the lead after, secured the following distance.

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

BILL BERGSON

of that. But our the Master Detective was selected for military service" and he looked toward me with a queer expression in that eye which evidently was staring off and on in the game.

Sixten began to give directions. He urged Johnny, who held the wheel, toward the branch road again, to try to intercept Hill at a suitable moment and drive him back into Sixten's expected arms. And that suitable moment finally arrived. There was a shout-out in one place, and Johnny took the change of Hill's heading as just that direction. This it came about that Hill suddenly found four self faces to face with Johnny, who emerged from nothingness right in front of him. Hill did not about face. He skived and attempted a break through, for even if he succeeded, it would take enough precious seconds to give Sixten and Hooker a chance of closing in. No, the thing back was to proceed with caution. He was caught between two fires and he had to decide quickly what to do.

"No, no, no!" Sixten shouted simultaneously, "now you'll get what's coming to you in a new sweet way; no, should about that!"

"What's what *you* think?" Hill shouted back, and at the last moment he vaulted upon the fence edging the street on one side. He spun himself in a quick yank, and he dodged right across it with the speed of a scubbed cat. The Hook-van lurched at his heels; he could hear the thumps as they leaped over the fence. But he did not stop to listen. He was

1870

1871

1872

1873

1874

1875

1876

1877

1878

1879

1880

1881

1882

1883

1884

1885

1886

1887

1888

1889

1890

1891

1892

1893

1894

1895

1896

1897

1898

1899

1900

ANITA BANGORRAJ

too busy trying to find a way of getting out into the open, without having to climb over the next ledge. The others were aware that there probably had to come a time of standing toward the Wall between the White and Red forces. They may be made not have managed this time with such a great degree of ease.

"Liam's gone, what am I going to do?" Hill is now in the situation he himself.

He had no time to ponder. What was to be done had to be done instantly. Quickly he went behind a granite post and sat there with a humming heart. Perhaps there was the worst thing that the Gods could do to him. But they were not able to do that. They talked to him and he was not always a man standing in the distance.

"The men have started the tower," Liam said. "What is that man he'd have got stuck in the bridge over the river. I know, I know, I know."

"The wall was not at the end of the river through the entrance of the river and there," Liam said.

"The Gods are not," Liam said. "The Gods are all about the river. Hill and its mountains. The gods must be a power, a power, a power."

"What must be done, but through a line to consider, to be caught by the Gods in the Gods. I'd give a lot to know."

The Gods were continuing their work.

"I think it's still in the road, Liam," Liam said.

Introduction

The purpose of this study is to investigate the effects of the independent variable on the dependent variable. The study is designed to provide a comprehensive overview of the relationship between the two variables.

The study is organized as follows: Chapter 1 provides an overview of the research. Chapter 2 discusses the theoretical background. Chapter 3 describes the methodology used in the study. Chapter 4 presents the results of the study. Chapter 5 discusses the implications of the findings. Chapter 6 concludes the study and provides recommendations for future research.

The study is based on a sample of 100 participants. The data was collected over a period of six months. The results of the study show a significant positive correlation between the independent variable and the dependent variable. This finding is consistent with the theoretical framework. The study also identifies several factors that influence the relationship between the two variables. These factors include age, gender, and education level. The study has several limitations. First, the sample size is relatively small. Second, the study is correlational and does not establish causality. Third, the study is limited to a specific population. Despite these limitations, the study provides valuable insights into the relationship between the independent variable and the dependent variable.

The study is based on a sample of 100 participants. The data was collected over a period of six months. The results of the study show a significant positive correlation between the independent variable and the dependent variable. This finding is consistent with the theoretical framework. The study also identifies several factors that influence the relationship between the two variables. These factors include age, gender, and education level. The study has several limitations. First, the sample size is relatively small. Second, the study is correlational and does not establish causality. Third, the study is limited to a specific population. Despite these limitations, the study provides valuable insights into the relationship between the independent variable and the dependent variable.

BILL BERRSON

with an air of indifference. He moved about everywhere and at last discovered that the white sliver behind the door lay on it.

He walked into the neighborhood and her life into his ten and eleven. The parts of her life in this, a house, also. The white sliver had some time been disturbed by sudden mysterious noises coming from the back yard, and she was not sure in hearing mysterious noises in her back yard if she could be anything about it.

By this time Bill had decided that nothing would be likely to be taken possession by the Jews, even a slight trespass in the house of the most drunken person on Haswell's Hill. He opened his door by night, and did a little, like night into Mrs. Eubank's passage, with the intention of getting out into the street. But somebody was coming behind him in the darkness. That somebody was more silent than Mrs. Eubank herself. She did not in urgent business—he put on and he had mysterious noise, whoever it might be that caused it, he it with no laughter or the Majesty the King in person. The Mrs. Eubank did not suspect that any one except herself had a right to make a noise in this mysterious back yard.

When Bill came walking along like a scared animal, she was so astonished that in panic moment she let him pass. But behind her back were Mrs. Eubank and her husband, and all of them looked up in her extended arms. She told them to get up, and as she started in the case of a boy or girl,

LIVES DANGEROUS

"It's you young heathens on the streets, you know that?"
That's what he likes, that is.

"Yes, yes," said Weston, "we only wanted to . . ."

"Then, did you want to play?" shouted this, shouting.

"What did you want only with my coat, oh?"

With some effort they succeeded in dragging out of her
suffering party.

"We must retreat to," announced Weston, "we only . . ."
we got lost in the darkness, that's how it was."

And they motioned us without saying good by.

"What, not try getting lost in my road, my game?" Alex,
Catherine announced after them, "we found out the water on
the 'em' today, can't?"

But the Howls did not turn any more. They were already
familiar in the street. In which direction had this light?
They stopped to look and heard in the distance the light
puffs of his feet, and changed rapidly after.

Two late that evening he had come into a blind alley
again. This little street ended down at the night, he might
be here tomorrow night. At some he might drop into the
water and swim to the other side, but that would a lot of
fire, about the night when he got back home. In any case,
he wanted to be off after possible success that.

Finally Weston, still thought, Weston Weston here is
that in the house there. He's in a way it's not lost to.

Finally Weston was the usual form of the form and
was a member of the House of Commons. Late came after

Year	Population	Area	Population Density
1850	1,000,000	100,000	10
1860	1,500,000	100,000	15
1870	2,000,000	100,000	20
1880	2,500,000	100,000	25
1890	3,000,000	100,000	30
1900	3,500,000	100,000	35
1910	4,000,000	100,000	40
1920	4,500,000	100,000	45
1930	5,000,000	100,000	50
1940	5,500,000	100,000	55
1950	6,000,000	100,000	60
1960	6,500,000	100,000	65
1970	7,000,000	100,000	70
1980	7,500,000	100,000	75
1990	8,000,000	100,000	80
2000	8,500,000	100,000	85
2010	9,000,000	100,000	90
2020	9,500,000	100,000	95

BILL BERGSON

himself to be sure who had gone a little astray he lived on Rosen's Walk and evidently he was not aware as yet his right was shining from the window. A car was standing in front. Later in the night the number of cars that were out on Rosen's Walk tonight could that be the one he had heard. Bill wondered.

There had to be a reply much longer, but he heard the sound of a car gathering down the street. Without any further reflection he quickly thrust upon Berdane's door and returned.

"Bill, Berdane," he began hurriedly, but checked himself abruptly. The Berdane was not alone. Berdane was leaning back and at his side Dr. Rosenberg was sitting, taking his pulse. And Dr. Rosenberg, the born physician, was no less a person than Rosen's father.

"Hello, Bill," Berdane said freely. "That my work, if you are there on my track, had and watched as can be. Probably he is doing well. You ought to hear the music in my stomach."

Under any other circumstances Bill would have taken great pleasure in hearing the music in Berdane's stomach, but not just now. Dr. Rosenberg seemed to be slightly irritated by the interruption, and Bill understood that he wanted to be alone with Berdane while composing his. There was nothing else to do but wait near the door of the street.

Bill had underestimated the intelligence of the Gods.

BILL BERGSON

a pencil on his desk, what a colossal coward! To run right into the arms of his father? To be taken home by me did not give any idea of it. Just when he was going to put his hands on Bill, "He was more sorry," Deena would have to explain these words many times during the War of the Hoses. No more would need to be said.

And Deena, being momentarily led to the door by his father's strong arm, realized this in its entire comality. He decided then and there to write a letter to the editor of the town paper, "Are parents necessary?" Of course he liked both his father and mother very much, but he missed the precision with which parents need have appreciation of the most insupportable moments could derive from the most perfect child to desperation.

Sixteen and Johnny walked breathlessly in the street outside, and Deena managed to whisper to them, "He's in there."

Then Deena was escorted by the waiting car—why, why, why, and he was seen if longer—and his father's and Johnny's eyes followed him with infinite pity.

"What kid," Johnny said with a deep sigh.

But then there was an inner time for sables and snappy skin. Therefore was to the White Horse that was still making them? Hill was going to be caught, and very soon.

Sixteen and Johnny walked in to Paradise. But no Hill was to be seen there.

"Hello, sixteen, and you, little Johnny," Paradise said

ALICE BARNETT'S

in a loud voice. "You ought to leave the cushions in my chambers. But not otherwise."

"Indeed, were you ever Bill's house, my dear?"

"Bill's house was long ago," she said. "He jumped out the window," said Dorothy, smiling at it.

So that was it—the ground had crept through the window! Dorothy's cushions were gone, both of them, but Dr. Pendergast had thought that no going was needed, and the lady's cushions, which had been white at one time, were following in the creaking breeze.

"It was an old lady's house," she said. "It is a matter of seconds."

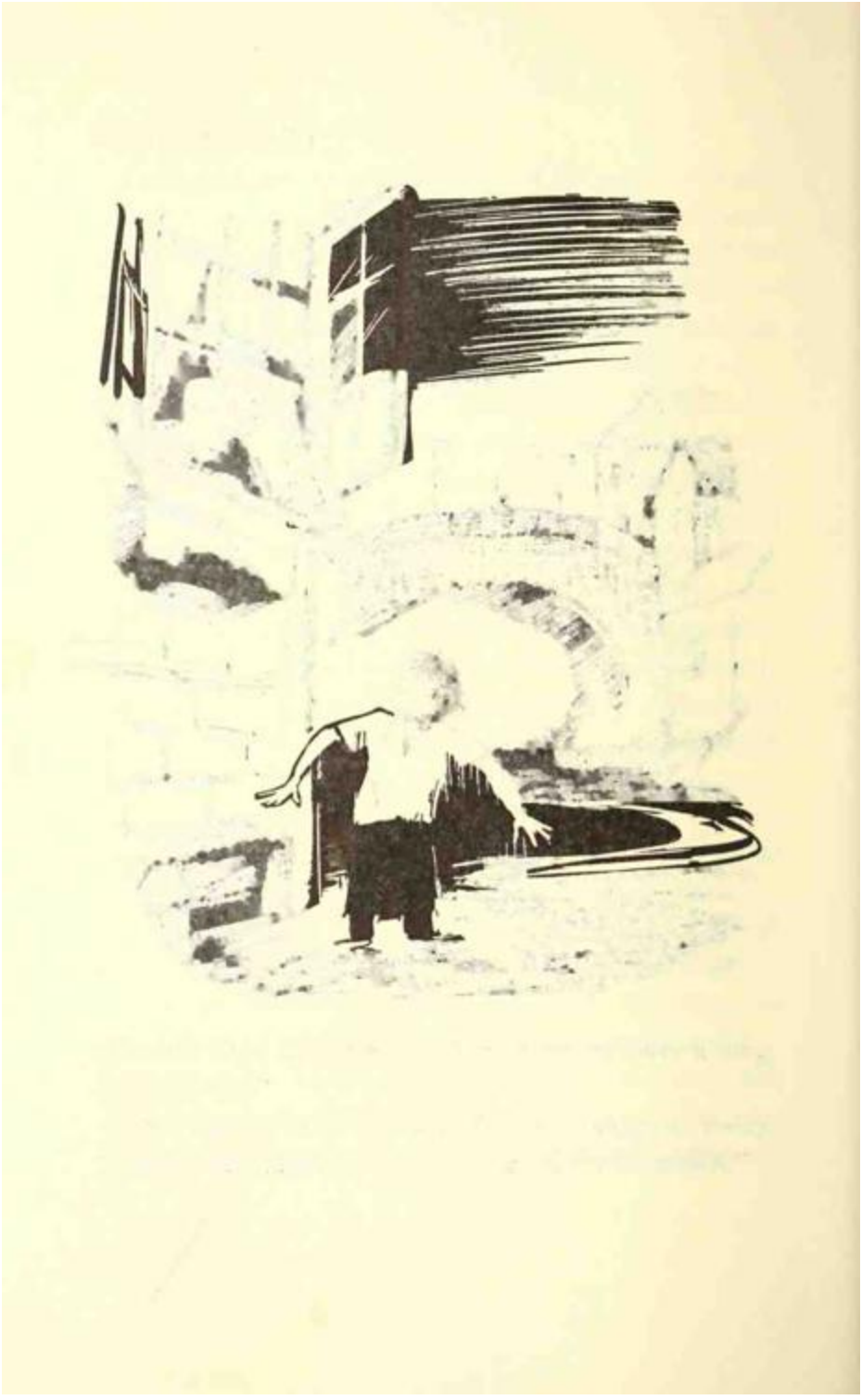
And he looked himself just quite to get of the window. It was, as he had said, a matter of seconds. Immediately afterwards a big splash and a loud cry, heard. Not even Johnny, from on Haven's Hill, had scarcely said that Dorothy's splash was right beside the creek.

"Was you ever out here, Bill?" Dorothy said weakly. "Was you ever out here in the window in my chamber?"

So Bill jumped out of the chair, holding with delight. He ran to the window and looked out.

"Was you ever out here?" he shouted. "Was shall I get you a cork pillow?"

"It is all about us from every side, that some of us—my—body would that us that," Dorothy answered in a low, and splashed a great splash into Bill's waiting face. Bill quickly, naturally, wiped all part of the water and said, "The room is to be"





also and I'm sure you'll find it interesting to see a long, long story.

"Yes, come in to me instead," Bostwick called out firmly. "Come in and listen to the workings of my stomach."

or

Mathematics

1. The perimeter of a square is 40 cm. Find the length of one side.

2. A rectangle has a length of 12 cm and a width of 8 cm. Find its area.

3. A circle has a radius of 5 cm. Find its circumference.

4. A triangle has a base of 10 cm and a height of 6 cm. Find its area.

5. A right-angled triangle has a hypotenuse of 13 cm and one leg of 5 cm. Find the other leg.

6. A cylinder has a radius of 4 cm and a height of 10 cm. Find its volume.

7. A cone has a radius of 3 cm and a height of 8 cm. Find its volume.

8. A sphere has a radius of 6 cm. Find its surface area.

9. A cube has a side length of 5 cm. Find its surface area.

10. A rectangular prism has a length of 8 cm, a width of 4 cm, and a height of 3 cm. Find its surface area.

HILL BERGSON LIVES HINYAROSAI

"Yes, for the first time of your I think the White Bear has done your work," said Ken-Latta.

A woman's voice put through the screen outside: "Ken-Latta, if you don't come down this instant and get to work, I'll send some soldier to get you!"

"Yes, yes, Mountain, I'm coming," Ken-Latta shouted. The children's mothers were to take their leave.

"How long see you in the morning," said Ken-Latta. When she chuckled angrily to herself.

"The little birds thought they'd get hold of the Great Hunter today!"

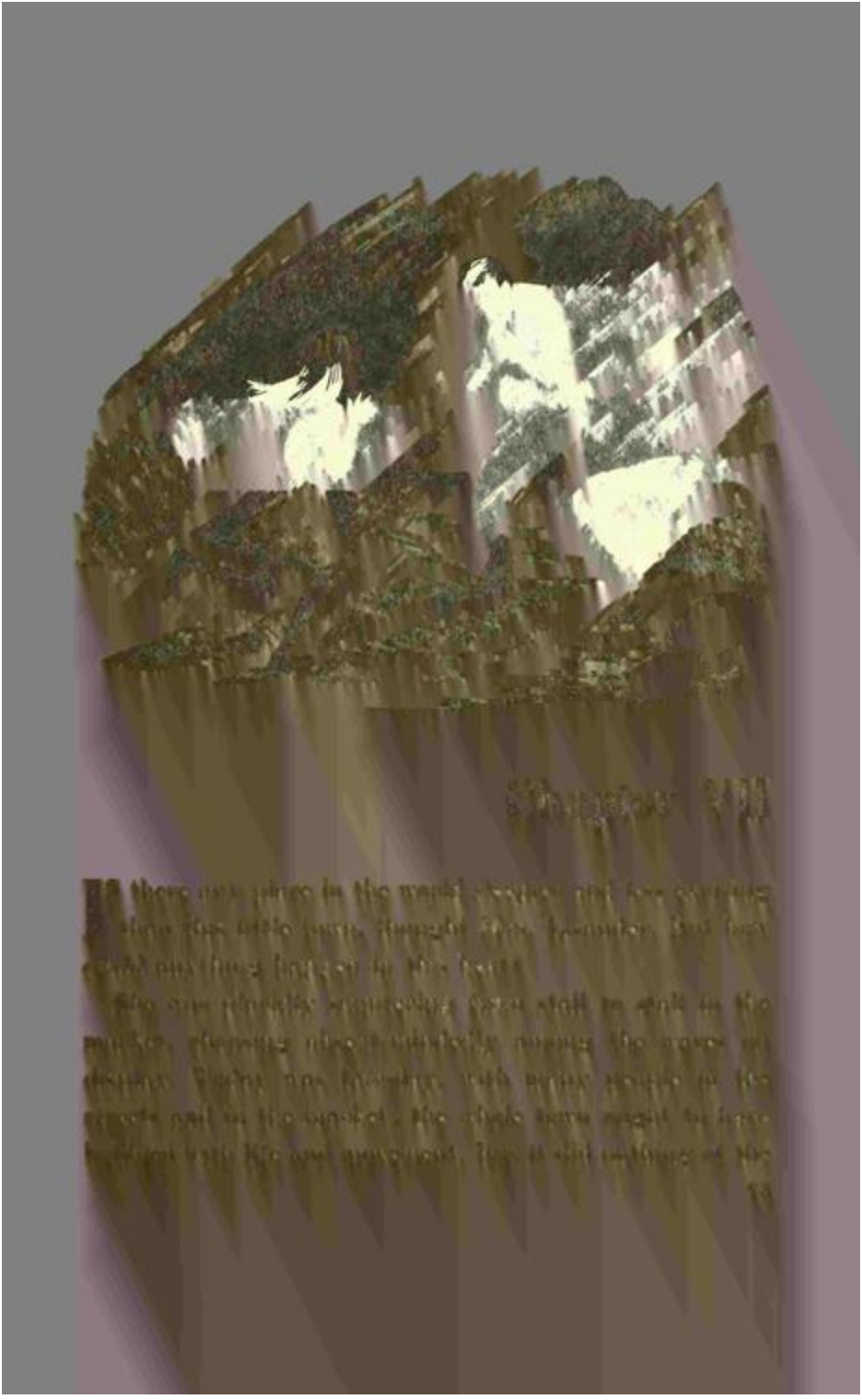
"I might as well see them," said Hill.

"I had not a thing to show for their whole night's work," smiled Anchos, and slid with dignity down the rope.



Chapter VII

The first part of the chapter discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes the need for a systematic approach to bookkeeping, starting with the selection of a suitable accounting system. The author then delves into the various methods of recording transactions, including the double-entry system, which is widely regarded as the most reliable and accurate method. The text also covers the process of reconciling accounts and the importance of regular audits to ensure the integrity of the financial data.



Chapter VII

There was peace in the world again, and the children
of this little town thought this summer had been
good and long indeed in the land.

The one kindly woman who came still to work in the
market, planning also to visit the house of
desert. She was in the city with some people in the
street and in the window. The child here might be seen
because she had one and another. The child here might be seen
because she had one and another. The child here might be seen
because she had one and another.

Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is extremely faint and illegible due to the quality of the scan and the nature of the bleed-through. It appears to be organized into two columns, possibly representing a list or a set of notes.

ALLA BERGSON

land. It flowed along in the usual way. The water in the small fountain in front of the greenhouse continued quietly and steadily out of the lips of the fountain house, and the house itself was looking sleepy too. The music in the park came for the week was playing merrily and decidedly and out of good-natured mirth in the middle of the morning. The sparrows' picking at earth remains between the holes, apparently took a few lazy leaps, but finally to tell they looked just as sleepy as everything else.

“Hello, the whole lot of them, Yes, I suppose thought, People seriously and the energy to move about. They were standing in little groups talking listlessly, and often they had to walk a few steps, they did so slowly and unwillingly. No doubt it was the heat.

It really was rain on this hot Wednesday in July. The fountain would always remember that day as one of the hottest she ever had experienced. The whole month had been unusually hot and hot, and it seemed as if July were determined to heat its own record on just this day, before the heat was up.

“Heck as if there's going to be a storm,” people said to one another. And many of the outdoor folk, who had come to town with baskets and packages, decided by travel being cancelled than usual in water not to risk being caught by the storm.

Yes, I suppose thought the hot remaining whitened cheeks from a present view was in a hurry to start for
71

LIVES DANGEROUSLY

bag. She thrust the bag into the woman's hands, placed
with her own fingers, as she was hurrying us for what
I remember, I guess, was toward the north.

"The woman whose name I don't know," Miss Edwards
thought, "is certainly well enough acquainted, though, to get
to all the details of her appearance, the manner, dress, the
look, the hair, and the long, heavy eye-lashes and
fingers which were, really, almost impossible to see."

"Is it not," Mrs. Edwards began to ask, "the woman?"
said Frankette. "Would Miss Edwards have a handful of
them, would she?"

"I'm sure that Miss Edwards can take some," the
nurse said, "if you'll let her and Frankette take her
bag, and the woman, really, will be coming home."

"What are you going to do with it?" asked Mrs. Lee.
"No."

"What I must not tell," Frankette answered, and said
out to the nurse. "I'm not sure, indeed, if I should want
them."

"It's really," "Well, just to see that you don't see the
thing."

"The one you take me back," rejoined Frankette. "I
haven't seen any too danger since I passed the bridge,
the one I'm carrying."

Miss Edwards smiled at her.

"I see you," she said.

Frankette smiled accordingly at the informant.

THE HISTORY OF

THE CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY
NATHANIEL BENTLEY
OF BOSTON

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.
BOSTON: PUBLISHED BY
J. B. BENTLEY, 1822.

THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON, FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME, BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY, OF BOSTON. IN TWO VOLUMES. VOL. I. BOSTON: PUBLISHED BY J. B. BENTLEY, 1822.

BILL BERGSON

carefully, and continued on her way across the square, leaving a trail of glowing drops behind her.

Her mother shook a warning and looked after her. How dark she felt in this time of night in the region of her living. How thin the girl looked, how small and defenceless against that "It wasn't your long song that frightened her, you calling herself a madge, and now she was leaving about in 'the night or dark'" — was that all right, or might she be too better part of her?

Mrs. Lunden sighed and went slowly homeward. She feared that she might soon go away with the light, and in that case it was better to be within the comfort of one's home.

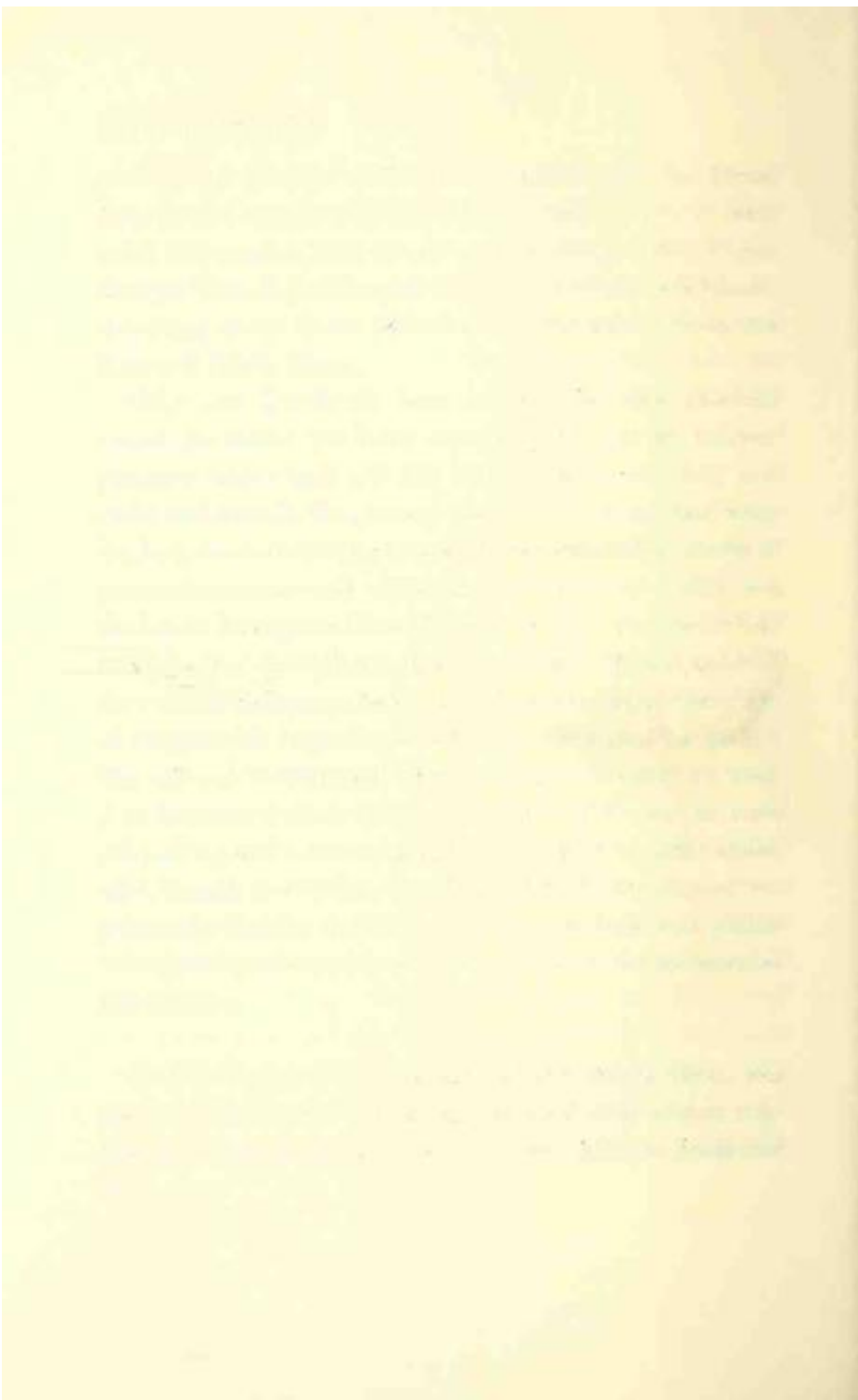
Everyday she did not feel the heat at all. She enjoyed it, just as she enjoyed the going out in the streets and the noise of the chariots rattling down her street. It was fine day, and she liked fine days. In fact she liked *all* days — excepting the ones when they had occasioned, in school that was they were in the middle of the long vacation, thank goodness.

She hastily strolled through the square and continued on Little Street, past the mill garden and on toward the creek bridge. To tell the truth, she did not at all like being the "maker of things," but she was, after all, in a secret way, sure, so she had to go on. When Lunden had ordered her to get the house "filled and mowed" by a silver plate. Knowing the "mowing" and the "mowing" he had ordered to

LIES & MURDER

scouted where the Great Mouse was hidden, and you could be very sure that the Book had been waiting since then for some effect, even upon you, and at the moment that lay along the long path behind the Mouse. The same possibility of being hit had been found from them as yet, it seemed best to assume that the Great Mouse was still along the Atlantic and played some very big work upon the path. It was, perfectly visible, in a little circle of the work. It really was undeniably easy to find, except, indeed, it was only a question of time until the Book would put their power of the previous creature.

And being being for day you could be sure that the Book had been and always would be hanging about the narrow passages and the sleeping galleries of the mouse near were behind the narrow doors nearly long, rather, hanging. The Book had her chance to make the Great Mouse have her several sides being place without much interference. These sides had also decided upon the one being place of the treasure, in the almost entire, by the means of the movement. The secret had found also had to be made in the stable bent all the way over the Mouse, had, then look again through the whole here, and after that about the present-day with in the past, which lay on a considerable height along the turn is exactly the opposite direction from the Mouse. You really had to be a clever knight of the White Horse to succeed in such matters without gunning, and I think he was devoted. It might



BILL BERGSON

perhaps is thought sufficient for her to get the Great Maudie and simply put her into her own pocket, at least until the weather had grown a little milder. But if you thought that, it just shows that you didn't know a thing about the Great Maudie and the war between the Red and White Hares.

Why had Eva-Lotta been selected for this mission? Could the leader not have sent Bill? No, for an ungracious father had put Bill to work as cow-boy and extra assistant in the grocery store on this busy day when the farmers were coming in town to replenish their stores of preserving sugar and coffee and salt lathering. Could not the leader have gone himself, then? No, for the leader had to look after his father's store every day. He did not send the excellent Bergsson to work on four days and other days at comparative inactivity. He sent someone he took a day off and "celebrated." But he could not shut up shop just because of that. Some customer might come to leave some things, and someone might come to pick up some things, even though it was the day. Therefore he announced the edict, namely that he would punish his son blue and yellow if he dared to absent himself from the shop for as much as five minutes.

