

MURDER ON THE BLUFF

SYNOPSIS: The mysterious shooting to death of Jude Blinshop, my old flame, opens our stormy weekend at Farrington Bluff, home of Michael's aunts. A series of strange attacks is apparently explained when we find the body of Michael's mad father below the bluff. Then Aunt Martha is shot in the shoulder by an unseen hand, and the Skipper, Mike's tall, tuxedoed younger aunt, disappears. Sleeping peacefully nearby finish Aunt Martha, and Cook gets "doped to the gills." Mike, his fiancée, Gay Palmer, and I start searching the bedrooms for a clue to the killer or the Skipper's whereabouts.

The whole business. With your permission, I'll drop in on you Wednesday at 11 a. m. and we can go around and see about it. "It bucks me up to have you write to me after all. Let me know if Wednesday isn't all right.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN BLINSHOP."

So William had known Jude Blinshop! Worse than that, he had apparently gotten into trouble while working for her father and been prosecuted for it. For the first time, we had discovered a clear and plausible motive.

Another Scrap Looms
MICHAEL spoke first. "The rat!" he said. "After a guy went to all that trouble to give him a lift!" There were several things about the situation that puzzled me. Why should William have kept those two letters? He was not a sentimental soul, nor yet an imaginative one. Assuming that he had been responsible for Jude's death, he was a treacherous, cold-blooded devil. I couldn't seem to imagine such a man keeping incriminating evidence to gloat over when the nights were long and lonely.

The evidence was right under my nose, but I wasn't satisfied with it. Could this be what Jude had told

Chapter 37 William's Secret

At last only one thing remained to be investigated—the bed and its silent occupants. Michael's face of perspiration stood on Michael's face. But we had failed to look at that bed once before, and our failure had been disastrous.

I took a deep breath and stepped toward it. Moving so lightly in my clenched hand as almost to throw me off my balance, the sheet came back. Jude Blinshop lay where I had placed her. I replaced the cover quickly.

The stillness of that room seemed to follow us down the hall to my quarters. No one spoke during the entire performance of dumping all my things on the floor. I couldn't get Jude's disfigured, staring face out of my mind. It seemed to be reproaching me for something. I'm afraid I wasn't of much help at that stage of the game. Michael's voice was hushed as he asked me if I was all right.

I said that I was. I stumbled after them into his room and helped paw through his belongings. There was a devil of a mess there, but nothing more. And that brought us to a halt. Aside from the servants' quarters there remained only the rooms of the two aunts, Annie and M. Farrington were in one of them, and the bathroom door into the other probably still stood open. Cook and Higgins were in their rooms—or should have been. That left William's room and Annie's. Annie, it seemed to us, would be more apt to remain where she was than William. We decided on his room first.

Breathlessly we tiptoed across the main hall to the servants' quarters. Not a sound. One dim light was burning just above the stairs in the narrow hallway. We listened at Higgins' door. A light was burning inside, but there was not a sound. We crept down the corridor to Cook's door where the sound of heavy breathing was clearly audible. Pushing open William's door, I groped for a light.

Two Letters Fall Out
THE tumbled bed still bore testimony of my struggles there. The trunk straps that had held me lay on the floor as Michael had flung them. Inch by inch we went over that room—through the dresser, the wardrobe, his uniform pockets, under the rug, all over the bed and its mattress.

I finally shrugged helplessly and turned to the door. "It was Michael at the window against which reposed a small leather cushion of the sort used in the driver's seat of a car. Mike picked it up. We all crowded around him and as we did so a section of the cushion snapped. Two letters fell to the floor. I stooped and picked them up.

They were both in plain white envelopes, one typed and one addressed in a vertical, firm handwriting. In the corner of the typewritten one, I read "Office of the Warden, Wethersfield Prison, Wethersfield, Connecticut. It was addressed to Mr. William Miller, 137 Nassau St., New York City. My hand shook so that I could hardly get the letter out of the envelope. The date was in July of the previous year. I read:

"I am sorry to learn from our mutual friend that you have encountered difficulty in securing employment. It is my suggestion that you get in touch with Mr. Blinshop who, in spite of the fact that he was obliged to take the stand against you, bears you no malice, and is most eager to help you now.

He is a generous and sympathetic man. In spite of the trouble you have caused him, you need not hesitate to accept his assistance. I heartily endorse the plan of a fresh name and a fresh start. Do not lose your nerve. Please keep in touch with me.

It was signed by the warden of the prison.

