

"MURDER AT EAGLE'S NEST"

By WINIFRED VAN DUZER

Bhima Martin, called "Bim," young reporter, is anxious to aid her father's small-town newspaper, the Kingcliffe Banner. She reflects the marriage proposals of Walter Vance, Assistant Chief of Police. Walter asks Bim not to attend a party given by wealthy Emily Hardy.

CHAPTER II.

EMILY HARDY was the leader and center of activity in the little society colony which lived on and about Pine Hill. Nature had given her a passable amount of good looks of the somewhat full-blown type; life had given her a husband, Peter Hardy, who was little and gray and mousy and immensely rich and who had learned to keep his place and sign checks without asking stupid questions; experience had given her an off-hand, half-fellow manner which sometimes was described as "gracious;" and boredom had given her a craving for celebrities.

She was a careless hostess, all things considered: she opened her enormous house, put at the beck and call of everyone who entered there, her servants, her food, her wine cellar, her rambling landscaped gardens and her bathing beach at the foot of Eagle's Nest on the east side of the mountain. After which she left her guests pretty much to themselves, popping up occasionally to boom in her light baritone "Everybody happy?"

Thrill Hunter.

On Lowland Drive, which crossed the grounds of Eagle's Nest and went on up the mountain in a southerly direction, there resided other members of the colony—the Frosts; Bunney Baird, the artist; the Trents.

It was the usual thing when Emily Hardy entertained, for a string of motors to rush up from New York, thirty miles down the river. And sometimes Eagle's Nest was overrun with reporters and camera-men and even movie men, for young Mrs. Hardy gathered in noted ones from all over the world and cared not a whit that some of them were rather more notorious than noted, just so they promised a break in the monotony of living.

On the evening that Bim strolled up the drive and across the terrace to keep her dinner engagement, however, there were present only the members of the Pine Hill colony, together with the guests of honor, the Frosts; Bunney Baird, the artist; and the Trents.

Bim felt a thrill of anticipation as she laid aside her cape—her one and only evening wrap—in a little room at the back of the long, wide corridor which ran the length of the house, nodding to Ingene, Emily's personal maid who was in attendance there, and followed the sound of voices to the library.

Emily boomed a greeting and turned Bim over to the Baron, a bald-headed and decrepit old fellow who stumbled up from his chair and nearly fell over as he bent from the waist to kiss the back of Bim's hand, muttering the while his pleasure in a language not quite German and not quite French and not quite English but a mixture of all three.

The old man sank back heavily on his cushions, running a silk handkerchief over his forehead. "Eggsauce, plis, Ma'm'zelle. I have id, the sickness in the feed. How you say, goudt?"

"Oh, I'm sorry," Bim murmured. "An old man—too old for Em's shindies. Something pathetic about him; something almost bewildered. Only his eyes were very cold—almost fishy as they took her in, appraised her as if she were a piece of bric-a-brac tagged with a price."

She flushed and was turning away when Em caught her arm. "You must meet the Baroness dear. Handsome—my word, Ted's sunk already. Em's whisper was almost a bellow and Bim flashed a glance at Mary Frost who was, as she saw, pretending not to have heard. She followed Em to an isolated divan

where Ted Frost's dark head, sleek and shining as lacquer, was bent above a young woman.

They were so deep in conversation that they failed to see the two who approached—or if they did see they gave no sign. Standing there those few seconds with Em tussling at her elbow, Bim had opportunity to study the pair and she thought she never had seen a woman as beautiful as the Baroness or a man so appreciative as Ted.

The Baroness was tall and the clinging lines of her black gown, cut too low, according to Kingcliffe standards, made her seem more slender than she was actually. Her hair was blue-black with a smooth, lazy wave falling across her ears and her eyes were long and dark and, in contrast with her dead white makeup, enormous. She looked, Bim thought, like one of the brilliant flowers late Summer had coaxed into bloom; like an American beauty or a crimson dahlia.

She wondered if Ted were thinking this too as he leaned forward, his handsome, slightly dissipated face aglow. Ted was the play-boy of Pine Hill; Ted drank too much and gambled too much and his flirtations were a tradition. Still he had reformed within the past year; it must have been at least a year since Kingcliffe had had occasion to whisper and speculate and look the other way for Mary Frost's sake. Poor Mary. Patient Penelope always waiting, always forgiving.

"Baroness—Em's boom was almost timid for once. But she had to speak a second time before that dark, exquisite head raised slowly, gave them an indifferent stare.

"Baroness—Miss Bhima Martin—great little friend of mine"—Always scrupulously unconventional—that was Em.

