

The Mazaroff Mystery

By J. S. FLETCHER
W. N. U. Service

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS
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CHAPTER VIII—Continued

"Show them in!" said Maythorne. He turned wondering on us as the girl withdrew. "Manners!" he exclaimed. "Here in London? What's that mean? Something fresh! Well, Manners?" he continued, as the sergeant and another man, both in plain clothes, came into the room, staring curiously at their surroundings, "what brings you here? Take a seat—you know these gentlemen."

Manners grinned at Crole and myself. He jerked a thumb at his companion, a quiet-looking, observant man. "Detective Sergeant Corkerdale," the Yard, gentlemen," he said. "Well, Mr. Maythorne, I'm here on business you can guess at. The fact is, I learned something yesterday, and I hurried up to town, by orders, and I've been to New Scotland Yard, and told all we know. They've put Corkerdale here on to help me. Two or three things happened our way yesterday. All the folks—Elphinstones—left Marrasdale tower for London, sudden. Then, the High Cap lodge party broke up and came here, too—same train. Later in the morning that old chap Cowie, that lives in a cottage close by Reiver's den, came to me and said that he'd something to tell—something, he said, that he'd kept to himself until the gentlemen had gone away from Mr. Courthope's. Then, when I'd assured him that no harm would come to him, he went on to tell me that on the night of Mazaroff's murder, some little time after hearing a shot fired near his cottage, he went out, and from behind his garden hedge, saw two men, close by. One, he said, was the big fat gentleman from High Cap Lodge, the other was Parslave. And, says Cowie, he saw 'em go away together, talking, sort of whispering, in the direction of Courthope's. Now, as we know, Parslave's never been seen since—in our parts. Where is he?"

"Is that what you've come to see Doctor Eccleshare about, Manners?" asked Maythorne.

"That's it, sir!—me and Detective Sergeant Corkerdale here are going to see Doctor Eccleshare and hear what he's got to say," answered Manners. "If Parslave was with him that night, then I want to know why—and I want to know where Parslave is now!"

"Then I'll save you some trouble, Manners," said Maythorne. "Parslave is where he's probably been ever since the night of the murder—or, rather, since the day after. He's in Doctor Eccleshare's house, at Paddington."

The two policemen looked at each other. But that was only for a second; each turned sharply on Maythorne. The man from New Scotland Yard spoke.

"That looks like some sort of collusion between him and this doctor," he said. "They'll have to be seen."

"We were just going to see them when you came," remarked Maythorne. "You'd better come with us. Come along!—we'll go see him, and hear the latest."

"Oh, very well, doctor!" he said. "This is Detective Sergeant Corkerdale, from New Scotland Yard. I've been there this morning and laid before the authorities certain facts concerning you and Parslave, and if we don't get some satisfactory explanation from you, I shall just have to ask you to come with us and explain things elsewhere."

Eccleshare's big face flushed a little. But he made an obvious attempt to keep his temper.

We left Cottingley and, led by Maythorne and Manners, went off to the quiet side street. Maythorne knocked; the door was opened almost instantly by a tall, elderly woman in cap and apron.

"Doctor Eccleshare at home?" demanded Maythorne. "Just so—thank you, we'll come in."

He and Manners were over the threshold before the woman could say anything; the rest of us crowding closely behind, and, looking over their shoulders, found ourselves gazing on a big, roomy hall, set in the center of the ground floor. And there, before us, and now turning on this incurious face with wondering and surprised eyes, were our two men. The trunks of which Cottingley had spoken were open on the hall floor. Parslave, in his shirt sleeves, was engaged in packing things into them, under Eccleshare's superintendence. Clearly, as Maythorne had suggested, Eccleshare was contemplating a departure.

He turned on us sharply as we crowded in, and the look that he gave us was one of nothing but surprise—there was no annoyance, no sign of self-consciousness; it was easy to see that all that was in his mind was just wonder at our presence.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed. "What's this? You, Manners?—and a whole company behind you? What's arisen?—some new development?"

