By Edwin Balmer and Philip Wylie The Golden Hoard

INSTALLMENT I. OLD !

for gold—yellow, minted metal. For lack of gold every bank in the United States was up the receiver. "Mrs. Allen's calling us!" closed-payments, exchange, commerce was par-"Give it to nie!" Prescott took it from her. closed-payments, exchange, commerce was par-

The voice was a woman's shrill with fright. at the girl who received the call and questioned landed. They left yesterday-in the afternoonher. "What I have to tell you matters! They will kill him! They know he has been hiding gold! And they know he has gold with him. And they are waiting for him wherever he is bound." 'You mean the government agents are waiting time. To Georgia, Mr. Prescott."

for him?" Prescott's girl inquired.

"No! Robbers and murderers! Or they will be murderers when they catch him. For they'll kill him and rob him. You must stop him. Stop Mr. Denslow, I say!"

'Who are the people who are waiting for Mr. Denslow? "

The woman at the other end of the wire swore in her frantic exasperation. "For God's sake, let me talk to Mr. Prescott or some man in the office!"

Plainly she was used to impressing men and to having her way with them.

The blonde secretary laid the combination receiver transmitter carefully upon her desk and rose. She stepped to the door at her right, opened it and stood framed in the doorway as the man at the large, impressive desk in the center of the big room looked up from the heap of papers before him.

'Yes, Miss Byram?"

"I am sorry to interrupt you. There is a woman-a very excited woman on the phone. She won't give her name, but she says somebody is going to kill Mr. Denslow. That's all I can get from her. She wants to talk to you."

"Kill Mr. Denslow?" he repeated. "Who? Where? "

"That's what she says; she won't say who's killing him or who she is, either."

'She must be mad. A crank, probably." "She doesn't sound mad-or a crank," Miss Byram replied. Rather surprisingly to herself, she found herself arguing for the unknown woman. "She sounded very excited, that's all. Where has Mr. Denslow gone, Mr. Prescott? And has he taken with him a fortune in gold?"

"Who said that?"

"She did-the woman."

"I don't know what Mr. Denslow is doing, and you are not to repeat that-theory-to any one." "No, Mr. Prescott."

FOR a moment they looked at each other. Both knew Horace Denslow's great wealth, and both knew that, recently, nothing had agi- they were carrying gold on these trips?" tated him so much as his endeavor to make its Madge Byram remained standing a few feet possession "safe" for himself.

'I am holding her on the wire, Mr. Prescott." "You heard some of that?" Prescott asked her ter with you, Lucius?" "I'll talk to her . . Wait a moment. Go back when at last he hung up. to your desk and take down everything she says Waiting until he was sure that she was

gested. She meant the wife of Davy Alien, Dens-, refinement. Queer, but kindly disposed. F.o.n-, the plane had not crashed; it had been rolled The nation, the world, was clamoring low's pilot. " Shall I call her? '

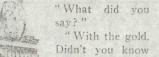
The ph ne before them rang and Madge pic ed

" Mr. Prescott." said a woman's voice, fright-It was in New York that, upon a morning late ened and anxious in an entirely different way n the "moratorium," the telephone brought to from that of the unidentified woman. "Some one the law office of Lewis Henry Prescott an unusual just phoned me and wouldn't give her name. She said I must send after Davy and stop him from flying. She said Mr. Denslow and Davy would "It does not matter who I am!" this voice cried be murdered when they landed, and they've

"Yes," said Prescott as kindly as he could. They left, but do you know where they went? "Davy thought they would be flying south this

Why did he think that?

"Because they've been making the round of the hadn't been to Georgia yet with the gold!" "What?" cried Prescott at this.



1:101LIA

might be back with him now?

"Gregg?" asked Mrs. Teifar, who had confined her dealing with Mr. Denslow to business matters wholly.

His son, who came with him first time three vears ago. Another swell guy. Ain't he, Linda? ' "He wouldn't come with his father," said Linda quickly. "Mr. and Mrs. Denslow were divorced and Gregg sided with his mother."