"Oh!" The Baroness's voice was indifferent; she might as well, Bim thought, have said "What of it?"

Before the girl could utter a word the lovely head turned. The intruders were dismissed with the shrug of one white shoulder.

"Well!" Bim felt like reaching over and clapping that perfect shoulder; then she felt like shrieking with laughter. "Airs!" she giggled into Em's ears. "I never."

"Sh!" Em, pulling her down the room boomed out quickly. "Everybody here? Oh, Bob and Millicent. My dear, they'll be the death of me, those two seasoned love birds. Ah, here they are."

A Tense Moment.

Bim observed with interest the process of introductions. Millicent, fluttering, little, well-meaning bungler trying to carry it off when she mistook the old Baron's intention and snatched away her hand, leaving his salute to fall upon empty air; Bob's stiff, ungracious nod in the old fellow's direction; Em dragging Millicent toward the divan; Millicent faring no better with the Baroness than she herself had fared; Millicent's fluttering confusion; fury leaping in the half-mad eyes of Bob.

"Something's going to break at Eagle's Nest!" Couldn't she get Walter's gloomy prophecy out of her mind? Was this it? Would Bob Trent make a scene because he fancied, though with reason, that the Baroness von Wiese had snubbed his wife? The wife he adored with fanatical devotion?

Everybody in Kingcliffe made allowance for Bob. Poor boy, gassed at Verdun, he was ill much of the time and mentally unstable always. Anything might set him off. Would he say something, do something violent?

Bim held her breath. Then Em's heavy voice cut through the tension; some one rustled; guests drew together. The moment was bridged and Bim breathed again. "Silly," she kept repeating. "Nothing can happen—nothing can break. Darn old Walter, getting on my nerves."

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Bunny was inclined to be vague in some respects, what with his philosophical manderings about this and that and his pictures which he painted in seasons of feverish activity and his periods of gloom about his studio bungalow above Lowland Drive. But he was very genuine, very much the thoroughbred and Bim adored him as she would have adored an older brother.

His Hopes.

Just now he was, she knew, as happy as it was possible for him to be since Em, in a burst of rare generosity, had sent Laura Allan on his right. Laura Allan, who never turned a hand in Bunny's direction, was the sum total of all his hopes—his crown jewels, his pearl of great price.

Over the soup Bim studied Laura—her aristocratic profile, cold and clear-cut as a cameo; her aloof little smile; the glow that flickered and dimmed in her hazel eyes. Why did Bunny love her so? Why did he wait year after year hoping to win her?

Laura was not really one of the Pine Hill crowd; indeed she attended Em's parties in defiance of the emphatic wishes of her father, crusty old Judge Allan. Laura was a diddle, a mystery. Sometime, Bim felt, she might know; sometime she might become really acquainted with the girl she had played with as a child.

At Laura's right was Bob Trent, white-faced, emaciated, still glowing with the hint of frenzy sliding over his countenance. Beside Bob Trent was Mary Frost—dear Mary, gentle, understanding Mary, grown a little gray, a little wrinkled, more than a little faded, with her frustrated years. Everyone in the world loved Mary and was her friend and Mary was a friend to all. Never a syllable of criticism on Mary's lips, never a hint of dislike in Mary's glance. And yes—Mary didn't care for Laura Allan, oddly enough. Not by word or action did she allow it to be known, nor was it known save by Bim, who merely sensed it. Why did Mary feel toward Laura as she felt toward the others—toward Millicent—Em—Bim? Had she solved the riddle of Laura and found the answer not to her liking?

"Silly," Bim told herself once again and turned her attention to Millicent, who was seated between Millicent and Peter Hardy. Millicent was dowdy, she was makeshift, she was ineffectual—product of Bob's failure. The Trents were known to be hard up since Bob was unable to attend to his business affairs more than half the time. Millicent could not afford even one secret the fact that she did her own housework, even to the ironing and Bim suspected, the laundry at times. Brave little thing—brave little dim-wit.

Em's butler moved like a shadow across the room to a serving table where he placed a huge silver tray of wine glasses. Bim's gaze followed him idly as he busied himself at the table. He was tall and young with a mop of flaming red hair and a singularly graceful way of moving. "As if he heard music in his head and moved to that," she reflected.

He was directly behind the Baroness and she, Bim saw, was staring straight ahead with odd intensity. Curiosity got the better of Bim; snatching a glance over her shoulder she saw that the Baroness was staring into the deep, wide mirror of the great old English side-board which she faced. She was watching something—she was watching the butler! The long, dark eyes followed his movements; it was almost as if she waited for him to turn around.