Manners, without hesitation, pointed to Parslave, who, on his knees beside a trunk, had turned to stare at him, open-mouthed.

"Doctor Eccleshare!" he said. "What's that man doing in your house?"

Eccleshare, in his turn, stared—first at Parslave, then at Manners. "Parslave?" he said. "Why shouldn't he be in my house? He's in my employ—my man!"

"Your man—your servant?" asked Manners. "Since—when?"

"Since I engaged him at Marrasdale," retorted Eccleshare. He looked from one to the other of us. "I don't know what concern it is of anybody's, Manners," he went on, "but since you seem extraordinarily inquisitive, I may as well tell you that I've sold this practice and I'm going to South America—on other pursuits. I wanted a strong, capable man—preferably a countryman, used to outdoor life—to go with me, and I engaged Parslave. That's why he's here."

Manners drew a long breath and shook his head.

"You know that we've had a bill out for Parslave this last two or three days, Doctor Eccleshare," he said. "Posted all about the district! Why didn't you tell us where Parslave was?"

"Pardon me, my man, I know nothing whatever about any bill," replied Eccleshare. "I was never near Marrasdale nor Birnside nor Gilchester the last few days I was in your parts. I neither saw your bill nor heard of it."

Manners became official in aspect and tone. He jerked his head towards Corkerdale.

"Oh, very well, doctor!" he said. "This is Detective Sergeant Corkerdale, from New Scotland Yard. I've been there this morning and laid before the authorities certain facts concerning you and Parslave, and if we don't get some satisfactory explanation from you, I shall just have to ask you to come with us and explain things elsewhere."

"That sounds very threatening, Manners," he answered. "What explanation do you want?"

Manners hesitated. "I'm no lawyer!" he exclaimed. "No hand at putting things—as they ought to be put. Mr. Crole there is a lawyer. Perhaps—"

He glanced appealingly at Crole, and Crole turned to Eccleshare with a smile.

"The situation is this, Doctor Eccleshare," he said. "You know as well as we do that Mr. Mazaroff was murdered at or near Reiver's den on the third night after his arrival at the Woodcock. He was also robbed of all his valuables, and of important papers. About the same time, this man, Parslave—no implication on you, Parslave, mind, in what I say!—dis-



"Hullo!" He Exclaimed, "What's This?"

appears, mysteriously. Parslave is now discovered in your house, here in London. You've given an explanation of that. But—there's more, and it is this, I think, that Sergeant Manners is particularly referring to. After you and Mr. Armitrade and your host, Mr. Courthope, left Marrasdale yesterday morning, information was given to Manners to the effect that you and Parslave were seen near Reiver's den on the night of the murder, just after the informant had heard the shot fired which was, no doubt, the immediate cause of Mazaroff's death. Now, my dear sir, I think you should explain—anything that you can explain."

"Before I give any explanation," said Eccleshare, after a pause, "I should like to know who it was that saw Parslave and myself near Reiver's den on the night of the murder."

"Well—it was Cowie," said Manners. "The old man who lives in the cottage near Reiver's den. He saw you—both."

Eccleshare nodded. He was looking from one to the other of us, and for a moment or two he remained silent, evidently thinking.

"Look here!" he said, suddenly. "Am I—or is Parslave—or are the two of us suspected of the murder of Mazaroff?"

No one answered. Manners moved uneasily in his chair; the man from New Scotland Yard preserved a gran-

the bother of reading. (7) Flexible, unbreakable and bulletproof glass. (8) Cold light, to do away with 95 per cent of electric current now wasted on resistance to create glow. (9) Mahogany lumber from native hardwood trees, by inoculating them with dyes and chemicals.

Gone to the Dog!
The self-assertive man in the corner seat was talking to a friend. "Yes," said the loud-voiced man, "I always bring my dog in the car with me and then I know what he's up to. I allowed him to travel in the baggage car once, and had to pay for a lot of stuff he was supposed-to have eaten!" The train slowed down, and then the friend spoke. "Since you know what your dog's up to," he remarked, quietly, "I suppose you know he's half finished the fish you're taking home?"—London Tit-Bits.

