

MURDER ON THE BLUFF

SYNOPSIS: Our main character, Norman Farrington, opens his eyes on the morning of the shooting of his father, Michael. A series of strange attacks is apparently explained when we find below the bluff the body of Michael's mad father, supposedly long since dead. Then Aunt Martha is shot in the shoulder by an unseen hand and the Skipper, Mike's tall and tuxedoed younger aunt, disappears. I leave Mike with his fiancée, Guy Palmer, and start out to get William, the chauffeur, and hunt for the Skipper. But first I search the body of Norman Farrington and find a key.

Chapter 31

The Unfed Dogs

REPLACING the cover, I stepped to the door and tried the key in its lock. It worked immediately. I turned out the lights and moved through the hall to the dining room door. It worked in that lock too. A skeleton key!

Then someone had certainly enticed Norman Farrington to his death. Only a person without a key would have broken the lock to get into or out of Jude's room. And had as he was, Norman Farrington had left that locked room at least once.

With the weight of evidence already against me, I did not feel bound with that key. I polished it hurriedly with my handkerchief and returned it to its original resting place. There was only one consolation. The murderer either did not know or had overlooked the key's existence. I switched off the game room lights a second time. There was no help for it. I must take the risk of his remembering and finding that key.

The servants hall was empty and rapidly darkening in the gloom of the February twilight. I passed through it quickly into the kitchen, where I found all the servants, Higgins, Cook and Annie were at the table drinking coffee. William in his boots and oilskins was coming down the stairs, a sou'wester in his hand. It didn't take a Sherlock Holmes to deduce what they had been talking about. There was a dead silence. Annie began to blush furiously. So either William or Higgins had talked, after all.

"I'm going with you instead of Mr. Michael, William," I said. "His arm is bothering him. I don't think he should go outside."

To say that this information was not well received would be to put it mildly. William favored me with a sullen stare. Annie started to say something and was heavily shushed by Cook. Higgins' face held a positively malignant leer.

"I think that's a good idea, sir," his voice was silky. "While you're in charge, it's only right that you should do all the searching."

I tried to ignore him. "Have you a good flashlight, William? It may be dark in the stable."

William's answer might best be described as a sort of grunt. But he dragged a flashlight from his pocket and handed it to me. At the door I paused with one more question.

"Have any of you seen Miss Barbara at all this afternoon—or heard anyone leaving the house?"

"No," said Cook and Annie in the same breath.

"Not that I recall, sir," from Higgins.

Watched By William

WILLIAM followed me out into the late afternoon. It had cleared miraculously. The wind, if not altogether dead, was rapidly dying, and there was a crisp snap in the air, infinitely refreshing after the caged atmosphere indoors. Gratefully I held my lungs with the salty tang. A single star glowed in the red-tinged west and beyond it to the south, the gray-and-white tumble of the Sound stretched before us. William allowed scant time for observing it.

"Are you in a hurry, Mr. Willis?" I was in a hurry, turned on my heel and led the way down the rapidly freezing drive toward the stable. William stalking sullenly behind me. Halfway down the drive, I stopped short.

"We shall have to go back, William." The man was watching me like a hawk. "Why?" curly.

"I'm pretty sure the stable's locked, and I forgot to get a key."

"I've got a key here." His laugh grated on my nerves. We went on in silence, I reflected that if the stable were locked, the chances of the Skipper's being inside were very slight. I could, however, check up very easily on whether the dogs had been fed. If they had, it would be a simple matter to check back and find out whether someone other than the Skipper had fed them.

"Who usually feeds the dogs, William?" I inquired.

"Miss Barbara, always." "Always? Even the last few days?" "Once or twice I've fed them for her—but not lately."

Of course not; I might have known that William would say just that. "Then who did feed them these last few days?" I demanded bluntly. "I don't know," and William plodded on.

The stable and garage doors were both securely padlocked. William opened the former without a word, and we stepped inside.

