

'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. She rejects the marriage proposal of Walter Vance, assistant chief of police. Walter asks Bim not to attend a party given by wealthy Emily Hardy, in honor of the decrepit Baron von Wiese and his haughty young wife. Ted Frost, town play-boy and husband of patient Mary Frost, is enamored of the Baroness. 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, Bim sees the Baroness slip the butler a piece of paper. Bim leaves early, wondering about the mysterious happenings. Next morning Walter notifies her the Baroness has been murdered.

CHAPTER V.

It seemed an age to Bim that she stood there with Walter's words thundering in her ears. Actually it was only the space of a breath before she gave a little cry and sank upon the chair he pushed against her knees.

"But—but—why it couldn't be! The Baroness—dead? She was so alive—so gorgeously alive. Walter, you're not sure? She was so beautiful—She began to cry, shaking hysterically.

Walter patted her shoulder and finally took her hands in his warm tight grip, sitting beside her. "Back up, honey. Bound to happen—this or something. Em plays too loose and fast. Want a glass of water? I saw wine on the sideboard—"

"Not! I'll be all right. It's just so—so sort of awful. Walter, you'd better keep an eye on that terrible old man—the Baron. I think he hated her. And she flirted."

"Yeah? Who did she flirt with?" "Ted Frost. Oh, don't go blaming Ted; he hadn't a chance after she looked at him. But the Baron—"

"It's no good, Bim. I'd like to hang it on the old hippopotamus but his alibi is water tight. Listen; I got a call last night around two o'clock that something was wrong up here and I happened to it. Nobody knew a thing about the call; Em went haywire when I said I'd have a look. Em and Hardy and the Baron were sitting around together and all three swore they'd been there since the party broke up; that was afterward, under stand; after we—or rather I—had found the body. It seems the Baron was trying to wangle a loan out of Hardy and they were thick as thieves together. It's what they were talking about till two in the morning, Hardy says, and it seems likely enough. The Baron had all he could do to stand on his gouty dogs. I'm willing to bet he wasn't out of his chair all evening. He took it hard, too, yapping about disgrace and all that. Not, I guess, that he cared what happened to the baggage he married."

"Who was it called you, then?" "Yeah—who? Em got the servants in for third degree and they all denied they'd been out of bed, the whole kit and bilin' of 'em, scared stiff. It was a woman's voice, English—not cockney, no dropped attches; clipped and precise."

"Em's got two colored maids and the colored cook. And Williams, the red-headed butler. And Em's maid and the Baroness' maid."

"They showed up in kimono and looked sleepy and innocent. We'll put them through again this morning when Jim comes. I combed the house first and then the garden. She was lying on the floor in the summer house with a sheet over her, pulled out and smoothed down as if someone had taken their time spreading it."

Bim shivered and began to cry again. But presently she told about the dinner party—she told everything excepting the part about poor Bob which seemed not to matter after all—while he made notes

path, or maybe only stepped on it by the door. This is stone dust. Looks as if the Baroness kept a date out here last night and someone sneaked up and gave her the works. Why? Maybe we'll know by and by. All right, Doc."

They stood there a moment looking down at the sheet. Bim's attention was caught by a laundry mark in one corner; it was one of those marks which become cabalistic through much repetition. Letters had been stamped upon each other until the thing ended in a smudge, but she made out a curve, at the beginning and a straight line beneath before Walter drew back the square of white and laid it aside.

The body lay upon the left side with the right arm flung out and up and the face toward the rear of the summer house. The long, dark eyes were partly closed and the lips, still vivid with rouge, drawn back. It seemed to Bim that there was amazement in the face which was lovely in spite of violent death.

Early morning sunlight struck through overhanging rose vines and not abate a great square easement glowing from the slain woman's throat and it kindled fire in jewels on her clenched hand. Something sardonic about the glitter of gems in that place of destruction.

But it was not this which chilled Bim, which drained the color from her face and set her trembling. Nor was it the unexpected sight of a dark stain slanting down the shawl—down the gold and green and orange flowers embroidered upon the ivory silk of the Spanish shawl—which wrapped the figure on the floor.

"That," she whispered, pointing a wavering finger. "That—the shawl, it wasn't here. I've been seeing it for years. It—the shawl—it belongs to Mary Frost."

(To Be Continued)

THE HAGUE, Jan. 23.—Death today still over the dainty fragile form of Anna Pavlova, whose dancing stirred millions, civilized man and savage alike. She was 45 years old.

