

"MURDER AT EAGLE'S NEST"

By WINIFRED VAN DUZER

Bilma Martin, called "Bin," young reporter, is anxious to aid her father's small-town newspaper. She rejects the marriage proposals of Walter Vance, assistant chief of police. Walter asks Bin not to attend a party given by wealthy Emily Hardy, in honor of the deceased Baron von Wiese and his daughter young wife, Ted Frost, town play-boy and husband of patient Mary Frost, is commander of the Barons. As the butler serves wine, the Baroness stares at him. Their eyes meet, and, stunned, he drops a glass. Later, on a pretense, the Baroness goes to the dining room and is speaking with the butler, when her maid appears and screams. On the terrace, Bin sees the Baroness slip the butler a piece of paper.

CHAPTER IV.

The clock on the Reformed Church down in the village was tolling nine, the echoes rolling faintly up Pine Hill, when Bin said good-night and left the party, with the mystery lurking in its midst, upon the terrace. She pondered that mystery as she walked down the drive, moving briskly through the deep shadow. What was it all about? Would it remain a mystery, unseen and unguessed by most of the Pine Hill crowd, as Walter called her "Bin" or would it flare into the open and perhaps fulfill Walter's prophecy that "something would break at Eagle's Nest?"

There had been tension in the very air of the place, now that she thought of it she had felt an undercurrent the moment she put her foot in the mansion. Yet there was nothing tangible—nothing that was, which probably could be explained away.

Ted's flirtation with the Baroness was nothing to bother about; at least it would not have been a year ago when he was falling into and out of affairs one after the other. Of course it was possible that Mary would be upset by his marked attention to the Baroness but Mary kept such things to herself; Mary would not be one to cause "something to break."

Then there had been the tant moment when madness seized Bob Trent, but this, too, was nothing. Poor Bob would not long remember the slight offered Millicent; devoted little scatter-brained Millicent herself would see to that.

Well, then, the thing, whatever it was, had to do with the guests of honor: with the Baron, stout, fishy-eyed, watching his wife while bewilderment and outrage and malice crossed his seamed old face, Bin guessed that the Baroness made a habit of flirtation; that she carried flirtations on flirtantly, flaunting them before her husband. Something contemptible about that since he was quite helpless to retaliate or defend himself.

The Baroness—how beautiful she was. Why did she watch William the butler in the mirror? Why was he so startled when her gaze locked with his as to let a glass slide from his fingers, what message did he mutter into the

Baroness' ear beneath the cover of dinner-table chatter? Why did she leave the party on a flimsy pretense and go back to the dining room to seek him out? What did she say to him there, talking so swiftly, earnestly, with her hand on his arm? Why was Jane, the maid, stricken at sight of them? Why did William shield the maid—and himself and the Baroness—with the faked-up story of a burglar? Why did the Baroness slip a torn-out magazine page into William's hand?

Bin could answer none of the questions; she grew giddy with trying and finally gave up. But one thing she did decide; she would not let Walter what had happened. Bin was too forthright to mind a little I-told-you-so crossing on Walter's part but she had no wish to put into his possession anything which might lend color to the theory that Ed Hardy and her crowd were for herself. Bin liked them all and meant to continue her visits to Eagle's Nest regardless of Walter's protests or of her father's entreaties. If Walter should see fit to enlist Old Tom's aid.

Passing the Station House, she saw a light and stopped in, expecting to find Fred Burke, who usually took the desk when Walter left at 8 o'clock. But Walter himself was there, playing solitaire with a pack of very dirty cards spread across the police blotter, and looking glum.

He answered her "Hi" with a nod and swept the cards into a drawer. "I'll walk home with you, Bin. Shebang! mind itself for half an hour."

"But where's Fred? Don't tell me your getting kind to the help with nights off and everything?"

"No foolin'!" He grinned, but his eyes were serious. "I suppose you'll say 'scarecrow' and all that, but I wouldn't go off the job while you were up the hill. Laugh that off if you like."

"She didn't laugh, though?"

"You're awfully sweet, Wally. And awfully foolish. What did you expect would happen to me up there?"

"It wasn't just that," he explained. "On the level, I've got a feeling about Ed Hardy's place. That's where I've been staying around whenever she gives a blow-out, sort of waiting for something to break, I suppose—well, I don't know why, exactly, only she drags in such nuts from here and there and everywhere. Once it was an East Indian with a baby elephant riding him down the street, and once it was a gunman straight out of Chicago. And once—"

"But she has nice people, too, Wally. Not all 'nuts.'"

"Yeah, but I dunno." They talked about other things then for it was summer and they were young and one of them at least was very much in love. And it was really an hour or perhaps two that the Station House was left to mind itself, though Walter ordinarily was conscientious about duty.

However, as it turned out, those couple of hours were the last time

of the young assistant chief of police was to have in a long while, for even as he returned to his post at midnight there was transpiring that which would keep him working night and day and which would, in the end, change everything for him and for Bin as well. He called her on the telephone early in the morning. It was so very early that the summons brought her, all flushed and flurried with sleep, to the extension telephone in the hallway outside her room, yawning as she took down the receiver.

"Bin? Listen—" His voice sounded strained and Bin opened one eye wide, then the other, as drowsiness fell from her like a garment. "Are you listening, Bin?"

"You up yet?"

"I am now. For goodness sake—"

"Get dressed and come to Eagle's Nest. Understand? Get yourself a cup of coffee first, I'll be waiting for you. There's a room at the right as you go in; I'll be there. Right away."

"But—bin—what's—well, can't you tell me anything? Certainly I'll come out, but I'd like to know—"

"Not now. Remember—room at the right. Don't talk to anyone. Step on it."

"Oh—The receiver at the other end of the line clicked and she stood there a moment looking at the telephone.