He did turn, with a glass in his hand. The Baroness raised her head, gave him a long look. There was a crash as the glass fell. The man stood there, looking stupidly at the Baroness.

"Something's going to break at Eagle's Nest!"

"But not just a glass," Bim thought hysterically. "Not just a glass!"

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 9 30 a.m.

BREIER OPENS ITS

VICTORY SALE

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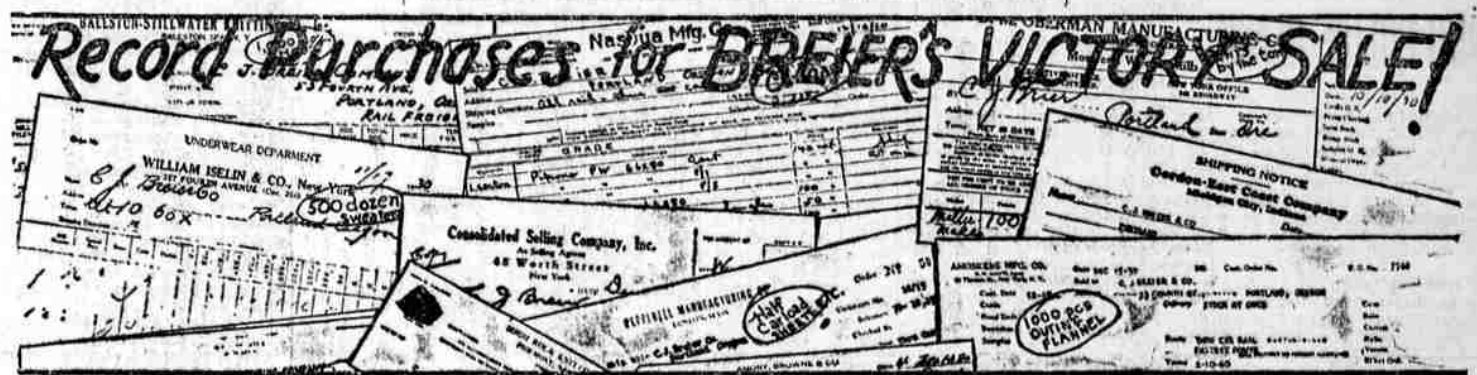
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The mills, the large manufacturers and big converters, who have been bearing the burden of the reactionary trade conditions, cooperated with us to the limit. We are inspired with fresh enthusiasm and thrilled with a sense of helping to restore optimism.

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Rayon Stripe Shirts

Rayon stripe broadcloth in small patterns. Vat-dyed colors. Attached collar. Less than a year ago these same kind of shirts sold for \$1.49, now

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Regular \$1.39 value. Best grade cotton flannel. Has snap, but is inexpensive. A pronounced value at

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Part wool. Fancy Indian designs. 66x80. Brilliantly colored. Navajo pattern. While they last

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3½ lbs. 70x80. Part wool. Double. A "wiz" for value. Never sold for less than \$2.98 before. Four inch block plaids

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Priscilla Bates Jacquard Rayon BEDSPREAD

Attractively boxed. 81x105. Genuine \$5 value, for

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Produced by the Breier Garment Factory. Sold other times for \$1, now

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All White Mercerized Broadcloth Shirts

Another victory for us all. Don't overlook this big bet. It's the tipoff value ever shouted from the house, and that is no idle boast. Coat style, correctly tailored, perfectly true to size. Sleeve lengths to suit everyone. Sheen finish broadcloth. For just

93c

Real \$1.50 Shirt Value.

DEPT. STORES

C.J. Breier Co
IN THE WEST

LINENS

TURKISH TOWELS—22x44, double thread. Good weight. Colored borders. Other times 39c. Now

22c

WEARWELL PILLOW CASES—Size 42 in. Quantity purchase of a quality buy brings these at, each

22c

PILLOW CASE AND SCARF SET—Stamped with matching designs. Genuine Pepperell cases. 2 cases and scarf

70c

PEPPERELL AT WHOLESALE—42-in. Pepperell Pillow Cases, each

20c

81x90 Pepperell Sheets

\$1.05

81x99 Pepperell Sheets

\$1.19

WEARWELL SHEETS—81x99. Large purchase and big discount. A product worthy of its name. Extra fine count, extra low price

94c

Nothing has been left undone to put our Victory Sale over the top. Altogether now.

100-case lot of Factory Close-Out Number - Wet Weather

Special Purchase at Pre-Inventory Period, Brings a Real Buy in Men's

WORK SHOES

At the lowest price this type of shoe has ever been sold. Heavy oiled tan upper. Full leather in sole. Pango composition sole and heel, both nailed and stitched. A regular \$3.95 value.