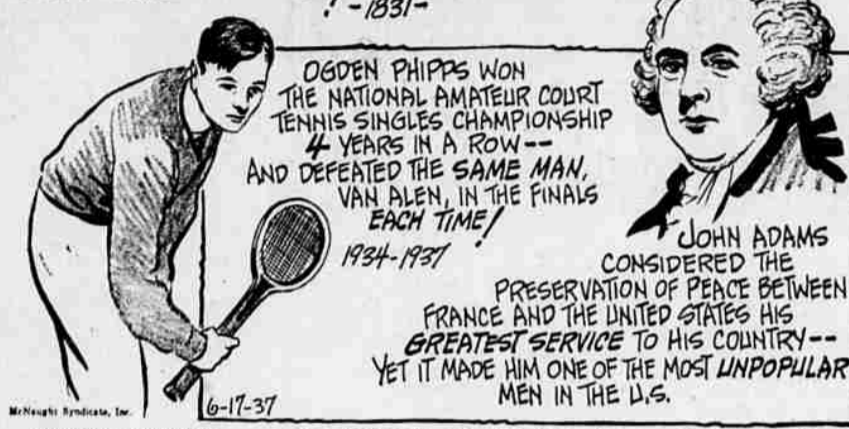
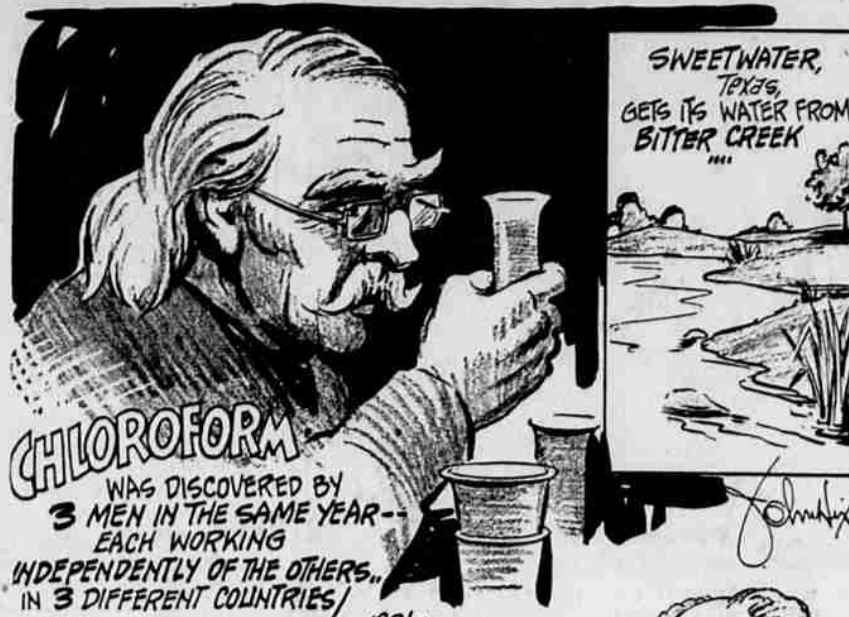
"DEAR BILL," read the other letter. "I was glad to hear from you. You've been on my mind for a long time. I'd hate you to think that I had any grudge against you. I felt that and I still feel that you were a good chap in a tight spot. Fortunately, I think you can manage to get you a job where you will be just as well off as you were here. Then you can forget



Breathlessly we tiptoed across the main hall.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Chloroform Coincidence.
As far back as the days of ancient Egyptian surgery, science sought methods for inducing sleep in patients while they underwent painful operations or treatments. The Egyptians made their contribution to the science of anesthetics by knocking patients into unconsciousness with a club. That was a bit hard on the patients, however, so medical men sought gentler methods. Narcotics such as opium are believed to have been used in various parts of the world as "pain-killers" centuries ago, but not until the 19th century did the modern anesthetics of ether and chloroform come into use.

The latter drug was discovered by three chemists in the same year—1831—though none of the three men knew of the others' work and did their research in different countries! The three discoverers were: Samuel Guthrie of America, Liebig of Germany, and Soubeiran of France.

Paradox Town.
That water supply of Sweetwater, Texas, comes from Sweetwater lake, an artificial lake formed by the damming of Bitter creek. Thus, strange as it seems, Sweetwater gets its water from Bitter creek.

John Adams.
In his own words, John Adams desired "no other inscription over my grave than this: 'Here lies John Adams, who took upon himself the responsibility of the peace with France in 1800.'"

Adams' term as president was a stormy one. At its start conditions offered strong possibilities of dragging the United States into a war with England as an ally of France. This situation soon went into reverse and the nation clamored for an alliance with Great Britain against France. Adams stood firmly for peace throughout both war scares. His stand is credited with having been the major factor in keeping the nation out of war in both instances, yet it made him one of the most unpopular men of his time.

School Fund Per Capita.
SALEM, June 17. — (AP) — Common school funds available for the 1937 distribution will amount to \$132 per capita compared with \$125 last year, Lewis Griffith, clerk of the state land board, said today.

