

# MURDER ON THE BLUFF

It was a cold, stormy day at the Carrington Bluff, home of Michael's aunts, when attractive Jude Blinshop is shot to death on the bluff. Mike dislocates a shoulder hunting for the missing Skipper, his tall and tuxedoed younger aunt who turns up with an alibi. Gay Palmer, Mike's red-headed sweetheart, worries about him. Next day stout and prudish Aunt Martha proposes that I lead our group investigation of the murder, for we are marooned on this small island. A scream draws us to the kitchen where Cook lies on the floor, a gash on her head.

### Chapter 13

#### Bound And Gagged

"WATER," I ordered. "Cold— with ice if there is any. Quick!" It was Higgins who moved to obey me. William stood there staring down at her. Over and over beneath his breath he was muttering, "My Gawd! My Gawd!" The monotony of it wasn't particularly helpful. I told him to get bandages.

"Bandages?" he repeated blankly and lumbered toward the stairs. I was glad to be rid of him.

Cook was bleeding profusely—too profusely to make my handkerchief very effective as a bandage. By the time Higgins plopped a basin of water at my elbow, the handkerchief was saturated. Between us, Higgins and I staunch the wound and bound it up with the bandages I had offered by the still dazed William. Michael and Gay had joined the party long before I rose from my knees.

William's face was white. "She ain't upstairs, sir. I just went in her room after the bandages." "Perhaps," Gay was talking to convince herself, "perhaps she's cleaning or something upstairs." Higgins frowned. "I doubt it, Miss. When Mr. James told me, I left explicit orders that they wasn't to go no place outside of the quarters. Annie's a good girl. She does as she's told." "That was too much for Cook. She struggled to her feet." "Good?" she shrieked. "Good? Why that dirty little—"

"That will do, Cook." The Skipper stood grim and determined behind us. "We've had enough of this nonsense. Michael, go stay with your aunt. Don't stand there gaping." Michael went. The Skipper shutting the door deliberately on his back. "Jim, that girl is in this house—be quiet, Cook—and we're going to find her. If we have to tear the rotten place apart is that door locked?"

"Higgins and I will take the lower floor. You and William take the upper one. Hurry!" There was a bread-knife in the midst of the mess on the table. I picked it up and started for the stairs with William at my heels. But we didn't get very far. For distinctly through the silence came a sound—a vague, shuffling noise, indescribable and rather horrible.

#### Screams And Hysteria

FOR a split second we stood listening, spellbound. Then the Skipper moved. She sprang to the back door, turned the key, and threw the door open. On the floor at her feet lay Annie, bound hand and foot with a



Cook stirred at last. Her lips moved.

Neither of them had anything to say. Apparently the pictures their imaginations had been able to conjure up in the other room made the actual sight seem negative. Here, at least, there was no question about the weapon of attack. All over the floor and even on the table were scattered broken bits of a flower pot. Cook stirred at last. Her lips moved and her eyes fairly flew open.

"The eyes!" she cried wildly. "Get them! Get them! I'm telling you! Get them before they get you!"

Higgins tried to calm her. "Be quiet a little," he said, rationally. "Michael finally asked 'er what happened. That provoked the explosion. 'Happened? Mother of God! I should have known better than to stay in this God-forsaken place! I sent that good-for-nothing Annie out here for my glasses, and when she didn't come back, think, I'll just teach that young fool a lesson. I had a good notion she'd sneaked off upstairs. So I got into my kitchen, meaning to get the glasses myself and accuse her of swiping 'em. And I'd no sooner got to the drawer they was in—here Cook's lip began to tremble—'than I could feel the eyes burn' into my back!'

Michael snuffed impatiently. Cook glared at him. "Rot, is it, you think? And I suppose it's rot I've got on my head!" Strangely enough, no one laughed. Cook was gathering momentum. "I tell them, I'm tellin' you. Cold, they was. I turned quick to scare them off at—there—they—was! Her freckled hand was pointing to the outer door. "Like pieces of fire. Before I'd had time to so much as give a decent yell, they stabbed me! Her voice rose higher and higher and ended in a blood-curdling whoop.

"Where is Annie?"

I SEIZED a ragged bit of pottery from the table. "Cook," I said sternly, "be quiet! Someone came in that door. You saw the reflection of the light in his eyes. You weren't stabbed by anything. You were hit with a flower pot. Look here."

But Cook was too far gone for flower pots. "It's the devil, I'm telling you!" she shrieked. "And that Annie—"

"Great Scott!" cried Michael. "Where is Annie? She couldn't help seeing this!"

piece of clothline and gagged with a white handkerchief.

A harsh, inarticulate roar boiled from William's lips. Roughly he brushed past the Skipper and knelt beside the girl. His large, capable fingers had the handkerchief off in a moment and were at the knots in the rope before Annie's preliminary screams split the silence and stirred us to life.

