

# MURDER ON THE BLUFF

**SYNOPSIS:** Our solid, stormy weekend at Farrington Bluff, home of Michael's aunts, opens with the mysterious shooting to death of attractive Jude Blinshop. A series of strange attacks is apparently explained when we find below the bluff the body of Michael's mad father. Then Aunt Martha is shot in the shoulder by an unseen hand, and the Skipper, Mike's tall and tweedy younger aunt, disappears. Mike stays with Gay Palmer, his fiancée, while William, the chauffeur, and I finally search the grounds. Returning, we find Aunt Martha nearly dead after taking sleeping powder.

## Chapter 35 On To The Cellar!

MICHAEL came rushing out of the bathroom, a plain gray box in his hand. It was half full of powder; but on the top was written merely, "Sleeping powder, Dr. Foster," and the date. No help there.

"Get hot-water bottles!" I said. The chances were that it was the wrong thing to do, but the chances were better that if left in that condition much longer M. Farrington would be finished. I raced into the bathroom and ransacked the medicine chest. Everything from sodium bicarbonate and iodine to a nerve tonic. But no ipcaec.

"Get those hot-water bottles as fast as you can, Mike," I said and tore into the hall.

One by one, I went through every medicine chest on that floor. There was enough stuff there to cause a druggist to turn cartwheels. But no ipcaec. Coming out of Mike's room, I caught sight of Gay coming up the stairs with William at her heels. One glance at her face told me there would be no help from downstairs.

"Is there any ipcaec in the house? Ask Higgins! Ask—"

He nodded. "Miss Barbara had it for a dog that got some bad meat. It's in the kitchen. I'll get it."

Mike had hot-water bottles in place and was working for all he was worth. We hastened to help him. My arms were already aching by the time William appeared with several bottles and a whole trayful of glasses. Without waiting to read instructions, I poured out a dose. I knew that amount hadn't killed Hog Fowler at school, but that was all I did know.

We had difficulty in making her swallow it, and when we finally got it down, there was no effect. We rubbed and rubbed. William was obliged to take Michael's place. We rubbed more. And then things began to happen—with startling suddenness and considerable force.

But what little vitality she had left seem to go after that. Gay tried to pour some whiskey down her throat, with no success. We all tried. Useless. Finally Mike straightened up and met my eyes.

"She's dead," he said in a still voice. Sweat was running down my face into my eyes. My throat was hard and dry. "She can't be! She can't be!"

William's hand coming down heavily on my back froze the words in my mouth. He pushed me to one side.

**Francie Resuscitation**

I'M NOT quite clear on what followed. William had taken charge. We were all moving mechanically, obeying his orders. As I remember it, I was holding the old lady's uninjured arm up over her head, flaying it back and forth from her sides in a sort of windmill motion. What the others were doing I have no idea. Finally, beneath the wheezing noises of her rescuers, M. Farrington began to breathe—faintly, spasmodically at first, and then with more strength and steadiness. Mike and I stopped simultaneously, but William made us keep going.

Weariness was floating over me, but through it I droned words. "The Skipper! The Skipper! We must hurry. But where? Where? Just as M. Farrington's eyes flew open, I had the answer.

"Stay here, Gay," I whispered and unceremoniously yanked Michael into the hall.

"The cellar," I told him.

For once Mike didn't want to argue. He followed me down the hall into the servants' quarters as fast as he could go. I could feel his breath on my neck all the way. We sprinted through the narrow corridor and took the back stairs three at a time. I was fumbling at the door of the entry and the confounded thing wouldn't seem to work. Behind me there was a banging of drawers, the crash of a chair going over, an awful uproar.

The clatter on the back stairs was probably William, but I didn't turn to see. Frantically, I tried key after key on that cellar door. It was an age before one of them turned, and the door flew open. Inky black the cellar gaped below us.

"Where the devil are the lights?" I rasped.

Mike's hand found a switch and the cellar stairs, narrow, crooked and dusty, lay ahead of us. Farrington

Bluff was built in the days when cellars were designed for foundations of a house in which food and drink might be incidentally stored. We went down those stairs at top speed. As my feet left the bottom step, I heard the door above closing loudly. "Where's William?" I snapped at Michael.

"Went back upstairs. The women are having a fit about being left alone."

On the spot, I dismissed William from my mind. By the light of the dim bulb over the stairs, we could see a good part of the vast old cellar. We were standing at the end of a long passageway, flanked on the left by the wall of the house and on the right by a room of some description, the door of which was practically at my elbow.