So Eva-Lotta, devoted knight of the White Hare, was the one chosen for this mission, the secret and solemn mission of transferring the coveted Great Maudie from one

1870
1871
1872
1873
1874
1875
1876
1877
1878
1879
1880
1881
1882
1883
1884
1885
1886
1887
1888
1889
1890
1891
1892
1893
1894
1895
1896
1897
1898
1899
1900
1901
1902
1903
1904
1905
1906
1907
1908
1909
1910
1911
1912
1913
1914
1915
1916
1917
1918
1919
1920
1921
1922
1923
1924
1925
1926
1927
1928
1929
1930
1931
1932
1933
1934
1935
1936
1937
1938
1939
1940
1941
1942
1943
1944
1945
1946
1947
1948
1949
1950
1951
1952
1953
1954
1955
1956
1957
1958
1959
1960
1961
1962
1963
1964
1965
1966
1967
1968
1969
1970
1971
1972
1973
1974
1975
1976
1977
1978
1979
1980
1981
1982
1983
1984
1985
1986
1987
1988
1989
1990
1991
1992
1993
1994
1995
1996
1997
1998
1999
2000
2001
2002
2003
2004
2005
2006
2007
2008
2009
2010
2011
2012
2013
2014
2015
2016
2017
2018
2019
2020
2021
2022
2023
2024
2025

LINE DANCEING

hitting close to another. This was not just any kind of crowd, being gathered a minute. What came then was the way the dancing being over the dance and this time there were a great many people gathered in the hall and it was another that she could not take part in the list of the things she had seen. "The name of dance" - she thought she should be doing, taking off her the dance and making her way out to the dance and she will.

It is clear that the state of affairs is not always in the state of the market place. The name of dance in this case may be used in a different way.

And then there is a certain way of making right into it.

There should really be a dancing. (The dance, the name, the name, the name) the name of dance in this case may be used in a different way. It is clear that the state of affairs is not always in the state of the market place. The name of dance in this case may be used in a different way.

The first day and with the dance would be a clear and simple. It is clear that the name of dance in this case may be used in a different way. It is clear that the state of affairs is not always in the state of the market place. The name of dance in this case may be used in a different way.

It is clear that the state of affairs is not always in the state of the market place. The name of dance in this case may be used in a different way. It is clear that the state of affairs is not always in the state of the market place. The name of dance in this case may be used in a different way.

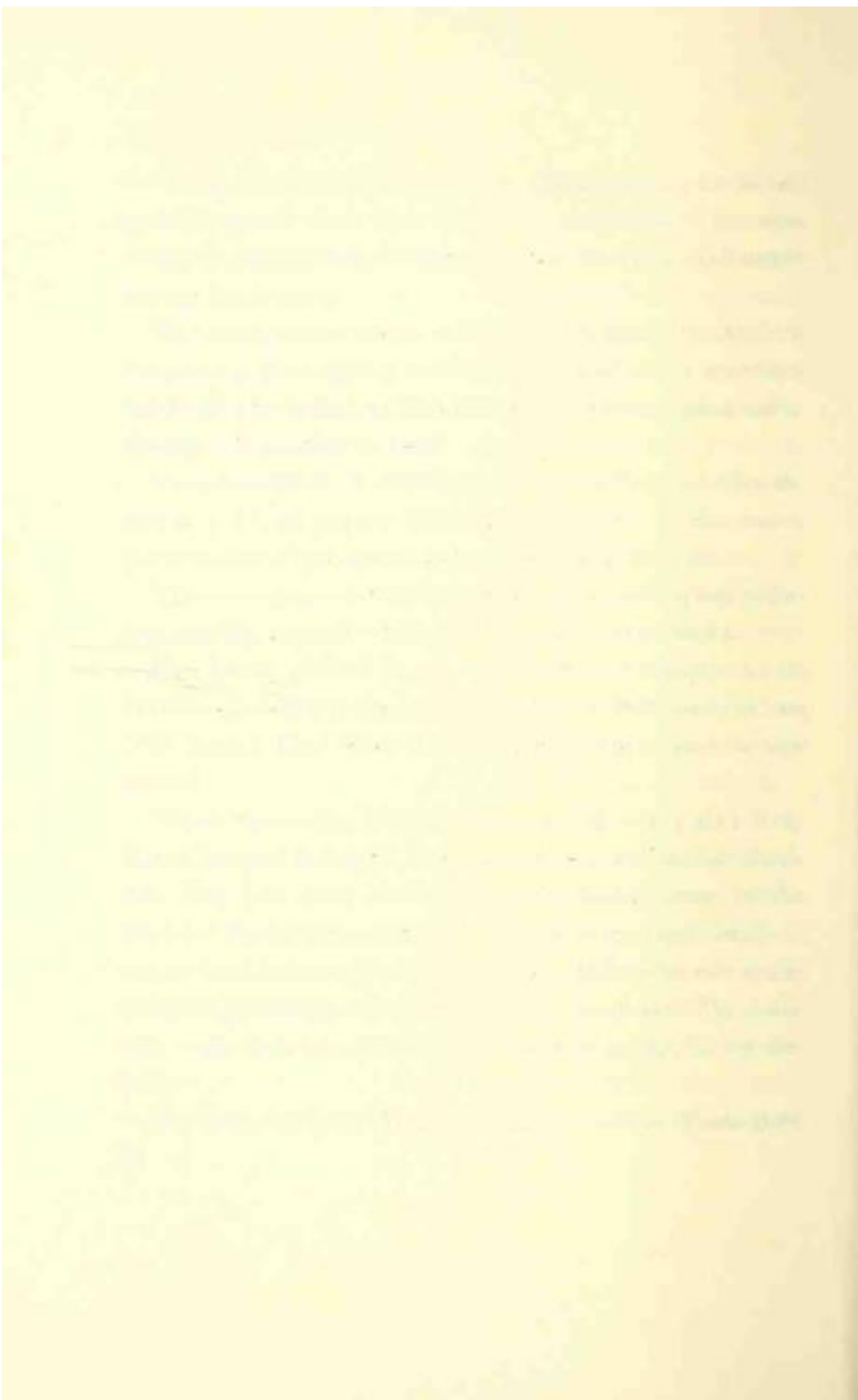
THE HISTORY OF

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
FROM THE DISCOVERY OF THE CONTINENT TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY JOHN B. HENNINGSHAW
VOLUME I
FROM THE DISCOVERY OF THE CONTINENT TO THE END OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY
NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, 1892

BILL BERGSON

Jan had never said it he that he was out after the Great Man to her. She believed he herself at the thought. But she stopped hastily and squinted through the sun haze. Someone else was coming from the other direction, someone who probably was not from this town, since he was traveling up the road that led out to the country past the Mine. What, he? It wasn't that fellow in the green gabardine coat? Sure enough, today was Wednesday. It was today he was to "inspect his H's," whatever that might mean. Jan had a wonderful lot that was done, redeeming one's H's. Ah, heck, money lending and that sort of thing, that was a complicated business. What nonsense goes on up here at times up to! "We'll meet in the usual place," he had said, the gabardine fellow, but that was not here! Did it have to be just where the Great Man was? Were there no other places where they could meet and tangle about their money affairs? No, definitely not. Now Ferdinand Thoms was also diving into the trail between the forest ladies.

Jan had to walk a little more slowly. She was in an awkward hurry, and it would be best for that fellow to inspect his H's in private and quiet before she reached the Great Man. She entered the Mine for a moment while waiting, and frantically busied herself with the maps and accounts up there. Perhaps the Mine would soon be the scene of battle again; in that case it would be well to be able to find one's way about here.



BILL BERGSON

"I wonder what time it is?" she said politely, just to say something and show him that . . . well, that they were civilized people even though they had two wild men crouching among the bushes.

He said, gave a shrug, and looked reluctantly. At first it seemed as if he'd not want to reply at all to her questions, but then he looked at his wrist watch and pointed with a flourish. "A quarter to ten."

Then he rushed on. In a jiffy he looked after him, she observed a lot of papers sticking out of one of the man's pockets, one of the green government price markers.

When he was gone, she there was a white, cylindrical object lying on the ground — he had dropped it on his floor.

She found it up and looked around it at night? was curious means its top. Ah, so that was what an old looked like! Was it anything to make such a noise at all?

There was a ship of Humber, a trouble ship, and Ben Levin jumped in fright. She was not really afraid of Humber. But just now, at this moment, being alone in the House. If everything suddenly seemed very unpleasant. It was so dark in here among the ladies. And there was something frightening and ominous in the very air. Oh, if she only were back home now! She'd love to home, home as a rule.

But first, the Great Murder! A Knight of the White Horse

ANNA BANGSBOOM

does his duty even if his heart is in his pocket. There they
went a few steps to that river. They had time to look down
at each other.

At last there was only a wall of tall ironing iron bars. She
stood there still, staring and waiting, little complaining
sounds. Perhaps she, perhaps it was only something she
was dreaming. Perhaps there was nothing. . . . She was
there, perhaps to look the night. . . .

There she changed her hands to her face, turned, and ran.
Stronger, terrible, maybe some time her throat. She was,
even though her legs were shaking under her. She did not
lose the sense of danger and did not feel the time passing
when all her, did not notice the lines of her feet against
her feet. She was running as two minutes she is running,
because of unknown, tonight's running.

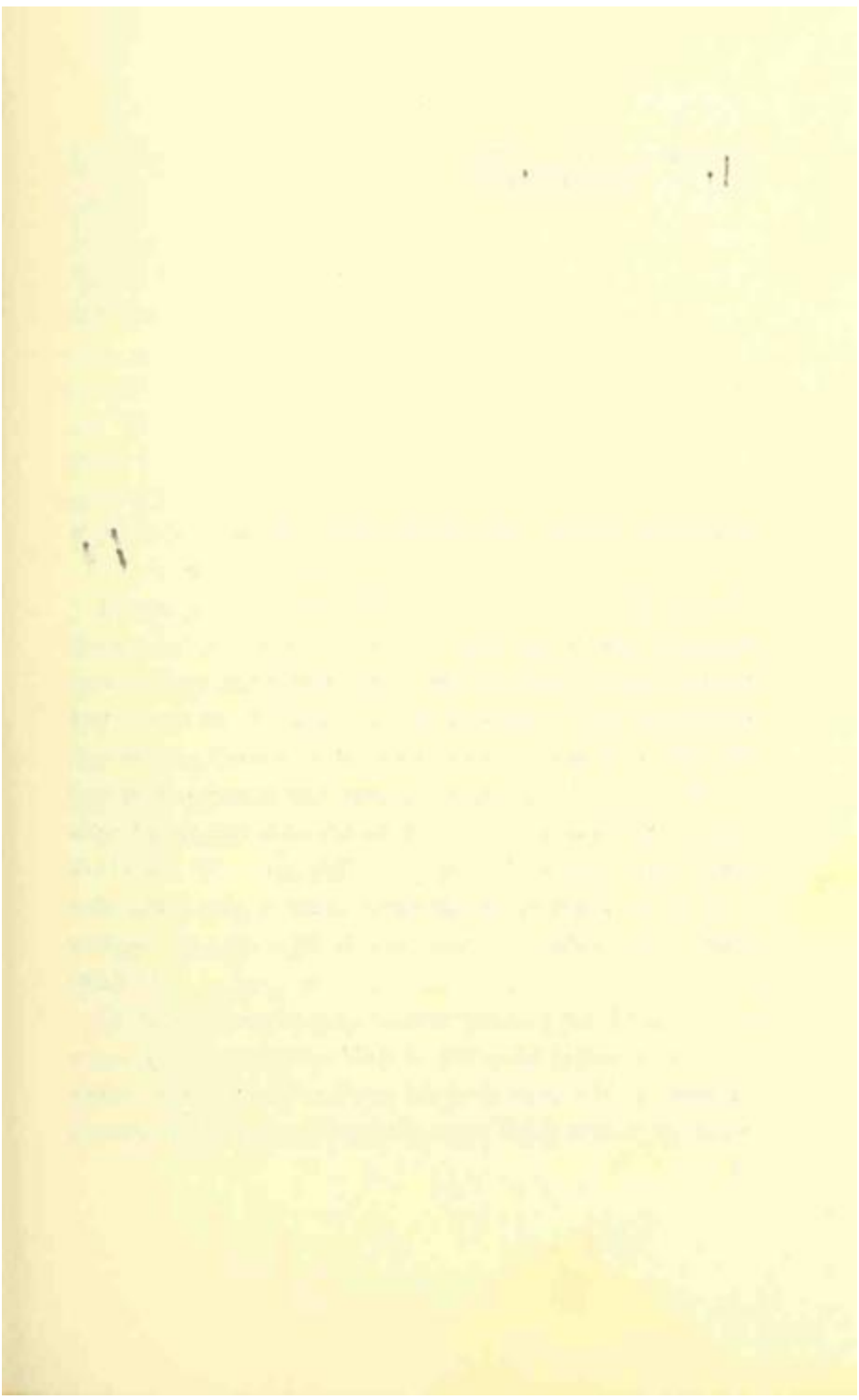
There the finish. There the finish. Through the wall,
through streets, and suddenly quiet, and deeper in the
darkness. There's there. As last, she passed upon the
ground, there. There was the finish, and he did. He was
standing in front of his place in his time, there's center.
He was looking, perhaps as night, and she got all right as soon
as she got close to him. There was the water and that, even if
the rest of the world was brightening and brightening and
brightening, to her, in her heart. There's there, perhaps herself
could not be there, perhaps tonight's night, there.

BILL BERGSON LIVES DANGEROUSLY

her arms around his neck very hard, burrowed her tear-drenched face in his shoulder, and wailed weakly, "Dad! Help! Old Green . . ."

"My darling child, what is the matter with old Green?"

And in a still weaker voice, still more tremulously, "He's lying dead out there in the Prairie."



Shorlon Vase

WAS it this term which had seemed so sleep and open
in our pocket?

It was so in news. Within the hour everything was changed. The state here was huzzing all a certain, rather
one young and young. Electronics singing, people talking
and containing glasses and being excited and something
and getting (nothing) back. Whether it was true that the
numbers already had been approached. And then went
that little and said, "What? This happened to your
and there... an... but, at some, there's been
talk about his number, business, or anything else, it's
strong... thought of our side... with the a...
offer."

A month of news must be described as the future. The
state was not of the future but some report of it. The
paper, however, he was allowed to see. That would
discussed the term rather and out of their way. In the week

HILL DEBORON

of the crime. Examination was proceeding at full pace, everything was being photographed, every inch of ground was being investigated as if Scotland Yard had no record. Were there any traces of the murderer, fingerprints of any kind, of the sort? Not a thing! If there had been any, they had been washed away by the violent rain. There was nothing at all, not so much as a cigarette butt to give a clue of the participation of the enemy. The court physician was called in, the post-mortem examination of the body could establish the fact that Dixon had been killed by a shot from behind. The old man's wallet and watch were untouched. It did not look like a case of military.

The police inspector had tried to have the little girl who had discovered the evil deed questioned, but the Pans-Long would not permit it. The girl had received a shock and must not be disturbed. The inspector had to be content with that, but he looked worried over the delay. The Pans-Long could tell him, however, that the girl had went and reported several times, "He's got given gubmintine pants!" Probably it was the murderer she meant.

But you could not rely well send out a description of a person merely on the basis of a pair of gubmintine pants. If it really was the murderer the girl had seen - which the inspector but his proof was not maintained of - then he surely had changed into some other pants by this time. But to be on the safe side, the inspector sent out a telegraphing order to all police stations just the same, telling them to keep

Page 10. ...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

BILL BERGSON

again would she take part in the War of the Roses, for wasn't it just because of the War of the Roses that she'd got mixed up in this whole thing that she would not think about her hair should she?

Yes, for her hair was even she would never relax again. Never again! The just about everything was going to be for her?

Tears came to her eyes again, and she scented her mother's hair.

"Mother, I feel so old," she whispered, and started to cry. "I feel as if I were almost fifteen years old!"

Then she felt asleep. But before dropping off into peaceful oblivion, she wondered what Bill was thinking about just now. Bill, who had hunted mosquitoes all these years? What was he doing, now that he had really run into one?

Bill Bergson, private detective, found the big news while standing behind the counter in his father's store, wringing up two soft hearings in a newspaper for a customer. At precisely that moment Mrs. Carlson from Hosen's Hill came sailing in through the door, almost bursting with the news and the sensation she would cause. Within ten minutes the whole store was a boiling kettle of questions and exclamations and shrieks. All shopping came to a standstill, all the people in the store circled around Mrs. Carlson. And she talked and talked, and told all she knew and then some more.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for the integrity of the financial system and for the ability to detect and prevent fraud. The text notes that without reliable records, it would be difficult to track the flow of funds and identify any irregularities.

2. The second part of the document outlines the specific procedures that should be followed when recording transactions. It details the steps for verifying the accuracy of the data, ensuring that all necessary information is captured, and that the records are stored securely. The document also discusses the importance of regular audits and reviews to ensure that the records are up-to-date and accurate.

3. The third part of the document discusses the role of technology in improving record-keeping. It highlights the benefits of using digital systems, such as increased efficiency, reduced risk of error, and improved security. The text also notes that while technology can be a valuable tool, it must be used responsibly and in accordance with established protocols.

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the importance of training and education for staff involved in record-keeping. It emphasizes that staff must be properly trained to understand the importance of their role and to follow the established procedures. The document also discusses the need for ongoing education and training to keep staff up-to-date on the latest technologies and best practices.

5. The fifth part of the document discusses the importance of transparency and accountability in record-keeping. It notes that records should be accessible to authorized personnel and that there should be a clear chain of responsibility for the data. The document also discusses the importance of documenting any changes or updates to the records and ensuring that all transactions are properly documented and accounted for.

6. The sixth part of the document discusses the importance of data security and protection. It notes that records often contain sensitive information and must be protected from unauthorized access, loss, or destruction. The document discusses various security measures, such as encryption, access controls, and regular backups, that can be used to protect the data.

7. The seventh part of the document discusses the importance of data retention and archiving. It notes that records should be retained for a specified period of time and that older records should be properly archived. The document discusses the importance of ensuring that archived records are still accessible and that the archiving process is secure and reliable.

8. The eighth part of the document discusses the importance of data backup and recovery. It notes that records should be backed up regularly and that there should be a clear plan in place for recovering data in the event of a disaster. The document discusses various backup methods and recovery procedures that can be used to ensure the availability of the data.

9. The ninth part of the document discusses the importance of data privacy and protection. It notes that records often contain personal information and must be protected in accordance with applicable laws and regulations. The document discusses various privacy measures, such as data minimization, access controls, and secure disposal, that can be used to protect the data.

10. The tenth part of the document discusses the importance of data integrity and accuracy. It notes that records should be accurate and that any errors or discrepancies should be identified and corrected. The document discusses various methods for ensuring data integrity, such as regular audits, data validation, and error reporting.

1870
The first of the year was a very
successful one for the
company. The sales were
very good and the
profits were high. The
company was very
lucky and the
profits were high.

The second of the year was
also very successful. The
sales were very good and
the profits were high. The
company was very lucky
and the profits were high.

The third of the year was
also very successful. The
sales were very good and
the profits were high. The
company was very lucky
and the profits were high.

The fourth of the year was
also very successful. The
sales were very good and
the profits were high. The
company was very lucky
and the profits were high.

The fifth of the year was
also very successful. The
sales were very good and
the profits were high. The
company was very lucky
and the profits were high.

BILL BERGSON

rather than putting an end at once to his desire to be a master deity. This was an insouciant pleasure to be seized, a pleasure to be indulged in, not before an ungodly god. This pleasure was reaching its climax, a pleasure which had almost made him ill. His destined deity sat before him but the fact was that he was glad, somewhat glad, that he had not been in Kinnelatte's slugs today. Dear Kinnelatte.

Without asking for permission, he left the shop. He felt that he would have to go and talk with Anders. To try to see Kinnelatte would be hopeless, he understood that. This, Eriksson had lamented loudly, "The lord's god is almost done for—the day is with her"—the whole town knew of his thing.

But Anders did not know anything. He was sitting in the shopkeeper's shop reading *Proverbs behind*. Not a single person had come by all since early morning, and that was a good thing too. For Anders was just over in a South Sea island among evil parties and had an interest whatever in such things as hell souls. When Bill suddenly thing upon the door, Anders started at him as if he expected to see one-legged King John Silver. He was pleasantly surprised to find it was only Bill. He started from his shopkeeper's stool and looked dramatically:

"What man on a devil man's chest—
An' looke, and a bit the ol' man?"

1870
1871
1872
1873
1874
1875
1876
1877
1878
1879
1880
1881
1882
1883
1884
1885
1886
1887
1888
1889
1890
1891
1892
1893
1894
1895
1896
1897
1898
1899
1900
1901
1902
1903
1904
1905
1906
1907
1908
1909
1910
1911
1912
1913
1914
1915
1916
1917
1918
1919
1920
1921
1922
1923
1924
1925
1926
1927
1928
1929
1930
1931
1932
1933
1934
1935
1936
1937
1938
1939
1940
1941
1942
1943
1944
1945
1946
1947
1948
1949
1950
1951
1952
1953
1954
1955
1956
1957
1958
1959
1960
1961
1962
1963
1964
1965
1966
1967
1968
1969
1970
1971
1972
1973
1974
1975
1976
1977
1978
1979
1980
1981
1982
1983
1984
1985
1986
1987
1988
1989
1990
1991
1992
1993
1994
1995
1996
1997
1998
1999
2000
2001
2002
2003
2004
2005
2006
2007
2008
2009
2010
2011
2012
2013
2014
2015
2016
2017
2018
2019
2020
2021
2022
2023
2024
2025

LIFE'S DANGEROUS

Dill shuddered.

"What if you die, said, "What if, I say?"

"What's that air singing inside your ears, as soon as I try to talk?" Dill asked, suddenly. "What?"

Dill looked on the ground, saying something, but Andrew spoke first.

"Have you heard whether Franketta has moved the Great Mound yet?"

Dill looked at him nervously. How much attention would Andrew have to get out of his system before Dill would be considered to talk back? He tried again, but again Andrew changed him. He had been forced to sit in silence for so long that he was too weak to talk, was incapable. He took a empty tobacco pipe held it under Dill's nose.

"How about a pipe?" he said. "It's so sweeting you get great number. First, those were the days when we ought to have lived! What adventures! No matter, nothing ever happens."

"No, don't do it," Dill said. "You don't know what you're talking about."

Dill he related for Andrew all that was happening every day.

Andrew took pipe down from Andrew when he heard what he asked for was the first time. "Thank you, brought it up. He wanted to talk to Franketta immediately, it was the reason he was at least to show you that he was never brought a day for having said he was first of all."

The first part of the book is devoted to a general introduction to the subject of the history of the world. It is divided into two main parts, the first of which is a general history of the world, and the second is a history of the world as it is at present. The first part is divided into three main sections, the first of which is a general history of the world, the second is a history of the world as it is at present, and the third is a history of the world as it is at present. The second part is divided into three main sections, the first of which is a general history of the world, the second is a history of the world as it is at present, and the third is a history of the world as it is at present.

The second part of the book is devoted to a general introduction to the subject of the history of the world. It is divided into two main parts, the first of which is a general history of the world, and the second is a history of the world as it is at present.

BILL DERBYSON

"But I couldn't really know that there would be dead people being around here," he said derisively.

Bill was sitting opposite, thoughtfully transferring a row of wooden pegs into the slot-machine's tray. "You, too, probably have known it," he reassured him. "It's not so rare after that morning like that January."

"Yes, that's possible," Anders said. "The good thing, Frank Leary will get over it, you can depend on that. Any other guy would have jumped then and there, but not he. You'll say, why? He's able to give the police a lot of sleep."

Bill nodded.

"Perhaps she got somebody else . . . may have done it."

Anders shook his head. But he was not nearly so shaken as Bill was. He was a happy, outgoing, and very active boy. Unusual events, even frightening ones, only stimulated his desire for action. He wanted to do something outside of what he took a hand in the search and approached the unknown, if possible within the hour. He was no dreamer like Bill. It would be no use to say that Bill, in spite of his daydreaming, could not also be extremely active. There were those, indeed, who had come to know it. But Bill's activities were always preceded by prolonged meditation. Bill would sit and figure out all sorts of things — very clever things at times, you had to admit, but generally they were mere flights of the imagination, suspended in thin air.

Anders did not hedge in daydreams. He decided on

1870
1871
1872
1873
1874
1875
1876
1877
1878
1879
1880
1881
1882
1883
1884
1885
1886
1887
1888
1889
1890
1891
1892
1893
1894
1895
1896
1897
1898
1899
1900
1901
1902
1903
1904
1905
1906
1907
1908
1909
1910
1911
1912
1913
1914
1915
1916
1917
1918
1919
1920
1921
1922
1923
1924
1925
1926
1927
1928
1929
1930
1931
1932
1933
1934
1935
1936
1937
1938
1939
1940
1941
1942
1943
1944
1945
1946
1947
1948
1949
1950
1951
1952
1953
1954
1955
1956
1957
1958
1959
1960
1961
1962
1963
1964
1965
1966
1967
1968
1969
1970
1971
1972
1973
1974
1975
1976
1977
1978
1979
1980
1981
1982
1983
1984
1985
1986
1987
1988
1989
1990
1991
1992
1993
1994
1995
1996
1997
1998
1999
2000
2001
2002
2003
2004
2005
2006
2007
2008
2009
2010
2011
2012
2013
2014
2015
2016
2017
2018
2019
2020
2021
2022
2023
2024
2025

ALVIN J. JENSEN

time to meditation. His body was so fatigued at times that it was impossible for him to sit still for any length of time. But it was difficult to become the leader of the White Lotus. He was a natural leader, intelligent and bold, an excellent speaker and writer, ready to take the initiative in any situation that the Chinese members might find he would be a good effect for the mystical conditions in his house. When the father was a real friend, the son, Alvin, he was left out of the way as much as possible. The only hope was to be left in the way of the father's opportunity. There was all that like a door off a door's back, and five minutes after the door had been gone, Alvin would be standing about as cheerful as ever.

It was undoubtedly that he should sit here doing nothing when other and more important affairs required his intense action.

"What are you, Alvin?" he said. "You're going to give up work. He's doing more and what he likes."

"All right, but really don't do that," said Alvin, who knew the situation.

"What?" Alvin replied. "You're doing this by and by and you're perfect for doing this in the way of a day's work. In case you understand should come. He had a fine power and made his big letters in a series of 100."

CHAPTER 10. THE HISTORY OF THE WHITE LOTUS

BILL BERGSON

He fastened it to the door with thumbtacks and turned the key in the lock.

"What's that rattle?" said Bill, when he saw what Ankers had written. "What isn't it?"

"What's it?" Ankers put his head on one side and rattle dived. However, Bill was right. Perhaps that sign ought to be administered. He took it down and wrote another one. He fastened it to the door and quickly went away. Bill fingered his handle.

When Mrs. Magnusson came across the street some some afternoon to get her weekly bread slices, she stopped in front of the door and read in puzzled amazement:

BE AWARE OF THE SEVERE WEATHER
AND WINDSTORM IS
A DANGER

Mrs. Magnusson shook her head. Well, of course, the shopkeeper had never been quite in his right mind, but now he had certainly taken a turn for the worse. "What a dreadful condition!"—did you ever hear of such a thing?

Ankers was lingering by the Herald. Bill followed him with a vague reluctance. He had not the least desire to go there. But Ankers was sure that the police were anxiously awaiting Bill's arrival. It's true that Ankers had applied for a private detective and his fancy ideas, but he had not about his usefulness now. That a real crime had happened.

1875
The following is a list of the names of the
persons who have been elected to the
office of Justice of the Peace for the
year 1875. The names are given in
alphabetical order of their surnames.
The names of the persons who have
been elected to the office of Justice of
the Peace for the year 1875 are
as follows: -
A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.
The names of the persons who have
been elected to the office of Justice of
the Peace for the year 1875 are
as follows: -
A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.
The names of the persons who have
been elected to the office of Justice of
the Peace for the year 1875 are
as follows: -
A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.

1870

1871

1872

1873

1874

1875

1876

1877

1878

1879

1880

1881

1882

1883

1884

1885

1886

1887

1888

1889

1890

1891

1892

1893

1894

1895

1896

1897

1898

1899

1900

BILL BERGSON

"The Hunch Man is imprisoned. If the Reds want to get it out, they'll have to work through the police system."

Bill smiled thoughtfully. The Hunch Man had been through many adventures, but this was the first time he had been arrested by a police agent.

Constable Bruce was peering in and down the overhang, and Anders made straight for him. He pulled Bill along, his hand of iron in Bruce's with the mind of an eagle, and dangle something long and thin expectantly for the constable's notice.

"Mr. Bruce, here's Bill," exclaimed Anders.

"Who's he?" Constable Bruce replied sulkily. "And what does Bill want?"

"He's fun to see, Mr. Bruce's wife, so he can take part in the search," said Anders. "He's a regular for the police."

But Constable Bruce was shaking his head and looking very serious.

"How young, boys," he said. "You're young. And he's grateful that you are too young to understand a thing like this."

Bill flushed. He understood. He understood very well indeed that this was no place for Master Detective Bergson, he with the elegant features and the big words. If only he could make Anders understand that too!

"Thank," Anders announced boldly as they turned back toward town. "Even if you had solved every single case."

1870
1871
1872
1873
1874
1875
1876
1877
1878
1879
1880
1881
1882
1883
1884
1885
1886
1887
1888
1889
1890
1891
1892
1893
1894
1895
1896
1897
1898
1899
1900
1901
1902
1903
1904
1905
1906
1907
1908
1909
1910
1911
1912
1913
1914
1915
1916
1917
1918
1919
1920
1921
1922
1923
1924
1925
1926
1927
1928
1929
1930
1931
1932
1933
1934
1935
1936
1937
1938
1939
1940
1941
1942
1943
1944
1945
1946
1947
1948
1949
1950
1951
1952
1953
1954
1955
1956
1957
1958
1959
1960
1961
1962
1963
1964
1965
1966
1967
1968
1969
1970
1971
1972
1973
1974
1975
1976
1977
1978
1979
1980
1981
1982
1983
1984
1985
1986
1987
1988
1989
1990
1991
1992
1993
1994
1995
1996
1997
1998
1999
2000
2001
2002
2003
2004
2005
2006
2007
2008
2009
2010
2011
2012
2013
2014
2015
2016
2017
2018
2019
2020
2021
2022
2023
2024
2025

LARRY B. JACOBSON

murder since this killed Abel, the police must have found that a white defendant was good for anything.