Denounced by the bolsheviks as the "Darling of aristocrats," she died in virtual exile from the Russia in which she was born, began her ballet lessons at the age of ten, and achieved her first success in recent years, communist influences had led even to rejection of annual contributions of \$500 to other Russian dancers.

It was during her last visit to the United States in 1924 that she announced her marriage to D'Andre, her accompanist, later revealed that it had taken place 17 years before. Other details of her private life she kept secret, with the plea that the public regards the artist as an illusion, and she preferred to remain so.

She was received everywhere with acclaim, in the capitals of Europe, America and in Moori and Zulu camps of New Zealand and Africa. Probably her most famous ballet was the dance of the dying swan, in which she made her debut at the Metropolitan opera house in New York in 1910. She was considered the world's greatest ballerina, and ranked with Ellsler, Grief and Taglioni of the early 19th century.

Although she departed from rigid classic forms for her conception of the ballet, she criticized modern interpretations such as those of Isadora Duncan and today's jazz dancing. Her temperamental flights led to occasional quarrels with her entourage.

She maintained a home in Paris and at Ivy House, Hampstead, England, where she kept seven swans, her affection for which she was best known.

ANAESTHETIC GASES EXPLODE IN LUNGS

California Woman Patient Meets Instant Death in Odd Accident.

(Associated Press Leased Wire) LOS ANGELES, Jan. 22.—Mrs. Maude Branton, 43, is dead today as the result of one of the most unusual accidents on record in surgery, termed by medical authorities an explosion of anaesthetic gases in her lungs.

The woman was being given an anaesthetic preparatory to undergoing an abdominal operation in a local hospital. Oxygen and ether had already been administered and the patient was semi-conscious, when Dr. C. E. Warner, surgeon, applied a cone of nitrous oxide. Suddenly the saturated cone became ignited from an electric spark of static origin. Mrs. Branton inhaled flaming gas and an explosion resulted in her lungs, which were ruptured, causing instant death.

Dr. A. Wilkes, superintendent of the hospital, reported. An inquest will be held today by Coroner Frank Nance, at which medical authorities, attracted by the unusual case, are expected to be present.

A somewhat similar case was reported in Chicago two years ago, medical authorities said. Mrs. Branton, who was taken to the hospital from her home in Chino, Cal., for the operation, was the wife of a clergyman.

PUG MARRIES, WINS BOUT IN SAME RING

OMAHA, Neb., Jan. 23.—The right hand of Eddie Anderson, Chicago lightweight boxer, was raised in victory twice in the same ring last night.

Anderson and Miss Babe Matthews of Omaha marched down

crowded aisles in evening dress to the strains of wedding music and were married in the ring as "talkie" cameras ground away. Municipal Court Judge John Battin read the service and then raised Anderson's right hand, ancient token of victory in the squared circle.

Anderson embraced his bride and she bestowed a kiss upon embarrassed Billy Vaughn of Omaha, Anderson's opponent in the semi-windup bout. The bridegroom then stripped down to his fighting togs and punched out an eight-round victory.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. O. B. MURRAY

Now we've lost our darling Hazel. Her sweet smile we'll see no more. Yet our heavy hearts are lightened. For she has reached that golden shore. On the grassy hill we laid her, Where flowers bloom, and cedars wave. Yet we know that God has taken her. From that sad and silent grave. Written by Zach Murray, Camas Valley, Oregon.

REGISTRATION AT U. OF O. SETS MARK

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene, Jan. 23.—Among the new students at the University of Oregon this term, who have swelled the total registration to a new high mark of 3266, is Alfred John Ellison, of Roseburg. Registration at this time last year was 3193, showing that in spite of the much talked of depression there has been an increase of 73 in enrollment.

Mr. Ellison, who is entering the university for the first time, has chosen business administration as his major. He was graduated from Roseburg high school in 1927. Fifty-seven students completed their work at the university last term and received their degrees on January 20. Dorothy Mae Busenbark of Roseburg was among the 21 to be awarded bachelor of arts degrees. A large proportion of the 57 were not on the campus this year, but finished up their work through correspondence school.

WASHINGTON.—Gold produced in the United States during 1930 was valued at \$46,151,800, an increase of \$500,400 over 1929, according to a preliminary estimate of the bureau of the mint. Silver production reached \$18,725,552, a decrease of a little over \$3,950,000 below 1929.

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