

THE BOOMERANG CLUE

BY AGATHA CHRISTIE

SYNOPSIS: Although Roger Bassington-French has cleared himself in the murder of Alan Cartwright, Dr. Nicholson has not. Now Roger's brother, Henry Bassington-French, has consented to go to Dr. Nicholson's drug store for treatment, and Roger and Frankie have tried to persuade Henry's wife Sylvia that this would not be quite the thing, without explaining their suspicion. And she has refused to change the plan, and left them, obviously in a huff.

Chapter 31.

DEATH

ROGER looked at Frankie. "This is a bit awkward," he said. "Very awkward indeed." "Once Sylvia has made her mind up she can be obstinate as the devil." "What are we going to do?" They sat down again on the garden seat and went into the matter carefully. Roger agreed with Frankie that to tell the whole story to Sylvia would be a mistake. The best plan, in his opinion, would be to tackle the doctor. "But what are you going to say exactly?" "I don't know that I shall say much—but I shall hint a good deal. At any rate, I agree with you about one

and Dr. Nicholson came hurrying along the terrace. "Here's the doctor," said Sylvia. "He's just come. Has—has anything happened to Henry?" Then she saw the sprawling figure and uttered a cry. Rogers stepped quickly out again through the window, and Dr. Nicholson thrust Sylvia into his arms. "Take her away," he said briefly. "Look after her. Give her some brandy if she'll take it. Don't let her see more than you can help." He himself stepped through the window and joined Frankie.

He shook his head slowly. "This is a tragic business," he said. "Poor fellow. So he felt he couldn't face the music. Too bad. Too bad." He bent over the body, then straightened himself up again. "Nothing to be done. Death must have been instantaneous. I wonder if he wrote something first. They usually do."

Frankie advanced till she stood beside them. A piece of paper with a few scrawled words on it, evidently freshly written, lay at Bassington-French's elbow. Their purpose was clear enough.

"I feel this is the best way out (Henry Bassington-French had written). This fatal habit has taken too great a hold on me for me to fight it now. Want to do the best I

can for Sylvia—Sylvia and Tommy. God bless you both, my dears. Forgive me."



Roger struck the glass a heavy blow.

thing—Henry mustn't go to the Grange. Even if we come right out in the open, we've got to stop that.

"We give the whole show away if we do," Frankie reminded him. "I know. That's why we've got to try everything else first. Curse Sylvia, why must she turn obstinate just at this minute?"

"It shows the power of the man," Frankie said. "Yes. You know, it inclines me to believe that, evidence or no evidence, you may be right about him after all—What's that?"

They both sprang up. "It sounded like a shot," said Frankie. "From the house."

They looked at each other, then raced towards the building. They went in by the French window of the drawing-room and passed through into the hall. Sylvia Bassington-French was standing there, her face white as paper.

"Did you hear?" she said. "It was a shot—from Henry's study."

She stayed, and Roger put an arm around her to steady her. Frankie went to the study door and turned the handle.

"It's locked," she said. "The window," said Roger. He deposited Sylvia, who was in a half-fainting condition, on a convenient settee and raced out again through the drawing-room, Frankie on his heels.

They went round the house till they came to the study window. It was closed but they put their faces close to the glass and peered in. The sun was setting and there was not much light—but they could see plainly enough.

HENRY BASSINGTON-French was lying sprawled out across his desk. There was a bullet wound plainly visible in his temple, and a revolver lay on the floor where it had dropped from his hand.

"He's shot himself," said Frankie. "How ghastly..." "Stand back a little," said Roger. "I'm going to break the window."

He wrapped his hand in his coat and struck the pane of glass a heavy blow that shattered it. Roger picked up the pieces carefully, then he and Frankie stepped into the room. As they did so, Mrs. Bassington-French

can for Sylvia—Sylvia and Tommy. God bless you both, my dears. Forgive me.

Frankie felt a lump rise in her throat. "We mustn't touch anything," said Dr. Nicholson. "There will have to be an inquest, of course. We must ring up the police."

In obedience to his gesture Frankie went towards the door. Then she stopped. "The key's not in the lock," she said.

"No? Perhaps it's in his pocket." He knelt down, investigating delicately. From the dead man's coat pocket he drew out a key. He tried it in the lock and it fitted. Together they passed out into the hall. Dr. Nicholson went straight to the telephone.

Frankie, her knees shaking under her, felt suddenly sick.

FRANKIE rang up Bobby about an hour later. "Is that Hawkins? Hello Bobby—have you heard what has happened? You have? Quick, we must meet somewhere. Early to-morrow morning would be best. I think I'll stroll out before breakfast. Say eight o'clock—the same place we met to-day."