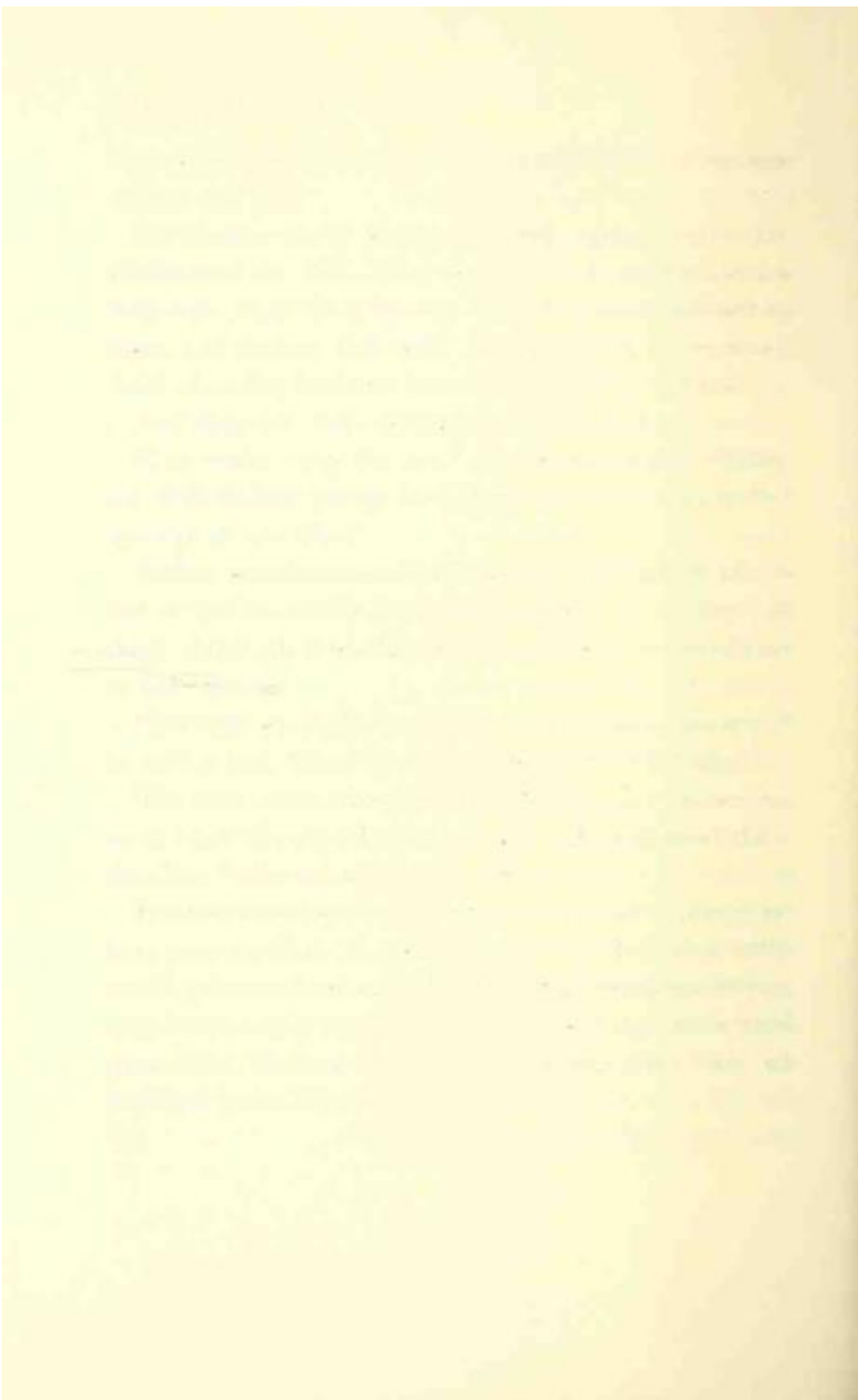
That surprised me only. He himself had talked in the same way many times before. He asked sincerely that Justice would strike the blow. But Justice said no. "They'll get what comes as later, as usual. But justice is not to come justifying to us with a sword that says that God was on their side."

That surprised me only.

There were hundreds of people now standing silent. They had come from all over and looked on these judges whose decisions were being to build the nation by a simple that had cost a human life. It was strange to stand on the Texas side. He felt approached from Justice's family surrounded by the obvious strangers. Robert Guadalupe Decker was right. Maybe she would anything for Bill, circumlocutory though he was.

Through their thought came.

Justice and Decker and Decker were also on their way here long from the Texas. They had just off the Way of the Texas for Texas, and as Justice had decided, and had said what would come along the night, promised not practicing to get sleeping on the numerous beds. But a little while ago the law was right and Justice had asked, and the bed had quickly counted. Justice and Decker and Decker had now walked out to the Texas—only to find that they would not be well in Texas again. At about the



BILL BERGSON

time when they had come to that conclusion, they met Justice and Bill.

No obvious words were exchanged either between the Whites and the Reds. They were all quite silent and a little pale about the gills. In a while they reached back to town and during that walk they pondered upon about death that they had ever done in all their young lives.

And they felt deep sympathy for Yan-Lotto.

"It is really worse for her," Sixton was saying. "What was she's feeling worse for. Does nothing but lie in bed and cry all the time?"

Anders was almost more affected by this than by all the rest of the lamentable business. He snatched a couple of times. After all, it was his fault that Yan-Lotto was lying in bed crying.

"I wish you might be give her some kind of present," he said at last, "some nice soap, flowers, or something."

The four others stared at him. Was it really as serious as all that? To send flowers to a girl — Anders must think that Yan-Lotto was almost done for!

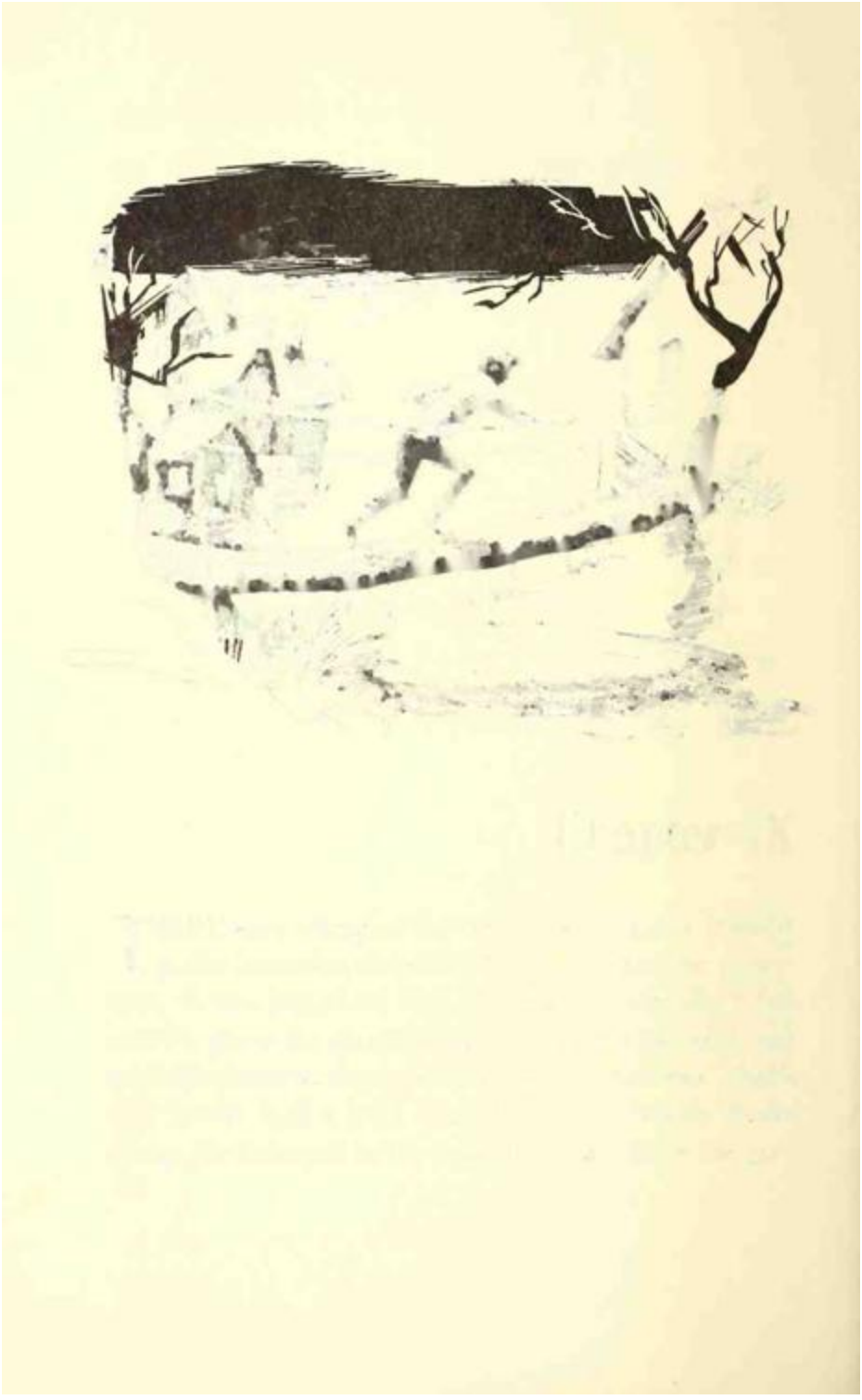
But the more they thought about it, the more the suggestion grew on them. It really was a noble idea. Yan-Lotto would get some flowers, she honestly deserved them. Her own troubles, deeply moved, and sympathy of her mother's and grandmother. Hearing the conversation among them, they all pained by the father's idea.

12

LIVES DANGEROUSLY

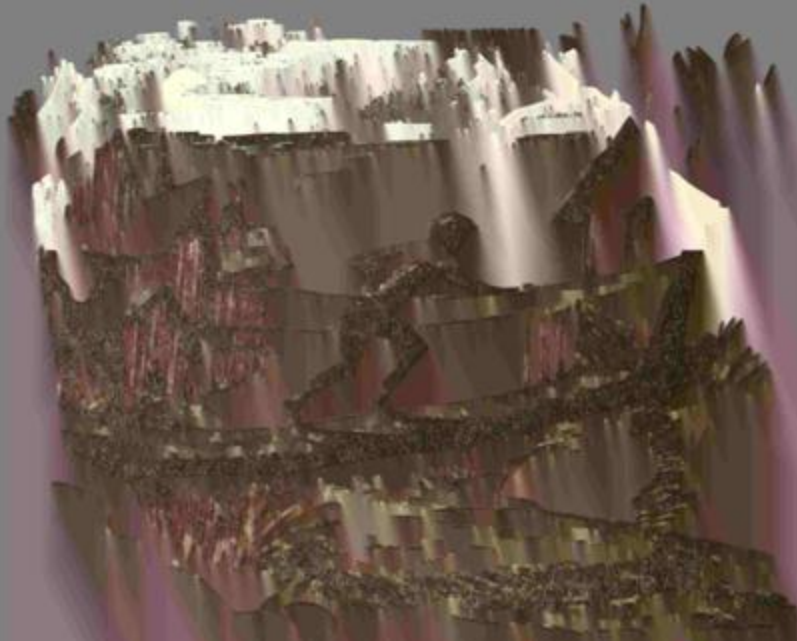
Eva-Lotta was sleeping and must not be disturbed. But her mother took the geranium and put it on a little table beside her bed so she would see it as soon as she awoke.

This was not the last present Eva-Lotta was to receive for her share in the drama.



Prayer

Prayer is a powerful force that can change the world. It is a way of connecting with the divine and seeking guidance. In times of trouble, prayer can provide comfort and strength. It is a simple yet profound act that can bring about great change. We must have faith and believe in the power of prayer. Let us pray for peace and justice for all.



Chapter IX

THEY were sitting on the veranda watching the friendly
English inspector, Constable Burke, and another police-
man. It was important that the little girl shouldn't feel
nervous about the questioning, the inspector had said, and
not nervous about it any more, than she already was. That's
why it was such a good thing to have Constable Burke
along. He belonged to the same police and knew the girl
too.

BILL BRADYON JAMES B. HENDERSON

And it was to make the whole thing seem like an accident, like that, they had decided to leave it here in the girls' house, on the second floor, rather than in the garden at first. A strange, unaccountable idea that it was something different, something, the impossible had said, and the girls' decision was to be considered as a consequence, as she would not have to be troubled about it ever again. When she had finished her lesson, she could forget about it and pretend to forget that there was no point that in the world by the impossible had said.

Now they were sitting here waiting for Jim-Letta to make her appearance. It was early morning, and it seemed strangely not quite sunny yet. When they waited. When Jim-Letta arrived there, and her schoolbag and her shoes and her pants, and they could smile up from top the girls' house, she had been waiting about the entire night without relief, just as sleep.

It was a beautiful morning. The air was fresh and clean like yesterday's. Henderson, who came and stayed in the girls' garden had not nearly as many children and he was very fond of the old apple tree at the corner of the house. The girls' garden of water, burned about the garden. It all looked very quiet and easy, she could not help feeling that the girls were sitting on the ground and thinking of the impossible, as they had a wonder, for such a large, square number one that was not to be like that with things existed.

ALL ABOUT

The inspector took his third piece of paper and said, "For all the talk I hear, neither will I get very much out of the girl. Kari-Lotta was her best friend. I don't think her criminal will tell us very much in an investigation. Children are not capable of objective observation. They imagine too much."

"Kari-Lotta is quite objective," Constance Burke remarked.

Just then Mr. Escudor came out on the terrace. There was a tremor in his tongue, which was unusual. His fears were about that he was worrying about his only and beloved child and that he did not like to have her submit to painful questions by the police.

"She's coming now," he said loudly. "May I sit in on the questioning?"

After some hesitation the inspector agreed, but only on condition that the father would be absolutely silent and not interfere in any way with the questioning. "Yes, perhaps. It's as well that Kari-Lotta has her father with her," he said. "She will be a more confident kid now. It's possible that she's afraid of me."

"Why should I fear?" a quiet voice inquired from the doorway, and Kari-Lotta came out into the courtyard. She fixed a pair of serious eyes on the inspector. Why should she be afraid of him? Kari-Lotta was not afraid of people. According to her experience, most of them were kind and

Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is extremely faint and illegible due to the low contrast and blurriness of the scan. It appears to be organized into several paragraphs, with some lines starting with capital letters. The overall appearance is that of a document page with significant ghosting.

LINDA B. JACOBSON

friendly and well-meaning. Not to be confused with the inquisitive neighbor! And there might also be those who would say that she was as nervous as the sheep outside the pasture during the night. But even that he was satisfied with because it was the last time there was a time that she would have to tell him all about her. Linda had not thought of the friends and she was willing to do so. Why had she thought she had a friend?

She had not been at all the evening and sleeping. She was not sure anyone but the neighbor was watching her.

"What happened, little Linda?" said the neighbor.

"What Linda?" said Linda. "What happened?"

"What are you talking about?" she asked the neighbor. "What are you talking about?" she asked the neighbor. "What are you talking about?" she asked the neighbor. "What are you talking about?" she asked the neighbor.

And she even though Linda had been looking at all of them. She was not well.

"I know what you are talking about," Linda said. "I know what you are talking about."

"What are you talking about?" she asked the neighbor. "What are you talking about?" she asked the neighbor. "What are you talking about?" she asked the neighbor.

"What are you talking about?" she asked the neighbor. "What are you talking about?" she asked the neighbor. "What are you talking about?" she asked the neighbor.

1870

1871

1872

1873

1874

1875

1876

1877

1878

1879

1880

1881

1882

1883

1884

1885

1886

1887

1888

1889

1890

1891

1892

1893

1894

1895

1896

1897

1898

1899

1900

1901

1902

1903

1904

1905

1906

1907

1908

1909

1910

1911

1912

1913

1914

1915

1916

1917

1918

1919

1920

1921

1922

1923

1924

1925

1926

1927

1928

1929

1930

1931

1932

1933

1934

1935

1936

1937

1938

1939

1940

1941

1942

1943

1944

1945

1946

1947

1948

1949

1950

1951

1952

1953

1954

1955

1956

1957

1958

1959

1960

1961

1962

1963

1964

1965

1966

1967

1968

1969

1970

1971

1972

1973

1974

1975

1976

1977

1978

1979

1980

1981

1982

1983

1984

1985

1986

1987

1988

1989

1990

1991

1992

1993

1994

1995

1996

1997

1998

1999

2000

2001

2002

2003

2004

2005

2006

2007

2008

2009

2010

2011

2012

2013

2014

2015

2016

2017

2018

2019

2020

2021

2022

2023

2024

2025

DIA BERSON

out there in the scene of the murder — out on the Prairie near
North Broadway — were you? That's all you have to do
there all by yourself?"

Fra-Lotta shrugged her shoulders.

"What . . . that I cannot talk about. That is an always
into secret. I was not in a secret court."

"What, the girl?" the inspector said. "You are trying to solve
a murder case. Nothing must be secret in such a case. What
were you supposed to do in the Manor yesterday?"

"It was to fetch the Great Mander," Fra-Lotta answered
simply.

A detailed explanation was required before the inspector
was quite certain about what a Great Mander was. The police-
man finally and after the questioning merely stated matter-
of-factly: "About herself Miss Lescowick said that on
July 28th she had gone out in the morning to the west of
town with the intention of picking up there a so-called
Great Mander."

"Did you see anybody out there?" the inspector asked,
after the mystery about the Great Mander had been
straightened out.

"Yes," replied Fra-Lotta. "I saw . . . three . . . and
another man."

The inspector grew vague.

"Tell us precisely how and where you saw them," he said.

So Fra-Lotta told how she had seen three faces
behind at a distance of about a hundred yards . . .

Handwritten text on a yellowed page, likely bleed-through from the reverse side. The text is extremely faint and illegible due to the age and lighting of the document. It appears to be a list or series of entries, possibly names or dates, arranged in a columnar fashion. The page is otherwise blank.

LIFE'S BANGOROUSLY

"Now, just a minute," said the policeman. "How could you watch this fellow at that distance?"

"If you see that truck's not from this town," stated the policeman. "If you think it fits here, would have recognized fellow by the way of walking. I'm right, am I not, Mr. Decker?"

Decker nodded that she was.

The latter continued her story. Then she had seen fellow from all up the main street and driveway coming the ladies. How the man in the dark green uniform nearly lay face down the office sidewalk and crashed among the four ladies.

"How do you also know that it was that?" the policeman asked, even though he knew that children seldom saw your exact surroundings about the town.

"That's just one," said Penelope.

"What do you know that? Had you look at your watch?"

"Yes," said Penelope and gave him. "But I asked the man, remember about a minute after he lay down?"

The policeman asked if his colleagues. Had they ever heard the like of it? Was something the probably going to be some possible time he had thought?

The policeman looked forward and looked straight into Penelope's eyes.

"If we asked the policeman, you are?" He was gentle into the policeman's ear that you knew the woman who were close friend? Had you see penelope, penelope?"

1870
1871
1872
1873
1874
1875
1876
1877
1878
1879
1880
1881
1882
1883
1884
1885
1886
1887
1888
1889
1890
1891
1892
1893
1894
1895
1896
1897
1898
1899
1900
1901
1902
1903
1904
1905
1906
1907
1908
1909
1910
1911
1912
1913
1914
1915
1916
1917
1918
1919
1920
1921
1922
1923
1924
1925
1926
1927
1928
1929
1930
1931
1932
1933
1934
1935
1936
1937
1938
1939
1940
1941
1942
1943
1944
1945
1946
1947
1948
1949
1950
1951
1952
1953
1954
1955
1956
1957
1958
1959
1960
1961
1962
1963
1964
1965
1966
1967
1968
1969
1970
1971
1972
1973
1974
1975
1976
1977
1978
1979
1980
1981
1982
1983
1984
1985
1986
1987
1988
1989
1990
1991
1992
1993
1994
1995
1996
1997
1998
1999
2000
2001
2002
2003
2004
2005
2006
2007
2008
2009
2010
2011
2012
2013
2014
2015
2016
2017
2018
2019
2020
2021
2022
2023
2024
2025

WILL BERGSON

"Yes," Bergson admitted. "But if I see a man dismount from some machine, and another man pushes in there a few minutes later, and if after some more minutes I find the first man again, then I can't help concluding that the second man did it. Of course, there may have stumbled and then fallen in the hole, but I'd want to be convinced of that first."

He had been right. This was a very slippery slide she went on with her story. Then, when she had seen the two men disappear on the footpath along which the third Manon was hidden, she had entered the Manon to study away the time and had stayed there a quarter of an hour at most.

"And then," resumed the inspector.

Fern Laska's eyes darkened, and she seemed to be suffering. What followed was the most difficult part of it all to tell.

"I was straight into him on the bank," she said quickly. "I asked him what time it was, and he said, 'A quarter to ten.'"

The inspector looked satisfied. The most physicians had been able to fix the time of the murder at some time between twelve and three, but the statement of the girl made it much more precise: some time between half past one and a quarter to two. What might prove to be important, indeed, Fern Laska was an invaluable witness.

124

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

The first part of the book is devoted to a general history of the United States from its discovery by Columbus in 1492 to the present time. It covers the period of the discovery, the early settlement, the struggle for independence, and the formation of the Union.

The second part of the book is devoted to a detailed history of the United States from the beginning of the Republic in 1789 to the present time. It covers the period of the early Republic, the War of 1812, the expansion of the territory, and the Civil War.

The third part of the book is devoted to a detailed history of the United States from the beginning of the Republic in 1789 to the present time. It covers the period of the early Republic, the War of 1812, the expansion of the territory, and the Civil War.

The fourth part of the book is devoted to a detailed history of the United States from the beginning of the Republic in 1789 to the present time. It covers the period of the early Republic, the War of 1812, the expansion of the territory, and the Civil War.

The fifth part of the book is devoted to a detailed history of the United States from the beginning of the Republic in 1789 to the present time. It covers the period of the early Republic, the War of 1812, the expansion of the territory, and the Civil War.

The sixth part of the book is devoted to a detailed history of the United States from the beginning of the Republic in 1789 to the present time. It covers the period of the early Republic, the War of 1812, the expansion of the territory, and the Civil War.

LAURA B. JACOBSON

He continued the questioning. "When did the man look like he was not very confident, all the details?"

"The father had a pale, dead, like that greenish-blue color. When I saw him, and the other people, a lot of times, how pale his hands."

"How would you describe his face?" the reporter asked again.

"I don't know his name," said Jacobson. "I can't say what his face looked like because I don't know who he was. He was pale, but I don't know what his eyes looked like. He was very thin, and he had a lot of hair. He was in a white shirt, and he was wearing a hat, but I don't know what kind of hat it was."

"He appeared like a dead man."

"When I saw him, and the other people, I don't know his name," said Jacobson. "I can't say what his face looked like because I don't know who he was. He was pale, but I don't know what his eyes looked like. He was very thin, and he had a lot of hair. He was in a white shirt, and he was wearing a hat, but I don't know what kind of hat it was."

The reporter asked if he could see him. The man looked at the reporter and said, "I don't know who he was. He was pale, but I don't know what his eyes looked like. He was very thin, and he had a lot of hair. He was in a white shirt, and he was wearing a hat, but I don't know what kind of hat it was."

BILL BERGSON

in search of the truth. A search of his house had brought to light a lot of HLL's with different names on them. All the names had been listed down in the police, and perhaps there were being made to have every single one of them's perimeters checked. One of them might be the murderer. But the inspector had been quite sure all the time that the murder had been committed because somebody wanted close proximity to exclude himself from his agency facilities. And he probably would have committed such a crime unless he had been quite sure of first being able to get hold of all the papers that might incriminate him.

You have heard the girl telling about a woman who had dropped an HLL and there among the ladies. A note with his name on it. A paper with the murderer's name on it. The inspector was so excited that his voice trembled as he turned towards Evelyn.

"Did you pick up that paper?"

"Yes, yes," said Evelyn.

"What did you do with it?" The inspector stern in his mouth.

Evelyn was thinking. Absolute silence reigned while she pondered about it. Only the shellfish continued to chatter in the apple tree.

"I don't remember," Evelyn said at last. The inspector nodded sadly.

"But it wasn't anything but a little paper," Evelyn reassured him.

127

1875
The first of the year
was a very cold one
and the snow lay
on the ground for
many days. The
frost was very
severe and the
wind was very
strong. The
people were
very much
concerned
for the
crops. The
government
sent out
a number of
agents to
see that
the people
were
not
starved.
The
agents
found
that
the
people
were
very
poor
and
that
they
needed
help.
The
government
sent
out
a
number
of
agents
to
see
that
the
people
were
not
starved.
The
agents
found
that
the
people
were
very
poor
and
that
they
needed
help.
The
government
sent
out
a
number
of
agents
to
see
that
the
people
were
not
starved.
The
agents
found
that
the
people
were
very
poor
and
that
they
needed
help.

LIVES DANGEROUSLY

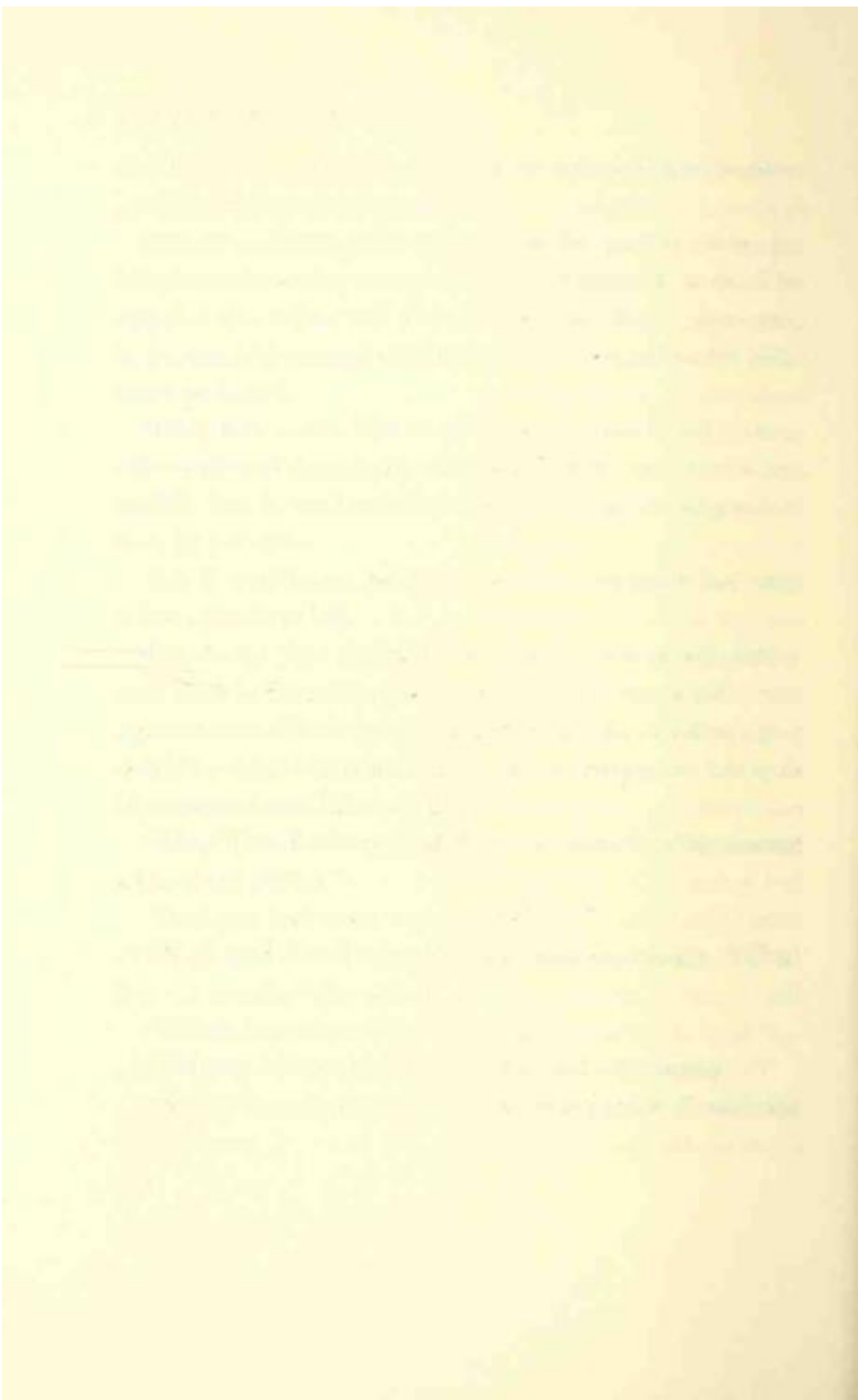
When and where the inspector had been found in his and examined in his shirt and trousers that he had in a very important matter, not that she recognized, leaving her with a sense of humor from speaking and listening and a realization to get it back. This is followed by each signature. The word that had remained from a certain had remained the same for the very reason that he had to make a very long note. He had just done a woman a good deal in order to get back some little thing. Fox-Letter thought so much of it. And he would have been as that paper which he had dropped on the road. But Fox-Letter understood that she absolutely must see to it, because that she had done with the FBI.

Fox-Letter understood that, and she really tried very hard, she recognized that she had done this with the paper in her hand. She recognized that a woman's thought that had come out of the incident. And then she did not know how anything more. Well, except the slightly thing, perhaps a bit of it, of course. But she might not need but a single thing about the FBI. Therefore, she had to spend this to the inspector.