"Stand here and keep your eyes open," I ordered, and pushed open the door at my right.

I was looking into what must have been the Farrington wine cellar, a large, low-ceilinged room, almost square in shape. My light disclosed tiers of bottle racks, mostly empty, completely surrounding the room. Here and there a barrel or a keg. Over the whole a perfect curtain of dust and cobwebs. Cobwebs hung long, lacy festoons from the ceiling beams, from the racks, from the barrels. Dust lay in the dim light over the floor, from the floor. Of any human being, there was not a trace.

**The Preserve Closet**

I LET the door swing softly to. "Where does this passage take us?" "Furnace room and fuel bins. Storage room after that."

Silently I led the way along it. Our footsteps echoed through the ghostly empty place. After we had taken a dozen paces, the dim light over the stairs was of little use.

"Aren't there any more lights?" I whispered. There was no reason for whispering, but the atmosphere of the place already had its grip on me. "No, Aunt Martha's stubborn about improvements." Unconsciously Mike was whispering, too. "Skipper was always telling her that Cook would break her leg down here and sue us for plenty."

I dashed my light around the furnace room. Oblong in shape, running across the entire center of the house, its left and right walls consisted of enormous coal and wood bins, respectively, piled right to the ceiling. A huge, old-fashioned furnace stood in the exact center of the room, its pipes running overhead in all directions. Some orderly hand had been at work, for there was no dust, and there were no cobwebs. And no sign of the Skipper.

Apparently the wall nearest the passage was also the wall of the wine cellar which we had just left. In the center of the wall opposite it, was a door for which I made without further ado. But Mike's stubborn about improvements.

If I had fumbled with the keys upstairs, I nearly tore them apart now in my excitement.

"What's stored here?" I grunted. "Vegetables—preserves—junk!" Michael's words came in episodic jerks. He may have been thinking the same thing that I was thinking—that with the wine cellar left unlocked, it was odd to find the preserve closet fastened.

The door opened at last. A room about the same size and shape as the furnace room and neat as a pin, lay ahead of us. From floor to ceiling it was lined with high closets—wainscoted. In the center of the room stood a large kitchen table with an antiquated tea set on it. Otherwise, the room was empty.

"Skipper!" I shouted, flinging myself against the nearest door. "Are you there? Skipper! Skipper!"

The impact of my shoulder on the solid wood of the closet sent a steady stab of pain through me. I turned to look for a poker.

The furnace room offered better than a poker, however. Mike made straight for the wood bin. There, propped against the wall, was an ax. I snatched it from him and rushed back at the closets.

The pen may be mightier than the ax, but my blows on that hard wood would have been equally effective with either. I glanced and twisted and twisted and twisted.

"Use the butt of the damn thing," grunted Michael. The light was wavering in his hand.

I did. Wood splintered and crashed. There was a tinkle as of broken glass. Something wet and sticky was in my eyes. I was still trying to clear them when Mike yelled, "Try the next one!" I blinked at a closet full of broken jars. The mess drooling down my face seemed to be strawberry preserves.

(Copyright, 1937, Esther Tyler)

Mike and I ourselves locked in the cellar, tomorrow.

The committee earmarked \$300,000 for the fund to cover the omnibus flood control law for the secretary of agriculture to make preliminary studies of run-off and soil erosion prevention on the watersheds of authorized flood control projects.

A total of \$128,000,000 was recommended for rivers and harbor projects, of which \$90,733,101 would be for new work and \$37,266,899 for maintenance.

Columbia river basin, \$1,000,000 or \$68,866,101 for new projects not yet under contract, he said, \$8,708,000 "must be applied to the construction of the Fort Peck dam during the coming critical period of closure; \$3,000,000 must be expended, principally for storage easements, in order that the Bonneville dam on the Columbia river may be placed in operation."

**Dead in His Barn**

WOODBURN, June 12.—(AP)—William Elmer McAdams, 63, was found dead in his barn, eight miles north of here, by his wife last night with a shotgun wound in his abdomen. The sheriff's office was investigating the case.

**Favor Weed Control**

ONTARIO, June 12.—(AP)—The Malheur county farmers meeting recommended 25 percent of the payments toward the agriculture act go to the county courts for weed control.

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

## THE MAN OF 63 ALIASES!

VICTOR LUSTIG—  
Escaped counterfeiter,  
WAS RECAPTURED UNDER  
A LIST OF 63 DIFFERENT ALIASES...