Dress Oxfords

A Brockton—bench-made shoe, which speaks volumes in its favor. Fine calfskin upper, oak-bent sole. A genuine \$5 value for

\$1.93 \$2.93

High Grade ALL WOOL BLANKETS

66x80

Seldom, if ever, can we afford to sell all-wool blankets of this quality at this price. But we are doing the unusual for this sale. High rich shades.

\$2.98

FLEECE LINED COATS

Buy them by the carload. That explains these two low prices... That's the way to get bargains for our customers Fleece lined coats... sports coats, sweat shirts and lumber jacks... all kinds... all styles, for all tastes. All sizes.

66c Some Buy! 88c For Boys, some good buys at 49c.

Outing Pajamas

2-pc. A quality that used to sell for \$1.75. A superior value.

\$1.29

BLAZER-STRIPE PAJAMAS

Group 2. Lots of snap, and lots of value.

\$1.00

White Broadcloth Shirts

A prize buy. Don't overlook this big bet.

93c

Gloves. Get a hand out for the Victory Sale. Leather faced canvas gloves

17c

Men's Jersey Gloves

Made to fit nicely and give service. Knit wrist band. A quantity buy brings this economy price

8c

New Crisp Wash Frocks

In Patterns that sing "spring" Look at them.

69c

New Silk Frocks

Fresh from the style center of N. Y. The last word in fashion.

\$7.50

DEPT. STORES

C.J. Breier Co
IN THE WEST

GROWERS TO SWAP HIGH GRADE TURKS

O. J. Shelton, one of the leading turkey breeders of California, has written to Mrs. Ward Cockeram of Oakland, offering to trade the tom which won the highest awards at the Chicago International Turkey show last year, for the yearling tom from the Cockeram farm, which won sweepstakes at the Northwestern Turkey show at Oakland in December. Mr. Shelton refused an offer of \$250 for his tom following the Chicago show. He is a licensed A. P. A. turkey judge, and one of the most successful growers on the Pacific coast.

Mrs. Cockeram refused to part with her prize bird, believing that it is as valuable to her and to Douglas county breeders as to anyone else. However, she is making an exchange for a son of her prize tom, the younger bird being very much like the yearling which won the honors at the show.

Mrs. Cockeram states that the Northwestern Turkey show is having a great effect on the reputation of Umpqua Valley turkeys for breeding stock. The fact that experienced and well-known judges, in whom turkey growers have confidence, have selected Douglas county birds for prizes in competition with others from various states, has established a standard

for the local birds, giving breeders an opportunity to secure worthwhile stock with assurance that it will meet all high standards.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN NOTICE

Ordinance No. 683 provides that it is unlawful for any person under the age of sixteen years to be upon or remain in or upon any of the streets, alleys, theatres, skating rinks, or other place of amusement in the City of Roseburg, Oregon, after the hour of nine o'clock P. M. on any day of the year, unless accompanied by a parent, guardian, or other person having the care and custody of such minor person, and also that it is unlawful for any parent, guardian, or other person having the legal care and custody of any person under the age of sixteen years to allow such child to go or to be in or upon any street, alley, theatre, or other public place of amusement after the hour of nine o'clock P. M. on any day of the year, unless such child is accompanied by a parent, guardian, or other person having care and custody of said child.

Said Ordinance No. 683 provides a penalty for the violation of same, and the officers have been instructed to enforce the provisions of said Ordinance. Commencing Thursday, January 22nd, 1931, the fire alarm will be sounded with short blast at nine o'clock P. M., each day as a reminder to parents and children.

By order of the Common Council.

A. J. GEDDES, Recorder.

HEAD OF SENATE PUTS MERIT FIRST

(Associated Press Local Wire)

SALEM, Jan. 20.—A state senate in which every measure shall be considered on its merits, and without organization in the sense in which that word has been understood in the past is the hope of the present session, President Willard L. Marks told the Salem chamber of commerce yesterday. He made no prediction, however, as to whether controversies may develop that will cause organization of factions.

Better legislation will result, according to Marks' opinion, if the members get away from the idea that they must affiliate with some wing or faction and "play ball" on every important issue that arises. Senator Marks deplored the tendency, often shown by the public, he said, to "peke fun" at the legislature, and defended the membership with the assertion that as a whole the members are persons of integrity and ideals working for the best interests of the state.

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—The house at Greenville where Andrew Johnson ran a tailor shop is to be kept up. The legislature has voted \$1,000 annually for the purpose.