What was he like now, Linda wondered. Twenty-two-d young man. Was it possible that this time on this out of season visit he had come with his father?

The morning was bright and sun purged. Breakfast was late, for it was Saturday; Mrs. Teifair had a headache and remained in bed; no school and old Lucius, who always was as dilatory as c reumstances allowed, today did not apestates and they pear until Linda had set about the serving. When at last he came into the dining room Linda was aware that something qu'te unusual

must have occurred. His old eyes were wide open and his countenance was haggard.

'You in trouble again, Lucius?" "Me? No ma'am. Not Lucius." "What is it, then?"

He set eggs before them. "It's a suspection. Miss Linda."

"No. Mrs. Allen might know," the girl sug- "I mean to say, mother, he's a gentleman of crashed it had not been upon the field. And ised me a ride in his plane. I wonder if Gregg intact into the hangar and the wide doors closed upon it.

Whatever had happened had not occurred here. Linda remembered when, three years ago, Gregory Denslow had invited her in and showed her around and introduced his father to her. There was the lodge so shaded by the tall pines about it that a light in a lower window glowed vellow.

Dan moved to his left and Linda to her right. She peered in a window upon a dining table where, evidently, two persons had supped and left the dishes they had used. Daniel came to the window wherein the yellow light burned.

SOME one was in this room; some one in a chair with his back to the window. Some one who did not move. He was slumped forward over a table-desk with papers and books upon it. He was Horace Denslow and he was dead!

Murder, that meant! Somebody down here had murdered Mr. Denslow, and somebody else in New York had known he was going to do it! Daniel stepped back from the window, shaking a little.

His sister glanced along the front of the house and saw him.

"What's in there, Danny?"

"You go 'way, Linda!" he warned her, but already she was hurrying to him.

"Who'd you see, Dan?'

"Mr. Denslow. I guess he's dead." Linda looked in.

She stood gasping and staring at Dan, and she forgot the voice from New York for thinking of and feeling for Gregg Denslow.

Dan and she jumped at the same instant ringing within the house.

"Listen, if anybody'll answer," said Linda. "Who'd answer?"

"Two had supper, Dan. I saw two plates on the table."

The sister and brother were talking in whispers, all the time the telephone bell intermittently rang. Each time the ringing was interrupted they stood breathless, listening. At last the ringing ceased and did not resume.

"Hear anybody answering, Dan?"

"No; d'you?"

"We ought to go in, Dan."

"Oughtn't we get somebody first?" "Who'd we get, Dan, Clem Clay?" Clay

was the sheriff and both knew him.

Dan shook his head. " Maybe we ought to get Doc Ames."

"Then the quickest way would be to phone him from in there." And Linda, her resolution made, was at the door. It was tight shut and stuck a little, but it was not locked. Dan helped her push it open, and together they stepped in. Within the house there was no sound or stir. They looked about the hig hall and at the doors shut to it, and they glonced up the silent and empty stairs. For a moment more they listened. "All right, let's go!" said Dan but it was his sister's hand that grasped the knob of the door

She heard her brother calling to her in a queer hoarseness of awe loud in the silent hall. "Linda, Linda, it's New York again. That man in New York who talked to you."

Linda dared delay no longer; she twisted into her handkerchief the scraps she had gatheredtwo had blood upon them-and she thrust the handkerchief under her blouse.

"What did you tell-New York?" Linda asked. "That we were here, and Mr. Denslow was murdered."

"Hello," said Linda. "O. Miss Telfair? What has happened? For God's sake tell me exactly what has happened.

Your brother says you found Mr. Denslow murdered. Was Allen, his pilot, who flew him there, killed with him?' "We haven't found the pilot," Linda said.

"Then he's dead, too, or he did it and escaped. He was with Mr. Denslow.

"We haven't looked through the rest of the house yet, Mr. Prescott," Linda told him, her imagination traveling behind other doors on this floor and upstairs to find what else?

"How far," New York now was asking her, "how far is it to the nearest town, and what town is it? I don't remember."

