

# Murder at High Tide

By CHARLES G. BOOTH

**SYNOPSIS:** The wife of the murderer, Mrs. Parados, confesses to the crime. She tried to kill her husband with a knife, but he escaped. She then tried to kill him with a gun, but he escaped. She then tried to kill him with a knife, but he escaped. She then tried to kill him with a gun, but he escaped.

**Chapter 13**  
**IN THE CIRCLE OF LIGHT**  
MY heart had turned cold at the gravity of Pligne's tone. As my eyes met his the substance of his thought flashed upon me.

"You are thinking of le Balafre and Bec!" I ejaculated. "They are here—they may have hold of Caroline—is that what you mean?"

"My friend, I know those little ones," he said gently. "Did I not tell you that the agony of their hatred would drive them here, liberty to them is a mockery if they cannot first burn the iron of their hatred into the body of Jules Jacote. I know le Balafre and Cleoran Bec."

"Are they here—on the island?" I cried. "Do you know they are here?"

"I shall tell you something," he said. "A letter from the French consul at Los Angeles was brought to me this afternoon. It told me that le Balafre and Cleoran Bec were as far north as Esenada four days ago."

"That would be last Wednesday!" Samuels ejaculated. "Esenada isn't more than 150 miles south of here. They'd do it in six hours in a fast boat."

"They had a fast boat, monsieur," Pligne continued grimly. "Does not the consul inform me that a launch, a fast one, was stolen in the harbor of Esenada that Wednesday night? Two rascals beat the owner, carried him off to sea, and put him out in an open boat. He should have died, but he did not. Yesterday he is discovered and today he is able to speak and to describe one of those rascals. Monsieur, it is le Balafre, The Scared One."

"Pligne could not resist the temptation to pronounce that sinister name with a flourish. The room became quiet. Horror began to drill at my heart."

"It can't be that," I groaned. "Why should they take Caroline? Jacote is dead. They could have no reason for coming back."

"Pligne's arm fell across my shoulder. 'Come, we shall find her around the corner, round and safe! I do not doubt. You ask me what I know, and I have told you. But we waste time!'"

"I was not reassured, but the brightness of his tone helped."

"Miss Brent must be found," Samuels was saying. "Every man on the island will take part in the search. Johns and Kirk will look after the south side of The Gut. The rest of us had better spread out like a fan. Gridley, you and Hendricks go to the head of The Gut, then continue straight up the slope. Annersley and I will veer off to the right of you. Pligne, you and Lum We go north along the foot of the slope. Hunt, take the short. She may have fallen off the cliff."

"We'll all work over to the other side of the island, then back. There's an abandoned village over there somewhere, don't forget. Cover every foot of ground. Use your brains if you meet those birds le Balafre and Bec. Better take what guns you can find."

"We don't intend to stay here doing nothing," Cella announced. "At least, I don't."

"Nor I," Mrs. Parados said. "I couldn't sit still after what I've done. This is all my fault, but I don't need to remind you of that. I shall help," Miss Jahries added.

Manning merely quivered. "My orders are that you remain in the house," Samuels told them. "If you leave the house you do so on your own responsibilities."

Four or five pistols were available. I did not secure one of them. There were enough torches to go around, however. Cella, Mrs. Parados, and Miss Jahries declared their intention of combing the ground immediately beyond the edge of the developed estate in which the house stood.

Manning, afraid to be left alone in the house, attached herself to Miss Jahries.

As I started at a fast clip down to the beach by way of one of the

cove trails, my head and ears were pounding. I arrived at the beach in a lather of sweat.

Not more than a dozen feet of wet sand divided the breakers from the sandstone cliff. The beach curved and I followed its arc at top speed, coming to the mouth of The Gut, where I stood, drenched with spray and deafened with sound. Hissing water and an unscalable cliff guarded this side of The Gut.

Coming back, I threw my light along the jetty. Into the boathouse, and over the Parados cruiser and the police boat, then along the cement breakwater Parados had built halfway across the mouth of the cove.

A shoulder of rock jutted into the surf at the northwest corner of the cove. It took me ten minutes to get around it to the west beach. Once I found it was trapped. The water was up to my waist, then to my shoulders. It swept me off my feet and hurled me against the cliff. The water receded and I staggered through.