Vague
Eight-year-old Jean was being mentally measured by a professor in the education department of the state university. The college class was observing the method. "What is the difference between revolution and evolution?" asked the professor. "Revolution is war," answered Jean promptly, "and evolution has something to do with monkeys. I don't know what!"—Los Angeles Times.

like countenance; Maythorne showed what seemed to be indifference; Crole and myself looked on. There was a brief silence—broken by Manners.

"I should like to know what Parslave there has to say about his movements that night!" he said. "A rare lot of trouble he's given us!"

"I'm quite sure that Parslave hasn't the slightest notion that he gave you any trouble," remarked Eccleshare. "You forget, I think, that Parslave can't read—so he hasn't learned anything from the newspapers. But—Parslave, tell Sergeant Manners what you did that evening you left Marrasdale."

Parslave, thus bidden, screwed up his face to the feat of remembrance.

"Cloughwaite fair day that was!" he said. "I'd been there. Come away from there end of the afternoon. Then I went home, and according to orders—doctor's orders, there—changed clothes. 'Cause why? I was to go to London that night. Got my supper then, and after that walked along to the Woodcock. I went in there and had a pint—the strange gentleman as was stopping there, he come into the room where there was a regular crowd on us, drovers and shepherds and such like. He stood treat all round—drinks and smokes. Gen'rous, he was! Then he went away. I stopped a bit longer, then I went off. To meet the doctor there—by arrangement. I met him. That's all as I did that night—before leaving."

"Did you ever mention to anybody that you were going to London?" asked Maythorne.

"No, master, I never did," replied Parslave. "Hudn't no cause to. I'm a lone man—neither kith nor kin, nobody to leave. Paid up, I did, where I lodged—and just went off."

"Where did you meet Doctor Eccleshare?" asked Manners.

"Where it had been arranged," replied Parslave, promptly. "Near Reiver's den. He was to be there and give me orders and my traveling money. And there he was."

"Just so!" Eccleshare said. "There I was—and I think I'd better tell you, as things are, precisely what happened. Possibly, I ought to have told all this before. But I had reasons—for silence."

I felt that at last there was going to be some revelations as to the murder of Mazaroff which, up to then, had never been made. And I began to feel a curiously sickening sense of apprehension, not unconnected with the events of the previous evening. Eccleshare knew something!—so, too probably, did Parslave. But—what?

"I say I had reasons for keeping silence," continued Eccleshare, settling down to talk to us. "I had—strong enough for me. Perhaps I've been wrong—perhaps in these cases—murder—nobody should keep silent, under any circumstances. And yet—you'll see, as men, that I had reasons, and weighty ones. Now I'll tell you—as it seems absolutely necessary—precisely what happened to Parslave and myself on the night on which Mazaroff met his death. Let me begin at the beginning. Before I went up north, to Marrasdale, I'd decided to sell my practice—had sold it. In fact—and to leave England for South America and a quite different life—prospecting, shooting, hunting, and that sort of thing. I wanted to take with me a man who'd be useful to me—preferably a countryman; a game-keeper, used to outdoor life, was the sort of man I had in mind. At Marrasdale I came across Parslave—as you can see for yourselves, he's just the wily, muscular sort of chap that was wanted. He is, as he's said just now, a lone man—nothing to tie him to England. He's thoroughly up in woodcraft and that sort of thing; in short, he was the very man I was looking for. I broached the matter to him, and we very soon came to terms. There were certain things that he could do for me here in London, so I arranged that he should come up in advance of me and stay at my house until my return. We arranged further that on the night after Cloughwaite fair, which he had to attend on business, he was to meet me, and I was then to give him money and some final instructions and he was to leave for Newcastle and London."