The girl was hysterical and in no half-hearted fashion. There was no piecing together her jerky words. Removed to the sofa. In the dining room and treated with cold water, smelling salts and aromatics, she continued to send screams later, scream echoing through the house. The Skipper shook and even slapped her. Cook, a terrifying spectacle in her bandages, addeed to the general uproar by favoring us with a vigorous description of her feelings toward Annie.

"Beg pardon, sir," said William in my ear. "I think if you was all to leave her to me for a minute, I could quiet her."

We fled into the kitchen thankfully. In the same room with the girl the racket was unthinkable, but from behind closed doors it was still bad. "Your party, Jim," said the Skipper. I said, "Thanks" bitterly. They were all looking at me—waiting. I glared desperately back, and my eye fell first of all on Cook.

"Did you hear anything at all in here after Annie left you?" I demanded.

"I did not!" her retort was spirited. "You won't be hearing the Old Nick. He's—"

"Just answer my questions, please. How long had Annie been gone before you went after her?"

"How would I know? I didn't time her. A couple of minutes, maybe. She's that lazy, I never thought—"

"What did you do while you waited for her?"

Cook looked uneasy. "Well, now, I was lyin' there on the sofa and I maybe took a couple of winks. I wouldn't know for sure."

And that was that. For all the value of her evidence she might just as well have been at the South Pole.

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I find a disturbing clue to Annie's assailant, tomorrow.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

Answers to yesterday's puzzle—  
MAKING 4 TRIANGLES  
SAME SIZE AS THE  
FIRST BY ADDING  
3 MATCHES—  
FORM A PYRAMID  
WITH THE 3 EXTRA  
MATCHES!!!

HELEN WILLS  
WON THE  
U.S. WOMEN'S  
SINGLES TENNIS  
TITLE AT 17!!!

"MARK TWAIN'S  
"TOM SAWYER"  
ONE OF LITERATURE'S  
GREATEST DESCRIPTIONS  
OF AMERICAN LIFE  
WAS FIRST PUBLISHED  
IN ENGLAND!!!

Everlasting Life  
The amazing vitality of California's Big Trees is perhaps best evidenced in the fact that even after they are cut down their foliage remains green and fresh for years. No instance of a Sequoia gigantea dying of a natural cause has ever been recorded. Fire, lightning and man have thinned out the ranks of the huge trees, but they are seemingly impervious to the onslaught of disease or old age.

Because the Big Trees reproduce only from seeds which require special soil conditions in which to root, the species faced strong danger of extinction in spite of its hardihood until the establishment of state and national parks for their protection. Fossilized trunks of the Sequoia genus have been found throughout the world, but so far as is known, the live tree has become limited to California.

The oldest and largest of the Big Trees is "General Sherman." A boring taken on it in 1931 indicated it as being from 3500 to 4000 years old.

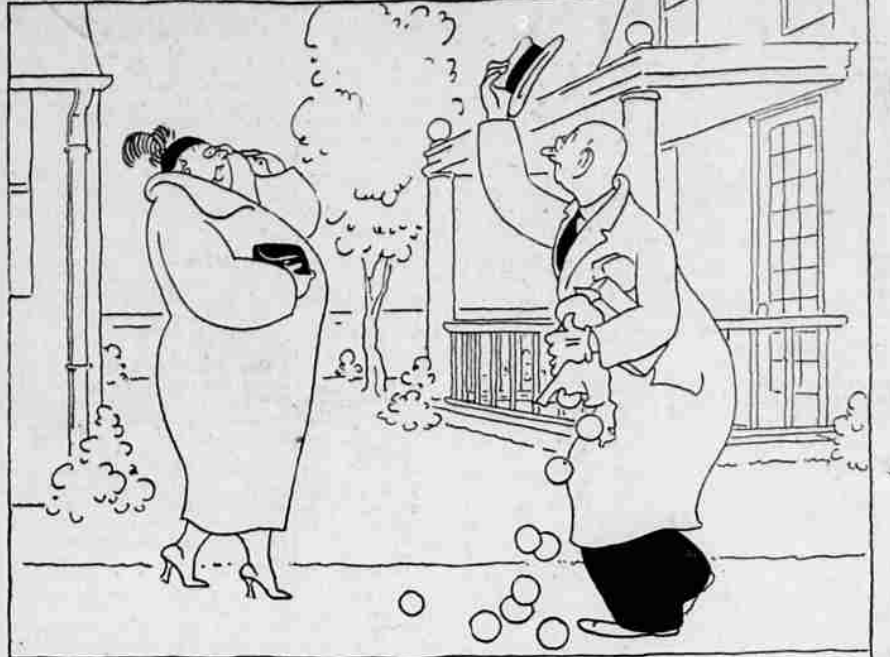
Champion At 17  
"My legs are too weak—I can't go on." Trailing her opponent, Helen Jacobs, 6-8, 6-3, 0-3, Helen Wills Moody brought to a dramatic ending her attempt to regain the Women's National Singles title in 1933—a title which she had first won at the age of 17, ten years before.

