

# MURDER ON THE BLUFF

Attractive Judge death on a wild, stormy night at Farrington Bluff, home of Michael's aunts. Everyone marveled on this island is suspect: Mike, who talked with Judge alone that night; the Skipper, his tall and tuxedoed younger aunt; Aunt Martha, stout and prudish; Gay Palmer, stout and prudish; Cook; Annie the maid— even I who have to lead the group investigation. I grow suspicious of William as we two search the house. He cracks me with a golf club and I go out.

**Chapter 19**  
**Who Hit William?**  
How long I was unconscious I have never been able to determine. I came to lying in darkness, strapped down to something that I presumed to be William's bed, my hands bound under me, a gag tied in my mouth, and pain playing an Anvil Chorus in my head. It was a long time before I could summon enough interest to savor the full horror of my position. William was the murderer and William was roaming the house, unobserved and unsuspected! I thrashed about wildly. But it was no good. The straps that bound me held! After a



"Good God!" said Mike. Then light flooded the room.

while I gave up the attempt, exhausted. It seemed incredible that I could have hesitated over William's guilt. My doubts about Michael and the Skipper were forgotten and I lay there imploringly cursing my own stupidity. If anything more should happen before that night was over, I thought, I could blame myself. My bright ideas had huddled a bunch of women into a room with an invalid and an old man and left them there unprotected. Worse than that, I had managed to avert their suspicions from the guilty person and had instructed them to open the door to him immediately. Fool! Short-sighted, doddering idiot! Was William insane? My death crept at the thought of M. Farrington's dismantled room and the mangled cat. Not the work of a sane man. Not as I figured sanity. He was mad, then. And what a crazy madness! I thought of his hefty shoulders and level, steely eyes. Why in the name of all that was holy would he kill Judge Blinshop? It was ridiculous, but it had happened. Again I tried wriggling my legs, but the circulation had gone out of them. I tried to move my hands. No go. Well, sooner or later he would come back for me, I supposed. It was strange that he hadn't finished me on the spot and made a clean job of it. Time possibly. Perhaps it was more expedient for him to get the revolver first, finish off the others, and then—and then—the gag in my mouth seemed to be strangling me. I roared and twisted and raged myself quiet. Wondering dully what time it was, I realized that I was hungry. Lunch seemed several generations removed and the recollection of it was torture. I longed desperately for a cigarette. Michael! It was all up to Michael. If only he could show a little more intelligence than I had, he might still have a chance. There was a sound from the direction of the corridor, but but unmistakable. William—someone else? I lay very still, straining my ears to catch a sound. Perhaps William had finished his job and come back for me. The noise was a faint, little, louder. Someone was talking in a low, careful murmur just outside the door. A deeper voice answered. Mike! I was sure of it.

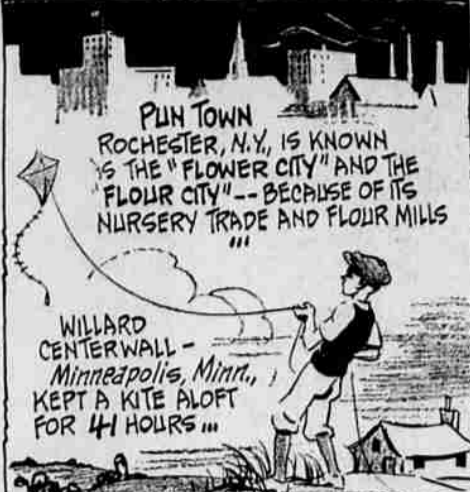
**Black Despair Sweeps Me**  
With a deep-sigh effort I wrenched at the straps binding my shoulders. They gave a little and I wrenched again. My head hit something hard—the iron bed post. Gritting my teeth, I pounded my head on the iron. It seemed to me that the noise would have weakened the lead. But there was no sound from the hall. I tried again, frantically, straining ears caught only the sound of receding footsteps and a door closing softly. I have had my share of disappointments, I suppose, but I have never had another like that one. Black despair swept me. Then suddenly a blinding ray of light shone full on my face. In breathless, motionless horror I lay there waiting. "Good God!" said Michael's voice from the darkness. In another second the room was filled with light. Gay was with him. They were at me in a twinkling. The trunk straps that held me were on the floor and the gag was out of my mouth. Michael's vigorous slaps sent the blood flowing into my arms and legs. My tongue felt like a balloon. My eyes ached in the sudden light. It was a full 10 minutes before I could either move or speak and more than that before I did either. Mike worked with a sort of determined fury. Gay nervously, "William!" I managed at last. "Where's William?" "At the foot of the back stairs with a lump the size of a house on his head," said Michael. "What happened, Jim? What happened?" "At the foot of—Wires were crossing again." "William," I said, "hid in this doorway and crowned me with a golf club as I came through." There was a long silence. "But—" said Gay slowly, "but—"