"Skipper!" I shouted at the top of my lungs.

There was no answer, except for the yowling of the dogs. I looked into every one of those stalls. Some of them had a little water, but there was no food in any of them. The animals were ravenous. The collie bitch sprang at me viciously, subsiding with a whimper when I spoke to her. The others were tugging wildly at their chains and yelping mournfully. So the Skipper had forgotten to feed her dogs—from the looks of them had forgotten it two days in a row.

"William," I said, "the minute we get back to the house, see that these dogs are fed."

"Yes, sir," The Skipper's forgetting her dogs was equivalent to Napoleon's forgetting his army. "It's—'unny, sir."

The Only Earthly Reason
I AGREED that it certainly was. With poor old Farrington stretched out on the game room table, these



I peered into one loft after the other. Where was she?

dogs were the only earthly reason for the Skipper's leaving the house. And she had not been near them. Where the blazes was she then? I mounted the ladders and peered into one loft after the other, shining the light all around them. One disclosed the few dusty footprints that I myself had left there yesterday. On the other, the undisturbed film of a decade still rested. I came down slowly.

"We may as well look in the garage," I said.

William's grunt might have meant almost anything. We locked the stable door behind us and entered the garage. The dry smears of clay hopelessly blurred under our impatient feet. The place smelled stuffy and dead. I called again and again, but there was no answer.

"Upstairs!" suggested William.

For the second time in as many days, I mounted those steps. The first time I had feared to find something up there. Now I was praying that I would—praying against a heavy weight in my chest that told me it was useless.

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Aunt Martha nears death a second time, 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.

John ADAMS
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, WAS DEFENSE ATTORNEY FOR THE BRITISH SOLDIERS WHO TOOK PART IN THE BOSTON MASSACRE...



DOUBLES KING—TRIS SPEAKER HIT 266 TWO-BAGGERS IN 5 SEASONS—50 OR MORE EACH YEAR.

BLACK SAND COVERS THE BEACH AT KALAPANA, HAWAII.

McGraw-Hill Syndicate, Inc. 6-10-37

Defense Attorney
At 9 o'clock on the evening of March 5, 1770, ten British soldiers stood at the head of King street, Boston—bystanders leveled. Around them pressed a hoisting crowd of citizens, daring the soldiers to fire. The soldiers loaded, the crowd drew back, guns spoke. Five civilians dropped, three of them mortally wounded. The riot went down in history as the Boston Massacre had taken place.

It had started as a seemingly harmless, semi-comical affair. On Friday the 2nd, a group of rope-makers had hurled insults at a passing band of British soldiers. The soldiers challenged the group to a boxing match. Instead, the rope-makers rushed them with sticks, the redcoats drew cutlasses and a miniature battle ensued in which several persons were slightly injured before bystanders broke it up. The brawl aroused hot-heads of the town.

On the following Monday, a small boy hopped up and down in front of the custom house, thumbing his nose at the sentinel who stood on guard. The sentinel took a sweat at the youngster with the butt of his musket. Yelling, the boy ran down the street and returned with a crowd of yelling men at his heels. The sentinel yelled for help. Colonel Thomas Preston and eight soldiers from the main guard, across the street came to his aid and the bloody Boston Massacre, one of the sparks that later set off the American Revolution, came to pass.

To quiet the outburst of public protest that followed the affair, Lieutenant Governor Hutchinson had seven of the soldiers who took part in it arrested. Strange as it seems, John Adams, future president of the United States, took over the job of defending them as one of their attorneys. Though his sympathies lay strongly with the American cause, he detested mob violence. His professional ethics, too, proved a factor in his accepting the case. With two colleagues, he succeeded in winning the acquittal of five soldiers. The other two were branded on the hand for manslaughter and released.

Black Sand
Sand on the beach at Kalapana, Hawaii, consists of ground-up black lava.