Introduced to the game by her father, a Berkeley, Cal., surgeon, little Helen showed tremendous ability and was placed under the guidance of a noted professional, "Pop" Fuller. Knocking over minor junior tournaments with monotonous regularity in San Francisco's Golden Gate park, Helen entered her first national tournament in 1923. Waiting through the opening rounds, she found herself up against the veteran champion, Molla Mallory. In the finals and won in a startling upset. Miss Wills won the championship again in 1924-25-27-28 and 29, winning it again in 1931 after her marriage.

Tomorrow: The Royal Flutist.

## SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



WHILE TRYING TO IMPRESS THE SOCIAL LEADER OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD WITH A VERY COURTEOUS GREETING, ERNIE PLUMER HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO HAVE HIS BAG OF ORANGES BREAK.

5-14

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GLUYAS WILLIAMS

## MATTER POP

By C. M. PAYNE

ALL AT ONCE THEY HEARD A FOOT-FALL

OH, SOMEBODY'S FOOT FELL OFF, HUH?

NO!

THEN HIS FOOT CAME LOOSE OFF HIM, HUH?

NO!

OH, THEN NO FOOT FELL, HUH?

AWK!

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### YONCALLA WOMAN DIES IN AUTOMOBILE PLUNGE

ROSEBURG, Ore., May 20.—(AP)—Mrs. Alice Stinson, 24 wife of A. L. Stinson, Yoncalla sawmill worker died at Mercy hospital here this afternoon from injuries suffered late this morning in an automobile accident near Bassett Springs. Evelyn McCoy, 14, of Yoncalla, suffered minor head and neck injuries in the accident.

### MARSHALL NAMED HEAD OF FOREST RECREATION

PORTLAND, May 20.—(AP)—Appointment of Robert Marshall, forester and author, as chief of the division of recreation of the U. S. forest service, was made today. Marshall has been chief forester in the Indian service for four years, and is widely known throughout the northwest.

### TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Doesn't Want Sympathy!

SOMEONE FRAMED TOMMY... STEALING HIS PLANE AND CRASHING IT. THE DEPARTMENT AIR INSPECTOR GROUNDING TOMMY AND THE 3-POINT PILOT, MISTAKING HIS FRIENDS SYMPATHY FOR DOUBT, FEELS THEY HAVE DESERTED HIM. PAUL SMITH TRIES TO MAKE TAILSPIN UNDERSTAND...

2815

### BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Here's the Proof!

GEE, FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS! AND HELLO, BRIARGIE! WE'VE CROSSED THE FIRST BRIDGE, OLD FUZZY-WUZZY—AND AM I GRATEFUL!

HIVA, MRS. HIGGINS! GAY, COME ON NOW AND GET A GREAT, BIG SMILE READY FOR ME!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, GUY?

THIS IS WHAT I MEAN! HERE'S THE MONEY TO PAY OUR NOTE AT THE BANK—

GOODNESS, GRACIOUS, GAKES ALIVE, BEN WEBSTER? DO YOU MEAN IT?

COUNT IT, MRS. HIGGINS—THAT'LL PROVE IT, WON'T IT?

### THE NEBBS—Desperation

THAT GUY WHO HAS THE CHATTEL MORTGAGE ON MY FUTURE GAVE ME A LITTLE EXTRA TIME BUT IF I DON'T HAVE THE MONEY THE NEXT TIME HE COMES, WELL, IT'S THE LAST OF MAX!

I JUST GOTTA MARRY EMMA AND GET A HOLD OF SOME DOUGH IF I COULD GET RID OF THIS GUY LUTHER... I WISH MURDER WASN'T A CRIME!

IT TOOK ME ABOUT A WEEK TO GET MY LEFT EAR WARM AFTER I STOPPED TOTING ICE AND I'D HATE TO HAVE TO GO BACK TO IT!!

## PHOENIX HIGHWAY BIDS OPEN JUNE 3

SALEM, May 20.—(AP)—Construction and improvements covering 82 miles of highways and erection of three bridges and an overcrossing will be included in the bids to be opened at the meeting of the state highway commission in Portland June 3. The awards will total about \$1,000,000 the highway department announced.

The work will be done in seven counties: Clatsop, Deschutes, Jackson, Jefferson, Tillamook, Washington and Yamhill. The jobs for which the bids were called today include:

Jackson county—Phoenix-Bear section of the Pacific highway, 3.24 miles grading and Portland cement concrete pavement and one 33-foot open concrete bridge.

## BLISTER RUST CAMP STARTS WORK SOON

A blister rust control camp comprising about 100 men will be established above Union Creek the first of the week, it was stated today by Conrad P. Wessela, in charge of the eradication program in this district.

As soon as the camp is established the men will begin working in the forest to wipe out the disease that has caused substantial loss in some timber areas, it was indicated.

A smaller blister rust control camp of about 30 men was transferred recently from the Sixtyfour national forest to Prespect in the Rogue river national forest.

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

By SOL HESS