"Why by Newcastle?" asked Maythorne. "It's a detail, but why not by Black Gill Junction and Carlisle?—the more usual western route?"

"I'll tell you," answered Eccleshare. "Parslave has some interest in a bit of cottage property in Newcastle; as he was leaving England he wanted to see a solicitor in Newcastle who manages that property and to give him some instructions about it. So we arranged that, after seeing me, he was to cross the moor to that little branch line that runs east of Marrasdale, catch the last train to Newcastle, stay the night there, see his solicitor in the morning, and then go on to King's Cross. All of which, he will tell you himself, he did."

"Very well—and—your meeting this night?" asked Maythorne. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

OREGON STATE NEWS OF GENERAL INTEREST

Principal Events of the Week Assembled for Information of Our Readers.

The population of Klamath county increased 20,953 in the past ten years, a gain of nearly 200 per cent.

The season for camp fire permits started recently throughout the Crater National forest in southern Oregon. Approximately 800 persons attended the annual picnic held by the Grangers at Old Culver near Redmond.

The 86th anniversary of the founding of the First Congregational church in Oregon City was observed recently.

Appointment of Theodore Rainwater of Corvallis as deputy state forester was announced by Lyn F. Cronemiller, state forester.

Crater Lake lodge opened for the 1930 tourist season June 26. This year's opening is the earliest in the history of the park.

A rattlesnake measuring over four feet in length and having nine rattles was killed on the hills northeast of Amity one day last week.

Mayor McAtee of Pendleton instructed police to order all signs at curbs and parkings removed. This is being done in an effort to improve the appearance of streets.

Voters of Eugene approved a levy to raise \$28,000 in two years for improvement of the Eugene municipal airport. The vote was 688 for the levy and 643 against it.

Joe Howard, Prineville druggist, has been exonerated in justice court on a charge of taking fish in his hands and killing them with a club, in violation of the state game laws.

Cherry harvesting is at its peak in The Dalles district. The quality of the fruit, particularly in the canning varieties, is said to be extremely high. The fruit is also of unusual size.

Being attacked and scratched and bitten by a flying squirrel was the experience of J. T. Gilroy, Eugene real estate dealer, who was cutting down some trees on a ranch he owns near Creswell.

The Grand army paraded once again in the streets of Eugene as the three-day session of the 49th Oregon encampment drew toward a close. The meeting next year will be held at North Bend.

Details of a proposal for the construction of a \$50,000 golf course near Baker have been agreed upon. Contracts will be signed when the new organization has secured sufficient membership.

A juvenile grange has been organized at Boardman. A substantial prize is offered by the Pomona grange to the juvenile grange having the best exhibit at the forthcoming North Morrow County fair.

If indications prove correct there will be about 350 tons of loganberries harvested for shipment from Estacada, besides smaller shipments from individual growers who have not contracted their crop.

Worms in poultry have occasioned heavy losses to chicken raisers in the Sheild neighborhood. It is believed that the trouble may be due to overfeeding. The disease is confined to full grown fowls.

THE MARKETS
Portland
Wheat—Big Bend bluestem, \$1.07; soft white, western white, 93c; hard winter, northern spring, western red, 91c.
Hay—Alfalfa, new crop, \$18.50; voley timothy, \$20.50@21; eastern Oregon timothy, \$22.50@23; clover, \$17; oat hay, \$16; cats and vetch, \$16.
Butterfat—27@30c.
Eggs—Ranch, 19@22c.
Cattle—Steers, good, \$9@9.50.
Hogs—Good to choice, \$8.50@10.
Lamb—Good to choice, \$7@8.25.

Seattle
Wheat—Soft white, western white, hard winter, western red and northern spring, 93c; Big Bend bluestem, \$1.05.
Eggs—Ranch 20@26c.
Butterfat—34c.
Cattle—Choice steers, \$9@10.
Hogs—Prime light, \$10.15@10.25.
Lamb—Choice, \$7@8.
Spokane
Cattle—Steers, good, \$7.50@8.
Hogs—Good to choice, \$11.
Lamb—Medium to good, \$8@8.50.

