

# THE BOOMERANG CLUE

BY AGATHA CHRISTIE

**SYNOPSIS:** Bobby Jones, posing as Frankie Derwent's chauffeur, just has arrived at Stavertley with Frankie's big car. Frankie is staying with the Harringtons, and suspects Roger Harrington's French of murder. But even more she suspects Dr. Nicholson, who runs a drug cure nearby, and she has told Bobby to find out all he can about the doctor in the village. A little puzzled as to how a chauffeur should behave, Bobby nevertheless is trying his wits on the landlord.

## Chapter 22 LOVELY LADY

"VERY nice little place you have here, Mr. Askew," said Bobby kindly and condescendingly. "Very nice and snug."

Mr. Askew expressed gratification. "Merroway Court the only big place in the neighborhood?"

"Well, there's the Grange, Mr. Hawkins. Not that you'd call that a place exactly. There's no family living there. No, it had been empty for years until this American doctor took it."

"An American doctor?"

"That's it—Nicholson his name is. And if you ask me, Mr. Hawkins, there are some very queer goings on there."

The barmaid at this point remarked that Dr. Nicholson gave her the shivers, he did.

"Goings on, Mr. Askew?" said Bobby. "Now what do you mean by goings on?"

Mr. Askew shook his head darkly. "There's those illers that don't want to be there. Put away by their relations. I assure you, Mr. Hawkins, the moonings and the shrikes and the groans that go on there you wouldn't believe."

"Why don't the police interfere?"

"Oh, well, you see, it's supposed to be all right. Nerve cases, and such-like. Looones that aren't so very bad. The gentleman's a doctor and it's all all right, so to speak—" Here the landlord buried his face in a pint pot and emerged again to shake his head in a very doubtful fashion.

"Ah!" said Bobby in a dark and meaning way. "If we knew everything that went on in these places..." And he too applied himself to a pewter pot.

The barmaid chimed in eagerly: "That's what I say, Mr. Hawkins. What goes on there? Why, one night a poor young creature escaped—in her nightgown she was—and the Doctor and a couple of nurses out looking for her."

Somebody present said that there was no knowing what went on in places. And someone else said that was right.

FINALLY the meeting broke up and Bobby announced his intention of going for a stroll before turning in.

The Grange was, he knew, on the other side of the village from Merroway Court, so he turned his footsteps in that direction. What he had heard that evening seemed to him worthy of attention.

A lot of it could, of course, be discounted. Villages are usually prejudiced against newcomers, and still more so if the newcomer is of a different nationality. If Nicholson ran a place for curing drug-takers, there would naturally be strange sounds issuing from it—groans and even shrieks might be heard without any sinister reason for them.

But all the same the story of the escaping girl struck Bobby unpleasantly. Supposing the Grange were really a place where people were kept against their will? A certain number of genuine cases might be taken as camouflage.

At this point in his meditations Bobby arrived at a high wall with an entrance of wrought-iron gates. He stepped up to the gates and tried one gently. It was locked. Well, after all, why not?

And yet somehow the touch of that locked gate gave him a faintly sinister feeling.

He moved a little farther along the road, measuring the wall with his eye. Would it be possible to climb over? The wall was smooth and high and presented no accommodating crannies. He shook his head. Suddenly he came upon a little door. Without much real hope he tried it. To his surprise it yielded.

"Bit of an oversight here," thought Bobby with a grin. He slipped through, closing the door softly behind him.

He found himself on a path leading through a shrubbery. He followed the path, which twisted a good deal. Suddenly without any warning it gave a sharp turn and emerged into an open space close to the house. It was a moonlit night and the space was bright. Bobby had stepped full into the moonlight before he could stop himself.

AT THE same moment a woman's figure came around the corner of the house. She was treading very softly, glancing from side to side with—or so it seemed to the watching Bobby—the nervous alertness of a hunted animal. Suddenly she stopped dead and stood away—although she would fail.

Bobby rushed forward and caught her. Her lips were white and it seemed to him that never had he seen such awful fear on any human countenance.

"It's all right," he said reassuringly in a very low voice. "It's quite all right."

"The girl, for she was little more than a child, her eyelids half closed. 'I'm so frightened,' she murmured. 'I'm so terribly frightened.' 'What's the matter?' asked Bobby. The girl only shook her head and repeated faintly, 'I'm so frightened. I'm so horribly frightened.' Suddenly some sound seemed to



"I'm so terribly frightened."

come to her ears. She sprang upright, away from Bobby. Then she turned to him.

"Go away," she said. "Go away at once!"

"I want to help you," said Bobby. "Do you?" She looked at him for a second or two, a strange searching and moving glance. Then she shook her head.

"No one can help me."

"I can," said Bobby. "I'd do anything. Tell me what it is that frightens you so."

She shook her head. "Not now. Oh, quick! They're coming. You can't help me unless you go now. At once—at once!"

Bobby yielded to her urgency. With a whispered "I'm at the Anglers' Arms," he plunged back along the path.

Suddenly he heard footsteps on the path in front of him. Someone was coming along the path from the little door. Bobby plunged abruptly into the bushes at the side of the path.

A man passed close to Bobby, but it was too dark for the young man to see his face.

When he had passed Bobby resumed his retreat. He felt that he could do nothing more that night. Anyway, his head was in a whirl.

For the girl was the original of the photograph which had so mysteriously disappeared.