Klamath Too Rainy.
KLAMATH FALLS, June 17. — (AP) — For the first time in Klamath county history, farmers today were complaining of too much moisture.

Democratic Confab.
WASHINGTON, June 17. — (AP) — President Roosevelt will confer with more than 400 Democratic congressmen about general legislative problems during an outing at secluded Jefferson Island club in Chesapeake bay, beginning June 25.

Would Enjoin Chiloquin.
KLAMATH FALLS, June 17. — (AP) — Suit to enjoin the city of Chiloquin from paying Arthur W. Proulx, Republican state committee chairman, and publisher of the Chiloquin Review, for printing, stationery and supplies has been filed by Nick Roufas, a Chiloquin taxpayer, it was learned today.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeets Tries to Cheer Up Betty Lou!



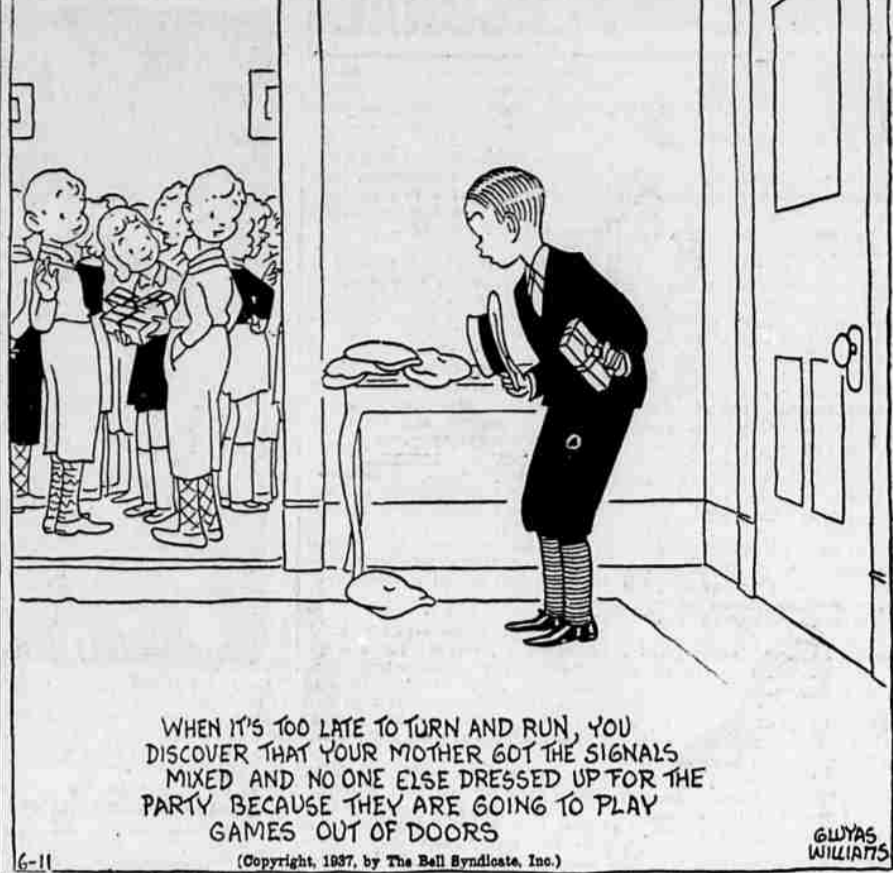
BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Varying Views



THE NEBBS—A Sure Cure



THE WORLD AT ITS WORST By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



'S MATTER POP By C. M. PAYNE



NAZI-ITALY BACK IN NAVY PARLEY

LONDON, June 17. — (AP) — Germany and Italy formally announced today their decision to resume cooperation with the International Non-Intervention committee and to take an active part in the neutral patrol of Spanish waters.

German and Italian ambassadors made the announcement in a joint communiqué which said the decision was reached "as the result of an agreement on Saturday, June 12, between the four powers responsible for the naval patrol."

The two countries withdrew from the committee May 31 after warships of both Italy and Germany had been bombed by Spanish government planes.

During afternoon revival meetings in rural Georgia towns it is customary for stores to close.

NEAR CYCLONE IN EASTERN OREGON

BAKER, June 17. — (AP) — Telephone lines in Pine Valley 65 miles from Baker were thrown out of commission this morning by a severe storm, described as a cyclone according to a telegram received here from Robinson.

The extent of the damage caused by the storm could not be warned as the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph company lines were also out of order as a result of the storm between Baker and Richland. The telephone lines in Pine Valley are owned by the Pathhandle Cooperative Telephone company and the Pine Valley Telephone system.

Gorillas attain a height of six feet, but because of their stooping posture they rise only about four feet from the ground.

By SOL HESS