My head throbbed and after I had touched it I found blood on my hand. The wound did not appear to be deep, however, and I started down the beach. Fortunately the torch was not broken.

Turning, I raced back along the beach, playing the light beam upon the face of the cliff with a view to discovering a trail that would take me to the top.

The trail proved steeper than I had expected and halfway up I had to stop, or I would have fallen from exhaustion. I was losing more blood than I had supposed.

I was on the point of starting up again when a beam of light, evidently from an electric torch, shot out over the top of the cliff in a horizontal direction a little to the right of me.

It vanished, reappeared, vanished; again it reappeared and vanished. Each time the light flashed with the regularity of a signal.

So far as I knew everybody had left the house. The women might have returned, but if they had I could conceive of no reason why they should signal out to sea. In land, or to me on the beach—that would have been understandable.

"It looks queer," I muttered. "As I pulled myself over the edge of the cliff, the light flashed again—once. A hundred yards south of where I stood was the house. The light had seemed to come from the parapeted roof. This time I caught an answering gleam somewhat south of the house and not far off shore."

My first impulse was to approach the roof by way of the outside stair, but I quickly suppressed it. I wanted to see the signaler before he saw me.

Skirting the cypress trees, I made my way to the northwest corner of the house and to the rear door, where I had left my shoes. The door was ajar. I entered, glided across the kitchen to the hall, and arrived noiselessly at the foot of the stair.

Here I paused and listened. The hall and most of the lower rooms were lighted. I saw no one and heard nothing. Nevertheless I knew that I was not alone in the house. My certainty sent me up the stair like a shadow.

At the top I paused—once more Caroline's room was lighted and the door was ajar. I slipped across the corridor and looked into the room. It was empty.

My own room was the next and I had stopped in front of it when my eyes were drawn to the door at the end of the corridor. It fascinated me—because the bodies of Parados and Grainger were behind it, per haps. At any rate, I found myself moving toward it.

My throat was dry. I felt as if I were moving through a tomb peopled with the living. The door was not locked. It gave slowly, noiselessly, before my pressure. The room was dark.

Nothing happened for a moment; I heard no sound. Then my face suddenly was ringed in light. My own torch was still in my left hand, but I had forgotten it and my fingers released the switch without the consent of my will.

It parried the first beam and cut a second circle out of the darkness into the second circle leaped a face that was of neither the living nor the dead.

A scream rang through the room "Alan!"

The face had leaped at me. Something fell on my head and I dropped.

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Tomorrow Hunt begins a wild race to bring Caroline back to safety.

and Mrs. Scott Robinson of Wilder-ville Sunday.

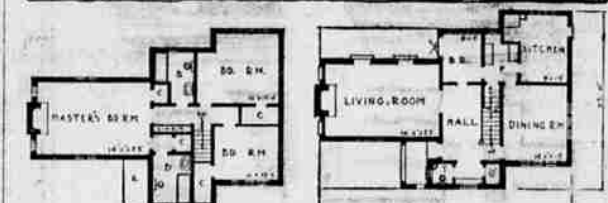
Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Edwards were business visitors in Medford one day this week.

**KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS**  
**1931 MEET IN SALEM**

SALEM, Ore., June 7.—(AP)—The annual convention of the Oregon Knights of Columbus for 1931 will be held in Salem next May. This will be the first time the convention has met elsewhere than Portland.

Clean cotton rags wanted at Mail Tribune office.

## English Plan Beautifies Landscape



This is a house of English design which always lends charm to the landscape. Distinction is achieved with its gables over its many projections or breaks in the plan. These breaks are always made in various plans to obtain sunlight or cross ventilation. A break with no other purpose in view than to merely make another gable is poor planning. It should always be done to make better living conditions.

In this house the materials would be brick for the walls, stucco and half timber on the second floor, and slate for the roof.

The house may be built on a lot 50x150 feet with the living room facing the street and the dining room and kitchen looking to the rear or garden front.

Space marks all the rooms, particularly the living and the master's bedroom. In these two rooms there is a fireplace and four or five windows.

Two walks may be laid to the entrance, one from the front and another from the left side. There would be remaining after construction enough lawn or garden space to carry out the theme of the structure.