Tomorrow: The Voyage Made Too Late!



passed by the boys on this trip, each boy made his own fire and did his own cooking. Sunday afternoon the boys went to a large pond near the Brophy road and enjoyed a good swim, a few of the harder boys took a dip in Rogue river Saturday afternoon. The boys were all back in Medford by 6 o'clock Sunday evening.

Donagh Renominated.
WASHINGTON, June 10.—(AP)—President Roosevelt sent to the senate today the nominations of a group of United States district attorneys, many of them reappointments. In the list were: Oregon: Carl C. Donagh.

Leaves Farewell Note.
SEATTLE, June 10.—(AP)—Deputy Coroner C. L. Harris said today Morris Trover, 36, Black Diamond miner, took his own life here yesterday with a .22 calibre rifle. His widow, Mrs. Royce Trover, is at Amity, Ore., visiting her mother. Trover left a note saying "Goodbye Royce and kids."

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Becomes a Secret Service Man!

TOMMY IS ABOUT TO EMBARK UPON A DANGEROUS ADVENTURE. HE HAS AGREED TO IMPERSONATE A SLAIN PILOT, WHO GREATLY RESEMBLED HIM, BUT WHO WAS A MEMBER OF A GREAT ESPIONAGE ORGANIZATION, PLOTTING AGAINST THIS COUNTRY. TOMMY HOPES TO UNMASK THE CHIEF OF THIS GROUP...



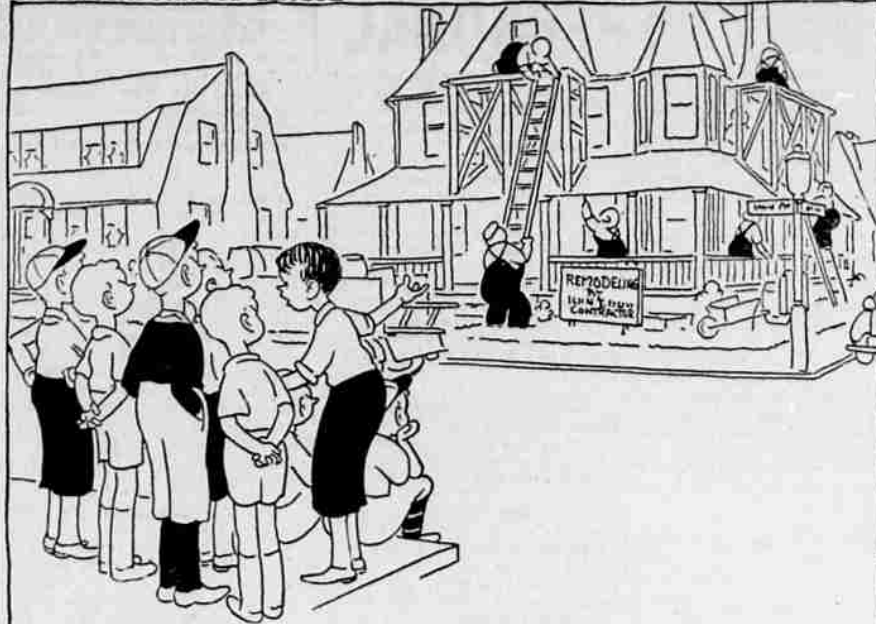
BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Still Hope, Too!



