SECTOR OF DON FRONT

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## SPORTING BLOOD

BY HARRY HARRISON KROLL

|  <br> CHAPTER VI <br> $S^{\text {HERIFF ANDERSON }}$ folded his camera and dropped it back in the car seat, He continued to eye did not like. He murmised under his breath, "Um-mmmm," took out a small notebook and wrote things down. Without being so at all he down. Without being so at all he acted in a most disagreeable manner. He repeated the name, "Hunter Dent." He asked, "And your official title is farm manager, that Hunter nodded. The two men ve off. Hunter and Red faced each other. <br> The afternoon was declining. Hunter had a strange sense of time, as if not hours but weeks and months had elapsed since all this began. Red dropped on the bottom step of the stairs. She talked as if to herself. "It couldn't have been been Junior. He was in town last night-yes. He came back some time in the night, that's true. But he was with some of the every minute. With Hanklins Temple, with the Ghibartos, with the twAns, with Neal, Bill-it couldn't have been Junior-" She became aware of Hunter's eyes elosely upon her. Startled out of thinking out loud, she rose. "I guess Id better be going, Hunter." She moved toward the house. With a growing uneasiness th was shielding Junior at the danreturned to the woods. He had said his key was the only one to the old chain-and-lock. That was no true. There were twa Junior had the other. He reache on lying too olong about as big an exhibit as the automobile. When night came he must get in here | and haul the car out. He could use crete the car was another question. <br> $\mathbf{R}^{\mathrm{ED}}$ was gone when Hunter reWarwicke, "Where did Miss Bella <br> "To town, sir, I believe." <br> A sudden question, which overshadowed all the others, popped into Hunter's mind. Red standing there ruminating, making what brother. She named all present at Hunter decided, "One thing seems sure. Red didn't know, that Junior wasn't mixed in the stick-up, the killing. She suspects, She is afraid. She is beginning to be convinced that I am mixed in it, deeper than any one believes. But because she was not with the gang she can't know for sure, and has no way so fai for finding out. Am I stupidly slipping a noose $\qquad$ and her boy friend were on their $\qquad$ of town was of fairly ill repute. Old frame houses, sorry little corner stores, dark stairways where dangerous characters lurked. The couple heard cries, pistol shots. They darted into a hat drawn low over his face $\square$ with the money. Or that was the supposition. Another young man, in tails and silk hat, came along. He had a gun. He was running pretty fast after the young man ahead. He shouted, "Hey, stick the couple hardly knew just how seemed to be two more people. Men. They just appeared. From nowhere, it would seem. The shots came fast now. When the girl screamed her boy friend clapped his hand to her mouth, telling her to get mixed in what was going blurred. She didn't see the two shooting once seemed ning up street down in the cobbled Then the police showed up and that time the bank wa vin in the midate of the Treet. shot The bag was The girl and her boy frient | couldn't run. The boy friend, however, escaped by running up however, escaped hy running to the dark stairs, and not coming to her rescue when the police nabbed her- The name was Sarah Kiker, and she ,worked part time at the munitions plant. an eye-witness. Sarah Kiker now was in jail. She declined to divulge the Identity of her friend. <br> $\mathrm{H}_{\text {The time was almost dusk. He }}^{\text {UNTER }}$ had to get Junior's car out, but ward he could ha:dly think. He the barn. He got out the heavy truck, some chains, and made He ate supper. Terre was a small dining room attached to the servant quarters for his use. By the time he was ready to attack the guests were arriving. Hunter went out and stood in the shadows so slashing headbeams wuold not readily show him watching. The the house without much talk and no laughter at all. Red didn't. seem to be about. It struck runto be discussed; for there was no question their purpose was with Junior. $\qquad$ sery and shadows around the west side of the mansion. Here the low-branched magnolia trees made the dark into ink. He crept up to the window, open to the bland $\qquad$ girls, Mrs. Ballard's brother, Neal Frazier; the Ghฤberto twins. Red and her flance, were not present. Frazier was $\boldsymbol{*}$ aning against the $\qquad$ bachelor hurrying into his late 30 s, he nevertheless tad a bulldog face and pugilistic build. He occupied the advantage of being the oldest meroup that made sportsmanship $\qquad$ $\qquad$ inside dope, which in turn is mary, up ief marty mall thin ing to lay odds on the killes's be- ing right here. I mesn on this "I'm speaking of Hunter Dent, the manager here". (To Be Continued) |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |

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