

MURDER ON THE BLUFF

SYNOPSIS: In one wild night at Farrington Bluff, home of Michael's aunt, beautiful Jude Blinshop is shot to death on the bluff. The Skipper, Mike's tall and tuxedoed younger aunt, disappears, and Mike dislocates his shoulder in a fall. The Skipper turns up, saying she's been in the stable with her sick collic. Aunt Martha, stout and proud, has hysterics a couple of times, but Gay Palmer, Mike's red-headed sweetheart, keeps fairly sane. Next morning, with William the chauffeur we set out to search the grounds for an intruder.

Chapter 10

The Room Over the Garage

IT HAD been years since horses had graced the premises of Farrington Bluff. The six large box stalls now enshrined the Skipper's various dogs. The stalls ran three on either side of the opening which reached to the rafters, and above them on both sides former haylofts bore discarded relics of Farrington carriages, harnesses and boots.

The one thing that I wanted to look at in that building was Diana, the collie bitch, but I hadn't the nerve. I propped a ladder against one of the lofts and mounted it cautiously, junk—the melancholy, once-valued possessions of a former generation, covered with dust, bedraggled, and horribly depressing. I scouted through it, sneezing into the remains of an old Victoria, barking my shins on the grinning skeleton of a battered dory, and sending a choking cloud of dust into the air as I bumped into a venerable horse-hair sofa.

There was no one in that loft and no sign of anyone having been there since the time of old Michael Farrington. One glance at the film of dust in the other loft told the same story. I went back down the ladder.

The Skipper was kneeling in the stall at the foot of it—Diana's. On an old plaid blanket lay the collic and beside her—puppies. I felt much better than I had for two days.

"Meet Toby," said the Skipper. "Look at his ears, Jim."

But I'm afraid my interest in Toby was purely perfunctory. The Skipper gently deposited him on the plaid.

"Come on," she said, "let's finish this business."

The plan of the garage was very simple. It was a two-story rectangle, facing the driveway and wide enough to run three cars into it easily.

There were just three in it then—Mike's, the Skipper's, and M. Farrington's. The Skipper's was nearest to us, and I noticed with a start that it was splashed with mud. Had she used it since the rain started? I pointed silently, but she had already noticed.

"That's odd, Jimmie."

I said, "Yes," but I didn't say it very enthusiastically. There was nothing in any of the cars, but spreading in confusion from the door of the Skipper's all over the floor of the garage were smudges of the red clay of the tennis courts. The Skipper's eyes were very large and very dark as I stared into them.

"Come Out Or I'll Shoot!"

"SKIPPER," I said, "get into the big car and lie down on the floor of it—quick!" I had Higgins' revolver out. I had remembered something. There was a room over that garage where William slept in the summertime.

"I'm going with you," said the Skipper. "Behind you if you insist, but I'm going!"

There was no time to argue. "I do insist," I said, and started for the stairs.

I suppose that if my life depended on it, I might possibly hit the broad side of a barn with a double-barrel shotgun at five paces. With a pistol at the same distance and with the same target, my expectation of life would be very slight. I thought of that as I went up those stairs. I thought of Jude on the bluff and Michael on the rocks. The roar of the wind was in my ears. The Skipper's stiff olivines were brushing mine and her breath was warm on the back of my neck.

Gripping the revolver until my fingers ached, I pushed open the door at the head of the stairs.

To all intents and purposes the room and the tiny bathroom beyond it were empty. My eyes swept it rapidly—dresser, book rack, chairs, bed. And then I jammed myself into the doorway in a wild attempt at shielding the Skipper. That bed had been slept in recently. Was someone under it? I dared not stoop to look for in the far corner of the room stood a large, old-fashioned wardrobe and in that wardrobe—what? I made a quick decision. Kneeling swiftly with my gun still trained on the wardrobe, I took one quick, desperate look under that bed.

Nothing.

I got to my feet. "Get outside, Skipper," I said, and my voice was ridiculously near to cracking. "You, in the wardrobe! Come out or I'll shoot!" No answer. Only a nervous chuckle from the Skipper behind me. For a fraction of a second I hesitated. Then I pulled the trigger and fired point blank into that wardrobe door. The report of the gun was like the crack of doom.

Deafened, hardly breathing, we waited. No movement from behind that door. I walked across the room and jerked it open. Hanging inside were one pair of dark trousers and a chauffeur's cap. The julep had pierced the cap neatly in the middle.

Back To The House

ONLY once in my life have I ever experienced another sensation like that one. Some idiot had put me

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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.



Singing Lakes
Usually heard in the early morning, a sound like the chord of a huge pipe organ sweeps across Yellowstone and Shoshone lakes, sounds loudest as it passes over the head of the listener, then fades away in the opposite direction. No one knows what causes the strange "music," according to Yellowstone national park officials, though various explanations have been offered.

Some say the sound is due to an escape of volcanic gases. Others ascribe it to an echo from a distant noise, an electric current, or a flight of birds. One theorist attributes it to the rush of wind deflected by the peaks of the Grand Tetons after crossing the Continental Divide. This might be acceptable were it not for the fact that the "lake music" is heard over Shoshone lake as well as Yellowstone lake. The former would not be in line with this wind current.

Elephant Tusks
Tusks weighing 100 pounds and more apiece are not overly uncommon on old bull elephants. Toting that sort of weight around sometimes becomes a real problem and the aged animals have frequently been observed in the act of putting their ivory between forks of trees for a while to give their necks a rest.

What is believed to be the world's record pair of elephant tusks is on exhibition in Bronx Park, N. Y. Taken from a Sudan elephant shot near the Ethiopian border some 25 years ago, the pair weighs a total of 292 pounds. One of them is 11 feet, 3 1/2 inches long and is 18 inches in circumference at the base.