Can Be Done
Lots of men have found it easy to die without the assistance of a physician.

When love grows cold even a seal-skin coat will not keep it warm.

No Evidence Now
Evidences of a woman's presence no longer include dropped hairpins.—Arkansas Gazette.

Some people worry because they are unable to worry other people.

European finances might appear less complicated if some of the famous educational institutions of the Old world would include plain, straightforward business college courses.

Little Danger Now to Hunters of "Big Game"

Wild beasts are not one-hundredth so dangerous as they are reputed, writes John W. Vandercook in the Forum. All capable judges not obsessed by their own importance and by a desire for indiscriminate killing agree to that. The two greatest of all wild animal photographers—Maj. Arthur Dugmore and Martin Johnson—ridicule the notion of the spontaneous ferocity of big game animals.

"In the course of an ordinary African journey, and I care not where one's route lies or how remotely one penetrates, I profoundly believe there is no more danger from animals than there is from being hit by a stray meteor," says one noted wild animal hunter.

Every big game hunter, and there are invariably several in a party, is equipped with a multiple shot, modern rifle, which aims true at upward of half a mile and delivers such a terrific impact that the bullet will upset most animals, no matter where it hits. And always near at hand is to be found an efficient native gun bearer, equipped with and capable of using a duplicate weapon. Much shooting, in fact, is now done from the idiotic security of an automobile's back seat. Some expensive Englishmen have even announced that there is "sport" to be had from an airplane.

Gold Production Not Equal to the Demand
A gold shortage is threatening the world. The peak of gold production was reached in 1915, totalling \$450,000,000. Since then it has gradually dropped until last year only \$415,000,000 worth was produced. No important fresh discoveries have been made in recent years and old fields are gradually being worked out. There is plenty of gold in the world for all normal purposes but so much of it is hoarded away in the form of money in banks and as jewelry by wealthy families.

India has absorbed vast quantities of the world's gold, being hoarded by its petty princes and used for dowries, bridal gifts, etc. Twice the amount of gold is being used in jewelry today as compared with 20 years ago.—Capper's Weekly.

Tar Seekers Make Trouble
Motorcycle policeman patrolled all streets near school buildings at Ventura, Calif., to halt vandalism of children bent on improving their teeth by chewing tar. Since the report that tar-chewing builds strong teeth was accepted by the children, repeated raids have been made on the city streets. Tar has been dug from the joints of the concrete thoroughfares and the city fathers declare roadbeds have been damaged by the resultant seepage of water through the cracks.

Negro Actor Honored
There is a memorial window in the Shakespeare theater to Ira Aldridge, negro, who played Othello to Edmund Keane's Iago.

Alter Proverb
Some people evidently would like to be known by the company they invite, whether they come or not.—Charlotte News.

Wasted Energy
Too much of his energy is wasted by the average man in making unsatisfactory excuses.

And Quit Worrying
Insomnia is generally due to lack of physical exhaustion. Get physical exhaustion.

FEEL DIZZY?
Headachy, bilious, constipated? Take NR—NATURE'S REMEDY—tonight. This mild, safe, vegetable remedy will have you feeling fine by morning. You'll enjoy free, thorough bowel action without the slightest sign of griping or discomfort.

Safe, mild, purely vegetable—no druggists—only 25c. FEEL LIKE A MILLION, TAKE NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

Can Be Done
Lots of men have found it easy to die without the assistance of a physician.

When love grows cold even a seal-skin coat will not keep it warm.

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Evidences of a woman's presence no longer include dropped hairpins.—Arkansas Gazette.

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Says: "Rolling on a cement floor 30 times is better exercise than golf," avers an aged Nebraska politician. Doesn't it have any tendency to mash the cigars?
European finances might appear less complicated if some of the famous educational institutions of the Old world would include plain, straightforward business college courses.