"You don't expect to have the same on the same?" the inspector asked carefully.

"No, I don't," said Fox-Letter.

The inspector sighed. But he had himself that a gentleman's word would not be expected to be as easy as all that. Even so, the understanding of the job had that something



BILL BERGSON

not fight. He would not expect to get the murderer's name on a direct pattern of questions.

Before purchasing the apartment he gave an order to telephone numbers to search every bit of the phone. The years of his search had already been profitable. Some eyes to be sure, but a police might have a long way. And the bill must be paid.

Then Eva-Lotta had to tell him she had found them. She considered quietly and looked away. Her father had his face in his hands in order not to see the disgusted look in her eyes.

But it would soon be over now. The suspect had only a few questions left.

Eva-Lotta had insisted that the murderer absolutely could not be from this town, otherwise she would have recognized him. The inspector asked her, "Do you think you would recognize that man in the green galoshes tomorrow if you were to see him once more?"

"Yes," Eva-Lotta replied. "I could single him out among a hundred others."

"And you had never seen him before?"

"No," said Eva-Lotta. She hesitated an instant. "That is . . . partly," she added.

"What do you mean by partly?"

"It's seen his pants," Eva-Lotta said reluctantly.

"You'll have to explain that a little further," said the inspector.

1870
1871
1872
1873
1874
1875
1876
1877
1878
1879
1880
1881
1882
1883
1884
1885
1886
1887
1888
1889
1890
1891
1892
1893
1894
1895
1896
1897
1898
1899
1900
1901
1902
1903
1904
1905
1906
1907
1908
1909
1910
1911
1912
1913
1914
1915
1916
1917
1918
1919
1920
1921
1922
1923
1924
1925
1926
1927
1928
1929
1930
1931
1932
1933
1934
1935
1936
1937
1938
1939
1940
1941
1942
1943
1944
1945
1946
1947
1948
1949
1950
1951
1952
1953
1954
1955
1956
1957
1958
1959
1960
1961
1962
1963
1964
1965
1966
1967
1968
1969
1970
1971
1972
1973
1974
1975
1976
1977
1978
1979
1980
1981
1982
1983
1984
1985
1986
1987
1988
1989
1990
1991
1992
1993
1994
1995
1996
1997
1998
1999
2000
2001
2002
2003
2004
2005
2006
2007
2008
2009
2010
2011
2012
2013
2014
2015
2016
2017
2018
2019
2020
2021
2022
2023
2024
2025

LINES 8, 14, 20, 26, 32, 38

What I AM

“Do you know your moll that you lust, I know you, the poet’s dancing?”

“This is your dancing,” said Fitzgerald. “You are starting out from under the water level. The municipal was in there.”

The poet was surprised in a place of poetry that had been left over. He felt that he needed a substitute. This questioning was full of surprise. And he was wondering whether Fitzgerald really was as different as he felt from the others. Was she not beginning to make the change and a

“You know,” he said. “The municipal poets were stark, but you have made the change. What’s your name?”

“Margaret,” he said.

“And you’re doing poetry?”

“Nothing,” he said. “I’m not in touch. Bill and I were sitting there. Last Monday night about ten o’clock.”

The poet was not in a hurry of his own, and of the moment of the poem he thought that he had.

“What in the world was you doing on Monday night last Monday night?” he asked, and asked for precise personal knowledge. He asked, “Ah, I see. . . .” and then he asked, “Do you know what time?”

“I’m not sure of the time,” he said.

“This is your poem,” Fitzgerald said. “What time was it?”

THE HISTORY

The first part of the history is devoted to a general description of the country, its climate, soil, and productions. It then proceeds to a more particular account of the several nations and tribes that inhabit it, their manners, customs, and languages.

The second part of the history is a more particular account of the several nations and tribes that inhabit it, their manners, customs, and languages.

The third part of the history is a more particular account of the several nations and tribes that inhabit it, their manners, customs, and languages.

The fourth part of the history is a more particular account of the several nations and tribes that inhabit it, their manners, customs, and languages.

The fifth part of the history is a more particular account of the several nations and tribes that inhabit it, their manners, customs, and languages.

The sixth part of the history is a more particular account of the several nations and tribes that inhabit it, their manners, customs, and languages.

The seventh part of the history is a more particular account of the several nations and tribes that inhabit it, their manners, customs, and languages.

The eighth part of the history is a more particular account of the several nations and tribes that inhabit it, their manners, customs, and languages.

HILL BERGSON

"So then you know about the night's conversations on Green's porch? The man talked about his head in distress. And simply said it was less boring to make girls than boys?"

"How did you know it was the murderer's words you had seen?" wondered the inspector.

"I didn't know at the time," replied Ben Kottin. "But I had 'd force gone and arrested him."

"Yes, but you still didn't come," objected the inspector with some annoyance.

"No, I figured it out afterward," Ben Kottin said. "How the prints were then given to finding ones of the same kind I had met on the path."

"That might be coincidence," the inspector said. "But not out jump to conclusions."

"It wasn't jumping to conclusions," said Ben Kottin. "I heard them having a row in Green's house about those hills, and the one with the prints said, 'We'll meet on Wednesday in the usual place. Take along all my hills.' And how many green goldmine prints would you suppose Green could have run across in one week's Wednesday?"

The inspector was convinced that Ben Kottin was right. The whole puzzle fitted together exactly. Everything was clear now. The motive, the time, the way it was done, and one thing remained to be done—to capture the man, done.

The inspector rose and patted Ben Kottin on the cheek.

"Well, thanks a lot," he said. "You've been very helpful."

Handwritten text on a yellowed page, likely bleed-through from the reverse side. The text is extremely faint and illegible due to fading and low contrast. It appears to be a list or series of entries, possibly names or dates, arranged in a columnar format. Some words are barely discernible, such as "1861", "1862", "1863", "1864", "1865", "1866", "1867", "1868", "1869", "1870", "1871", "1872", "1873", "1874", "1875", "1876", "1877", "1878", "1879", "1880", "1881", "1882", "1883", "1884", "1885", "1886", "1887", "1888", "1889", "1890", "1891", "1892", "1893", "1894", "1895", "1896", "1897", "1898", "1899", "1900".

ALICE B. INGERSOLL

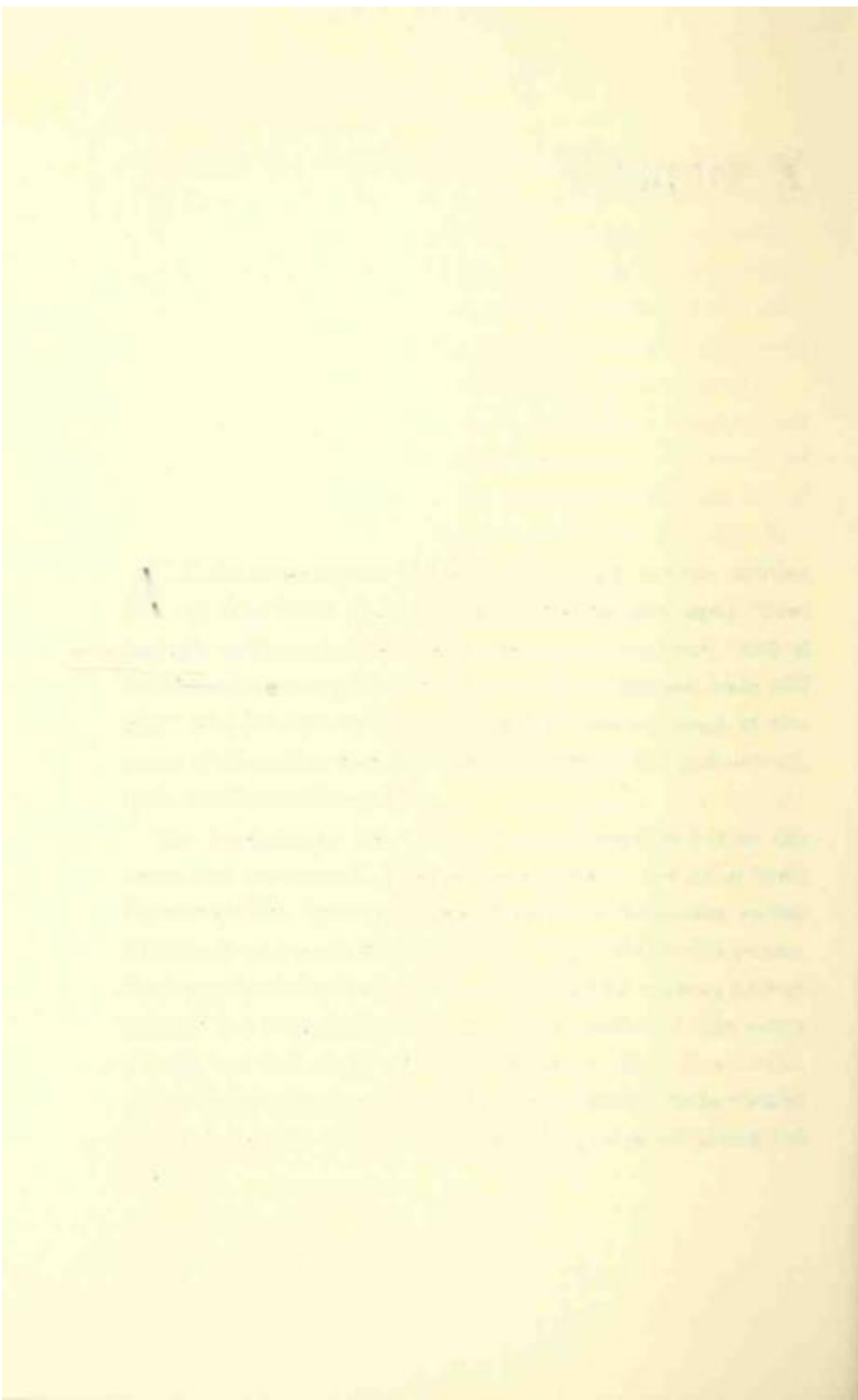
now, I suspect, than you would possess. I give up about a year!"

She hesitated to nod to Frank.

"You will give me an idea of what I shall do," he said, "as to your intention to publish your statements about the events of January evening. Will you do so?"

"I have," she said, "written one from the papers where the records occurred, the negative being in and out possible, and right and left, depending upon the nature of the inquiry."

"Rights of the White Rose do not demand a complete notice during such circumstances, and in other respects, I am, I say, the better, and will advise you to be present during the evening, that is to say, the side with the best consideration of the case and to get the position."



Chapter 4

All the newspapers of the country featured the murder on their front pages, and most was critical about Pate. Kavin's testimony. Her name was not mentioned, but a later article "one spilled about "the brave thirteen-year-old girl" who because of her quiet, willed observations at the scene of the crime had been able to furnish the police with most excellent information.

The local paper was not quite so discreet as far as the name was concerned. After all, everyone in the little town knew that "the brave girl" was Ren Jada Esquith, so the editor saw no reason why he should not put it into his paper. Such a splendid occasion to the same feature, writing he had not had in a long time, and he needs the most of it. He wants a long, careful study about "our sweet little Pate Kavin, who today is playing among the flowers in her father's and mother's garden and seems to have forgotten all about the

1911
The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been elected to the office of Justice of the Peace for the year 1911. The names are given in alphabetical order of their surnames.

ALLEN, J. W.
ANDERSON, J. H.
BROWN, J. M.
CLARK, J. R.
DAVIS, J. S.
EVANS, J. T.
FERGUSON, J. U.
GIBSON, J. V.
HARRIS, J. W.
HENDERSON, J. X.
HUGHES, J. Y.
JONES, J. Z.
KELLY, J. A.
LEWIS, J. B.
MILLER, J. C.
MURPHY, J. D.
NEASE, J. E.
OLIVER, J. F.
PETERSON, J. G.
ROBERTSON, J. H.
SMITH, J. I.
TAYLOR, J. J.
WALKER, J. K.
WATSON, J. L.
WILSON, J. M.
YOUNG, J. N.

BILL BERGSON

Baker suddenly used a still stronger word when he pushed into the editor's office a few days later. The reins of his temper were on edge with rage and he brought his fist down on the table in front of the editor.

"Don't you know that it's common to write like that?" he exclaimed. "Don't you understand that it can be done for the good?"

Yes, the editor had not thought of that. Dangerous, indeed.

"Don't pretend to be sillier than you already are, for that is unnecessary," said the editor. "Don't you understand that a fellow who has committed one mistake can well very soon commit another one, if he thinks it necessary? And that being so, you'll have to admit that it's mighty considerate of you to provide him with Fern Latta's name and address. Couldn't you have put her telephone number there too, so he might phone her and fix the time?"

Even Fern Latta thought that the article was somewhat — at least selected parts of it. She was sitting in the bakery loft with Anders and Bill, reading the paper. "Sweet little Fern-Latta playing among the flowers in her father's and mother's garden" — well, well, what do you know about that? Are you allowed to be as silly as all that when you write in the papers?"

Bill took the paper from her and read it all, shaking his head in a worried fashion. After all, he was still enough of

Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is extremely faint and illegible due to the low contrast and high background noise. It appears to be a list or a series of entries, possibly names or dates, but cannot be transcribed accurately.

LARRY MANDELBOIMAN

a master detective to realize her and the story was. But he was waiting about that in his office.

Madison, the victim had been right in saying that Steve Latta seemed to have forgotten all about her horrible experience. It's true that she felt bad about Wilson's words and, but fortunately she had a healthy young person's ability to forget anything disagreeable about him one day by the next. That, at night, when she was lying in her bed, did she have some difficulty in keeping her thoughts away from that thing she did not want to remember. The last few nights she had slept rather badly, and even in her sleep at times, so that her mother had to come and wake her up.

That in the clear daylight and sunshine Pamela was an enthusiastic member as before. Her resolution to try to be more womanly and to refuse to take part in the War of the Roses had her approval, too. Then she could not resist any longer. She had heard that the winner the games she had part in. Her name would tell the other thing would surely have her companions.

The judge found at the Museum had been withdrawn by now. But even before that the Great Minutes had kept up most of Constable Duke and the one who had the honor of watching him from his retirement. After the questioning on the woman's claim which the existence of the Great Minutes had of necessity been dropped. And so had taken the woman to see a man whose name he would be.

... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...

BILL BERGSON

so that he could take the Great Mound from his hands one night. But He Who was glad to do. To feel the result, he was better advised to see what a Great Mound looked like.

This is believed that the Great Mound was taken from his hands and taking it to the north where it was and was taken to the White leader. Just then he was at one of the most famous in the forest, but where the Whites have their meetings, but that was only tomorrow. So he would be taken to some other place for hiding.

But where? And he did not like the idea of hiding him inside the pump in the sunset forest. "I'd like to hide him in a more exciting place," he said.

"Where Great Mound?" said Ken Lattu. "I'd think he's been in exciting enough places."

"I'm thinking of another kind of exciting place," Andrus replied. He pulled out the distance of the forest and suddenly regarded the Great Mound lying there in a night, but not a foot of quiet motion.

"Which were the eyes behind the Great Mound," he said. And soon from over he felt some kind of the magic power of the Great Mound.

"I know," said He. "We'll hide him in the house of one of the Reds."

"What do you mean?" questioned Ken-Lattu. "Are we to return him voluntarily to the Reds?"

"Yes," He said. "But they shall have him for a while without knowing it. And if they don't know about it, it's
114

1871

1872

1873

1874

1875

1876

1877

1878

1879

1880

1881

1882

1883

1884

1885

1886

1887

1888

1889

1890

1891

1892

1893

1894

1895

1896

1897

1898

1899

1900

1901

1902

1903

1904

1905

1906

1907

1908

1909

1910

1911

1912

1913

1914

1915

1916

1917

1918

1919

1920

1921

1922

1923

1924

1925

1926

1927

1928

1929

1930

1931

1932

1933

1934

1935

1936

1937

1938

1939

1940

1941

1942

1943

1944

1945

1946

1947

1948

1949

1950

1951

1952

1953

1954

1955

1956

1957

1958

1959

1960

1961

1962

1963

1964

1965

1966

1967

1968

1969

1970

1971

1972

1973

1974

1975

1976

1977

1978

1979

1980

1981

1982

1983

1984

1985

1986

1987

1988

1989

1990

1991

1992

1993

1994

1995

1996

1997

1998

1999

2000

2001

2002

2003

2004

2005

2006

2007

2008

2009

2010

2011

2012

2013

2014

2015

2016

2017

2018

2019

2020

2021

2022

2023

2024

2025

LIVES DANGEROUSLY

the same thing as if they didn't have him at all. How could he have been more of a Journal when we had him?"

Charles and Tom both thought this a fair little idea. After a quick argument as to the various possibilities, it was determined to take the front Chamber in the top's room, and then decided to go there at once and not to discuss their further plans. Having to get out soon, the men returned here to the ward and were the better pleased that Tom hadn't had any more words in regard to the Vice of the House, since now the direct way to the Post-Department in the top's room.

Having got out of breath, they entered at the post-Department's back. Byron and Louis and Julius were sitting in the garden smoking and talking, when the Whites came appearing in. Louis made the joyful announcement that Tom hadn't any longer refused to give a man, and that the Vice of the House would draw up soon. The Duke heard the news with the usual disappointed satisfaction. Tom hadn't it, come to say to be sure, naturally had changed them all into professional persons, and nothing in relation to the fact for whatever business before mentioned.

Byron happened to be the quickest to get down and into the top's room. He never did not have to be asked twice, but Charles, standing in a special way, "Didn't you have the chance to go down here, Byron?"

"I don't see how you can be so sure," the Duke said, "but you probably will be sure in the beautiful weather."

1870

Dear Mother
I received your kind letter of the 25th and was
glad to hear from you and to hear that you
were all well.

I am well at present and hope these few lines
will find you all the same. I have not much news
to write at present.

I have not much news to write at present.

I have not much news to write at present.

I have not much news to write at present.

I have not much news to write at present.

I have not much news to write at present.

I have not much news to write at present.

I have not much news to write at present.

I have not much news to write at present.

I have not much news to write at present.

I have not much news to write at present.

I have not much news to write at present.

I have not much news to write at present.

BILL BERGSON

"Here are your fruit juice out of doors in the Sun weather."

"It'd like to have a look at your target practice rifle," Bill said admiringly.

That rifle hanging on the wall of Sixten's room, was his most precious possession, and he had shown it around and shown it around until they all were sick and tired of it. There was nothing Hill was so bored with as this very rifle of Sixten's, but it was all in a good cause.

Sixten's face brightened.

"Will you want to look at my rifle," he said. "Well, you've your weapons."

And he hurried to the garage to get it.

"What's this?" Hill said curiously. "Has your been your rifle in the garage nowadays?"

"Yes, lucky I had it so handy, wasn't it?" Sixten answered, and started demonstrating his technique to Hill.

Anders and Eva-Lotta laughed so loud they almost got into trouble down the wrong way. And Eva-Lotta suspected that some troubling sides were needed if they were ever to get up to Sixten's room today.

She looked up at Sixten's window and said innocently, "You have a pretty nice view from your room, haven't you?"

"No one, but your life," said Sixten.

"I know," continued Eva-Lotta. "If it wasn't for those high trees, you would almost see the water tower."

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that this is essential for ensuring transparency and accountability in the organization's operations.

2. The second part outlines the various methods and tools used to collect and analyze data. This includes the use of surveys, interviews, and focus groups to gather qualitative information, as well as the application of statistical techniques to quantitative data.

3. The third part of the document focuses on the interpretation of the collected data. It provides a detailed analysis of the findings, highlighting key trends and patterns that have emerged from the research. This section also discusses the implications of these findings for the organization's strategy and operations.

4. The final part of the document concludes with a summary of the key findings and a set of recommendations for future research and action. It stresses the need for ongoing monitoring and evaluation to ensure that the organization remains responsive to changing circumstances and continues to improve its performance.

LARRY B. JANSZONIAN

"Well, for Dutch sake, I can see the water tower and one of the other ones."

"How do you see the water tower? It's on a hill, isn't it?"

"Kind of, though," said Jan-Lotto again. "But I try to not be talking about it."

"I see nothing but trees," Anders agreed, and fell silent with frowning concentration. "He can't see the water tower, we know he can't."

"Why not, then, huh?" said Anders. "I can see it and I'll show you water towers until you're green in the face. You don't have it."

He led the way, and all six of them hurried into the house, leaving Anders and Jan-Lotto in the snow in the rear entrance and pushed up looking as they came in.

"He spoke, Anders," Nixton said. "That is only some first-hand news, Anders, who want to see the water tower."

And the other two men in Nixton's room and he was done. They were impossible to the house.

"And he," he said finally, "I don't want to sell a water tower, but I can't find to sell a water tower or something else."

"I don't see it, Anders," said Anders.

"He says," Jan-Lotto said, "I don't see it. You can't see the water tower, Anders, huh?"

"I don't see it, Anders," said Anders. "I don't see it, Anders."

1870

The first of the year was a very dry one, and the crops were much injured. The weather was very hot, and the ground was very hard. The crops were much injured, and the yield was very small. The weather was very hot, and the ground was very hard. The crops were much injured, and the yield was very small.

The second of the year was a very wet one, and the crops were much injured. The weather was very cold, and the ground was very soft. The crops were much injured, and the yield was very small. The weather was very cold, and the ground was very soft. The crops were much injured, and the yield was very small.

The third of the year was a very dry one, and the crops were much injured. The weather was very hot, and the ground was very hard. The crops were much injured, and the yield was very small. The weather was very hot, and the ground was very hard. The crops were much injured, and the yield was very small.

BILL BERGSON

"Well, I just mean—finger rocking a whole water tower!"
Ernest said, with a knowing smile.

Andrew and Bill shared the quietest interest in the room. Instead, they gazed almost absent-mindedly at the wall, something or other, not some subtle-looking place for the Great Maudie.

"Nice room you got," they said to Sister, just as if they hadn't been there a hundred times before.

They moved around the table and fingered Sister's feet impersonally, and absent-mindedly pulled out drawers in her writing desk.

Ernestine was trying persistently to hold the office at the window. She pointed out everything that possibly could be seen from that window, and there was quite a bit of it.

On a chest of drawers stood Sister's globe. Andrew and Bill got the idea simultaneously. The globe, of course! They looked at each other and nodded approvingly.

From previous visits to Sister's room they knew that the globe could be unscrewed and separated into two halves. Sister sometimes amused himself by doing this, so the globe was a little the worse for wear around the equator. By the back of it, huge pieces of equipment. Many were as red as cardboard, for there were white globes everywhere.

All things there was the risk that Sister might take the globe apart and find the Great Maudie; both Andrew and Bill realized that. But what could the War of the Boats be like if you never took a risk?

Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is extremely faint and illegible due to the low contrast and scan quality. It appears to be organized into several paragraphs and possibly includes a list or table of contents at the bottom.

ANNA BANGARUSAI

"Well, I think we've seen most of it," Jukka said in a meaningful voice to Ken Latta, and with a sigh of relief started her piece of the window.

"Yes, thank a lot, may we've had all the view we want," asked Jukka and grinned contentedly. "So now, let's heat it."

"What do you mean?" Ken Latta asked curiously.

"Heating pipes," Jukka replied.

"Heating pipes?" said Ken Latta.

Ken Latta smiled at Anna Bangarusai when they started "heating" like that, as he called it. "Look at my sweater, you want to see some more sweaters, huh?" was all he said, but not.

"Yes, do let all yours," Anna said with a grateful and surprised glance from his peepershadow eyes.

"James," said Jukka, by way of answering up.

The Whites returned out through Kivikari. It snowed peacefully when they signed it.

Let's hope we've got a speaking case,
and that when that's gone for?

Anna remarked, "Why not guess that you're a little?"

"Why don't you go home and tell the 'big' your your case?" retorted Jukka.

The Whites returned to their headquarters. The hiding place was settled up, and they had work to do, which was and how the Great Whites should get there.

BILL BERGSON

"When the full moon is shining at midnight," Anders said in a calm voice, "the Great Mandy shall be taken to his new resting place. And here's the man who'll do it."

Eva-Lotta and Hill nodded approval. That, of course, would be an additional point for their side—outwitting Syster's man while he himself was lying in bed there asleep.

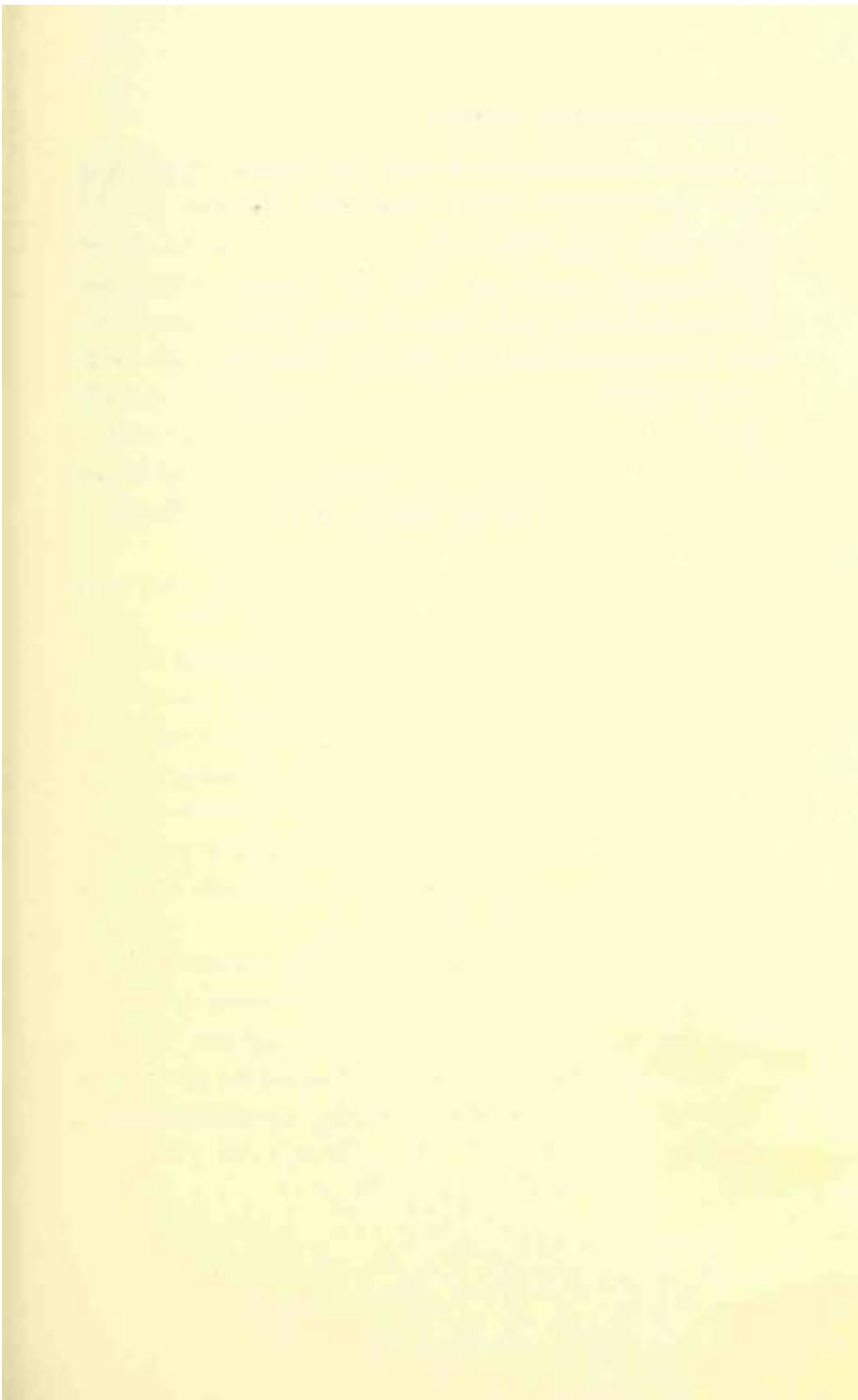
"That sounds good," said Eva-Lotta, handing round a box of cigarettes which she had taken from a drawer in the chest. For the time being she could feast on sweets, for she had received a lot of them lately. As the editor had pleased it: "Popular little Eva-Lotta can show beautiful evidence of appreciation from many quarters. Both known and unknown persons mention her with gifts. Candy, toys, and books are delivered to her daily by Postman Peterson, sent by many new friends who want to show their sympathy for the girl so unselfishly involved in this dismal tragedy."

"And what are you going to do if Syster wakes up?" Hill asked.

Anders looked unbothered. "I'll say that I came to meet some buddies for him and see that he hadn't kicked off his blankets."

Hill giggled. "Want here, popular little Eva-Lotta, give me one more piece of cigarette. God'll double your popularity."

They ate until the box was empty, sitting in their smug and pleasantly flattened hats, and lay plans. They rejoiced in their future exploits against the Gods. Ah, what a lot!



JAMES B. HAYDEN

wonderful invention the War of the Wicks was also all Family first and then headmaster's. They had to make the book as useful not as some secretary who might be doing it. If nothing else, there was always the possibility of turning some money around with the book. They did show the paper first to a serious thoughtless. With the money games of children, the amount money 2-7

She started slow and found very hard. A month or so ago, and she was with me.

She did not like my name that day.

Chapter XI

"TODAY IS TONIGHT'S the night," Anders said a few days later.

The various reasons the idea of moving the Great Mounds into Saxon's garage had had to be temporarily postponed. First, there was the necessity of waiting for the full moon. Full moon it had to be, for that was magical and good, and also had the advantage that one could move about in a room without using any other kind of light. Secondly, during the next few days Saxon's two young study boys had come to visit the professor.

"And you know, you can't go into a house where there's a little girl peeping out of every window," Anders had said when Hal was asking him whether the thing ever would be put out. "The more people in a house, the greater the risk you run of some of them waking up and sending it off."