"Albemarle. Fifteen miles."

"What is the character of the local authorities at Albemarle?"

"You mean the sheriff?" said Linda. "C'em Clay? He'll be on his way as soon as youre through talking. The operator is surely listeningin on this, you know.'

"O!" said New York. "O, well, is Mr. Clay an experienced investigator? "

"He's a sheriff," said Linda noncommittally, and New York understood.

"I am coming from New York. I will fly down myse f, bringing with me the best private detecand from the same stimulus; a bell shrilly tive in New York City. Now, so far as you can, save everything for us. See everything for us; record it and save me your menorandum. More depends upon you, Miss Telfair, than you can dream at this moment, or than I can tell you now. "But this much I can tell you. Mr. Denslow flew down there with his airplane laden with gold."

" Gold ? "

"Gold-in bars. H's ship was heavy with gold. I am starting for you at once. Remember, I depend upon you."

TE hung up and Linda put down the receiver. Dan was at her elbow; he had been there all the time, hearing most of what was said from New York.

"He said 'gold'?" asked Dan. "Mr. Denslow was flying down here with a shipload of gold? "

The telephone rang and Linda answered it. An excited female voice came to her ears. "This is Nellie Kane at Albemarle, Miss Telfair. I heard almost every word you said. Shall I spread the news for you? "

"Please," said Linda, "tell the sheriff, and will you call Dr. Ames for me? '

"Dr. Ames? You're hurt or sick, Miss Telfair?"

"No, but tell him I'm staying here. I'd be glad if he'd come." If he were home Linda reckoned he would

"Yes, Mr. Prescott." Well, it seems to be what we supposed. Davy at her desk, he said on the wire: "This is Mr. told her that Mr. Denslow's been taking out of New York and hiding, in other places, gold. " Mrs. Allen said Davy thought they'd be flying south this time. So I suppose, Miss Byram, you'd better try to get Mr. Denslow's Georgia hunting lodge on the phone."

away

No question he was killed: he couldn't have shot himself."

"Suspection of what, Lucius?" "Ah suspicious somebody's daid." "What makes you think so? What is the mat-

"Nothin' makes me think so. I jes' knows. Somebody's daid."



Prescott."

"Mr. Prescott, where's Mr. Denslow gone?" "Why do you want to know?

"Can you catch him and stop him? He's going to be killed! He's flying somewhere, isn't he? "

"You mean he'll be killed in the air? There'll be an apparent airplane accident or some such of lingering sunset. thing?

They're waiting for him. Don't let him land! tice with the Albemarle High school team. His Stop him!"

"Do you know where Mr. Denslow is landing?"

how! . . .

It was plain that Mr. Prescott now was convinced that the voice was that neither of a mad looking at the sunset breathing the seasonal person nor a crank.

summon Miss Byram.

with that interesting and attractive quality which definitely, "is Mr. Denslow." people call "good presence." Fifteen years before when he had been in college he had been a foot- to hunt' ball player and, also, an amateur actor, taking the lead in the college dramas. Before 30 he became public prosecutor for a little city in Ohio, where t happened that he prosecuted a case against a competitor of Horace Denslow. He won it and Denslow sent for him and brought him to New earthward like a weary gull. York, where, within five years, he had worked up to a position of chief in charge of Horace Denslow's affairs-in so far as Denslow put his enormous affairs into other hands.

nean to hun?

The girl, confronting him, could see that he was thinking that Denslow, tremendous as he was in finance, was a lone'y figure. He had no partners or associates in recent years; he no longer had a ride he promised me last fall." wife or a son who could step into his affairs. All the world knew that his wife had divorced him and his son had taken the mother's part. No wonder, thought Madge Byram, that Lewis time?

Henry Prescott was drawing himself up more importantly and impressively than ever before. "I got it all, Mr. Prescott," she said.

"That's good. She didn't sound crazy-or a

erank. You were right."

Mr. Prescott? "

- "He is flying?"
- " I believe so."