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Johann BACH—Great German composer—WAS BURIED IN A \$4 COFFIN—AND HIS GRAVE WAS LOST FOR OVER A CENTURY



PUN TOWN ROCHESTER, N.Y., IS KNOWN AS THE "FLOWER CITY" AND THE "FLOUR CITY"—BECAUSE OF ITS NURSERY TRADE AND FLOUR MILLS



PIN-HEADED MONSTER! THE 20-FOOT STEGOSAURUS HAD 2 BRAINS—ONE IN ITS HEAD AND THE OTHER IN ITS TAIL!

**Pin-Headed Monster**  
Estimated to have lived from 100 million to 200 million years ago, the huge Stegosaurus was one of the most remarkable animals that ever walked the earth. The beast's tiny head contained a brain weighing only about two and one-half ounces, but it had a peculiar spinal cord formation in its lumbar region which served as a brain in controlling the reflex movements of the tail and hind legs. necessary by the distance through which the animal's tiny "head brain" would have otherwise had to negotiate with a command to the hind quarters. The Stegosaurus ranged in length from 20 to 30 feet.

**Bach's Coffin**  
With his genius almost entirely unrecognized during his lifetime, Johann Sebastian Bach, the great German composer and musician, was a poor provider for his wife and 20 children. When he died in 1750, he left his family almost penniless. Placed in a \$4 oak coffin, his body was carried off to the old Johann church cemetery in Leipzig and unceremoniously dumped into a pauper's grave. Then the quality of his music was discovered, his fame grew and investigation was launched into his history. The cemetery in which his body lay was discovered, but his unmarked grave went unknown. A full century passed before his resting

**Probe Brawl Death**  
McMINNVILLE, May 27.—(AP)—Otto Sitton of Carlton died of a fractured skull at a hospital here yesterday. Sheriff G. W. Manning and District Attorney Earl Nott are investigating an alleged altercation at Carlton Friday.

**Economy Kick Back**  
PORTLAND, May 27.—(AP)—The city has been trying to control the zoo

**High Democrat at Feast**  
PORTLAND, May 27.—(AP)—J. P. T. O'Connor, federal comptroller of the currency in Washington, D. C., will be honor guest at a banquet here June 18 given by former North Dakota residents and alumni of North Dakota university.

**Marie Hammarley is now located at Pearl's Beauty Shop (formerly Roseborough's), 36 S. Central. Tel. 362**

# THE WORLD AT ITS WORST



TRYING TO APPEAR PLEASED WHEN RELATIVES ARRIVE UNEXPECTEDLY FOR A VISIT JUST AS YOU ARE SITTING DOWN TO TWO TABLES OF SERIOUS BRIDGE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

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# SMATTER POP

By C. M. PAYNE



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS

# BY CLIPPER PLANE TO HOSPITAL BED

SAN FRANCISCO, May 27.—(AP)—Hurried across the Pacific by Clipper plane, George Summers, New York broker, was brought to a hospital here today for treatment of fractured vertebrae, injured in an automobile accident in Manila. The after part of the Clipper was converted into a sick bay for the injured man, who made the trip on a stretcher. He was accompanied by a nurse. Summers apparently stood the Pacific flight well and appeared cheerful as he was carried into an ambulance at Alameda sea base for the trip to the hospital here.

# SOCIAL SECURITY CLAIMS TOTAL 400

PORTLAND, May 27.—(AP)—Old age pension and death claims under the social security act will reach 3000 in Oregon next year, Richard E. Neustadt, regional director, predicted today. Claims, topped by a \$210 item have already reached 400. Cards have been issued to 228,000 persons in this state. Neustadt and E. W. Tallman, regional representative, will go to Salem to confer with state officials regarding the opening of a field office at the capital. Another office is considered for La Grande.

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# TAILSPIN TOMMY—Adios, Pal!



By BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Help Wanted



THE NEBBS—It Looks Bad for Max



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# THE NEBBS—It Looks Bad for Max



By SOL HESS