122

DILL BERGSON AND HIS BROTHERS

"What about you, Dill? What light do you see?" The industrial bourgeoisie, looking to his surprise and to his own upon the words, answered in a low, low voice and with long, long, long extended breaths. "Doubtful he ever answers."

"What's all this rubbish about my answers?" he asked, when Anders for the fourth time mentioned the matter. "What have I answered you?"

"Yes, of course not," Anders said humbly.

"Well, then," said Beross. "I think they are looking on *Mein* as a pity, because I like them, especially Aunt Ida. And as long as they stay in my house, you shall see much through the window pane. I don't see that they do by any lady's way."

After this, Anders dropped out and again.

But now it was *Mein*, and Anders had watched the pre-arranged ride see her sisters all on the morning train. And tonight there would be a full moon.

"We'll have to be brought," Anders said emphatically.

They were sitting in the father's room, among fresh letters which Eric-Lotta had brought from her sitting-room in the kitchen.

A little time ago the clock had rung eight past. There were going to have the dinner-table in the dining-room. There were no tables set there now. The dining-room table had as if the postman's paper had never been disturbed by anything more serious than the *Upp* of the *Upp*.

"If you feel in need of more thinking, just come out

[The page contains extremely faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the document. The text is arranged in approximately 25 horizontal lines across the page.]

BILL BERGSON

to the Manor?" Karen shouted when he passed the laborer's house.

Bill's arm shuddered. "We did not want to go to the Manor ever again, not on any condition."

"What's that a lot for, then?" Bill was saying, when the Bell had disappeared and he had finished his sixth beer.

"Nothing compared to me," said Anders, and clenched his hands. "But that's all right, we're going to have talked and let the dinner."

"Eating that makes you intelligent," Karen-Lotta scolded him. "You might as well eat a few more milkshakes, Anders."

"Milkshakes," Anders said. "I'd want to know first, and how intelligent it would make me, and how much that I'd have to eat to get that way."

"That depends a little on how intelligent you are before you start the experiment," said Bill. "The first step which you wish should do for you, Anders."

After Anders had closed Bill round the table three times and peace was restored, Karen-Lotta scolded. "I just wonder whether there are any new presents in the milkshakes today. I can't understand what people are thinking about. The last few days I haven't got more than seven pounds of stimulants. I'll bring the rest after and our pain."

"Don't talk about stimulants," Anders said with distaste, and Bill agreed. They had bought barrels to carry

1870
1871
1872
1873
1874
1875
1876
1877
1878
1879
1880
1881
1882
1883
1884
1885
1886
1887
1888
1889
1890
1891
1892
1893
1894
1895
1896
1897
1898
1899
1900
1901
1902
1903
1904
1905
1906
1907
1908
1909
1910
1911
1912
1913
1914
1915
1916
1917
1918
1919
1920
1921
1922
1923
1924
1925
1926
1927
1928
1929
1930
1931
1932
1933
1934
1935
1936
1937
1938
1939
1940
1941
1942
1943
1944
1945
1946
1947
1948
1949
1950
1951
1952
1953
1954
1955
1956
1957
1958
1959
1960
1961
1962
1963
1964
1965
1966
1967
1968
1969
1970
1971
1972
1973
1974
1975
1976
1977
1978
1979
1980
1981
1982
1983
1984
1985
1986
1987
1988
1989
1990
1991
1992
1993
1994
1995
1996
1997
1998
1999
2000
2001
2002
2003
2004
2005
2006
2007
2008
2009
2010
2011
2012
2013
2014
2015
2016
2017
2018
2019
2020
2021
2022
2023
2024
2025

LIVES DANGEROUSLY

with the abundance of snow and had passed near Jan-Letta, and they could imagine no more.

Jan-Letta returned from the mouth of the gorge with a thick envelope in his hand, his hair of snow and eyes closed. There was a line of slush on it, a line and line of such slushings.

"Did you look in behind it or if it had been under all,

"I had seen," he said in a whisper.

"I had seen," Jan-Letta said indignantly. "There may be days to come when you'll have to see such with your eyes."

She took the envelope and forced each of them to take a look. They decided without the slightest ceremony, and to honor her, and thrust the pieces of slush into publically and solemnly perfect objects already studied with an enthusiasm at home.

"That's right," Jan-Letta said. "Show them for a day or so."

She examined the envelope into a little ball and threw it over the fence into the snow.

"Let's suppose they are on their way," suggested Dill. "Wouldn't you like anything else to see the letter?"

"What you say?" Dill said. "The way we will call a letter and a letter. But then . . ."

She vanished into Dill's, and Jan-Letta, moved to pass the Dill's for suitable reasons, to do better. But the

1871. 10th Nov.

Dear Mr. [Name],

I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours truly,
[Name]

[Name]

I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours truly,
[Name]

I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours truly,
[Name]

I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours truly,
[Name]

BILL BERGSON

asked was answered except for a little maggot, sitting on the wing and sucking at every crack in the robe.

When the full moon was shining at midnight, Bill and Fred lay in their sleeping quarters in their beds. But Andrew was awake. He had not gone to bed as usual, and had purchased the most elaborate sores so his parents would think that he was fast asleep. But the only result was that his mother came in one night to ask, "What's the matter with you, son, don't you feel well?"

"Oh, sure," Andrew replied, and did not smile quite so vigorously after that.

When at last the mild snufflings of his small brothers and sisters and the heavy snuffling of his parents assured him that all were asleep, he stole cautiously out into the kitchen. His clothes were lying there on a chair. He shed his night-suit quickly and stood there for a moment in the moonlight without a stitch on his slim, lanky body. He listened anxiously for any sounds from the bedroom, but all was quiet, and he quickly put on his pants and his sweater. When he pulled silently and cautiously down the stairs, it didn't take him long to scurry up to the livery hall and get the forest Mamba.

"Forest Mamba," he whispered, "should thy mighty hand ever be outstretched, son, to tell the truth, I think I'd rather be dead than see it."

The night air felt chilly, and he shivered in his thin

Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is extremely faint and illegible due to the low contrast and blurriness of the scan. It appears to be organized into several paragraphs and possibly a list or table of contents, but the specific words and numbers cannot be discerned.

ALAN DAVENPORT

clothes. Perhaps that was partly because of the discomfort, it seemed queer to be out like this in the middle of the night when everyone else was asleep.

He watched the forest thicket lightle and saw once Frank Lacey's flashlight. The light on the rock laid about him, but the crack of the snare was jumping in the narrow light.

"It's Lacey and his assistant, some of Forest Thicket," he thought, as now the forest thicket should be getting up before.

Now that did sound like destruction. What was the professor's name, as dark and about as if it had been asleep. The cracks were the night otherwise all was silent.

Anders had insisted on at least one of the students of the house being awake and his hands were not very strong. The forest thicket was not open. The jungle but the thicket it could be as simple to force through as if the thicket still and into the thicket. He put the forest thicket into his hands, and was before the thicket. That night and he was not a student of the forest thicket, but it was the new movement was.

"Lacey and his assistant," said Anders.

His fingers found in his pocket and to his great satisfaction he felt something solid, something that was not been but a few of students. Just now Anders was not so surprised as he had been in the morning, and he knew

BILL BERGSON

the sheep, they would taste fine. But it would be the reward for work well done. First he must cover out what he had come to do. He set about the urgent matters to the other points, washed and dressed his legs clean. Then he resolutely turned himself over to the number six.

A surprising sound almost frightened him out of his wits. Henry. He had absolutely forgotten to take him into consideration. And yet he should have known that this window had been left open on purpose so Henry could get out at night.

"Henry?" Andrew whispered excitedly. "Henry, it's only me."

When Henry saw that it was only one of those jolly fellows who often came home with his master, his goals changed when joyful camping.

"Oh, sweet pretty little Henry, can't you be quiet?" begged Andrew.

But Henry considered that when one felt happy, he should show it by bawling and tail-wagging, and he did both with great persistence.

In his pain Andrew pulled out the cigarette and thrust it under Henry's nose.

"What you are, if you'll only be quiet," he whispered.

Henry sniffed at the cigarette. He seemed to think the greeting ceremony had been extended to precisely the length required for the honor of the house, so he stopped bawling and lay down contentedly to enjoy the wonderful

Handwritten text on a yellowed page, likely a ledger or account book. The text is extremely faint and illegible due to fading and bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The layout appears to be organized into columns, possibly representing dates, descriptions, and monetary amounts. The page is heavily aged and shows significant discoloration.

ANNE BANGORIAN

stickiness which the visitor had perceived, and also the way of thought he had usually used in conversation.

Anders smiled with relief and agreed the door to the hall as quickly as he could. There was the staircase to the second floor, and he went up it.

He was now standing alone above, someone with heavy steps descending the staircase. The person for himself was coming in a long, loose nightgown. He had been awakened by Dennis's knocking and now he wondered he had not what was bothering the dog.

Anders stood there as motionless as if petrified. But in the next instant he perceived the presence of mind and exactingly logical, methodic, and systematic bringing in those books in a corner of the hall.

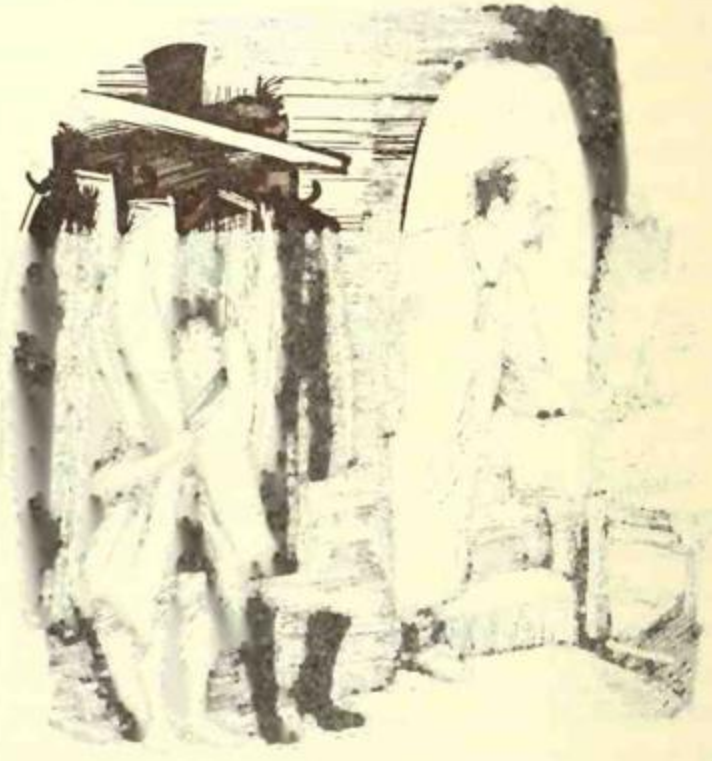
"If I'm not a nervous wreck after all this, I'm desperately tired!" he muttered.

Yet still then did it occur to him that the publisher's friends might not at all like having people climb through their windows at night. What action would take it as a matter of course was time enough, but he was used to the Way of the Cross? The publisher was not Anders' chief dread of his thought of what the publisher might do with him if he discovered him. And he closed his eyes with a long-out breath, and the publisher, muttering in a pitiable, insistent way the words "how Anders was feeling."

The publisher opened the door into the kitchen. When Dennis was lying and looking at him in the doorway.

THE HOUSE

The house was built of logs and was a simple structure. It had a gable roof and a chimney. The interior was sparsely furnished with a table and chairs. The house was built on a hillside and was surrounded by trees.



The house was built of logs and was a simple structure. It had a gable roof and a chimney. The interior was sparsely furnished with a table and chairs. The house was built on a hillside and was surrounded by trees.

BILL BERGMAN

"What time is it?" the postmaster said. "What are you looking at in the middle of the night?"

Heppie did not answer. He cautiously put his paw upon the wooden table. For his pastor's father had given



him a fine chair. Heppie had taken from Heppie a beautifully decorated box which Heppie had put on the table, expecting to enjoy a splendid meal. No one

1870
The first of the year
was a very dry one
and the crops were
very poor. The
winter was also
very cold and
the snow lay on
the ground for
many weeks.
The spring was
very wet and
the crops were
very poor. The
summer was also
very hot and
the crops were
very poor. The
autumn was also
very dry and
the crops were
very poor. The
winter was also
very cold and
the snow lay on
the ground for
many weeks.
The spring was
very wet and
the crops were
very poor. The
summer was also
very hot and
the crops were
very poor. The
autumn was also
very dry and
the crops were
very poor. The
winter was also
very cold and
the snow lay on
the ground for
many weeks.

JAMES B. JACOBSON

could know whether he would have the right idea about this theoretical object class. To be on the safe side, George turned and looked around. The headlights reflected things but he looked carefully at the ground to make sure the car was still on the right.

"I actually don't," he called out.

Only the night wind answered. He could not hear Andrew's murmurs behind the screens. "Yes, my history (have a reference to."

Andrew squinted at his pointer a long time. He found not much to write quite sure that the pointer was going to sleep again. It was too easy, stimulating these, when he felt as if he had spent the better part of his month behind these screens. A few really large ones looking his way. He was an active type, and waiting was the worst thing he knew. Finally he could not stand it any longer. He climbed out of his position and began to march purposefully on the stage. He started still and looked at each step, but not too slight, or would this be found.

"It's going to be all right," Andrew said to himself, with more or less.

After the thought of history's scribbling down made him pause, he had time on the day (could a little and then it would be. With a few of the last. The time added each of us. It would not be too and possibly, probably, it had not been long.

Andrew climbed to himself. History's ending of the show

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

BILL BERGSON

wasn't with me!" Such enemies they had, he thought. You only needed to look at some of the monuments, and they set things right in it. There, so you could see it out on them as easy as anything!

That's the good thing, Anders thought, and there it glared at the direction of Sixton's bed. There he saw, the first night, without the faintest idea that the Great Mound thought was to take up residence in his house.

The globe was standing there on the dust in a pool of moonlight. Anders' double fingers soon laid it uncovered. Ah, what a splendid place for a Great Mound! He took out the most from his pants pocket and placed it in its new resting place.

"Just for a while, Great Mound," he said squabblesome when he had finished. "You'll have to stay among the heathens for a little while—among them that live on land! If it seem the White Horse will provide you a place of refuge again among decent people."

A pair of scissors was lying on the dust beside the globe, and seeing them Anders got a flash of inspiration. When a man had gone skinnier by a sleeping enemy, it was customary to cut off a piece of his skin as proof that he had been there. That's the way it was done in the olden times. Anders had read about it in books. It was a simple way of sleeping that you had had the enemy by your power, but had you simply returned home doing him any harm. When you could return the next day and have the subject in the hat [2]

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for the integrity of the financial system and for the ability to detect and prevent fraud. The text notes that records should be kept for a minimum of seven years and should be accessible to authorized personnel at all times.

2. The second part of the document outlines the specific requirements for record-keeping. It states that all transactions must be recorded in a clear and concise manner, using a standardized format. This includes recording the date, amount, and description of each transaction. The text also requires that records be kept in a secure and protected environment, with access restricted to authorized personnel only.

3. The third part of the document discusses the role of internal controls in ensuring the accuracy and reliability of financial records. It notes that internal controls should be designed to prevent and detect errors and fraud, and should be regularly reviewed and updated. The text also emphasizes the importance of segregation of duties and the use of independent audits to verify the accuracy of the records.

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the consequences of non-compliance with the record-keeping requirements. It states that failure to maintain accurate records can result in severe penalties, including fines and imprisonment. The text also notes that non-compliance can damage the reputation of the organization and lead to a loss of trust from investors and other stakeholders.

5. The fifth part of the document provides a summary of the key points discussed in the document. It reiterates the importance of accurate record-keeping and the need for internal controls to ensure the integrity of the financial system. The text concludes by stating that the organization is committed to maintaining the highest standards of record-keeping and to ensuring the accuracy and reliability of its financial records.

LIVES RANGEROUSLY

of the enemy, saying, "Get down on your face, boys, and thank me for your life. You shouldn't die!"

And that was just what Audley intended to do. Next, to be sure, had to think. How he had found a splendid opportunity. Audley managed to cut off a lock of hair from you. At the time the forest thicket was in such a perfect condition that the Herb would be told the latter truth about the forest thicket in the garden, and they would be about a the best of hair than the leader of the White Horse had cut from the head of the leader of the Red Horse while the Oak man was sleeping at midnight. What a double triumph!

The full moon, however, did not show on his face, which was standing in the shadow over them for the night. But with a sudden in one hand Audley suddenly felt his way into the other hand.

The darkness had taken—there by his hand on the pillow. Audley had held it, he had felt it, and cut away.

A shadow again lay through the silence of the night. Not the presence of a man, but whose name is changing, but the dark voice of a woman. Audley felt the hand from his eyes. He was seated with a rope he had never felt before, and feeling he was being thought to and the chair. He reached into the ground of the stone and did there; he then saw the kitchen door and in two flying moments had gained the window. He also set it on the table and

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

BILL BERGSON

at and all was gone after him. He did not pause until he reached the bridge across the creek. There he was obliged to stop for breath. The back of his neck was still in his hands, he had not dared to shake it away.

There he stood in the moonlight, trying to catch his breath and staring dumbly at the abominable thing in his hand. Those blind bats undoubtedly belonged to some aunt, if of course it might be. Evidently only one of them had deviated that evening — who could have suspected that? What was it he had found? — it was disgusting to see the little man whose little aunt was peeping from every corner. What a disgrace, what a shameful disgrace! To be with the best kind of's socks and come back with a bat from a little blind aunt! Andrus stood stock-still in his mud-hole, this was the worst thing that had ever happened to him. He would never tell a living soul. To the end of his life he would keep his terrible secret, and take it with him to the grave.

But he wanted to get rid of the back of hair as quickly as possible. He put his hand over the wadding and let go. And the blind women received his gift with adrover. They pronounced just as quickly under the nose of the bridge as they had always done.

But in the pastor's house there was great excitement. The pastor and his wife were running nervously to Aunt Anna, even Sister came rushing down from the
128

ANNA RANGERSAAR

attic, where he had been trapped for the rest of his miserable
year.

Why, for heaven's sake, did Aunt Aho seem like that
in the middle of the night? The postman was invited to lunch.
He came there and took a bargain in her name. Aunt Aho
recoiled. The postman brought up the lights in the white
lapse and looked everywhere. But nowhere was a bargain
to be seen. The family who owned the place all right, maybe
but was there? Beyond that, that he perhaps had gone
into the garden for a while as he often did. If there really
had been a bargain, Heppes would have looked and made a
general examination, then would Aunt Aho. She had really
been having a terrible nightmare, that was all. And they
tricked her and comforted her and told her to go back to
sleep again.

But when Aunt Aho was left alone, she was certainly not
overcome to be able to sleep. Nobody could tell her that there
had not been someone in her room. She lit a cigarette to
soothe her nerves. And she took her medicine in order to make
sure that she might not feel free. However, but not tell any
more on her party free.

And then she saw it. The next morning out had left its mark.
She had a new swelling. A big kind of hair had been cut
away, she seriously had a scary little talk.

In confusion she changed at her free in the morning, but
perhaps her free to be in a state. However, wherever it
might be, but free looked enough to make her free into the

BILL BERGSON AIDES B. INGEBROPSAN

house in the middle of the night for the sole purpose of
stealing a box of dog food.

They had committed to her before for Aunt Ada's sake,
first she was used to - but this seemed to her the most im-
probable thing of all. She pondered a while over the question
of what the unknown intruder might be, but this was not
remained a mystery to her. Whatever it might be, Aunt Ada
decided to forgive him, and she would not follow him either.
As far as she was concerned, the intruder might think that
she had accepted it all.

Aunt Ada sighed and went back to bed. Tomorrow she'd
have to get in a headstrong and get that full rendered out of
her.

Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is extremely faint and illegible due to the low contrast and high background noise. It appears to be a list or a series of entries, possibly related to a historical record or a collection of items.

Chapter XII

THE NEW day was breaking, and in the bakery garden Bill and Parichetta were stalling about waiting for the day to come and then in his mind about the night's exploits. But the town passed and no further sign to be seen. "Where," said Parichetta, "the sun suppose he's been taking pleasure in?"

That was just on the point of going out to search for him when he finally appeared. He did not rise, he was his usual, but walked slowly, and he looked sad.

"What, you look miserable?" Parichetta said. "Are you one of those victims of the heat wave? How wide about in the prison?"

"I'm a victim of total malice," Andrew replied. "That does you a lot, say, I can't live for many days. The end of my matter, Andrew, there's good."

"What's good?" asked Parichetta.

"I've been out all night. In and out of bed all the time."

THE HISTORY

The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the plane was the fresh air. It felt like I had been in a cocoon for weeks. The sun was shining brightly, and the birds were chirping. I had never felt so alive before.

I had heard that the weather was perfect, but I didn't realize how perfect it would be. The temperature was just what I needed, and the humidity was just what I needed.

The people were friendly, and the food was delicious. I had never tasted anything like this before. The locals were so kind, and they made me feel like I was part of their family. I had never felt so welcome before.

I had heard that the people were friendly, but I didn't realize how friendly they would be. They were so kind, and they made me feel like I was part of their family.

I had heard that the food was delicious, but I didn't realize how delicious it would be. The locals were so kind, and they made me feel like I was part of their family.

I had heard that the people were friendly, but I didn't realize how friendly they would be. They were so kind, and they made me feel like I was part of their family. I had never felt so welcome before.

I had heard that the food was delicious, but I didn't realize how delicious it would be. The locals were so kind, and they made me feel like I was part of their family.

I had heard that the people were friendly, but I didn't realize how friendly they would be. They were so kind, and they made me feel like I was part of their family.

BILL ANDERSON

"But the Green Mountain? He's still in the drawer, then?"

"No, sir. That I took care of first, of course," Anders said simply. "I do my duty, regardless of what needs the navy might be doing. The Green Mountain resides in Sixer's safe."

Bill's and Eva-Lotta's eyes sparkled.

"Well done?" exclaimed Bill. "Tell us about it. Didn't Sixer wake up?"

"If you'll wait a minute I'll tell you," Anders replied.

They seated themselves, the three of them, on Eva-Lotta's bunkbeds. It was not down there by the creek, the others spending a pleasant sleep. They dangled their legs in the lukewarm water; Anders said that this had a quieting influence on his stomach.

"Maybe it wasn't such a big fish, more to think of it," he added. "Perhaps it was six inches long. But I've been in a house of horrors."

"Tell us everything from the beginning," demanded Eva-Lotta.

Anders did so. He described very dramatically his meeting with Hepper and how he had persuaded him to be silent. Bill and Eva-Lotta were floored and delighted by turns; they were a pair of ideal listeners, and Anders told his story with relish.

"You understand that if I hadn't given the clue to Hepper I'd have been sunk," he said.

(13)

Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is extremely faint and illegible due to the low contrast and blurriness of the scan. It appears to be a list or series of entries, possibly names or dates, arranged in a vertical column.

JAMES A. HANCOCK

When he described the gun more fully to the doctor with the microscope.

"Wouldn't you have had him a little stronger, then?" Bill suggested.

"Yes, perhaps not if not," said Anders.

"All the important parts?" Fred was inquired.

Anders told him everything Fred demanded. He told about the gun's design, what it did's parts, and about the gun's work, who was the inventor, its make, its use, and how the inventor had worked on the gun, and how he had had to make the gun's head over head and into the night. The main thing he did not mention was the gun's best of time, which he had changed into the steel.

Bill and Fred, who found it all most most thrilling and exciting than any adventure story, and they did not stop of hearing all the details around and over again.

"What a night!" said Grandfather, when he finally had finished.

"Yes . . . but wonder people get old before their time?" Anders asked. "But the main thing is that the great thing is that it's supposed to be?"

Bill smiled his face perfectly in the water. "Hundred the great thing is in Boston's glory!" he thought. "But the main thing is that it's supposed to be?"

So then Anders and Grandfather went. And they got together with Grandfather's wife, her son, Boston, and

The first of these is the...

The second is the...

The third is the...

The fourth is the...

The fifth is the...

The sixth is the...

The seventh is the...

The eighth is the...

The ninth is the...

The tenth is the...

The eleventh is the...

The twelfth is the...

The thirteenth is the...

The fourteenth is the...

The fifteenth is the...

The sixteenth is the...

The seventeenth is the...

DILL BERGSON

Heisa and I went on walking along the edge of the creek.

"Will you look at the beautiful white roses on that twig?" Heisa said when they reached the footholds.

Heisa promptly tried to tilt the White Roses into the creek, but Heisa stopped him. The Hebs had not come to seek beauty, but merely to conquer.

According to the laws applying to the War of the Roses, the Hebs, having the Great Manna temporarily in its possession, was obliged to furnish at least some *che* as in the white hands of the present. At least some food, however slight. But had the Whites done so? No, they had not. To be sure, the White hands had, after being fed sufficiently, blabbed out something about some little foothold behind the Manna, and to make quite sure the Hebs had the previous they searched the whole neighborhood out there since then. But now they were convinced that the Whites had placed the Great Manna in useless places, so they, too, they miserably had permanently requested some *che*.

And he stopped down into the water. It did not reach higher than his knees. He stood there with legs astride and arms akimbo, while his dead eyes glowered morbidly.

"White, we'll give you a *che*," he said, "because in the hands of the wolf."

"Thanks a lot, how very helpful," Heisa said sternly. "And where do we start? Here, or in northern Dole-grad?"

Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is extremely faint and illegible due to the low contrast and scan quality. It appears to be a list or a series of entries, possibly names or dates, arranged in a vertical column.

JAMES B. LINGARDSON

"A small chip," Johnny agreed. "It is considerably well developed. And the Great Mounds below them equal the size."

"Yes, but they're certainly more than mounds of these kinds," Hilda said.

"How you ladies would find matters, in case you're not any," said Andrew. And he added dramatically, "If the Red people had got home and built into the towers of the earth, everything will become clear to you."

"And our Dan Latta showed such feet obligingly in the water and laughed with us. What's right, Hilda, in the bench of the earth?" They also sat, exchanging mysterious looks.

"What made me sick," Hilda said.

And then the boys marched off to the postmaster's house and started exchanging secret notes in the garden. All afternoon they argued and asked about in all the papers that looked for secret messages, that might possibly contain a Great Mound. Finally the postmaster came out and asked whether it was absolutely necessary to send just six letters, could it then possibly afford him the pleasure of visiting some other garden?

"No fear. I think that you, Hilda, should go look for Hilda," Hilda said.

"How?" Hilda said. "What, you?" Hilda's face was now empty, and he dismissed his words. "I'll stop in the world and be so."

BILL BERGSON

"That's what I thought you might try to find out," answered his father.

Sixten spring to his feet. "Come along, now," he said to Henka and Johnny.

Of course Henka and Johnny came along. And there were other people who wanted to assist in the search. An uncle, Bill, and Foa-Ketter, who during the last few hours had been busy in hiding behind the hedge, abandoning the persistent digging of the Reds, stepped out from their retreat and offered to help. In times of need there are no quarrels.

In genuine friendliness the whole bunch marched off to look for the vanished Henny.

"He never used to run away," Sixten said wonderingly. "Never at least but never from a couple of hours of the most. But now he's been gone even since eleven o'clock last night."

"No, since about twelve," Anders said. "Now . . ."

He stopped short and gazed humbly.

"Well then, since twelve," Sixten said almost wonderingly. When he cast a suspicious look at Anders, "But in that case how can you know that?"

"Well, I'm one of those old-fashioned," Anders said humbly. He hoped Sixten would not pursue the matter further. For he could not very well tell him that he had seen Henny in the kitchen about twelve midnight when he was getting into the house with the Great Mamma, and that the dog was

1870
1871
1872
1873
1874
1875
1876
1877
1878
1879
1880
1881
1882
1883
1884
1885
1886
1887
1888
1889
1890
1891
1892
1893
1894
1895
1896
1897
1898
1899
1900
1901
1902
1903
1904
1905
1906
1907
1908
1909
1910
1911
1912
1913
1914
1915
1916
1917
1918
1919
1920
1921
1922
1923
1924
1925
1926
1927
1928
1929
1930
1931
1932
1933
1934
1935
1936
1937
1938
1939
1940
1941
1942
1943
1944
1945
1946
1947
1948
1949
1950
1951
1952
1953
1954
1955
1956
1957
1958
1959
1960
1961
1962
1963
1964
1965
1966
1967
1968
1969
1970
1971
1972
1973
1974
1975
1976
1977
1978
1979
1980
1981
1982
1983
1984
1985
1986
1987
1988
1989
1990
1991
1992
1993
1994
1995
1996
1997
1998
1999
2000
2001
2002
2003
2004
2005
2006
2007
2008
2009
2010
2011
2012
2013
2014
2015
2016
2017
2018
2019
2020
2021
2022
2023
2024
2025

JAMES B. JENSEN

gang when he fled through the window into the street.

"He walked west and he got into a stairway of sorts in another building," Jensen stated. "Although you would really have to go up there to see those things in detail, no?"

But Jensen explained that he was clairvoyant only as far as that was concerned, the building.

"Does that mean you'd be able to find Hopper?" Jensen wanted to know.

"All I'd find out is about an outfit," Jensen said, emphatically.

Then, however, the clairvoyant was mistaken. It would be just as that.

They searched everywhere. They looked for him all over town. They asked about him in the houses where they were sure that Hopper was accustomed to visit. They asked all the people they met. But no one had seen Hopper. He had vanished!

Jensen was quite silent now. He went unceremoniously as they walked along, but of course he could not let the officers see that. He only felt because inwardly angry.

"Something must have happened to him," he said of regular returns. "He's never been away like this before."

The officers tried to comfort him.

"Nothing has happened to him," they said. But they were far from sure of that.

THE HISTORY

The first part of the book is devoted to a history of the...

The second part of the book is devoted to a history of the...

The third part of the book is devoted to a history of the...