THEY INCLUDED: ROBERT DUVAL,  
CHAS. GROMAR, JOHN R. KANE,  
NOVERA, BERT LAUSTIG,  
GEORGE SHOBO, FRANK KESSLER,  
CARL HILLMAN, THE COUNT,  
ETC...

3 NATIONAL LEAGUE  
BASEBALL GAMES ENDED  
IN TIES ON THE  
SAME DAY!  
—April 26,  
1897—

FREE RIDES ON  
FREIGHT TRAINS  
BETWEEN BOWIE AND  
GLOBE, ARIZONA,  
WERE GIVEN TO  
THE APACHE INDIANS  
FOR 27 YEARS—  
IN RETURN FOR TRACK  
RIGHTS THROUGH THEIR  
RESERVATION...



THE ENGLISH ALPHABET  
COMES FROM THE  
LATIN ALPHABET—  
YET TAKES ITS NAME FROM  
THE FIRST 2 LETTERS OF  
THE GREEK ALPHABET,  
"ALPHA" AND "BETA"...

**Man of 63 Aliases**

Wanted for escaping from the United States detention headquarters in New York City on September 1, 1935, Victor Lustig was recaptured at Pittsburgh, Pa., 27 days later.

The following list of aliases was included in the apprehension notice issued by the Federal Bureau of Investigation in their search for the escaped counterfeiter.

Robert V. Miller, Victor Lustig, Count Lustig, Bert Lustig, Vilbert Lustig, Bert Laustig, Robert Lamar, Robert Duval, Count Duval, George Duval, "The Count," Victor Foster, Victor Foster, Charles Gromar, Charles Gromer, Charles Gruber, Albert Gramman, Victor Gross, Frank Herbert, George Baker, Edward Bayer, C. H. Baxter, John R. Kane, R. U. Miller, Victor Miller, Robert Miller, R. B. Miller, Charles Novera, Novera, Charles Novera, Albert Phillips, G. R. Richard, J. B. Richards, George Scofield, Edward Schaeffer, Edward Schaefer, Edward Shaffer, George Shobo, George Shobol, George Schoel, Charles Taylor, Robert G. Wagner, R. G. Wagner, Robert George Wagner, G. R. Werner, "The Scared."

John Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, adds the following aliases which are on file for Victor Lustig:

Albert Phillips, Albert Gauman, John Kane, "Le Sabre," Victor Bowman, R. V. Miller, Ben Schober, Robert Duval, Vic Miller, Frank Kessler, Frank Hessler, Victor Mergler, Victor Shaffer, Victor Lustig, J. P. Richards, Carl Hillman, Peter Clements.

**Lands "U" Library**

EUGENE, June 12.—(AP)—The new University of Oregon library, opened to student use this spring, is more nearly "the library of the future" than any similar structure on any campus in the nation, in the opinion of Sydney B. Mitchell of the University of California.

**Astoria Dyke Falls**

ASTORIA, June 12.—(AP)—A 50-foot section of the Columbia river dike near east Astoria, where a serious flood occurred last year, gave way this morning just before low tide the county court was informed.

**TOKYO, June 12.—(AP)—To offset mounting armaments in Soviet**

**TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Hesitates!**

TOMMY IS IN METROPOLIS CITY, AND HIS FIRST STEP, BEFORE GOING TO THE BLUE LANTERN INN TO MEET THE SPY CONTACT MAN, IS TO DYE HIS HAIR BLACK AND ADD A FEW CHANGES TO AID HIM IN IMPERSONATING ANTHONY LACEY, THE DEAD SPY PILOT...

**BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Transformation!**

TAKE A LOOK AT ME, BEN! HOW'M I DOIN'?

WHERE'D YOU GET THOSE GWEEL DUDS, UNCLE NAT?

DON'T YOU SEE ANYTHING ELSE? NOTICE HOW I'VE UNSNAGGLED AND TRIMMED MY MUSTACHE, WILL YOU? AND THIS IS JUST A BEGINNING.

GEE, YOU LOOK LOTS YOUNGER, AND RATHER SNAPPY, TOO! BUT WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

SWAP INTO IT, BEN! IT'S FOR THE STORE!

IT MEANS I'VE SENSED THE SPIRIT YOU'VE PUT INTO THINGS DOWN THERE AND I'M GOING TO LOOK ANY BEST AND DO MY DARNEST TO GIVE YOU EVERYTHING THAT'S IN ME!