Ted Allen
A wizard at the sport of "barnyard golf," Ted Allen can perform a good many amazing feats with the horseshoes in addition to his "foot ringers." His repertoire of stunts includes: ringing a pig with a person's chin on the stake, knocking the ashes off a cigar in the mouth of a man standing in front of the stake, and ringing a moving stake.

Fishermen Saved
OREGON CITY, May 17.—(AP)—Three Portland fishermen swam to safety Saturday when a river boat swamped their rowboat in the Willamette near Jennings lodge but their little Cocker Spaniel drowned.

Laborer Accused
PORTLAND, May 17.—(AP)—A charge of assault and battery rested today against A. E. Rosser, business agent of the Teamsters union, on the complaint of his former wife, Kathleen, that he slapped her Monday.

Police Work Fast!
MANILA, P. I., May 17.—(UP)—Twenty-six years ago, Edward Stockley, an American, reported to police that his watch had been stolen. Today police announced they had found the watch, but they can't find Stockley.

Portland, May 17.—(AP)—Work on the scenic Larch mountain summit road will begin immediately following an agreement reached Thursday between the WPA, the U. S. forest service and Multnomah county for cooperation in construction.

Tails Spin Tommy—Bad News for Tommy!

HIS ARM IN A SLING, HIS FACE COVERED WITH CUTS, AND LIMPING BADLY, AS THE RESULT OF FALLING DOWN A RAILROAD EMBANKMENT, TOMMY RETURNS TO THREE-POINT, AND IS MET BY A SOLEMN GROUP OF FRIENDS... AND THE DEPARTMENT INSPECTOR...

2812

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Out With It!

YOU AND MRS. HASSETT HAVE BEEN ABOUT OUR BEST CUSTOMERS, MR. HASSETT, AND I'D LIKE TO PUT A PROPOSITION TO YOU—

YES, GIR, THERE IS FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS—

HMMMM! THAT'S SIX PER CENT INTEREST ON JUST A SHADE OVER \$8,535—

EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS? WHY—ER—

NO "WHY'S" AND NO "ER'S," YOUNG FELLER—MONEY'S WORTH WHAT MONEY EARNS! WRITE THAT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK!

BUT I—

NO "BUT'S" AND NO "I'S," YOUNG MAN—LET'S HEAR YOUR EIGHT-THOUSAND DOLLAR PROPOSITION!

DIFFICULT DECISIONS

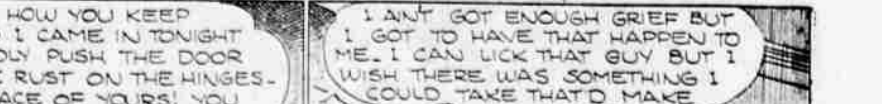
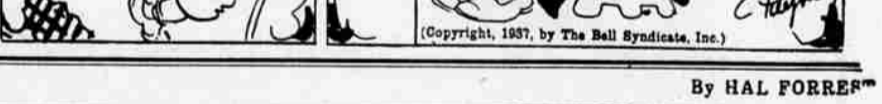
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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S MATTER POP

By C. M. PAYNE



Mothers Honored In Program At Beagle

BEAGLE, May 17.—(Sp)—A delightful and impressive service and program were presented by the Antioch Sunday school of Beagle, to commemorate Mother's Day, after which the men and children of the congregation placed flowers on the graves of all mothers.

Those taking a special part were: Song, Mrs. Grant's class of girls; reading, Ruby Schultz, song, Jack Edler; reading, Ethel Hull; girls chorus, of Antioch Sunday school; reading, Elmer Lucas; violin solo, Walter Poole; duet, Mr. and Mrs. Myron Bromwood; quartet, "Tell Mother I'll Be There," Mr. and Mrs. Ray Bowen; Mr. and Mrs. Myron Bromwood.

Record Mushroom Found Near Ruch

BIG APPLEGATE, May 17.—(Sp)—A prize winning mushroom, measuring three feet, two inches in circumference, was discovered recently by Mrs. Gene Mee near her home at Ruch. The fungus was of the puff ball variety, and weighed slightly less than eight pounds.

Al Smith Off For Europe Cheered

NEW YORK, May 15.—(AP)—Alfred E. Smith, whose knowledge of the sea has never been extended very far beyond the waters of Coney Island, sailed for Europe Saturday, for the first time in his life.

And for the friends of the former governor and his wife it was a gala occasion, something of major importance. The friends seemed to swarm over the Italian liner Conte Di Savoia. They jammed the corridor outside the Smith stateroom, they trailed the customhouse presidential candidate from the boat deck to the upper salon deck. Women kissed him, men shook his hand as though they hadn't seen him in years.

Boy Wins Verdict
TILLAMOOK, May 17.—(AP)—A jury gave Alice Ward, suing for her eight-year-old son, Keith, a verdict of \$4375 for leg injuries the boy suffered in February, 1936, when he fell through a plaster-board ceiling into the main school room. The mother taught the case to the jury, and the school board. Her husband was a junior member of the board at the time of the accident.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

THE NEBBS—The Pest

IF YOU WERE B-I-M-A GRANTLEY WHICH OF THE SEVERAL WOODS WOULD YOU PICK FOR A LIFE MATE? LETS HEAR FROM YOU



THE NEBBS—The Pest

MR PROPRIETOR YOUR FOOD IS FAIR BUT THE PLACE IS SO LONESOME. I LIKE LIFE. CAN'T YOU HIRE A FEW PEOPLE TO COME AND SIT DOWN? I FEEL LIKE A SHEEP-HERDER



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