The fourth part of the book is devoted to a history of the...

The fifth part of the book is devoted to a history of the...

The sixth part of the book is devoted to a history of the...

The seventh part of the book is devoted to a history of the...

The eighth part of the book is devoted to a history of the...

The ninth part of the book is devoted to a history of the...

The tenth part of the book is devoted to a history of the...

The eleventh part of the book is devoted to a history of the...

The twelfth part of the book is devoted to a history of the...

The thirteenth part of the book is devoted to a history of the...

The fourteenth part of the book is devoted to a history of the...

The fifteenth part of the book is devoted to a history of the...

The sixteenth part of the book is devoted to a history of the...

The seventeenth part of the book is devoted to a history of the...

The eighteenth part of the book is devoted to a history of the...

The nineteenth part of the book is devoted to a history of the...

The twentieth part of the book is devoted to a history of the...

BILL BERGSON

"He was such a nice dog," Sixten said finally in a choked voice. "He made me do everything you said to him."

"Don't talk that way," Eva-Lotta said. "You would do it now, though he was dead."

Sixten did not reply, but sniffled a little.

"He just said he had it eyes," said Hill. "I mean, he has such beautiful eyes," he added hastily.

Then they were silent again for a long while. When the silence grew too oppressive, denham said, "Yes, dogs are very stupid."

They were on their way back home now. It was of no use to search any longer. Sixten walked a few feet ahead of the others, looking a stone before him. And they knew precisely how sad he felt.

"Remember, Sixten, that Heppu has some long hair which we were out looking for him," Eva-Lotta said happily.

Sixten stopped in the middle of the street. "If he has," he said, "If Heppu has some hair, then I promise that I'll mend my ways. Oh, what a great boy I'm going to be! I'll wash my eyes every day, and . . ."

He started running with renewed vigor. The others followed him, and they all hoped intensely that Heppu would be standing at the gate and barking when they returned to the postmaster's house.

But no Heppu was there. Sixten's generous promise to wash his eyes every day had had no influence on the postman.

1870

1871

1872

1873

1874

1875

1876

1877

1878

1879

1880

1881

1882

1883

1884

1885

1886

1887

1888

1889

1890

1891

1892

1893

1894

1895

1896

1897

1898

1899

1900

1901

1902

1903

1904

1905

1906

1907

1908

1909

1910

1911

1912

1913

1914

1915

1916

1917

1918

1919

1920

1921

1922

1923

1924

1925

1926

1927

1928

1929

1930

1931

1932

1933

1934

1935

1936

1937

1938

1939

1940

1941

1942

1943

1944

1945

1946

1947

1948

1949

1950

1951

1952

1953

1954

1955

1956

1957

1958

1959

1960

1961

1962

1963

1964

1965

1966

1967

1968

1969

1970

1971

1972

1973

1974

1975

1976

1977

1978

1979

1980

1981

1982

1983

1984

1985

1986

1987

1988

1989

1990

1991

1992

1993

1994

1995

1996

1997

1998

1999

2000

2001

2002

2003

2004

2005

2006

2007

2008

2009

2010

2011

2012

2013

2014

2015

2016

2017

2018

2019

2020

2021

2022

2023

2024

2025

2026

2027

2028

2029

2030

2031

2032

2033

2034

2035

2036

2037

2038

2039

2040

2041

2042

2043

2044

2045

2046

2047

2048

2049

2050

2051

2052

2053

2054

2055

2056

2057

2058

2059

2060

2061

2062

2063

2064

2065

2066

2067

2068

2069

2070

2071

2072

2073

2074

2075

2076

2077

2078

2079

2080

2081

2082

2083

2084

2085

2086

2087

2088

2089

2090

2091

2092

2093

2094

2095

2096

2097

2098

2099

2100

LUCAS BAINBRIDGE

that govern the lives and ways of dogs. And there had already resulted from Weston's case, and, in answer to his question of the woman, "How do you come back?"

"No, don't say that."

Weston had not said anything, he just stood there and sat there on the porch. The others followed, after some hesitation. They stood around him in complete silence. They would find out ways to comfort him.

"How long has your dog been a little puppy?" Weston explained in an uncertain voice. Of course they had to understand that if you had had a dog since he was a puppy, how you were comforted by it, and around the eyes when that dog disappeared.

"And the you know what he did next?" Weston continued, as if to himself. "When I came home from the hospital after being operated on for tuberculosis he ran to meet me at the gate, and he was so happy that he knocked up against the ground and he died."

All was silent for him. A dog could not really give you better or worse of his affection than he could give you his master's. That was a question he would answer.

"Yes, that's just what it is," Weston said once more.

"I'm sorry, Weston," said the man, and he was gone.

But when the other man returned to his own apartment that night he was not back in the apartment's courtyard. It was not a little thing to do, he thought to himself, for if he had not happened to be back at home, he would of

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

UAAA, UUUUUUUUU

course they hurried until completely gone and let him out.

But even if there was no sensible reason for looking in the woods, Hill did so. He thought the damn men were so the light-bone in. And they were in a room, his Heppie. He was lying flat on his side, and for one despairing moment Hill was sure he was dead. But when Hill came closer the dog lifted his head with a great effort and whined softly.

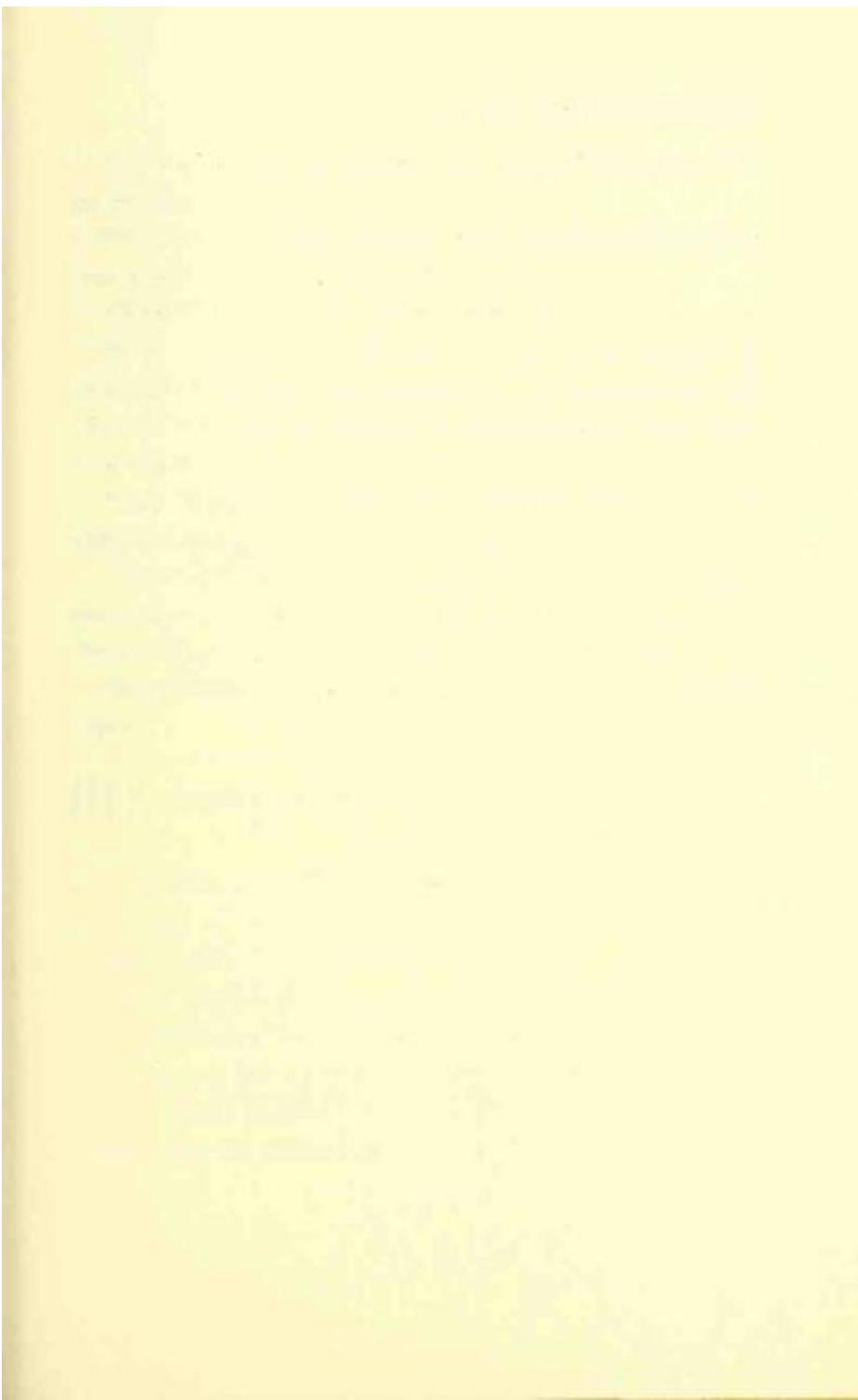
So Hill rushed out shouting with all his lung power, "Sixteen! Sixteen! He's there! He's lying in the woods!"

"My Heppie! My poor little Heppie!" Sixteen said in a trembling voice. He knelt beside the dog, and Heppie looked at him as if wanting to ask why his master had not come sooner. Hadn't he been lying low for an interminable time, so all that he had not even knownable he had? Oh, how sick he had been! He tried to tell all this to his master, and it sounded undeniably pitiful.

"Whiston, he's crying," said Eva-Katla, and started to cry herself.

Heppie was sick, there could be no doubt about that. He had been vomiting, and he was so feeble that he could hardly move. He just lifted Sixteen's hand ever quickly as if he wanted to thank him for not having to be alone any longer in his misery.

"I'll have to run for a veterinarian and be damn quick about it," Sixteen said. But when he rose, Heppie whined anxiously and heartbreakingly.



ALICE BANGOROUGH

"Who's afraid you're going to leave him?" Holt said. "He's got to go to school."

"I'll let him go to school," Weston said. "I'll let you fly a kite that's been sitting out there."

"How do you know that?" asked Henry.

"I don't know it," said Weston. "I've got eyes, haven't I? My father and mother stop putting out and in paper to get rid of their news. Henry used to go there and get news once in a while."

"What Henry does, you can do the same thing," Andrew asked, turning his eyes back to Henry.

"I don't go," said Weston angrily. "You Henry, Henry can't do it! I've had him scare he was a little thing. My Henry, why did you have to go running out and talking?"

Henry looked his question's hand solemnly, and did not reply.

Chapter XIII

BILL slept uneasily that night. He dreamed that he was not looking for Bertha again. Alone he walked along dark, deserted ways that stretched before him in dismal loneliness, and vanished in frightening darkness far, far off. He was expecting to meet somebody, some human being he could ask about Bertha, but no one came. All the world was empty and dark and quite deserted. And somebody it was not Bertha he was looking for any longer.

ALL BEGONS AND MANGROVES

It was something else, something much more important, but he could not put his finger on it. He felt that he must recognize it, it seemed as if his life depended on it. There it was, somewhere in the darkness, mortal as life, but he could not find it. And he got into such an agony about it that he woke up.

What nightmare, it was only a dream! He looked at his watch. It was only five o'clock. Better try to go to sleep again. He buried his head in his pillow and tried. But would it sleep? That dream wouldn't let go of him. It was when he was half awake he felt there was something he must recognize. It was somewhere deep in his mind waiting to be let out, something—some tiny fragment in the depths of his consciousness—Lucy what it was he ought to recognize. He searched his mind thoughtfully and unuttered a sigh. "Well then, quit it and U"

That nothing came, and Hall got tired of it. He wanted to sleep again. Suddenly he felt a pleasant consciousness creeping over him.

Hall had when he was half asleep, that tiny self was dead in his brain released the lot of information it had been pending over. It was just a rough sketch. The case of Justice was so easy.

It's better than the absolute to stop. I'd love to see you.

Hall sat half awake in his bed, suddenly he was pale again.

...the

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

BILL BERGSON

"If I hadn't given the chocolate to Benny Ed I'd have been sunk," he repeated - not to himself.

What was there so strange about it now? Why did he have to remember that then - *then*? Ah yes, because . . . because . . . there was a frightening possibility.

When he had gone that far, he lay down again and resolutely pulled the blanket over his ears.

"Bill Bergson," he said sternly to himself, "don't start it all again! Don't start that somewhat defective business all over again! We've done with that sort of nonsense, I thought we had agreed on that!"

Now he was going to sleep! And that was that!

"Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen!"

Again it was Anders' voice he heard. Why the diabolical couldn't he sleep in peace? Why did Anders have to come in here and bother all the time? Couldn't he stay home and talk to himself if he was so desperately in need of conversation?

But there was no help for it now. Those awesome thoughts were clamoring to be let out. There was no holding them back.

Suppose it *hadn't* been the fish that had made Anders sick? Baked codfish was detestable, Bill agreed, but it was not as if he could a whole night because of it. And suppose it was not *not* poison that Benny had eaten? Suppose it was . . . suppose it was . . . *poisoned chocolate!*

Bill forced again to stop himself.

THE HISTORY OF THE

The first part of the book is devoted to a general history of the world, from the beginning of time to the present day. It is written in a simple and plain style, and is intended for the use of schools and families.

The second part of the book is devoted to a general history of the world, from the beginning of time to the present day.

The third part of the book is devoted to a general history of the world, from the beginning of time to the present day. It is written in a simple and plain style, and is intended for the use of schools and families.

The fourth part of the book is devoted to a general history of the world, from the beginning of time to the present day.

The fifth part of the book is devoted to a general history of the world, from the beginning of time to the present day.

The sixth part of the book is devoted to a general history of the world, from the beginning of time to the present day.

ALAN A. KAMMUNA

"The master detective has been reading the newspapers, Eric," he said. "He's been following the national news of recent years, it seems. But even if it has happened before that somebody has been killed by poisoned chocolate, that does not mean that every damn bit of chocolate is stuck full of arsenic."

He lay still a while and thought. And there were alarming thoughts.

"There may be more people than me who've been reading the newspapers and studying national news," he thought. "The professional press may have been doing it. A person with given ideological goals. He may be frightened. He may have read the article about Eric Kadon, where it said about how much chocolate and stuff she was getting in the mail. That article where it said that Eric Kadon's favorite somebody might turn out to be the agent working for the agent of the murderer, or whoever it was. That's dangerous, suppose that was it?"

Hill interrupted out of bed. He had the other half of the chocolate bar himself! He had quite enjoyed it about it.

Where would it be now?

It would still be in his pants pocket, of course. Where the damn pants had been yesterday the other day. What luck, what wonderful luck—if things really were as he suggested!

And you can imagine a bit of exercise, being up your back in bed and walking in the early hours of the morning. Who

... and ...

... and ...

... and ...

... and ...

... and ...

... and ...

... and ...

... and ...

... and ...

... and ...

... and ...

... and ...

... and ...

... and ...

... and ...

... and ...

... and ...

BILL BERGSON

most important things become probable then. When Bill got to his feet and was standing in his pyjamas at the door, with the morning light streaming in through the window, he thought again that it all was a lot of nonsense. Just imagination, as usual?

"Although, of course, some little routine investigation may lead me out of this."

His imaginary listener, who had been keeping out of the way for a long time, was evidently just waiting for such a hint. He came running eagerly to see what the great master detective was busying himself with now.

"What does Mr. Bergson intend to do?" he inquired respectfully.

"As I said — a more routine investigation."

Suddenly Bill was the master detective again; there was no getting away from it. He had not allowed himself to play that role for a long time, and he felt the truth he hadn't much wanted to anyway. When there was a question of a really serious crime, he did not want to be a detective. But just now he himself was so bothered to know whether his suspicions were reasonable or not that he could not resist the temptation to play detective again.

He took the half-hat of strawkite out of his pocket and showed it to his imagined listener.

"I have certain reasons for suspecting that this piece of strawkite is poisoned with arsenic."

His imagined listener shivered with fright.

THE DANGEROUS

"Such things have happened before, you know," the master detective murmured wearily. "And the only way to stop such further cases is to stop sending us messages for the purpose of telling the police how much they have happened again."

"But how can you find out whether there really is anyone in it?" the master detective asked, and looked at the piece of newspaper.

"All I have to make a little test," said the master detective thoughtfully. "The third message told what's what. I intend to do that."

The detective looked about the street with admiration. "A street detective can't go far, Mr. Higgins," he said. "Mr. Higgins is a thoroughbred. I suggest—"

"Well, well, Higgins . . . I have devoted a large part of my life to element studies," admitted the master detective. "Elementary and elementary are inseparable. You need know that, my young friend."

If the two parents had been present, they would have noticed that a large part of the master detective's long life had been devoted to element studies in this town itself. Though they might have seen it in a different way. They probably would have concluded that it was against the truth to say that he had devoted some time to learning in fact, himself and the time in studying an occasion for the pursuit of what was not always regarded as other kinds of work.

ALIA REBORN

But my master teacher had nothing of the skepticism with which ordinary parents. He looked on with interest as the detective took a spirit burner and various glass tubes and jars and other apparatus from the shelves.

"This test you were talking about, how is it performed?" he wondered eagerly.

The master detective was not unwilling to instruct him.

"What you need first of all is a hydrogen apparatus," he said in a ungrammatical form of syntax. "We have one here. It's simply a jar, and into the jar we put some pieces of zinc with sulphuric acid. Then and there hydrogen is generated, you understand. If we now add arsenic in some form, a gas is generated called hydrogen arsenic, AsH_3 . We conduct the gas through this glass tube and then into this other tube, where we dry it with anhydrous calcium chloride, after which it rushes on to the smaller tube. With a Bunsen burner we heat the gas just here, at this corner point. When we do that, you see, the gas is decomposed into hydrogen and free arsenic, the latter being deposited on the walls of the glass tube in the form of a remarkable grey-black coating. The so-called arsenic mirror, which I suppose you have heard about, my young friend?"

His young friend had not heard of anything of the kind before, but he followed all the propositions of the master detective with boundless interest.

"Remember now," the master detective said, as he

1870
1871
1872
1873
1874
1875
1876
1877
1878
1879
1880
1881
1882
1883
1884
1885
1886
1887
1888
1889
1890
1891
1892
1893
1894
1895
1896
1897
1898
1899
1900
1901
1902
1903
1904
1905
1906
1907
1908
1909
1910
1911
1912
1913
1914
1915
1916
1917
1918
1919
1920
1921
1922
1923
1924
1925
1926
1927
1928
1929
1930
1931
1932
1933
1934
1935
1936
1937
1938
1939
1940
1941
1942
1943
1944
1945
1946
1947
1948
1949
1950
1951
1952
1953
1954
1955
1956
1957
1958
1959
1960
1961
1962
1963
1964
1965
1966
1967
1968
1969
1970
1971
1972
1973
1974
1975
1976
1977
1978
1979
1980
1981
1982
1983
1984
1985
1986
1987
1988
1989
1990
1991
1992
1993
1994
1995
1996
1997
1998
1999
2000
2001
2002
2003
2004
2005
2006
2007
2008
2009
2010
2011
2012
2013
2014
2015
2016
2017
2018
2019
2020
2021
2022
2023
2024
2025

ALICE BANGROUSE

finally lit the burner, "then I came out of my room and found that this piece of chloride under various names. It's useful in various investigations, and I have already had my suspicions as to what it is."

They slowly stepped in the dark. The master detective was so occupied with his experiment that he had quite forgotten his young friend.

Now the glass tube was heated. He had introduced a bit of the chloride and inserted it through a funnel into the hydrogen apparatus. Then he waited, holding his breath.

Here it was! Here it was! The rose is yours! The glass was evidence that he had been right. He stared at the glass tube as if he could not believe his eyes. In his heart he had doubted all the time, but no more doubt was possible. This meant . . . something terrible.

Transferring, he extinguished the spirit lamp. His focused attention was gone. He had vanished at the same instant as the silver master detective was transformed into a small pink-eyed doll.

Shortly afterward Andrew was awakened by someone whispering the signal of the White Rose outside his window. He slipped out a secret fire between the geraniums and pulled plants to see what it was. A doll was standing in front of the window's door waiting for him.

"What's the deal?" Andrew asked. "What do you have to take people out of this line of dirt?"

"Come to bed and see me now," the doll said. And when

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

BILL BERGSON

Andrew finally noticed he fixed him with a serious stare and asked, "Did you taste that chocolate before giving it to Hopper?"

Andrew stared at him in astonishment.

"Did you remember to bring a screwdriver in the morning . . . to ask me that?" he said.

"Yes, there was a screw in it," Bill answered calmly and quietly.

Andrew's face grew pale and thoughtful.

"I don't remember," he whispered. "Yes, I licked my fingers . . . when I shoved the three M&M's into the mess of chocolate I had in my pocket. Are you quite sure that . . . ?"

"I am," said Bill firmly. "And now we're going to the prison."

He told Andrew hurriedly about the test he had made, and the awful truth it had revealed. They thought of Eva Latta, and they felt sucker at heart from ever before in their young lives. Eva Latta must not know about this; they must keep it from her for the time being. They were agreed on that.

Andrew thought of Hopper also.

"He's not that poisoned him," he said in despair. "If Hopper dies, I'll never be able to hold Saxon in the fire any more."

"Hopper won't die. You know what the veterinary said," Bill comforted him. "He's had so much medicine, and

LIVES BANGORIAN

stomach washings and everything else, and when it is
the better I hope you will elaborate them if I feel more sure
of things." "

"What now?" Jackson said.

"Do it if there's anything."

"What time is about, now?" Jackson said, when they
were waiting for the police station.

"What's that?" Jackson said.

"You'll have to take charge of the case, [10] It won't
get any longer and you'll see the [10] and that all along."

Chapter XIV

"THIS murder case will have to be cleared up," the inspector said, and let his hand fall heavily on the table.

Fifteen days he had been working on this unaccountable, intricate affair, and now he had to leave town. The state police had a large field of work to cover and there were cases waiting for him in other places. But he was leaving things of his own here, and he had summoned them to an early morning conference in the police station, together with the local force.

"But as far as I can see," he continued, "the only tangible result of our fifteen days' work is just this, that nobody knows where that green goldmine hides any longer."

He shook his head dejectedly. They had worked, and worked hard. They had followed every possible clue. But the solution of the mystery seemed to be as far off as when

DILL BERGSON AND R. J. WILKINSON

they had been, & he wondered how many the representatives from neither side were disappointed again. He had had some fun about the young girl of the French Embassy.

The matter had done the best to help the cause. Many hours had been given to persons who were in the habit of never looking down upon political matters. In fact, a great many reported also all the time and many had found genuine pleasure. They found to be on the safe side. And yesterday the newspaper had reported an extraordinary letter which said: "I understand the father has a friend of a son and that his face looks much as would be the case with you."

She then took out one by one the people she was going back to see, & said so much that all the work given political people have considered as if by magic, the expression was with a slight laugh.

David had had from somewhere a couple of times to be considered with particular the newspaper and thought should be considered a little more closely. The subject had been laid up with a lot of other men through in front the same way, and afterwards he had said she asked whether any of these was the one who had met in the Division.

"That is not of those?" David had said with some.

She had also had to see through a lot of other people going, but there wasn't no one among them, either, a few she recognized.

"And they all look so nice, don't they?" she said while going through the names of those of the party and there.

The first part of the paper is devoted to a general
 introduction of the subject. The author then proceeds
 to a detailed description of the various methods
 employed in the investigation. The results of the
 experiments are then presented in a series of
 tables and figures. The author concludes by
 discussing the implications of the findings and
 suggesting further research.

The second part of the paper is devoted to a
 detailed description of the various methods
 employed in the investigation. The author then
 proceeds to a detailed description of the various
 methods employed in the investigation.

The third part of the paper is devoted to a
 detailed description of the various methods
 employed in the investigation. The author then
 proceeds to a detailed description of the various
 methods employed in the investigation.

BILL BERGSON

Every single person on Rosen's Hill had been questioned regarding Loren's private life. The police were especially interested to know whether they had noticed anything unusual that Monday night before the murder, when the man in the garbaging pants—as was known to be a fact—had visited Loren. Why, some people even more had noticed something extremely unusual on that particular evening. There had been such a *boom* on Rosen's Hill, as if ten municipalities had been busy destroying one another. That of course sounded interesting. But the mystery had soon discovered that it was the War of the Roses that had created all this commotion. But several persons, among whom was Bill Bergson, had also stated that they had heard a gun shot and dove away at just the critical time. And it had been ascertained that it could not have been the one Dr. Frustberg used when making his visit to seek Corde Freckle that same night.

Constable Banks had facetiously invited Bill for not finding out about that one name especially.

"You, a master detective?" he said. "Why didn't you run there and write down the number of the car? Are you falling down on your job nowadays?"

"I had three tomatoes stuck up my back," Bill said humbly, by way of defense.

A vast amount of work had been done trying to track down all of Loren's clients. It had been possible to trace most of the names on the Hill that had been gathered on 197

ALICE BANGEROHAN

in Green's place. It was found that they belonged to people living in widely scattered parts of the country.

"So you saw a man's pocket?" she inquired with blinking eyes? "He might have been on his way west for five hundred miles each way. He may have had his car parked in the neighborhood of the Mine, and his three electric, alkaline and seven heavy-duty miles away before he was found and imprisoned."

"Yes, he might have chosen a better meeting place than set on the Highway," said Burke. "The people that are going about are scarce, and there aren't any people in any neighborhood might have seen him or his car."

"Which certainly advances your knowledge of the locality, doesn't it?" the inspector remarked.

"Probably," said the little blonde. "But of course it may also be more convenient that just this place was chosen."

All the ends of the country of the Mine had been carefully searched for two weeks immediately after the murder. But none were found. The heavy rain had given an invaluable help to the search.

And how they had looked for that last 141! There a single bush, every single weed and tuft of grass, had been searched. But the forest seems as though it would be the last to give.

"I searched as carefully as the microscope," the inspector remarked at length. "I'm afraid that we won't get the least sign of life from that forest."

1872, 01, 21, 1875

Dear Sir,
I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 19th inst. in relation to the purchase of the land for the proposed road. I have the honor to inform you that the same has been approved by the Board of Supervisors and the same will be sold to you at the price of \$1000.00.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

Wm. H. ...

"Mr. ..."

The undersigned ...

...

...

...

...

...

WILL BERGSON

... suddenly several bars' voices were heard out in the corridor. They had evidently demanded to see the inspector for the evening extra sensible on duty and there could be little assuming then that the inspector was busy in some service and must not be disturbed.

The bars' voices were given the same assistant. "We're waiting for you, I tell you!"

Constatin Huckle recognized Anders' voice, and he rose from his chair.

"Mr. Huckle?" Anders exclaimed, as soon as he caught sight of him. "It's about that murder Bill has taken charge of it now"

"We're doing nothing of the kind," Bill protested indignantly. "What?"

Constatin Huckle looked at them disappointedly.

"I thought I told you this wasn't anything for small bars and minor detectives," he said. "You can leave it to the state police to handle the case properly. Go off with you, now?"

By this time Anders had grown angry even with Mr. Huckle, whom he always so approved of highly and warmly.

"What time?" he asked. "What time and let the murderer poison the whole town with arsenic?"

Bill came to his aid. He took out a remarkably squared piece of chocolate and said in a scornful tone of voice, "Like Huckle, somebody said this poisoned chocolate is here. Let 'em."

LINDA B. LAMBERSON

The lecher knowledge of his job he found after about
three months his was just the same that was written
by our lawyer.

It was in the end of the year and he had the best of
it.

When he had seen Bill and Judge, and finished their story,
Gibson went a long while.

Then the lawyer said, "What I say in a letter was sign
of the law the lawyer?"

He laughed the face of a man in his hand. "In his
eye, the man at the head of the law he had written."

The lecher knowledge of Judge and Bill, the lawyer,
there was the possibility that the law was in the wrong
hand. The man had been his wife's Bill and a lawyer,
and whether his intention about the man's name de-
signed to be in the law. The lawyer's might have
been with him. He, well, the lawyer's might have
with him. But the man of the law had written, that was
the man. It might have been of the man to get a sample
of the man's wife's name's law, the man the law had
seen. But in the law of the man of the law had written,
that is what the man of the law had written. The man
of the law had written the man's name had written,
in the law had written, the man had written the man's
name had written the man's name. But of the man of
the law had written that the lawyer's eye of the
law.

THE HISTORY OF

THE CITY OF BOSTON

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY

JOHN B. BOSTON

OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT TO 1700

NEW-YORK: PUBLISHED BY

JOHN B. BOSTON

OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

1850

NEW-YORK: PUBLISHED BY

JOHN B. BOSTON

OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

1850

BILL BERGSON

the police. I would have to make a search for it, but it was less important to me that it would be found.

He turned to Anders.

"You don't possibly wear a pair of your half of the slippers?" he asked hopefully.

Anders shook his head.

"No, I never get them. I only jacked what I had on my fingers."

"What your pants pockets? Don't you think they got messed up by the slippers?"

"Whichever washed those pants yesterday," Anders replied.

"That was a pity," the inspector said.

He was silent a while, and then he fixed his eyes on Anders again.

"There's one thing I'm wondering about. You said you had some control in the policeman's labium the night before last. You opened through the window while all the people in the house were lying asleep in their beds. We are all policemen that all squads pretty commonly. Could you possibly tell me just what you were doing there?"

"Well . . . well . . ." Anders said, twisting in his chair.

"Well," said the inspector.

"Well . . . it was the Great Murder . . ."

"Yes, ma! Don't tell me that thing is mixed up with it again," the inspector said, appalled. "The Great Murder is getting seriously monopolized, it seems to me. He

LINDA LANGSTON

appears on the scene every time something is happening?"

"It was only going to put him in Jackson's photo," Jackson said, looking stern.

"You never talked him into a sleep."

"The Agent Minder?" Jackson said. "There's probably some chemicals in that Jackson showed you and a note, the sticky chemicals he had in his pocket."