**THE NEBBS—The Betting Commissioner**

GOIN' TO MAKE THAT BET GOOD YOU SNITCHED OUT ON EMMA?

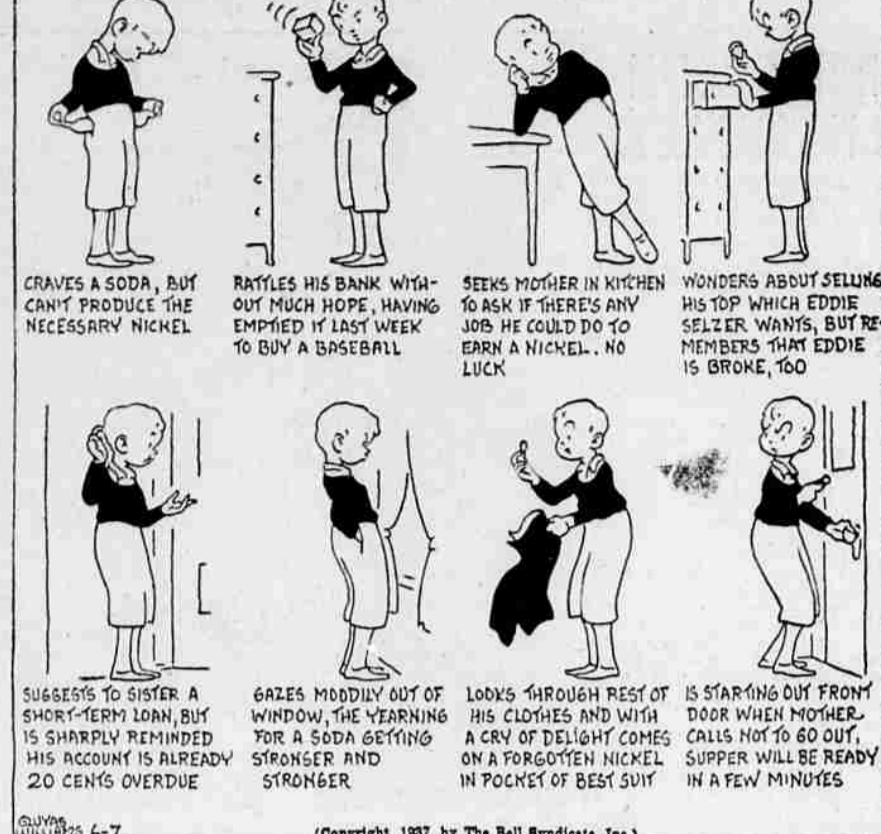
IF I WAS RUDE I'D TELL YOU THAT IT WAS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, BUT BEING A GENTLEMAN OF CULTURE AND REFINEMENT I'LL TELL YOU BETWEEN MISS GRUNTLEY AND MYSELF.

SO YOU'RE MISS GRUNTLEY'S BETTING COMMISSIONER NOW? PULLING OFF A TWO-DOLLAR BET AND TALKING ABOUT COMING HOME FOR OVER 90 BUCKS? IF YOU MAKE THAT UNGOOD BET YOUR HEAVENLY EFFORTS WILL GO FOR SOME TIME.

I GOTTA STOP THIS—I'LL GO OVER AND HAND HER 10 BUCKS ON ACCOUNT AND TELL HER HOW SHE HAS IMPAIRED MY COMMERCIAL STANDING IN NORTHVILLE—SQUEEZE IN A COUPLE OF TEARS AND MAYBE I CAN BUTTON UP THAT GAB OF MINE!

# BROKE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



# S'MATTER POP

By C. M. PAYNE



# TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Hesitates!

By HAL FORREST



# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Transformation!

By EDWIN ALGER



# THE NEBBS—The Betting Commissioner

By SOL HESS



# COLUMBIA BASIN GRANTED MILLION TO CONTROL FLOOD

WASHINGTON, June 12.—(AP)—The house appropriations committee today recommended a \$194,328,363 appropriation for the war department to finance flood control, river and harbor improvements and other non-military projects.

The house already has approved a \$418,751,531 appropriation for the department's military activities. The additional money would bring its total funds for the fiscal year beginning July 1 to \$877,089,894.

Non-military appropriation approved by the committee was \$2,736,576 above the current year's figure but \$47,181 below the budget bureau's estimates.

Of the total \$181,416,300 would go to the army engineers for flood control and river and harbor work. The bill stipulates \$30,000,000 shall be available for construction of projects authorized by the 1936 omnibus flood control act.