"With his plane loaded with gold?" "I do not know," Prescott confessed. "But to the stranger. "Swell guy." would it surprise you? "

Southeastern Georgia was hung with the pastels

Daniel Telfair rattled along the state road in "No; it will be on the ground, after he lands. his roadster on the way home from baseball pracbrother Andy amused himself with a hogshead hoop on the veranda of the faded but still sumptuous mansion. Mrs. Telfair gently consulted "No, but they do. O, get word to him some- white haired, black faced Lucius about the evening meal. Linda, her eldest child, stood on the threshold of their home watching her brother, magic.

Rather unnecessarily he pressed his buzzer to An airplane buzzed into the colored sky, moving slowly like a lazy water bug across an oil Prescott got to his feet. He was a tall man scummed pond. "That," said 6 year old Andy,

Linda demurred. "He only comes in the fail-

"It's Mr. Denslow just the same."

The plane passed directly over the colonial mansion and its surrounding fields. Beyond the second ridge of darkly green pines it turnedone high wing flashing in the sun-and settled

"I told you so," Andy said insistently.

"HE family sat around the table. Long candles glimmered on polished mahogany and Suppose Denslow were killed: what would it since-heirlooms from dead patricians of an almost forgotten south.

" Mr. Denslow flew down today," Linda said. "Great!" Daniel helped himself from the dish proffered by Lucius. "Maybe he'll give me the might have happened to Mr. Denslow. They

"Now, Daniel," Mrs. Telfair murmured reproachfully. Then the tangent of her thoughts changed. "What brought him here in the spring-

The high school's best pitcher shrugged. "Don't know, mother. Maybe he wanted to see what it was like here in Georgia in March."

Mrs. Telfair sighed. "That's the way with Yankees. Unreliable. I hoped when we sold the "Do you know where Mr. Denslow has gone, estate to Mr. Denslow we'd still have it to ourselves except for a few weeks in the fall, as he said. I never should have sold your grandfather's land. I knew it then."

Danny nodded, gustily devouring a portion of beefsteak made possible by the sale of the land "Daniel!"

T was a few moments after this, when nothing more had been gained from Lucius, that the teiephone rang. Daniel leaped to answer it. "It's for mother, Linda. New York's calling!" he shouted. "Somebody in New York wants

her." Linda stood up, astonished. She hurried into the hall and picked up the receiver. "Hello." "Hello? Mrs. Telfair?" asked a feminine voice.

"This is her daughter. Can I take a message for my mother?"

" Just a minute."

Next Linda heard the voice of a man. "Hello? Miss Telfair? This is Henry Prescott speaking. I'm Horace Denslow's New York lawyer. I got your name from the deeds of his Georgia property. Do you know whether or not he reached Albemarle in his plane last night?"

"I believe he did. I saw his plane land over his way." "So I thought. How far is his house from

yours? "

"Five miles by road."

"I wonder, then, if you would do us a favor?" He did not wait for an answer. "We've been trying to get Mr. Denslow by phone. The wire is all right, but he doesn't answer. It is most important that we get in touch wth him. Would you mind trying to locate him and sending word to him to call us immediately, or else let us know definitely that he is not at his lodge?

"I'd be glad to," Linda replied.

"What was all that?" Daniel, at her elbow, demanded.

"Mr. Denslow's lawyer in New York," Linda looked up the stairs to make sure that her mother had not been aroused. She explained, almost in a whisper. "He seems to think that something crashed, maybe.'

"O!" said Dan. "Then I'll go over there." "We'll both go."

The boy backed the little car out of the barn hat served as a garage. Linda jumped in beside him and they spun away.

" Certainly funny that Mr. Denslow came now," Dan observed as they ran on the narrow but

Enoch was the caretaker who wintered in the ervants' quarters of the lodge, but who was allowed a few days off between seasons. He had passed the Telfair place only the day before yesterday on an errand to Macon.