THE NEBBS—Advice to the Lovelorn



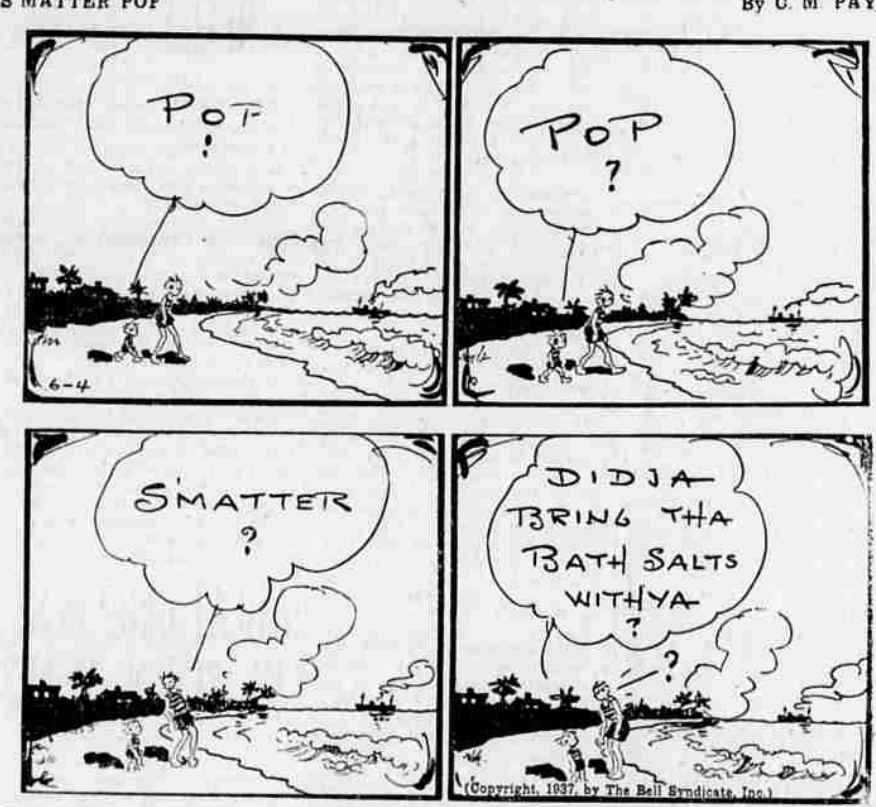
THE NEIGHBORHOOD LEAGUE By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THE ELM STREET TIGERS LEARN WITH HORROR THAT THE HOUSE, IN WHICH ANDY PERRY, THEIR STAR PITCHER, LIVES, IS BEING MADE OVER INTO A TWO-FAMILY HOUSE AND THAT THE PART HE'S GOING TO LIVE IN WILL HAVE ITS ENTRANCE ON MAPLE AVE., MAKING HIM THE PROPERTY OF THEIR ARCH RIVALS, THE MAPLE AVE. GIANTS

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S MATTER POP By C. M. PAYNE



HAL FORRETT



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HOFF



SENATE SWITCHES ANTI-LYNCH LAWS

WASHINGTON, June 10.—(AP)—A senate judiciary sub-committee approved today the Wagner-Van Nuys anti-lynching bill.

Chairman Van Nuys (D-Ind.) said the committee voted to substitute the bill for the Gavanan measure recently passed by the house.

He said he understood this would be satisfactory to Representative Gavanan (D-N.Y.), author of the house bill.

"The Wagner bill," Van Nuys said, "is more simple and more easily enforced."

He explained the bill would define mob violence to cover lynchings but to exclude gangster deaths or violence resulting from labor disputes.

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

MARTIN TO TALK AT POSTAL MEET

ASTORIA, June 10.—(AP)—Two hundred postmasters will register tomorrow for the annual convention of the Oregon Association of Postmasters.

Governor Charles Martin and Alexander W. Graham of Kansas City, national president, will head the list of speakers. Other distinguished visitors will include George A. Starr, Seattle postmaster; I. A. Smoot, Salt Lake City, national vice president; J. A. McCarthy, San Francisco postmaster, and Dr. E. T. Redford, postmaster, Portland.

Legion Scouts Take Week-end On Rogue

The American Legion troop No. 7 of Boy Scouts spent Saturday night and Sunday at the Legion camp on Rogue river near the Laurelburn bridge. Scoutmaster Rudy Bills was in charge. Troop Committees Pop and Holmes accompanied the party.

Many scout qualification tests were