

THE BOOMERANG GLUE

BY AGATHA CHRISTIE

MINOR: Bobby Jones was a man of the foot of a cliff on the Marshall golf course. The only person who has ever mentioned his name is Lady Frances Derwent and Frankie was "only talking." At the request of the way to identify as Alexander Pritchard by a Mrs. Cayman of London, who says he is her brother. Bobby is disappointed in Mrs. Cayman, because he had seen a photograph of a very beautiful woman in Pritchard's pocket, and Mrs. Cayman is by no means beautiful.

Chapter Six CALLERS

THE coroner said a few soothing words and dismissed her. Then he addressed the jury. Their task was to state how this man came by his death. Fortunately the matter appeared to be quite simple. There was no suggestion that Mr. Pritchard had been worried or depressed or in a state of mind where he would be likely to take his own life.

On the contrary he had been in good health and spirits and had been looking forward to his holiday. It was unfortunately the case that when a sea mist was rising, the path along the cliff was a dangerous one, and possibly they might agree with him that it was time something was done about it.

The jury's verdict was prompt. "We find that the deceased came to his death by misadventure, and we wish to add a rider that in our opinion the Town Council should immediately take steps to put a fence or rail on the sea side of the path where it skirts the chasm."

The coroner nodded approval. The inquest was over.

On arriving back at the vicarage about half an hour later, Bobby found that his connection with the death of Alex Pritchard was not quite over. He was informed that Mr. and Mrs. Cayman had called to see him and were in the study with his father.

Bobby made his way there and found his father gravely making suitable conversation without, apparently, much enjoying his task. "Ah!" he said with some slight relief. "Here is Bobby."

MR. CAYMAN rose and advanced towards the young man with outstretched hand. Mr. Cayman was a big florid man with a would-be hearty manner and a cold and somewhat shifty eye that rather belied the manner.

As for Mrs. Cayman, though she might be considered attractive in a bold, coarse fashion, she had little now in common with that early photograph of herself, and no trace of that wistful expression remained. In fact, Bobby reflected, if she had not recognized her own photograph it seemed doubtful if anyone else would have done so.

"I came down with the wife," said Mr. Cayman, enclosing Bobby's hand in a firm and painful grip. "Had to stand by, you know, Amelia's naturally upset."

Mrs. Cayman sniffed. "We came round to see you," continued Mr. Cayman. "You see, my poor wife's brother died, practically speaking, in your arms. Naturally, she wanted to know all you could tell her of his last moments."

"Absolutely," said Bobby unhappily. "Oh, absolutely," he grinned nervously and was immediately aware of his father's sigh—a sigh of Christian resignation.

"Poor Alex!" said Mrs. Cayman, dabbing her eyes. "Poor, poor Alex!" "I know," said Bobby. "Absolutely grim." He wriggled uncomfortably. "You see," said Mrs. Cayman, looking hopefully at Bobby, "if he left any last words or messages—naturally I want to know."

"Oh, rather," said Bobby. "But as a matter of fact he didn't."

"Nothing at all?" Mrs. Cayman looked disappointed and incredulous. Bobby felt apologetic.

"No—well—as a matter of fact, nothing at all."

"It was best so," said Mr. Cayman solemnly. "To pass away unconscious, without pain—why, you must think of it as a mercy, Amelia."

"I suppose I must," said Mrs. Cayman. "You don't think he felt any pain?"

"I'm sure he didn't," said Bobby. Mrs. Cayman sighed deeply. "Well, that's something to be thankful for. Perhaps I did hope he'd left a last message, but I can see that it's best as it is. Poor Alex. Such a fine out-of-door man."

"Yes, wasn't he?" said Bobby. He recalled the bronze face, the deep blue eyes. An attractive personality, that of Alex Pritchard, attractive even to near death. Strange that he should be the brother of Mrs. Cayman and the brother-in-law of Mr. Cayman! He had been worthy, Bobby felt, of better things. "Well, it's very much indebted to you, in the way," said Mrs. Cayman. "Oh, that's all right," said Bobby. "I mean—well, I couldn't do anything else—I mean—"

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"We shan't forget it," said Mr. Cayman. Bobby suffered more than that painful grip. He received a flabby hand from Mrs. Cayman. His father made further adieu. Bobby accompanied the Caymans to the front door.

"And what do you do with your self, young man?" inquired Cayman. "Home on leave—something of that kind?"

"I spend most of my time looking for a job," said Bobby. He paused. "I was in the Navy."

"Hard times—hard times now a-days," said Mr. Cayman, shaking his head. "Well, I wish you luck, I'm sure."

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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



S.D. SEE HOPPED 50 YARDS ON ONE LEG IN 7 1/2 SECONDS... -1887-



THE INDIAN PIRATES— A CREW OF AMERICAN INDIANS BANDED TOGETHER AS PIRATES AND LOOTED SPANISH SHIPPING UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF A RENEGADE WHITE MAN... -Late 18th century-

Strange as it seems, a pirate crew of full-blooded American Indians once terrorized the high seas, capturing, looting and sinking Spanish galleons. They turned pirate in mid-ocean after a peaceful trip to England, and ran up the black flag of the buccaneer under the leadership of a white man, William Augustus Bowles.

Bowles, the leader, was a native of Maryland, adventurer, soldier of fortune, pirate, self-styled king and one time chief of the Creek Indians. He spent much of his early life in Jamaica and served in the British army in Florida until he was dismissed for insubordination. It was after that he joined the Creek Indians, married one of their squaws and was elected one of the tribal chiefs. He was given a pardon by the British after he led his braves to aid the English against the Spanish at Pensacola. Later, Bowles took a band of braves to England, and there unsuccessfully tried to ally the Indians with the English against the Spanish. Returning home, he taught his Indians how to sail a ship and then made a pirate band of them. After the piracy venture, Bowles set himself up as "king of Florida," but was captured by the Spanish and died in prison.

In the study of the stars, astronomers make much use of photographs exposed to the heavens through their powerful telescopes. By photography they can make a permanent record of the stars at any particular time and for any reason, which can be studied at leisure and compared with other records. In actual study they need not, and often do not look through telescopes from one month to the next. Technicians generally do the actual setting of the telescopes and tend to the exposing of photographic plates.

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By EDWIN ALGER



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THE NEBBS—Eating Crow

By SOL HESS



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BIG CROWD SKIIS AT CRATER LAKE

Eighty-seven automobiles and 317 persons registered yesterday at Crater Lake national park, Medford headquarters announced today. A contingent of 25 or 30 Rogue Snowmen spent the day in the park practicing ski events in preparation for a carnival to be staged soon. Several of the club members practiced leaping on a jump constructed behind government camp, among them being Ben Jennings, Snowmen president. After lunch the Snowmen skied to the lake rim and back to government camp. Then they practiced slalom racing. Other sports enthusiasts were present.

ent from Klamath Falls, Bend, Ashland, Grants Pass and other southern Oregon cities.

Weather at the tourist yesterday was described as perfect. Snow was a trifle soft but skiing conditions were better than at any other time this year, said Kenneth G. Denman, Snowmen officer.

Ben Fowl Petrich PENDLETON, Ore., Feb. 10.—(AP)—Fire of undetermined origin burned to death 8000 chickens in the poultry farm of E. H. Dunning near Hermiston last night. The loss was covered by insurance.

Hendon Fawcett Irigoin CORVALLIS, Ore., Feb. 10.—(AP)—Committee at the Benton county farm conference advocated irrigation of 100,000 acres, reported the outlook for next year's crop, asked a survey of water storage sites and expressed a belief 30 additional families could find an opportunity on farms in this area.

See Mail Tribune, page 10.