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MEDICAL STUDENT SWALLOWS POISON

SEATTLE, March 10.—(AP) Dr. E. L. Holt, Portland physician, was at a loss today to establish a motive for the suicide of his son, Robert G. Holt, 23, University of Washington premedical student. The youth used his knowledge of medicine to mix his own death po-

ison early yesterday. He left a non-communicative note for his rooming house landlady, asking her to notify the coroner and Dr. H. M. Dixon of Portland so Dixon would inform his parents. Dr. Holt said too much studying and lack of exercise might have caused his son to take his life.

On Soup Diet CHICAGO, March 10.—(AP)—Two young men held up Samuel Lozzio, Michael had no money. Annoyed, one hit him. Later Michael felt for his \$50 set of bridge work. It was missing. Unable to find it in a careful search of the vicinity, he appealed

to the police and prepared for a soup diet. Bonneville Goes Ahead BONNEVILLE, March 9.—(AP)—Weather gave a go-ahead signal to the \$42,500,000 Bonneville dam power and irrigation project today. The cold of previous weeks had slowed up progress on the huge project but improved weather conditions in the past few days brought a resumption of full-time construction work.

My personal attention given to all watch repairs, factory style workmanship, reasonably priced and thoroughly guaranteed. Jno. W. Johnson.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Second only to Great Britain, neutral Norway was one of the greatest losers at sea during the World War so far as the number of ships lost is concerned. Destruction of merchant ships by belligerents during the war cost Norway 831 vessels totaling 1,260,000 gross tonnage. Twelve hundred men were killed in the sinking of these ships. Great Britain, chief naval power of all the warring nations, lost about three times as many ships—2,479. Gross tonnage lost by her totaled 7,799,000.

Shortly after the funeral of Beethoven in 1827, Schubert, in company with others, proposed a toast to the next great musician to die. None present, not even Schubert himself, could have realized the full importance of this gesture—for in 18 Schubert was toasting himself and his own death several months later. Schubert was the next great musician to die. Beethoven died March 26, 1827; Schubert died Nov. 19, 1828. Before the settlement of the farm states, badgers were as far east as Ohio, and they were abundant in Wisconsin. As the frontier moved westward, the badgers were driven before it, and today, except for parts of Minnesota, badgers are not found east of the acid western plains. Strange as it seems, Wisconsin got her nickname, "The Badger State," not from the badgers that lived there, but because of early day miners who lived in dugouts during severe winters. For this reason they were called badgers, a name which eventually was applied to anyone living in Wisconsin.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Golden Girl Walks Into a Trap!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—What the Hunter Saw



THE NEBBS—My Friends



THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



'SMATTER POP—

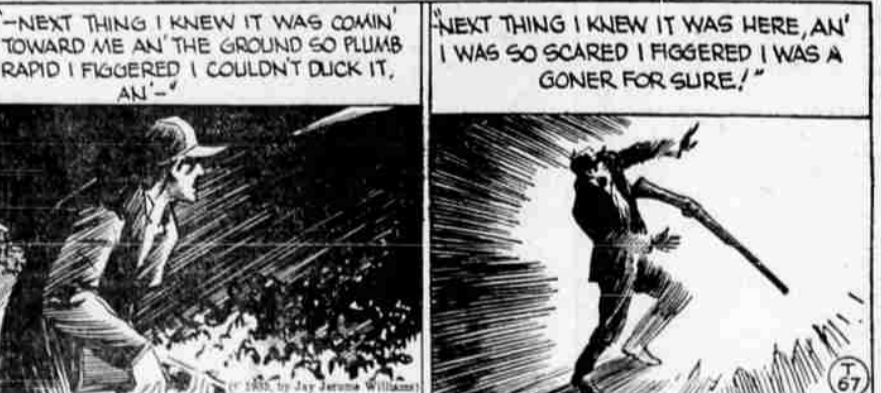
By C. M. PAYNE



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



CHAPLIN AND ACTRESS MUM ON ENGAGEMENT

SHANGHAI, March 10.—(AP)—Charles Chaplin and Paulette Goddard, the "Gamine" of his next picture, reached here today amid reports they were engaged, but neither would comment. (The Shanghai correspondent of the Reuters-British news agency reported that Miss Goddard announced the engagement, but that the date of the wedding had not been set.) Chaplin and his leading lady are on a world tour.

PRIAULX WOULD BE DELEGATE OF G. O. P.

SALEM, March 9.—(AP)—Arthur W. Priaulx, state chairman of the Republican central committee, today filed his candidacy for delegate to the national convention, to be elected from the state at large. Oregon will name ten delegates to the Republican convention. Priaulx cited as his slogan: "Oregon's choice is my choice. Pick a winner for November."

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