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Frankie and Bobby streak it, tomorrow, for London.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Strange as it seems, you can make the "round-trip" outlined above and fall to end up at the point from which you started. Explanation of this fact is that the earth is a sphere and when you start directly north from the equator you start toward the north pole, no matter where on the equator you begin.

The north and south legs of the journey will not be exactly parallel, because all lines straight north from the equator converge on the pole. The southern extremities of the north and south legs of the trip will therefore be farther apart than the northern. Hence if you travel 100 miles west before starting south, you will be more than 100 miles west of your starting point when you return to the equator. The final 100 miles east will not return you to your starting point.

Washington was the only President who received all the electoral votes, none being cast for any other candidate. But Adams came within one vote of being elected unanimously. When it became evident that all votes would be cast for him, one delegate cast a contrary vote so that the honor of unanimous election would be alone for Washington. Two other times in American history one electoral vote changed the course of politics. In 1800 the electoral vote was tied. Burr and Jefferson, polling equal numbers. One more vote and Burr would have been elected. As it was, the choice went to the House of Representatives which elected Jefferson. Rutherford B. Hayes was elected President with just one more vote than Tilden. In spite of the fact that Tilden polled the greater popular vote.

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**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT**  
THE PERFECT GUM  
THE FLAVOR LEADER  
THE STANDARD OF QUALITY

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Lost in the Fog!

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**WRIGLEY'S ADDS ENJOYMENT**

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM THE FLAVOR LEADER THE STANDARD OF QUALITY

GOB!—HARRY!—WHERE ARE YOU?—DON'T TUNE IN TOGETHER—HARRY, WHAT'S YOUR POSITION?

WEST-BY-FORTY... PANCHO...

WEST-BY-THIRTY...

WEST-BY-THIRTY...

FLYING TOO CLOSE! HARRY, BANK RIGHT, BOB, STAY ON YOUR COURSE—I BANK LEFT, QUICK!—OR WE CRASH!

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—When to Start

EVERYTHING IS ARRANGED! BEN, CRIP AND BRIAR WILL GO TO THE SHADOW MOUNTAINS TO SEE WHAT, IF ANYTHING, HAS HAPPENED TO THE MYSTERIOUS DR. IVOR KILOVITCH, NOTED SCIENTIST AND DELVER INTO THE UNKNOWN REGION BEYOND THE STRATOSPHERE—

OF COURSE I SHALL GIVE YOU A LETTER TO DR. KILOVITCH, BUT—

— YOU MUST RESPECT MY CONFIDENCE AND NOT REVEAL THE FACT THAT I AM BACKING HIM IN HIS EXPERIMENTS— THAT IS YOU MUST NOT REVEAL IT TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC—

— AND I PLEDGE THAT I SHALL FIND CALVIN PANHARD, YOUR OLD PROSPECTOR FRIEND, AND RESTORE HIS MINE TO HIM— I SHALL ALSO TAKE THE NECESSARY STEPS TO LOOK OUT FOR YOUR RANCH IN YOUR ABSENCE—

WHEN DO YOU WANT US TO START?

SOON, BUT NOT UNTIL I HAVE TOLD YOU THE STORY OF DR. KILOVITCH IN ALL ITS RAMIFICATIONS

## THE NEBBS—Sentimental Ambrose

WELL, AMBY, I SOLD THE HOTEL—HERE'S A CHECK TO BIND THE BARGAIN— I'M LEAVING THIS BURG FOR GOOD

FOR WHOSE GOOD? BUT REMEMBER, I HOLD A MORTGAGE ON THAT HOTEL AND I DON'T GET AN INTEREST— THE FELLER WHO BUYS IT HAS TO PAY THE BACK INTEREST

HE'S ASSUMING YOUR MORTGAGE AND CHANCES ARE HE'LL GIVE YOU THE CASH FOR IT— BUT AS FAR AS BACK INTEREST IS CONCERNED, YOU MORE THAN BOARDED THAT OUT— YOU ATE AND SLEPT YOURSELF EVEN LONG AGO.

ONE HUNDRED SIXTY OF MISSOURI UNIVERSITY'S 45,000 GRADUATES LIVE IN THE ORIENT, AND MORE THAN 300 ARE IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES, AN SLAMM SURVEY SHOWED.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

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## SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



## SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

MY GOSH! YOU HERE YET?

YESSIE!

EATIN'!

NOT REALLY?

OH, YESSIE!

THAT'S THE ONLY WAY I KIN GET IT INSIDA ME!

## NEW DEAL BLAMED BY GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA

ATLANTA, Feb. 28.—(AP)—Governor Eugene Talmadge, in a written statement today said the present situation in Georgia "was deliberately brought about by the new deal to stop Talmadge from campaigning against Roosevelt in the United States."

The governor's statement came on the heels of a move by a state senator for a call for a self-convening legislature to go into the situation arising from the governor's efforts to operate the state this year without an appropriations bill.

## WOOL SHEARERS PAY SET AT 12.5 CENTS

STOCKTON, Feb. 28.—(AP)—A basic wage of 12 1/2 cents per animal for wool shearers, plus their board, was fixed at a district meeting of the Sheep Shearers' union of North America here. Last year's scale was 11 cents a head.

In asking the increase, union leaders declared expenses have soared to the 1929 level, when the wage was 12 cents a head. They declared wool growers are getting higher prices than they have since that year.

One hundred sixty of Missouri university's 45,000 graduates live in the Orient, and more than 300 are in foreign countries, an slamm survey showed.