

'Murder at Eagle's Nest'

By WINIFRED VAN DUZER

The murder of Baroness von Wiese at Eagle's Nest stirred the town of Kingcliff. Walter Vance, assistant chief of police, is in charge of the investigation, aided by his fiancée, "Bim" Martin, a young newspaper reporter. A note written by the Baroness, is found near the body. Bim recalls seeing the Baroness slip the butler a piece of paper, which he denies. Suspicion is cast on Mary Frost, whose husband, Ted, had flirted with the Baroness. Mary's shawl is found wrapped around the body. Mary claims she was unable to locate the shawl and left with Ted. It develops she retained later for the shawl. Complications arise when it is learned that Laura Allan had borrowed the shawl. Emily Hardy's maid heard the Baroness quarrel with her maid. Bim wonders about the wounds on the head and arm of the Baroness' maid. The jewels of the Baroness have been stolen. Laura says she saw Mary entering the garden wearing her shawl. Bim finds a stone from a man's ring on the summer house path. Laura denies wearing the shawl. Bim learns from the gardener that Bunny Baird was entertaining a lady in his bungalow. Bob Trent, gassed war veteran, tells the police the Baroness insulted his wife. Mrs. Trent is four-stricken. Baird refuses to reveal the name of the lady who visited him.

CHAPTER XVII.
It was not until the finger-print expert, a hurried, bespectacled little man, had bustled through his report and then bustled away that Bim understood how much Walter had expected from his work and how disappointed he was when it yielded nothing.

Neither the wicker furnishings of the summer house nor the rough-hewn sappings from which the building was constructed furnished the smooth surface upon which fingers easily leave their imprints and the leather bag, brought from the bottom of the ravine, was as clean of markings as if it had been scrubbed.

"Too bad," Reynolds remarked, wobbling his chin. "But not unusual."

"We might have cleaned up the whole thing today," Walter grumbled. "Now it's likely to take time."
Reynolds objected to this. "The killer never went inside the summer house, son. You closed the windows yourself, didn't you?" And at Walter's nod. "The shooting was done from the garden, probably was the woman and her companion got up ready to leave. Or they might have heard a noise and got up; she fell on her side, which seems to indicate that she'd just turned around. Maybe she saw who it was and maybe she didn't, but that's what happened."

Bim could not suppress a squeal of protest. "But the person that was with her—the man—I thought—well, I thought he was the one."

The two men laughed at her dignity and Walter shook his head. "He knows, though. A lot."

"Well, who was he?" Bim persisted. "Not Ted, because he went home with Mary, and not Bunny, because he went with Laura, and not Bob, nor the Count, nor Mr. Hardy. Who did the Baroness meet in the garden?"

"Check the gardener. And whose tracks did we find back of the summer house and where did the sheet come from and who spread it over the body? And why did the Baroness wear Mary Frost's shawl?"

"Maybe," said Bim slowly, "to confuse people. Maybe she wanted someone to think she was Mary Frost."

"Oh! Supposing someone did think so; who's got a grudge against Mary Frost?"

"No one in the world, Wally. Mary's the most beloved woman."

"You're both forgetting," Reynolds put in, "the missing jewels."

Fred Burke appeared at this moment to report that the search carried on by another policeman and himself for the death gun had been fruitless. They had combed the house and garden and the woods outside, scrambling up and

"Yeh? Sure she called me herself, who else?"
"It might have been the butler or—Mrs. Hardy."
"Haw; way she was actin', I guess she wanted to keep it on the quiet. Say," he burst out eagerly, "they wasn't nothing big goin' on, was they? No heads punched—nothin' like that?"
"Of course not," Bim laughed. "And, Charlie," she added, as he stopped to let her out, "keep it to yourself—what you know about Mary—will you? There's a reason."
"Sure," he nodded. "No one ever heard me tell nothin'. You gotta keep your face shut in the hackin' business. S'long."

Bim waved and started off toward the station house. She had no illusions about Charlie Perrone's discretion. He knew more than everyone in town put together about the secret places in the lives of Kingcliff citizens, and he told most of what he knew. But in a few hours the Banner would be on the street, and then Charlie Perrone would understand just how "big" was that which had gone on at Eagle's Nest last night. His lips would be sealed.

In the meantime Bim had something to tell the police—something which would shatter the carefully contrived story of Mary and Ted Frost.
(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

NORTHWEST GIVEN EDGE IN BUSINESS

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 5.—President W. W. Atterbury of the Pennsylvania Railroad company, who returned today from a month's trip to the Pacific coast, said that he found that the people generally have at heart "a deep admiration" for President Hoover "for all that he has been endeavoring to do in the way of improving the trade and business conditions of the nation."

CO-OPS LOSE FIGHT FOR LOWER RATES

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—Co-operative dairy and poultry organizations in southern Idaho and eastern Oregon lost an attempt today before the Interstate Commerce commission to obtain freight reductions on shipments to California.

The complainants whose producing operations are located in the

territory defined by Baker, Oregon, on the west, and Pocatello and Boise, Idaho, on the east, now are paying average rates of about \$1.60 per hundred pounds on shipments to San Francisco and about \$1.66 to Los Angeles. They are paying average rates of about \$1.44 on the

San Francisco business and \$1.59 on the Los Angeles shipments. The commission held the Idaho-Oregon dairy interests were not being subjected to any discriminatory rate burden.
News-Review—telephone 185.

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