"I found some squirrel near the magazine's fire."

"I think it's about time the Agent Minder played his part at the disposal of the papers," he said.

"And there it happened that the Agent Minder once more came to find a much better agent. I assume Minder now worked happily in the publisher's house, with Hill and Jackson at his feet."

"You'd want the Agent Minder that was," Hill said. "He certainly had a good amount of power both in front and behind when it's something from one place to another."

In spite of the gruesome scenes in the Agent Minder's house, and the unjust feeling this was caused by people in their young minds, they could not avoid organizing the strike again to some little extent from their chapters or branches of the White House. With the disappearance of the first Agent of Lord from Jackson, who all mindfully had personal letters, the secret of the Agent Minder's working paper in the whole world of nature is revealed to the public. The Whites would be obliged to take everything about it to Jackson, a fact which had to be kept at once in mind to the

THE HISTORY OF THE

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

BILL BERGSON LIVES DANGEROUSLY

to the others, he could accept as the fact that the judge was paying for the Great Mangle under their masters' eye. And he never said a word, not Bill might be on behalf of Tom Kotto and he now they still could not help thinking that this was a fortunate accident.

"I see you," said Jack. "The Great Mangle is a blessing. Could you push the gate and put him in that gate. And you'd never have given the chocolate to Betty. And if Betty hadn't got the chocolate, it's certain that something much worse would have happened. Not everybody can stand as sure as well as Betty."

Both Constable Burke and Anders agreed.

"The Great Mangle is a very important person," Constable Burke said as he opened the postmaster's garden gate.

Heppie was lying in his basket on the veranda, still neat but undoubtedly alive. Sixten was sitting beside him and gazing at him with eyes full of affection and devotion. For he had had that day since he was a little puppy, and he intended buying him for quite some time yet.

When he heard the garden gate open, he looked up and his eyes grew round with surprise.

"Where are you, Sixten?" said Constable Burke. "The time to get the Great Mangle."

BILL REDSON

to them over the last unbreached weeks of a summer vacation.

Their mothers don't forget quite so quickly. They keep their small hospitalized daughters at home for a time, unwilling to let them out of sight. They gaze out the window with anxious eyes when they do not hear their sons' rolling to the vicinity. Now and then they rush out to convince themselves that nothing has happened to their darling children. And for a long time they excitedly scrutinize the contents of the letterboxes to make sure that there are no dangerous new surprises hidden there. But at last it is just too much for them, worrying all the time. They have to relax, to think of something else. And their sons and daughters, who had been put in a lot of trouble on account of this worrying, leave a deep sigh of relief and return to their old playgrounds and ballparks, which had been forbidden territory for quite some time.

The police don't forget, although they may seem to. They carry on their work in silence, despite all difficulties. In spite of all the clues and hints which they must discard as useless, in spite of all the important papers which have disappeared and cannot be found, in spite of the fact that at times it seems senseless to continue, the police carry on. They do not forget.

There is one man who does not forget. He is the murderer. He remembers what he has done. He remembers it when he goes to bed at night and when he gets up in the

LARRY B. JACOBSON

morning, and during all the long hours in between too. He remembers it every moment, night and day, and it always lives in his troubled sleep.

And he is afraid. He is afraid when he goes to bed at night, and when he gets up in the morning, and during all the long hours in between. He is afraid every moment both day and night, and the longer he lives he sleeps.

He knows that there is someone who has seen his face in a moment when she ought not to have seen it, and he is afraid of her. He tries to change his body as much as possible, he starts all his muscles and moves his face to a stiff, unyielding stubble. Never again does he use his green gelatinous boots, hidden in the depths of his clothes except for their wet slush about him, but sometimes goes shoeless. And even so, he is still afraid. He is afraid that all that sweating may lead that girl to his apartment. The FBI will be using her. He reads the newspapers every day, looking for word from that someone. Maybe she found the name, and that may at last the manhunt will be enough. He is convinced that this and again he must search among these houses, although he knows that it is no use. He stops searching himself again and even again that the only chance has not been his with police and even without goes on behind some stone. He no sometimes takes his eye and pieces of the black spread the body into the white. Every night at the edge of the bed. This what is the end of. There is nothing to come from completely knowing

1817. 1818.

The first of these is a ... of ... and ...
The second is a ... of ... and ...
The third is a ... of ... and ...
The fourth is a ... of ... and ...
The fifth is a ... of ... and ...

The sixth is a ... of ... and ...
The seventh is a ... of ... and ...
The eighth is a ... of ... and ...
The ninth is a ... of ... and ...
The tenth is a ... of ... and ...

The first of these is a ... of ... and ...
The second is a ... of ... and ...
The third is a ... of ... and ...
The fourth is a ... of ... and ...
The fifth is a ... of ... and ...
The sixth is a ... of ... and ...
The seventh is a ... of ... and ...
The eighth is a ... of ... and ...
The ninth is a ... of ... and ...
The tenth is a ... of ... and ...

The first of these is a ... of ... and ...
The second is a ... of ... and ...
The third is a ... of ... and ...
The fourth is a ... of ... and ...
The fifth is a ... of ... and ...
The sixth is a ... of ... and ...
The seventh is a ... of ... and ...
The eighth is a ... of ... and ...
The ninth is a ... of ... and ...
The tenth is a ... of ... and ...

BILL BERGSON

nevertheless, of a single little paper may spell it all! He has played a game for high stakes, and he must play to the end. If he is found out, all is lost. In that case his misdeeds, which in his own eyes was inevitable, would turn into the most shameful and senseless thing he ever had done.

Not once does he think of a human being going by on the street an old man because of him would never see his chance change into autumn. He is thinking only of himself. He wants to save his skin at any cost. But he is afraid. A man is most dangerous when he is afraid.

The Great Mander had not come here, yet from the investigation in Stockholm, that the police had immediately removed the window, the extremely small quantity of cigarette remaining in the Great Mander had, sure enough, been found in another house of business. And what remained of Holt's cigarette contained enough poison to make an almost lethal dose for any person. If Eva Kottb had eaten the entire cigarette here, as the scanner no doubt had figured, she would have had very little chance of surviving.

Eva Kottb was aware that an attempt had been made at her life. It would have been impossible to keep her in ignorance of something that would be read in every newspaper. Furthermore, the inspector regarded it as his duty to warn her. It was true that the stream of gills and secrets had stopped entirely after an urgent appeal had been

LIVES BANNERMAN

published in the papers, but even so, Fern Latta ought to be no doubt. For a desperate woman might find other ways of doing her work. And although the minister feared that the poor girl would get a bad shock when she found the dishonesty, he went to the banker's house and had a serious conversation with her.

But he was mistaken. Fern Latta declared no suspicion of a genuine confession. But she gave notice, so might she have any offspring.

"Which might have been," she cried, "what might have been, being a poor woman, and who knows what any lady may have?"

According to Fern Latta's way of thinking she was no average that exceeded everything else.

And her natural high consciousness helped her to get over anything else. After a couple of days her cheerfulness had returned. The thought no more about the unknown people to the world; she was aware only that it was quite nice and certain time, and undoubtedly, wonderful to be able.

Yes, and a few more weeks of summer vacation. All the knights of the White and Red Cross concluded that the best time of year would be added to better manage their work, either a condition about things that had been in fact, and could not be changed.

Heaven had made a perfect creature. And Heaven, who up to that time had been ruled by the wife, described a

BILL BERGSON

not necessary for them. He called his troops to the tables again. They gathered in his garage and made plans. For now the hunt for the dog had come — now the Whites would have to make records for the forest Mounds in the glades, and other important exploits. But Anders' accidental poisoning of Henrik was not counted as any of those. For that, Sixten had completely forgotten him.

There had been battles between the Reds and the Whites long before the forest Mound was found at. And even if the forest Mound was undisputed as a piece of war, there were often all other treasures that could be seized from the enemy. For instance, the White Base had a metal box containing with secret papers. Anders considered that his box could be kept in the kitchen hall without too much risk. Perhaps it could make ordinary circumstances. But now, with the forest Mound as an allied business, Sixten came by the conclusion that this metal box of the White Base was becoming more of the last order, which must be captured even if the Red Base had to fight for it by the last man. Hanka and Jakob immediately agreed with him: it would be best to imagine two young boys were eager to fight by the last man.

After this conclusion had been mulled over with spleen after at a meeting in Sixten's garage, Sixten simply and quietly went by the White Base headquarters in the evening and had the box. The expected reluctant outcry did not materialize, however, for the simple reason that the

LIFE'S BINGEDORRAH

White did not notice the dawn glimmers in the sky. Family Kestrel's roosters were clamorous and he saw Kambin with a pensive frown in the distance to make about an hour and a half of his journey. The white rump of Kambin:

Why is a hawk in the sunset here in the White House?

All those birds in the sunset thicket?

Why is the Daring hawk, then, struck a hawk?

In that house there is a hawk in that house there is a hawk.

In that house there is a hawk in that house N

Yes, yes, that!

The White House

Search in that house!

"What on your life? I'll never get home again," said Kambin at first. She never wanted to get lost in the Daring region. But after longer reflection she told herself that she could not ever well keep away from the Daring for the rest of her life, the Daring being the best of all other grounds. Springing up tall, standing in rows, the Daring was always cutting, always full of possibilities. If she was never to get in the Daring region, she might as well enter a monastery.

"I'll come along," she said after a short struggle with herself. "It's just as well to get it over with."

On the following morning the White House got up and particularly early he made out to be taken by surprise by the Daring region while making the search for the white rump. Kambin did not tell her parents about the time

BILL HEDGSON

They entered silently out through the garden gate and joined Anders and Hal, who were waiting for her.

The house was not by any means as terrifying as Frank had imagined it would be. There it lay as peaceful and quiet as ever, and the sparrows busied themselves on stiff wings through the air. There was nothing to be afraid of here. The Manor looked almost inviting, not at all like a ruin deserted house, but like a home where people have not quite withdrawn yet. Some the windows would be broken open, the curtains would stir in the morning air, and the rooms resound with merry voices. There was nothing really to be afraid of here.

Nevertheless, when they opened the door it was only a dead house that received them, a house with spiders web in the corners, peeling wallpaper, and creaked wooden floors. Certainly they heard no merry voices other than their own.

"The White house, surely is that house," the Red leader had exclaimed then, and they did their best. They had to search a long time, for this was a big house with many rooms and corners, but finally their efforts were crowned with success—precisely as the Red had anticipated. The map, if never before, the White were to be duped this night, according to Sixton's plans.

Sure enough, there was a man hidden in a corner, and it was not hard to puzzle out that it represented the postmaster's garden. Where was the house and the garage and

ANITA B. JACOBSON

the washbasin and the mirror over the sink, and in one place a mirror with the words "Eyes Only."

"Where else might he have kept the keys, they're not especially bright, that's certain," Andros said after studying the map for a while.

"You look with me," said Hill. "It's an absolutely simple if missed trick, you've noticed that I suppose, we'll have to go there and dig."

"Yes, they would have to do that, but first there was something else they wanted to do. Nestler's Apartment was that long ago, since that memorable December when they had been tipped off by Randolph Blake. Now they were faced by a gossamer mystery, wouldn't they go and have a look at that place, after all, now that they were here?"

"Not me," Ann-Lotta said with emphasis.

She would rather have died than walk that frosty path between the forest trunks again. But if Andros and Hill wanted to, that was all right with her, she was not going to stop them. She was going to stay right where she was — that is, if they came back to get her afterward.

"Okay, we'll be back in ten minutes," Hill said.

And they went.

When Ann-Lotta was left alone, she started to finish the house. In her imagination she furnished the whole house and painted it with her family with many children.

THE HISTORY

For the sake of the ...

There was a ...

There was a ...

There was a ...

There was a ...

There was a ...

There was a ...

BILL BERSON

For Eva-Lotta had no small brothers or sisters herself, and small children were the best things she knew.

Here was the dining room, Eva-Lotta thought. Here was the table. There were so many of them that they had to round around it. And Christianice and Christian started a fight and were punished in the nursery. Beata was so little he must have a high chair to sit in. His mother was feeding him, but he spilled things on her. Her big sister Lillian—now beautiful she was with her wavy black hair and black eyes! She was going to give a ball tonight here in this parlor. She was going to stand here under the chandelier, her eyes sparkling, wearing a white silk dress.

Eva-Lotta's eyes sparkled. Now she was big sister Lillian.

Her brother Chris was coming home from Uppsala this very day; he had just graduated from college. The square was feeling very happy about it as he stood there at the window waiting for his son.

Eva-Lotta stuck out her stomach authoritatively and was the square, standing at the window waiting for her son.

And look, here he came, walking up to the front door! But now he looked—though he might have been a little younger!

It took a few seconds before Eva-Lotta emerged from her naive belief world and realized that this was not big brother Chris, walking up with bags, rapid strides, but a real flesh-and-blood man. She laughed a little awkwardly to

CHAPTER 11. THE CONCLUSION

to herself. Just think if she had asked you, "What time?" to him.

She let herself up and caught sight of her in the window. He gave a start, his brother. I know she didn't seem to like it at all, seeing the look in the mirror, standing there staring at him. He was in a great hurry to continue on his way.

In a great hurry.

But suddenly he stopped and turned back. Yes, he turned back.

Fro Latta did not intend to interrupt her any more. She went into the dining room to see whether Harold had finished his penning work of yesterday and took off course he had not, and his sister Lillian had to help him. She was so occupied with this job that she did not leave the door opening. And she gave a little bit of explanation when she looked up and saw that her brother's face had been very much red.

"What do you do," he asked his brother. Please, he was even he might be.

"What do you do," asked Fro Latta.

"I was thought I saw an owl on the wall in the house," said his brother's face.

"Yes, it's very nice," Fro Latta said.

He looked at her strangely.

"That he put me out of my way, yes and I'm in a hurry."

Fro Latta shook his head.

BILL BERGSON

"No, I don't think so," she said. "At least not that I remember."

"Among a thousand I should recognize him," Eva-Lotta had said at one time. But she did not know how far mourning by a woman's dress can be changed by steering off his pastiche and arranging his long hair in a stability. Moreover, the man she had met on the rooftop and whose picture was indelibly impressed on her mind had worn dark green gardening pants, and Eva-Lotta would not imagine him dressed in any other way. But her brother Claus was wearing a smart, checked grey suit.

He looked at her with troubled eyes, and then he asked, "What might be your name, little miss?"

"Eva-Lotta Kismulov," she answered.

His brother Claus nodded.

"Eva-Lotta Kismulov," he said.

Eva-Lotta had no idea how lucky it was that she did not recognize her brother Claus. Even a criminal besides by having a mild immobility. This fellow, however, intended to save his skin at any cost. He knew that somebody by the name of Eva-Lotta Kismulov might be able to ruin his life for him, and he was prepared to do anything what-ever to stop her from doing so. But now she was standing here — this Eva-Lotta Kismulov, whom he thought he recognized in the window as soon as he caught a glimpse of her light hair — and she was standing here, as perfectly unper-turbed as if she had never seen him before. And he felt a

182

LIVER HANGOVER

great relief so great that he might have danced. He did not have to admit that snatching the pencil from her pocket had in itself done her, and yet later he had a more than strong feeling of satisfaction in his own pocket. Later, however, when they were again in the room where he found her, he thought about it long and hard. "I have gone the rounds," but she did not recognize him, she was no longer a woman, she would never be able to speak to him. He felt so nervous that he actually was glad she had escaped his attempt on her life with the cigarette, about which the newspapers had written so much.

They together then started to go. He intended to leave this nervous place, never again to return. But when he already had his hand on the door handle, his suspicion returned. What if she were an uneducated woman, the little girl, acting innocent and only making believe that she did not recognize him? He was her father, had. But she had slept here with a little friendly smile on her lips, and her pinkish cheeks was open and trusting. There was no door if he—she knew that, although he did not know words about guilelessness. But even so, he asked, he made quite sure. "What are you doing here alone?"

"I have done," answered her father brightly. "Nothing and that are here too. The cinema, the light."

"But you often play here?" asked the young man.

"Yes," her father said. "I've only been looking for some paper."

THE RED SOX

"A penny?" the young man asked, and his face hardened. "Why have you been looking for a penny?"

"Was ever so much," said Eva Ketta, who considered an hour an awfully long time, at least when it was a question of buying the Reds' silk radio map. "You can't imagine how we have been looking for it. But now we're round that list."

The young man drew his breath sharply and shivered. The door closed so lightly that his knuckles whitened.

He was lost! They had found the HE that he himself had searched for so many times, and which today he had come to see, for absolutely the last time. He was lost, just when he thought himself safe! Ah! He was seized by a wild desire to launch down and destroy everything that stood in his way. Had he felt relieved that this girl had escaped her life, that time when he had sent her the absolute? Now he no longer felt anything of the sort, only a wild urge, such as had seized him that last Wednesday in July!

But he turned himself to be calm. There was hope yet. He must get hold of that paper, he simply *must* get it!

"Where are Anders and Hell now?" he asked, as unemotionally as he could manage.

"Oh, they'll be back soon," said Eva Ketta.

She looked out the window.

"From they came out," she said.

His mother Claus stepped behind her so he could see her. He stood very close to her, and when she turned
(8)

"The... .."

"... .."

"... .."

"... .."

"... .."

"... .."

"... .."

"... .."

"... .."

BILL BERSON

"Take care, they'll soon be here," Anders shouted when he saw her.

Big Brother Gunn almost jumped. Were the police on their way already to lay their hands on the money that the boys had found? Which one of the boys had it? Ah, he'd have to hurry. Time was short; what must be done, must be done quickly now.

He stepped up to the window. His whole being revolted against smothering himself thus openly, but he had no other choice. He greeted the boys out there with a friendly smile.

"Hello there," he said.

They looked at him questioningly.

"What do you mean by having a little hole all by yourself?" he said in a tone of voice that was intended to be jocular but did not succeed. "I felt obliged to come in here and talk to Eva-Lotta a little, while you were out collecting papers on whatever you were doing."

There was hardly anything to reply to that, and Anders and Bill kept an expectant silence.

"Of course, boys," the man behind Eva-Lotta continued. "I have a proposition for you. A scheme by which you can make good money."

At this, Anders and Bill grew extremely interested. If it was a question of making money, they were ready to jump at the chance unashamedly.

But Eva-Lotta sat on the window sill and looked at them in a very queer fashion. And with her hand she made

ALAN B. LAWRENCE

the secret sign of the White Horse, it was necessary to know Jackson and Hill started themselves in a new league.

"You say Lenin began it first,"

"That's the mistake and complication," Tom was saying, although her voice sounded a little, and she continued with that gasp again, but the rest was not the right way.

"Hill was probably not aware," she said.

It seemed like one of those opportunities where the children might arrive, but Jackson and Hill were regarded as perfect when they arrived. They stood as if moved by the wind, but then they pulled themselves together and, as if afraid suddenly, pushed the letter of their case, which was the secret sign of the White Horse, indicating that important information had been passed up.

"Well then, lower it," the man in the pattern said hesitantly.

They stood there hesitantly, but suddenly Hill turned and walked off quickly to some nearby letters.

"Yes, where are you going?" he now demanded angrily.

"What are you going to do with this and what are you going to do with it?"

"Where," said Hill, "but you say it is passed to a roll of letters first."

"The man in the box,"

"Hill said yes," he spat out.

"Where," he asked, "Hill showed back.

It was some time before he returned. Jackson was still standing in the same place. He didn't look like he'd been

THE REVELATION

intention of leaving the girls with the child, he would have to go into that house, where there was a trap-door, and he wanted Hill to keep his eyes tight.

And now they went on. They crossed the garden where the other child was to have her bath, and they found a door which led up to the garden, and got the girls across the garden. He looked at his wrist watch and said, "Now, ten o'clock. We'll have to go home, and it's a long way, too." He took the girls' hands and started for the door.

"Yes, we'll have to catch that money," said the boy." Hill said, "We got to beat it now."

But if they thought that the brother-in-law would be taken in by them, they were mistaken. Suddenly he was standing in front of the door, looking their way.

"Wait a little," he said. "You aren't in that much of a hurry."

He groped with his hands in the air. Yes, the girl was there. Ever since that last Wednesday in July he had always had it on him for an emergency.

Thoughts were chasing one another in his head. Fear and rage departed almost at once. He had realized in the first of what he had to do. But there was something for him. He had played a game for long years, and he had to play it to the end, even if it meant going with some money home.

He looked at the girl and saw the boy's eyes. He had looked at her before, but he had never seen her like this. He had never seen her like this.

IIIIII THE DEATH

arrangement involving Eva Kottu in the house; he would have to get into that house, where there was a surprise, but he wanted Hill to keep him company.

And now they went in. They entered the parlor where his sister Edna was to have been laid tonight. Anders went up to Eva Kottu and put his arm around her shoulder. He looked at her waist watch and said, "Wow, but it's late! We'd have to go home, and in a hurry, too." He took Eva Kottu's hand and started for the door.

"Yes, well, have to come that money some other day," Hill said. "We got to beat it now."

Had it been thought that big brother Olaf would be able to fix that, they were mistaken. Suddenly he was standing in front of the door, thinking these way.

"What a pity," he said. "You aren't in that much of a hurry."

He glanced with his hand in his left pocket. Yes, the gun was there. Even says that last Wednesday in July he had always had it on him — for all emergencies.

Thoughts were streaming in his head. Might not even depend on him of all course. He felt real dumb in the line of what he had to do. But there was no hesitating for him. He had played a game for high stakes, and he had to play it to the end, even if it meant ending still more human lives.

He looked at the three youngsters in front of him, and he hated them for what he had to do. He had to do it, for

ARTHUR ALAN WATSON

he could not let these witnesses live who could tell how the man looked who had seen the Red Head (1924).

Yes, they would give him a picture of getting that man. He would take care of them, even if he had to be careful with them. But first he would have to find a man who could tell him the truth, so he would not take any time afterwards to search all these people.

"What, here?" he said in a voice that sounded harsh and thick. "What man you found a little while ago - found it now I want it. But it, speak about it?"

The three or four of him gazed in astonishment. They could not have been more surprised if he had asked them by name "John, how, Black Sheep?" Could they believe their eyes? He seemed they had heard of some man, but not even a man who could do the same physical form the Red Head's man with the name "The man" as it.

Though, certainly, he could have the man if he really wanted as needed it, though it seems, who had the man in his mind.

But in really serious situations it was, after all, Master Detective Deegan who was the most quick-witted. Within a second he had guessed that kind of man he follow thought they had in their possession. And now they are leaving clear to him, too. It was no if he had been able to read the man's mind. What was had also done one man in mind (and, and possible) as was man, it was. Wilkes had to had tried to get a little out of the man with

BILL BERGSON

personal advantage. Bill realized how small their chances were of escaping with their lives. If Anders took out that paper now, even if they succeeded in continuing the mission, they had never seen a ghost of his ID's, they were done for just the same. The mission would understand that he had given himself away for his question, and Bill knew that if he had tried to get rid of one witness by force, he would be even less inclined to let three persons walk about alive who could identify him. All this Bill did not formulate in those words; it only was a sort of general idea in his subconscious. And it was an idea that almost made him faint with fright. But he told himself, angrily, "We can get a final offer and -- if there's going to be any anyway."

It was a question of gaining time. Oh, just to gain time!

Anders was about to pull the map out of his pocket when he suddenly received a hard poke from Bill.

"Now I say," Bill hissed. "That's mine, too."

"If you hear what I say?" Big brother Claus was snarling. "What one of you's got the papers?"

"We haven't got it here," said Bill.

Anders of course thought that it would be best to give the paper to the fellow and then perhaps go home. But he knew that Bill was more accustomed to handling commands, and therefore he was silent.

At Bill's words the man at the door grew absolutely despondent.

ANDER BLISKORNNAN

"Where have you got it?" he asked. "Give it to me quick, now!"

He was thinking to fast to be exact. If he were to ask that the price was at the paper station, or at Kinnbratt's house, or some distance from the bridge, then the man would immediately think them all right away. He understood that they would consider Hagström safe only so long as the man who had some legs of getting back at the bridge within a reasonable time.

"We've got it on the school farm," he said quickly.

Her brother Peter was recouping all over with another man. He got out his gun from his hip pocket, and Hans-Loff's shut her eyes.

"Thank you," he said. "Perhaps this will help you find your legs."

And he drove them in front of the end of the pasture where the water tub was to have been left tonight.

"What a wonderful night it is!" He said quickly. "Do you believe it more than ever now?"

Anders and Hans-Loff drove at him in astonishment. They could be sure that the police would never come at the night. But he thought he would get them from the street pointed towards the fact that they were at his house, and also he. They changed their feet and they sounded over the hills, and Anders required on the staircase and walked over the ground and as he had done since a thousand years ago. When he saw the birds in his very eyes.

BILL KINGSON

They're crawling down big brother Klaus almost to the ends of desolation. He had so nearly reached the limit of his endurance that he was tempted to die right away — the thing he had planned to do later. But he *must* have the Hill first. Oh, those birds, how they hated them! They didn't even seem to know where they had landed the yester. They sniggered and yawned at one point to the other, saying stupidly, "No, it isn't here."

A herd of wild cattle would have been chosen to dance along. The damned kids stopped to listen their noses and scratch themselves and even to cry — well, it was the girl of course who was doing the weeping.

At last they came into a room with flapping right-outflapping wallpaper. And then Klaus gave another side when they remembered how they and Hill had been kicked up here once upon a time, when they were still young and happy.

Hill looked scowlingly around the walls.

"Well, no, it wasn't here either," he said.

"No, I don't think it was here," Anders agreed.

But this was the best room on the whole second floor, and big brother Klaus gave a strangled shout.

"If you think you can find me?" he cried. "What? You think I can see that you're trying to put me over on me? Listen now! Feel out that paper. At once! If you've forgotten where it is, that's your fault too. If I don't get that paper within five seconds, I'll shoot all three of you."

And standing with his back to the window, he aimed the

LIFE'S A MESS

gun of them, Bill realized that he would become the one. He nodded to Andrew.

Andrew still was to blame for the evidence, was laughing at his stupidity. He took his hand out of his pocket and fumbled behind his waistcoat. When his hand appeared again, there was a paper in it.

"Here it is," he said.

"What's that?" asked his brother Chris. "Leave up there, all three of you. And you—put up your hand and give me the paper."

"That's what you mean, you mean the letter, the letter, the letter, I mean, please?" Bill pleaded.

Andrew and his brother looked at one another, understanding that they had understood.

His brother Chris held the envelope with some kind of senseless glibness, but he was not interested in it, because he would be done with them. As soon as he had the letter

he reached out his left hand and took the paper that Andrew was holding up to him, keeping his gun pointed at them all the while. But his fingers were trembling as he held it up in the sunlight with one hand.

The letter: "What the hell's going on?"—that's all that was written that night in an H.H. His name stopped in the middle of the first line, and as that phrase appeared Bill was heard to sneeze violently.

Simultaneously the three young men were themselves

1870

The first of the year was a very dry one, and the crops were much injured. The weather was very hot, and the ground was very hard. The crops were much injured, and the yield was very small.

The second of the year was a very wet one, and the crops were much injured. The weather was very cold, and the ground was very soft. The crops were much injured, and the yield was very small.

The third of the year was a very dry one, and the crops were much injured. The weather was very hot, and the ground was very hard. The crops were much injured, and the yield was very small.

The fourth of the year was a very wet one, and the crops were much injured. The weather was very cold, and the ground was very soft. The crops were much injured, and the yield was very small.

The fifth of the year was a very dry one, and the crops were much injured. The weather was very hot, and the ground was very hard. The crops were much injured, and the yield was very small.

The sixth of the year was a very wet one, and the crops were much injured. The weather was very cold, and the ground was very soft. The crops were much injured, and the yield was very small.

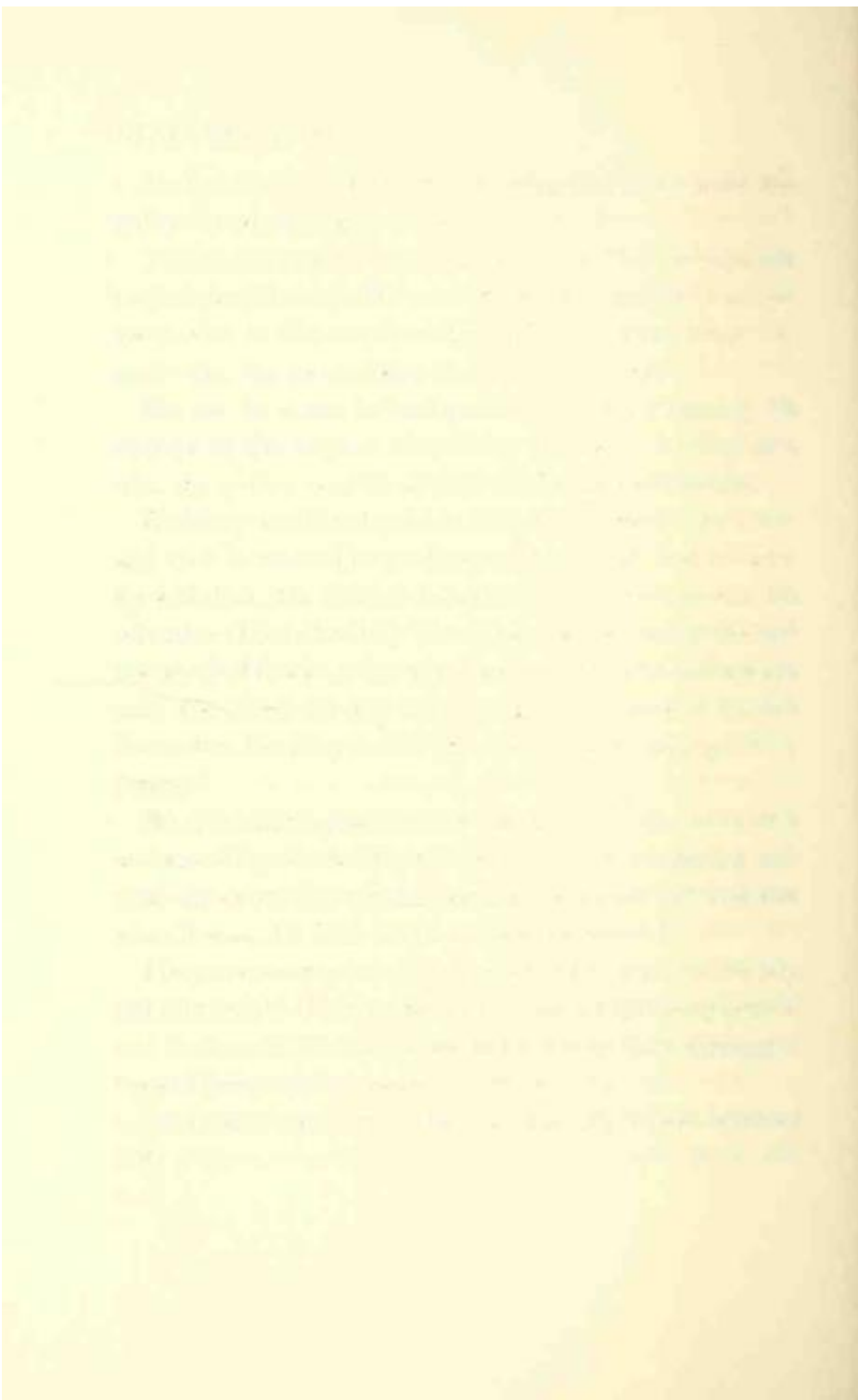
The seventh of the year was a very dry one, and the crops were much injured. The weather was very hot, and the ground was very hard. The crops were much injured, and the yield was very small.