"It looks very much," she remarked aloud as she made for the bathroom, "as if something had broken at Eagle's Nest."

Hardly more than a half hour later Bin rattled up Lowell Drive in Old Tom's Hives, and parking the ramshackle car at the gates of Eagle's Nest, walked the rest of the way. The mansion looked exactly as she had left it the night before; the huge wicker chairs on the terrace were pushed about as if the dinner guests had only that minute left them; wind-rattled the magazines from which the Baroness had torn a page; nothing was changed.

Before Bin could ring Walter came along the wide hall and opened the door. He was rather drawn, rather weary, and she guessed at once that he had been up all night. She gave him a little hug as he drew her toward the small drawing room at the west of the hall and he slipped his arm about her shoulders and dropped a kiss upon her pale head.

"Sit down," he said when the door was closed. "I've telephoned the D. A. and he's sending Jim Reynolds over. Before he comes I want you to tell me everything you know about the party last night."

A chill struck down her heart and something tight seemed to wind her throat. She said, "Yes, Walter. Only—can't you tell me just something what it's all about?"

"Yes," grimly. "The Baroness von Wiese was murdered last night. Shot in the back. She's lying out in the garden—out in the summer house."

(To Be Continued)

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, executor of the last will and testament of Anton Werth, deceased, has been duly appointed and acting by the World War Veterans State Aid Commission, plaintiff, vs. Lewis M. Russell, Eva Russell, his wife, and J. G. Gilmore, defendants. Notice is hereby given that, by virtue of an execution and order of sale issued out of the above entitled court in the above entitled suit on the 12th day of January, 1931, pursuant to the judgment and decree made and entered in said cause in favor of the above named plaintiff and against the defendants, Lewis M. Russell, Eva Russell, his wife, and J. G. Gilmore, on the 8th day of January, 1931 commanding me as sheriff to sell the hereinafter described real property to satisfy the sum of \$1175.76 with interest thereon at the rate of four per cent per annum from the 7th day of August, 1927, and the further sum of \$1500.00 to be paid by the plaintiff, as reasonable attorney's fees in said suit, and the further sum of \$45.00 stated as plaintiff's costs and disbursements in said suit, and for the costs and expenses incurred on the sale of the real property to be sold pursuant to said writ of execution, all in accordance with the said judgment and decree, I will, on the 14th day of February, 1931, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the front door of the court house in Roseburg, Douglas County, Oregon, offer for sale and sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the following described real property, to-wit:

The northwest quarter, and the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section thirty-four, in Township 10 south of range 2 west of the Willamette Meridian, in Douglas County, Oregon, containing two hundred acres, more or less, together with the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereto belonging in or in any-wise appertaining, subject to redemption, as provided by law, and I will apply the proceeds of such sale to the payment of the costs and disbursements of said suit, including the attorney's fees allowed therein, to the payment of the amounts above adjudged to be due the plaintiff with accrued interest thereon, as above specified; and (c) the overplus if any, I will turn over to the clerk of the above entitled court for the benefit of whomsoever may be entitled thereto.

Date of first publication January 15, 1931.

V. T. JACKSON, Sheriff of Douglas County, Oregon.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Douglas County. In the matter of the estate of W. E. Miller, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned was, by an order duly made and entered in the above entitled court and cause by the Hon-

NOTICE RE. ESTATE TAXES

Notice is hereby given that penalty and interest on all taxes delinquent in Douglas County, Oregon, for the year 1927 and prior thereto, will be remitted and full receipt given upon payment of the original taxes levied, if payment is made before February 1st, 1931.

COUITY COURT OF DOUGLAS COUNTY, OREGON.

Attest: Roy Agee, Clerk.

EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Douglas County. In the matter of the estate of Anton Werth, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, executor of the last will and testament of Anton Werth, deceased, by order of the above entitled court, and that she has duly qualified as such. All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased are hereby required

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BILL FIXES JUDGE'S RETIREMENT AT 70

Many Changes in Oregon's Legal Procedure Also Being Sought.

(Associated Press Legal Wire) SALEM, Jan. 21. Voluntary retirement of judges on full pay at the age of 70 is provided for in a group of bills pertaining to the judiciary procedure which Senator J. W. Crawford has ready for introduction. Another of the measures provides for a state judicial council of 15 members, five judges, five lawyers and five laymen instead of the present council of five judges.

The retirement bill applies to supreme and circuit court judges who have served continuously for 15 years as supreme or circuit court judges or attorneys general.

The enlarged judicial council would be appointed by the chief justice. Among the five judges serving would be the chief justice himself, one associate justice and three other judges of various experience. The theory of raising laymen, it was said, is that they would serve as a balancing influence.

Other provisions of the group of bills are: Amending the law relative to the payment proceedings to make it clearer and more definite, and prohibiting publicity until the charges

reach the supreme court. Providing that the court may suspend rules of evidence so as not to require a witness to accept or disprove a set of facts when there is no bona fide dispute, even though there is an issue in the pleadings.

Providing for the appointment by the supreme court of a state code reviser. His duty would be, during and between legislative sessions, to formulate bills for the clarification of laws or for the repeal of useless laws, and to coordinate the statutes for codification. He would receive compensation of \$500 a year.

Age Limit Qualified Removing the requirement that chattel mortgages be witnessed, adding a qualification for supreme court and circuit court judges that they be not over 70 years old at the time of appointment or election, and not to apply to judges in office at the time of passage of the bill relative to their running for reelection unless they shall have served for 15 years.

Reinstating the statute as authorizing the chief justice to assign circuit judges to districts other than their own.

Amending the service of summons law so that summons may be served on the vice-president and cashier of a corporation, as well as upon their superiors.

Providing for levy of attachment

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