"Look at the landing field first," said Linda. " Course."

to the room with the light inside. This light evidenced itself even before the knob

turned, through a little round hole in the panel. Splinters splayed outward about the hole. Plainly it was a bullet hole freshly made by a bullet fired through the door from within the room. Linda opened the door.

The figure sprawled over the desk did not move, and the uselessness of calling Dr. Ames was evident at the first view from this side. Mr. Denslow had been shot not once but several times, and it was evident that he had fought back. His right arm, which had been out of sight from the window, hung down beside the desk and the hand held a revolver pointed at the floor.

There was blood on the floor and scraps of paper-little torn scraps of white paper with writ-

Dan now moved forward and bent close to the

"No question he was killed; he couldn't have shot himself. No powder marks, Linda. Besides, he was shot three times."

"Yes," said Linda. "And he fired back onceor more times."

"Ought we touch anything, Linda?" Dan asked, staring at that starkly held pistol but not putting his hand on it.

'No, we shouldn't. Not a thing; not a thing." But she stooped, drawn by some instinct, and picked up the scraps of paper that lay at her feet. They bore writing-woman's writing-writing of character and quality. Some of the words meant nothing as she read the scraps in her hand-" delive: to you "-" responsible for this "-" alone and-" Then Linda read: "Gregory has insisted th" "he see you this evenin-"

Dan turned to her. "What you got there?" Her hand closed on the scraps. "Nothing." He accepted her answer, he was so excited himself. Then they both jumped-but Linda kept shr lled again.

"Let's answer it, Dan!" said Linda.

"V.'ill you answer?

"You answer, then I'll talk to them," Linda bargained with him. She wanted him out of the descend. room ahead of her to give her time to gather the good road of the Denslow acres. "Even Enoch's rest of the scraps of paper. Had he noticed them, or, if he had, would he remember them at all? She set to picking up the torn bits. Some were short. Not Gregory, either micss Gregory had under the table, one nearly under the pistol, an- broadened since she saw him. other under the terrible chair.

What was she doing, and why was she doing it? She was getting out of sight proof that Gregory Denslow had visited his father last night, and she was doing it because she knew he had no part (Copyright: 1983: By Edwin Balmer and Philip Wyle.) The field itself was clear; if the plane had in the murder.

arrive before the sheriff, and she would be glad

"Gold; gold in bars!" Dan was repeating. "Suppose any of it's left in the ship? '

"We ought to know," said Linda. "It's the first thing we ought to know. Go down there, and see."

The boy ran out into the sunlight, and swiftly she spread the scraps from her handkerchief upon the table. Rapidly she fitted them together.

Palm Beach, Thursday, March 16. Dear Horace:

Gregory has insisted that we drive to Albemarle today so that we may see you this even.n.s. Obviously I cannot come, and I have becard hum not to take this opportunity of talling to you because he is, I know, in no mood for calm discussion with you. Any meeting between you and him can accomplish nothing so far as I am concerned. I am writing this, which he has agreed to deliver to you, so that you may remain assured that he alone and not I must be responsible for this visit. Even as yo- [here some scraps were missing]-disposal of your fortune. Sincerely,

Henriette Taylor.

Linda straightened, trembling. So he had been here last night! No doubt about it. Was he, therefore, also killed? Or had he done the killing? That she would not believe.

She stared down again at the scraps. Henriette Taylor was the maiden name of his mother. and she had resum d the name after the divorce from his father.

A sound set L nda jumping. A sound in the house! The creak of a board upstairs; now the creak of the stairs!

Someone was moving overhead and descending her fist tight closed-as the telephone suddenly the stairs: someone was standing in the dim light of the upper landing and looking down at her.

Senselessly, automatically in her fright, she swept up in her hand the scraps she had pieced toge her while she watched, fascinated, the man

Slowly, deliberately, with no hurry, he was coming down. A tail man, and therefore not Allen, the pilot, for he. Linda remembered, was

This man had no face; a handkerchief with holes for eyes was under his hat. The holes were turned toward her. As ne came down the starrs he was keeping those eyeholes upon her.

(To be continued.)

Chicago Sunday Tribune