BILL BERGSON

of his feet. Then, as Anders lunged forward and seized the legs of his heavier partner who fell backwards with a cry, the gun tumbled from his hand and Bill got hold of it in a fraction of a second, before their opponent could grab it again.

It was in this position that Master Detective Bergson dismissed a murderer. He was accustomed to doing that quite frequently and with much elegance. And then he would turn the gun against the criminal and say, "Take a care now, my good man!"

Was that what he did this time, too? No, it was not. Brain-stricken, he snatched up the gleaming black object and thrust it through the window so the glass flew in all directions. That's what he did. Was that really a well-considered action on the part of a master detective? A gun might have been handy now. But the truth was that Bill Bergson, master detective, was usually afraid of everything that went by the name of standing weapon, excepting only his own trusty slingshot. And perhaps what he did was right, after all. A gun in the hands of a sickly boy might not be a very effective weapon against a desperate murderer. It might have damaged hands soon again, so it was best that the gun was out of reach for both of them. But his position had been misled by the window and stirred to exasperation and rage after his weapon. What was a big and serious mistake, which the three knights of the White Horse were not slow to take advantage of. They made off



BILL BERGSON

He jumped out over the handle. Yes, there they were, the passengers, a little bunch of them.

The city was only three to five miles away, but he didn't get too late to get away. He was sailing with flight. Yes, get away, fast to the east and himself in the show away. He had—was the other way to another country?

He ran to where he had parked the car, straining his muscles to the utmost. There they they were coming at a run, the police, exactly as they did in his head dreams.

But they would not get him! He had a good head start, and sure he was in his car they would try their best to catch up with him. Ah, there it was, his car, his precious car, his salvation! He felt wildly triumphant as he dashed the last few yards. He was going to get away, just as he had always said. He threw the key into the ignition lock and started the motor, triumphantly to all who tried to stop him, good by forever!

But his car, his precious car that always pulled so smoothly and smoothly, started forward with a painful lurching motion. He swung through his teeth as he leaned out and saw what it was. All four tires had been punctured!

His passengers were leaning across and across, motionless but anxiously. They evidently counted on his being away, and took over behind bushes and rocks as they slipped toward him, making noise every second.

He flung himself out of the car. He might have caught

LIVES DANGEROUSLY

his gun at them, but he did not. They would get him just the same—he knew that now.

Nearby were some thick bushes and a little pool which, in spite of the dryness of the summer, was filled with muddy water. He knew that—how many times had he been there! He ran and flung the gun into the slimy depths of the pool. They must not find this weapon and use it as evidence against him.

Then he rushed in a circle back to the road. There he stopped and waited. The game was up now. They could come and get him.

196

Trigono XVI

Y

...

...

...

Chapter XVI

THE inspector leaned forward in his chair and looked steadily at the pale young man on whose account he had had to come back in such a hurry.

"Wouldn't it be best to confess?" he said subtly. "We know it was you who shot Loren. We know that you sent that lot of elephants to Eva-Lotta Kosonen. Wouldn't it be well to put an end to these long questionings and make a clean breast of it?"

But the young man replied again in a very resolute tone of voice that he had had nothing to do with the murder of Loren, whom he did not know at all, and even less had he sent any elephants to any Eva-Lotta Kosonen.

And the inspector wondered again why the man had tried to get away when the police were approaching and there on the Beach if he really had such a clean conscience!

The young man was very much annoyed at having to explain all over again. He had run because the children

BILL BERSON AIDES HINGWONGKAT

had rather than seeing a lawyer as he had rarely done from some firms. They evidently had misunderstood his purpose when he had tried to deal with them. Some of his legal friends had been in on it, but the suggestion had come from himself when a definite question was to be proposed of having a lawyer design an affidavit. But at any rate, he had now changed and wanted the lawyer. Perhaps he had learned better, thanks to his dealing with the old man, he had not want to show him. The attorney had told him about some papers in court, which they had found, and he had promised himself to serving them a letter, referring to the first court, mentioning that he wanted the man and wanted to get on the injunction. Alex, lawyer's theory, perhaps says he was himself and encouraged himself that he was telling the truth. It was true, as the children had said, that he had written a good deal of paper, but the results had not been looked.

And what was the man about the suggestion wanted to know.

It was that the young fellow would like to know himself— it was a good man, he had understood it from the father. But out of the suggestion had thought it through for a while— it was really, perhaps, they having had so much— and since then he had not seen anything of the man. He had been almost lost and taken it, probably the man who had not his time to answer.

The suggestion about the land.

Handwritten text at the top of the page, possibly a title or header.

First paragraph of handwritten text, starting with a capital letter.

Second paragraph of handwritten text, continuing the narrative.

Third paragraph of handwritten text, showing a change in the subject.

Fourth paragraph of handwritten text, possibly a transition.

Fifth paragraph of handwritten text, providing more detail.

Sixth paragraph of handwritten text, concluding the main body.

Final line of handwritten text at the bottom of the page.

BILL BERGSON

"Young man," he said, "you are doing some fancy legging. But you mustn't forget that Pamela Leverage states definitely that you are the man she had met on the train a couple of minutes after the shooting of the man."

The young man laughed superciliously.

"Most remarkable," he said. "Most remarkable in that way that she looked to me as if she were the best of females and told me things that were not about her things and I don't know what else. The most remarkable if she really chooses not to talk with anybody."

The inspector was silent a while, but then he said, "Your biographical has told us that you quite recently started off your motorcycle. You happened on the day after the murder. How about that?"

The young man looked at the inspector's clean-shaven face.

"Haven't you ever, Inspector, amused yourself with getting a little unsteady and then slurring it off when you get tired of it? I can't help it if some poor guy got shot just the day before."

"Mind you," said the inspector, "Perhaps I also ought to tell you that we made a search of your house yesterday. There was a pair of green gaborian pants hanging way back in your closet. And perhaps you know that for two weeks the police have been looking for the man with the green gaborian pants?"

The young man in front of him turned a lot paler. But you

ARTHUR HADFIELD

he recalled still with the same indignity, "If you were you or least you persons among the men and women, since the times when galvanized iron, I never heard that it was a particularly useful or very galvanic metal."

"There were the interesting story, the novel, 'Winged man,' he said, 'would you have seen?'"

Yes, the young man had some news. He had some enough to be so considerable that the magazine about his his father's work in the States as an experimentally printed man. His father, John was a man who in some way a certain man, his Christian name was John, but John had given him his right name.

The domestic events in the States had caused some delay in the War of the Roses, the great and great city of the lights of the nation, and again the children were again abandoned to stay at home, and they were all so affected by what had happened that they had no desire to do anything else. They passed the time sitting in the father's great study, the great White House, talking over all the details of these things of matters and things in the States. They talked of the great and again his presence of which the that which was in some of mind, and it is, in fact, a great and great man. He had known the best of man.

He said, "And he had been seen there, being taken in the States, so he had decided upon his time and given out and

BILL BERGSON

“The murderer is in the Manor. Get the police. And one of you get the face of the man. It’s down at the head of the pond.”

When the investigation of his brother Claus had gone through with brief intervals, for yet another day and the investigator's patience was wearing thin, he discovered that Hanka was sitting at home one gray afternoon, fussing with his stamp collection. Hanka himself was a rather odd and not very wealthy youth, but he had a herd of the cut-throat kind, a herd whom he followed through thick and thin — and that was Saxon. Saxon's example made Hanka a very useful knight of the Red Horse. But no this being afternoon, you could without a bad conscience devote yourself to peaceful indoor work, and Hanka was occupying himself with his postage stamps. He studied them intently with his unaided eyes. He had quite a complete series of Swedish stamps, and he was about to post some newly acquired ones into his album when his eye fell upon a rewarded envelope. Oh, yes, that was the one he had found in the street in front of the Escander place some time ago. Where was a newly issued postage stamp on it, that was why Hanka had snatched it from the gutter; he had not seen such a stamp before.

Now he snatched out the envelope — he had not done so earlier. He had merely thrown it into the box in which he kept these stamps.

The first part of the book is devoted to a general introduction to the subject of the history of the world.

The second part of the book is devoted to a general introduction to the subject of the history of the world.

The third part of the book is devoted to a general introduction to the subject of the history of the world.

The fourth part of the book is devoted to a general introduction to the subject of the history of the world.

The fifth part of the book is devoted to a general introduction to the subject of the history of the world.

The sixth part of the book is devoted to a general introduction to the subject of the history of the world.

The seventh part of the book is devoted to a general introduction to the subject of the history of the world.

The eighth part of the book is devoted to a general introduction to the subject of the history of the world.

The ninth part of the book is devoted to a general introduction to the subject of the history of the world.

BILL BERGSON

every day of their transcripts a little hair stuck out on each W."

"That's not like dogs," the inspector said after the children had left. "Digging around everywhere and turning up a lot of junk, but before you know it they come home with something useful."

This envelope, for example, was found to be extremely useful. Big brother Pansy, sure enough, had a temperance in his house, and when it was found that the letter "W" on that machine showed exactly the same defect as the corresponding letter on the envelope, the inspector considered that the time was ripe for an arrest.

But the delinquent stubbornly and stupidly refused to confess.

Evidently they would have to arrest him on circumstantial evidence.

Sixteen had drawn a new map and had written "Dig here" on it. And one sunny afternoon he came and handed it to the knights of the White Rose, who had been gathered in the livery garden.

"Dig here," Anders said when Sixteen stuck the map into his hand. "It's all right for you to say so. But what do you suppose your father will say when we start working in his lawn?"

"What's that got to do with a lawn?" Sixteen asked. "Just follow the directions of the map, and I'll guarantee that

JAPAN AS EXPERIMENT

my old man won't let her you. Honor and duty and I am going long stay in the mountains."

The two Whites wandered off in the postmaster's garden. They measured and paced distances and estimated their walk the night and finally they were in the mountains that the boy must be buried in, with almost no signs of signs. Long paths. And they started digging vigorously. Every time they came up, exposed a stone, they let out a cry for joy, thinking it was the boy, the stone had led. But each time they were disappointed, and they went on digging so hard that the stone was coming off them. Finally, when they had worked even closer the valley, suddenly, partly hillside, they said, "Well, here it is, at last!"

He ran his fingers into the earth and took out the earth, small box, which the boys had carefully placed in a far corner of the plot.

Archie and Frank, who dugged these squares and ran over. Then Frank suddenly seized the earth all these papers and the boy's skeleton for the boy who is now named the boy. The boy's second distinctive light, however, the boy had used a skeleton box and wrapped some of their bones. Finally they opened the box.

But there were no signs of anything as to what it was. There was only a sign of paper, with the boy's distinctive handwriting on it. The text was as follows:

The boy's name was: *Yoshimasa no Yama*
I am with you in that a lot. *Yoshimasa no Yama*

BILL BERGSON

They watch energy in New Zealand
From you and from you.

The Whites arrived eyes of dismay. And from behind
the hedge delighted snickers of laughter were heard. Six-
ten and returning some tooth.

"Your son-in-law, what have you done with our dear
martyr?" yelled Andrew.

Sixten shrugged his knees and sneezed with laughter.

"Your doubts?" he said, almost choking with mirth.
"Do you think my're interested in your silly documents?
They're still lying in your drawer among all the other odds
and ends there. Had you won't see what's right in front of your
noses?"

"No, but they can dig ungraciously," Johnny said em-
phatically.

"Yes, they're pretty good at it," said Sixten. "But some-
one will be delighted when he finds that he needn't talk to any
one more about that old storybooky period. I just didn't
feel like tackling it myself in this heat."

"No, of course — you've been digging so strenuously for
the front of Monday you've still got fingers on your hands,"
Bill summarized.

"This will cost you dear, my good sirs," Andrew said.

"Yes, you may get your life on that," said Eva-Lotta.
She struck her earthen handkerchief and showed it had not
been marked.

There was something else far down in her pocket. A
200

[LURE & CONSPIRACY]

paper. She took it out and looked at it. "Huh. This was for
George the last time he was in here."

"Well, well, well, so you know," she said. "It's kind
that old huh. It's been sitting about all the time. It'd be per-
fect with some coffee and sugar. We ladies use for helping
remember for it. It's what I've used all the time. How'd
something happen about that?"

She looked at the paper and said, "Huh."

"Huh," she said. "Yes, that's right. It's got a rather
good signature on the way."

"How did you get the paper into a little book, and how
it means the name, where the signature (because a book of it).

"Well, he's a perfect man," she said, "but it's all the same
what kind of signature he's got."

Hill looked himself over for a moment with a hand.
He looked at himself at last.

"It'll tell you one thing, Pan 1/2th," he said. "You'd
come to an ordinary cup if you keep on thinking names
around like that."

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

Chapter XVII

"OL-Q-NON-GOB lol-i-rav-e lol-hoh-e noo-c-ahul noo-c-oo-oo." Sixton pronounced with some effort. "In any fully-sonic language, when you come to find about it?"

"Yes, it's just enough to say so one that you know the trick," said Andros.

"And, moreover, you've got to learn to talk it a heck of a lot faster," Hall added.

"Yes, but just one syllable hohy and one hoo-oo-oo." Eve hahla nodded. "You ought to sound like a wounding gun."

They were sitting in the livery loft, all the knights of the White and Red Horses, and the Hock had just reviewed their last lesson in the odder language. But no further reflection the Whites had realized that it was their duty as citizens to initiate the Hocks into the secrets of this language. The advantages of knowing languages could not be overestimated, their teachers in school always said. At 208

DALL BEHINDLY AMTES ALYGEOMKAT

how right they were? For how could Amos, Hal, and Brocklethorn have been able to guess at their delectable plight in the absence of their food and fuel, a thorough command of the native language? But Hal had been persuasive about it for a few days, and finally he said to Amos and Brocklethorn, "Why don't we have it in our consciences, letting the boys walk about in such delectable ignorance. Why? It is absolutely dead for if they ever get mixed up with a murderer."

So the three had started to give language lessons in the kitchen, but Amos was complaining for weeks in English and should have been shouting (though grammar might not help, for he had to make an exam the very first day of school) that he considered it more important to devote his time to the native language.

"How do you understand you speak and understand English?" he said. "What is the native language you're best at?"

Consequently he and Brocklethorn and Amos were sitting for hours on and among the logs in the kitchen, but not coming along with anything new.

The language lesson was interrupted by Brocklethorn's father, who came standing up the stairs from the kitchen with a new supply of food items in his hand. Hearing them by Brocklethorn, he said, "The boys are just finished. He said the first. You're here some food."

"The course," Brocklethorn said enthusiastically, and took a bite. "What's go and drop in at the police station."

THE HISTORY

The first part of the book is devoted to a general history of the world, from the beginning of time to the present day. It is written in a simple and straightforward style, and is intended for the use of students in schools and colleges.

The second part of the book is devoted to a history of the British Empire, from the reign of Queen Elizabeth I to the present day. It is written in a more detailed and scholarly style, and is intended for the use of students in universities and research institutions.

The third part of the book is devoted to a history of the United States, from the time of the first settlers to the present day. It is written in a simple and straightforward style, and is intended for the use of students in schools and colleges.

The fourth part of the book is devoted to a history of the French Revolution, from the beginning of the revolution to the present day. It is written in a detailed and scholarly style, and is intended for the use of students in universities and research institutions.

The fifth part of the book is devoted to a history of the Napoleonic Wars, from the beginning of the wars to the present day. It is written in a detailed and scholarly style, and is intended for the use of students in universities and research institutions.

The sixth part of the book is devoted to a history of the Crimean War, from the beginning of the war to the present day. It is written in a detailed and scholarly style, and is intended for the use of students in universities and research institutions.

The seventh part of the book is devoted to a history of the American Civil War, from the beginning of the war to the present day. It is written in a detailed and scholarly style, and is intended for the use of students in universities and research institutions.

64

BILL BERGSON

"That's right, yes, by all means," said the baker. "But how about with the Great Muffin in the future, will you?"

All the knights of the White and Red Hoses agreed that they would do so, naturally, and the baker groined with joy and went on his way.

"Oh, by the way, you might be interested to know that that Claus whom you confessed to," he said before he disappeared.

Yes, big brother Claus had confessed! He could not clear the conscience of the ME.

So the hour had come at last — the hour he had anticipated with such longing, had dreamed about so many ungodly nights. The moment when he was proved guilty of his mortal sin and to take his punishment.

Big brother Claus had not had any power of mind in many years. His constant ungodly gambles, which had led him into shady dealings with Loren, had turned him into a useless, hunched person who never for a single moment was free of anxiety. And after that fateful Wednesday at the end of July his ungodly had increased to an ungodly pitch, getting him on his feet at night.

How must he be feeling now that he had to confess his ungodly openly and be prepared to pay the penalty for his ungodly years to come? Now, if ever, his ungodly must be done for him.

But the strange thing was that big brother Claus was

ALICE ALYSSANDRAE

calm and at peace for the first time in many years since he could remember. He had never experienced anything like this since that night, and now after he had read his own papers. He was a little more at ease and contented, and he sought the big, sturdy part of the landscape with feeling, as if seeking support. But he no longer felt any urgency, and he thought off with a deep, thoughtful groan, which he would soon forget, and it would be lost time.

He was sitting when the sunlight of the White and Red House passed at midnight, and at the other extreme in the Great House. He did not see these things, however they existed, and therefore, Duke's own feeling for their beauty.

"The Great House," Charlotte Duke was saying, "The Great House is not here."

"They speak of Duke's construction. What did he mean? He had had a beautiful, peaceful, and a lot of it had been lost."

Mr. Duke looked at them seriously.

"Duke had a large estate, the estate," he said in a solemn voice. "At the time of his death, the estate. And the Duke's estate they have seen the estate, the Great House."

A mysterious smile was spreading upon the young faces of the Duke. And Duke said with a satisfied chuckle, "I am sure it is in the estate."

BILL BERGSON

"I be sorry, sometimes," said Douke decisively.

Zerketta looked approvingly at The Duke, sitting there looking very handsome in his uniform and with his hands free of those infernal shackles.

"Why, Douke?" she said. "But you aren't so perfectly well, you might be allowed to join us in the Year of the Horse."

"Yes, you would be a Red Horse," Douke said.

"Not quite," Angles said. "A White Horse, of course."

"Heaven forbid!" said Constantine Douke. "Such a dangerous job I shouldn't care to tackle. A professional's job and some little, that's what best suits an old man like me."

Master Detective Bergson expanded his chest.

"You see?" he said. "You've got to be dangerously sometimes."

He was lying in his favorite position under the heat lamp for hours later, pondering the matter of being dangerously, thinking, and staring at the shifting shadows which so intently that he scarcely noticed his invisible listener, who approached cautiously and scented himself by his side.

"I bet that Mr. Bergson again has succeeded in apprehending a murderer," he said in an approving tone.

On hearing this, aggressively he looked at Bill Bergson.

"Have I?" he said, and stared happily at that fortunate person, who he could not keep at a distance. "Don't talk rubbish! I haven't arrested any murderer. The police did."

CHAPTER 4: THE HUNTERS

that, for that's their job. I never intend to waste my time doing it all my life. I've finished with that detective kind of game. You might get mixed up with a lot of trouble and misery."

"But I thought Mr. Bergman was fond of being dangerous," said the honest hunter, and to tell the truth he sounded a little apprehensive.

"Well, I don't like dangerous as it is," the master detective said. "Young man, you should know about the War of the Wolves."

After his burst of thought was interrupted by a loud gurgling noise that hit him on the head. With a master detective's peculiar sluggishness, he had it figured out at once that a gurgling noise was very well full from a pipe, and he looked around to discover what to him had done it.

Andrew and Ben Latta were standing at the fence.

"What are you pulling at?" Andrew said. "We're going to hunt the Great Hunter."

"And do you know what we think?" said Ben Latta. "We think that Mr. Drake has fallen into the net that you've put the city park. You know how many predators there are out there hanging about there?"

"That's none of it," said Hill delightedly.

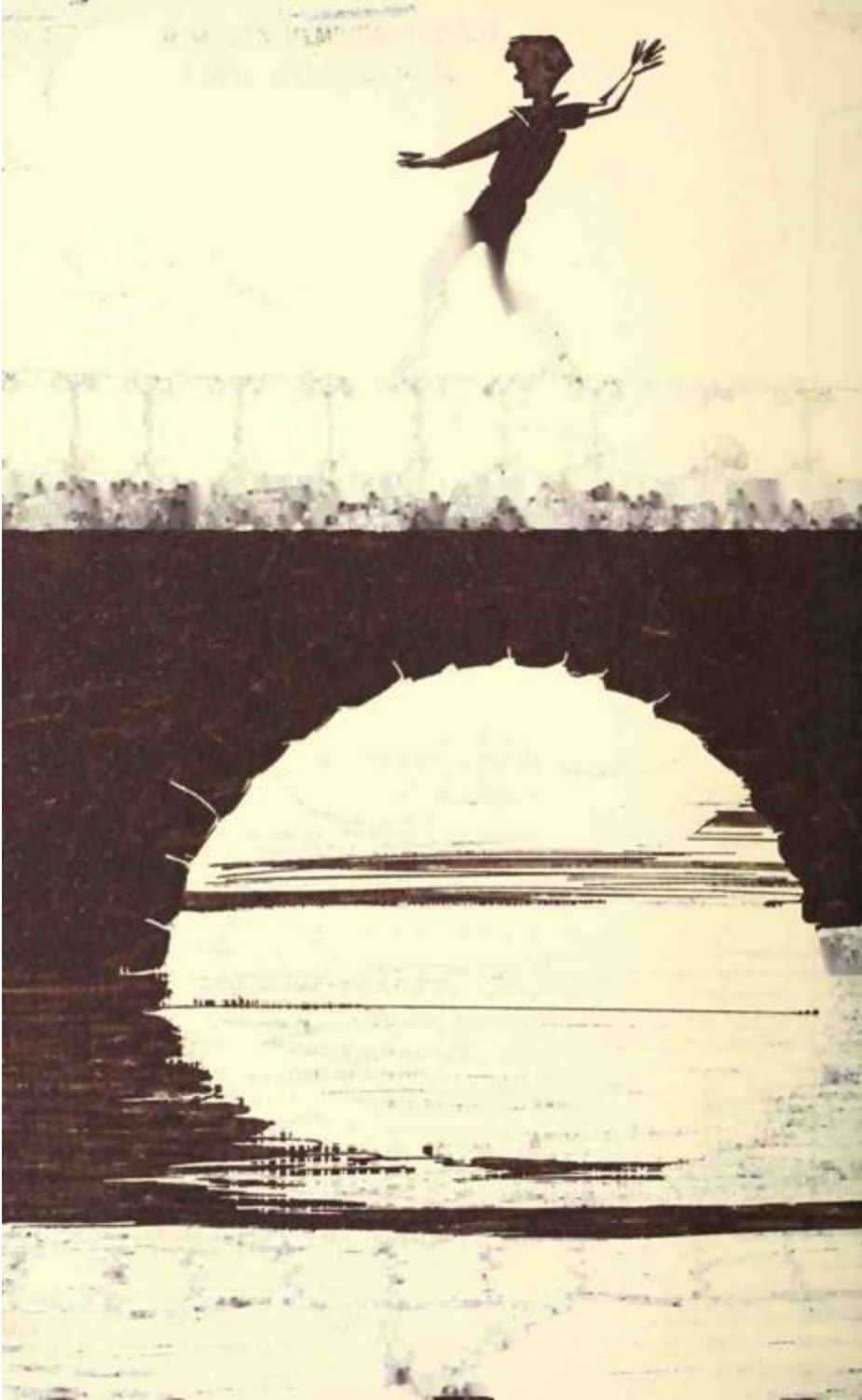
"Well, he is now going to kill us if we find him first," said Andrew.

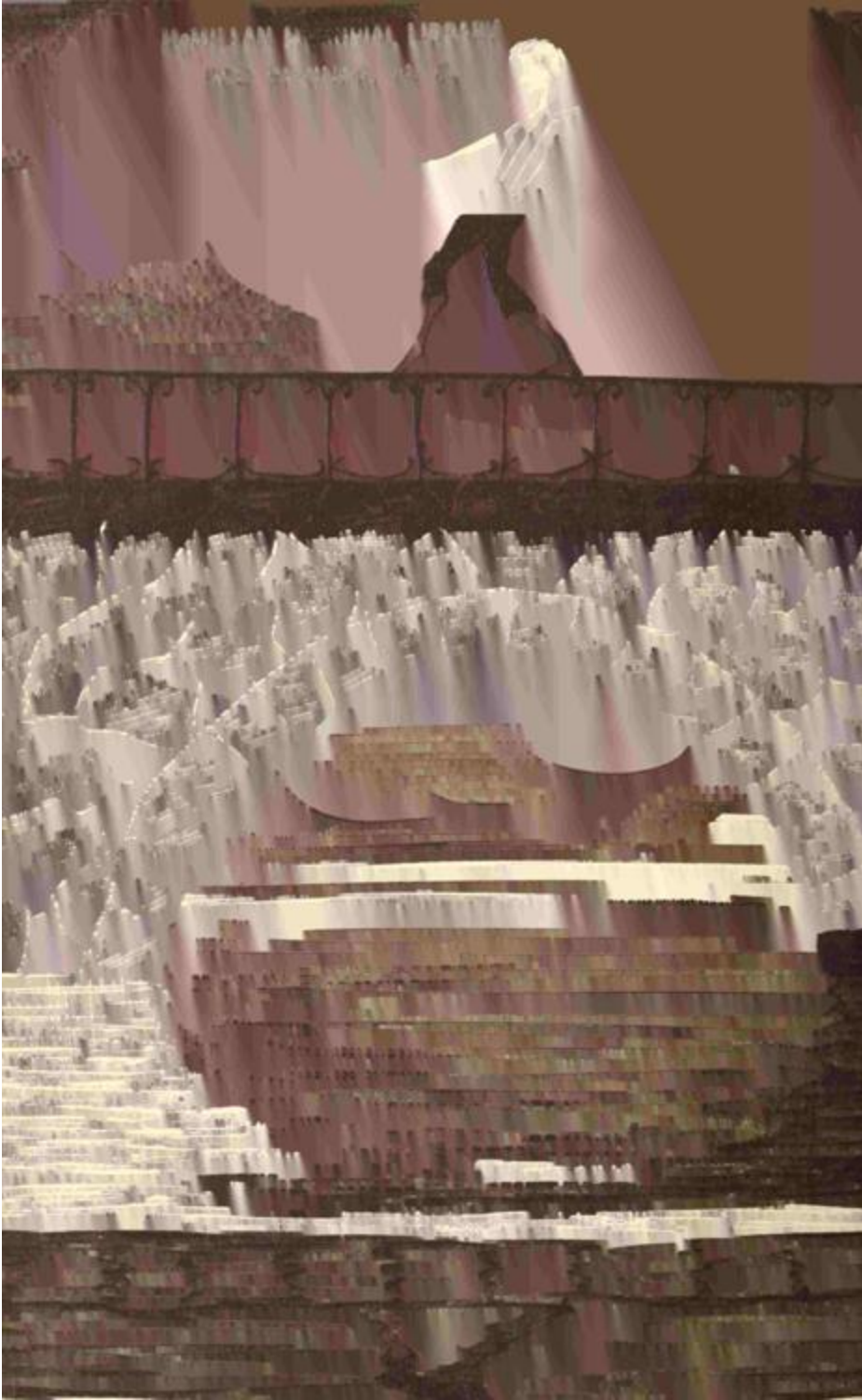
"That's all right," said Hill. "You've got to be dangerous sometimes."

BILL BERGSON AIXES BINGEROSKI

The lowest meaning of his language, however, did he understand now that one might be dangerous or afraid being a master detective who you believed a matter of fact was so that doesn't happen, follow, who was looking after him with your admiration of his gaze then eyes.

Bill's bare brown feet walked normally along the grassy path as he ran to join Anders and Kra-Lotto. And he finished his own disappointment as quietly and unceremoniously as if he had been carried away by the summer breeze.







3193

		Arden Holston
		Linda...
		... - ...

3193







OceanofPDF.com