The cost of building this house is estimated at \$10,000 to \$12,000, depending upon the quality of materials and where the house is built.

## RURAL AND SUBURBAN NEWS

**TABLE ROCK** Ore., June 8.—(Special)—Overhauled in this district are keeping the flight situation well under control although in some cases extra help has been necessary.

Hay harvest is in full swing the last few days in this section with a fair crop of good quality alfalfa.

"Billy" Lewis of the Lewis Bros. sheep company was a business visitor here Tuesday. According to Mr. Lewis they have just sold their 1930 clip of wool for only about half of last year's price.

The road committee of the Sams Valley grange has been informed by the county engineer's office that no road dilling will be done on the north side of the river until a satisfactory settlement is reached in regard to the dangerous turn at the Table Rock store.

Mr. and Mrs. Ware of the Tuttle addition attended the picnic for Montanans, held at Ever Shady park last Sunday.

Mrs. A. L. Seabrook returned Sunday from an extended visit with her sister at Lancaster, Cal.

Notices are posted calling attention to the annual school meeting to be held at the Table Rock school house when a director and clerk will be elected.

The school board is asking for bids on the usual wood supply for the next school year. These bids will be opened at the annual meeting.

Lou Penland moved Wednesday from Sacramento and is helping with the hay harvest on the J. L. Nealon ranch.

Among the Sams Valley people who attended special religious services here Sunday evening were Mrs. Frank and daughters, Steve Wilson, Jess McKinney and Misses Betty Wilson and Dorothy Straus.

The large oak trees on the Nealon ranch were sprayed last week with lead arsenic to prevent their destruction by a form of caterpillar, the offspring of the California oak moth.

J. E. Vincent, local mail carrier, is driving a different car this week, owing to a mishap while negotiating a curve one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Sage of Spokane, Wa., George Brohm and family of Kellogg, Idaho, visited with the C. W. Sage family Tuesday afternoon, while en route to Los Angeles to visit the parents of Mrs. Sage and Mr. Brahm.

Miss Edith May of Medford, who recently closed her school at Trail, visited with her sister, Mrs. John Dickey at the Madoc Orchard Sunday.

**GRIFFIN CREEK** Ore., June 7.—(Special)—Mr. and Mrs. Schelba and their daughter, Mrs. High, are now staying with Mrs. High's daughter and son-in-law in Medford.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Carpenter returned June 1 to their home at Topside Orchard from a several-months tour of Europe.

Mr. Ryan, on Gordon Creek purchased a horse from Mr. Fisk on Griffin Creek recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Shorten and daughter and son, arrived on Mr. Shorten's father's place on Gordon creek June 5. They came from Klamath Falls and will remain here for a short time.

## LAKE CREEK

LAKE CREEK, Ore., June 8.—(Special)—Miss Dorothy Wilhite, who attended school in Eagle Point during the past school year, is spending a few weeks at home, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Meyer spent the week-end at Crescent City. Mrs. Edith Jones, who has been staying with her son, Tom Rags-

dale in Oakland, Calif., receiving medical treatment, returned home Saturday to stay a week or two. She expects to return to Oakland for further treatment.

Mrs. Elizabeth Grissom is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Chas. Cincade.

## COOS BAY PIONEER DIES

LONG PAST TIME LIMIT  
MARSHFIELD, Ore., June 7.—(AP)—S. C. Rogers, 95, who came to Coos Bay in 1870 from New York with a physician's decision that he would die soon ringing in his ears, did die yesterday, but only after he had led an active life on the bay since 1870. He is survived by three children.

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Lock Box 934 Phone 320

### THOMPSON CREEK

THOMPSON CREEK, Ore., June 8.—(Special)—Rev. D. D. Randall of Medford preached at the Thompson creek school house Sunday evening. Mrs. Macey of Applegate sang a solo, which was very much enjoyed. The children's day exercises will be held June 15.

Mr. and Mrs. Hort and children and Mrs. Hort's father, Mr. Birch, motored to Crescent City Monday visited friends and returned Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Elmore and Mrs. Pauline Elmore were business visitors in Medford Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Elmore visited Mrs. Elmore's parents, Mr.