

MURDER ON THE BLUFF

SYNOPSIS: A mysterious shot kills Jule Blinshop, my old flame, at the start of our stormy weekend at Farrington Bluff, home of Michael's aunt. A series of strange attacks occur. Then we find the body of Michael's mad father below the bluff. Aunt Martha, stout and Victorian, is shot in the shoulder, and nearly finished with sleeping powder. The Skipper, Mike's tall, toney younger aunt, disappears. Evidence piles up against Higgins, the old butler, and I reluctantly lock him in his room. Later I drop from him the advice to look in the "old loft" for the Skipper, Mike and I run for it.

Chapter 46

The Cedar Chest
I DIDN'T stop to find out what he was talking about. There was a rush of voices behind us, but we tore for the front stairs. At the head of them Michael swerved to the right and sprinted once more toward the servants' corridor. He swung into the other hall before I was halfway from the stairs. By the time I reached the swinging door, he had a ladder-like set of steps pulled straight down from the ceiling directly in front of the head of the back stairs.

"Not in use," he panted. "Forgot completely." He disappeared into blackness.

I followed him, barking my shins again as I went over the edge.



Madly I tore at the knots while Michael continued to bellow.

"Skipper!" he was calling. "Skipper! Skipper!" In the darkness, there was no sound but our own heavy breathing. The air was dusty and heavy. Squatting on the edge of that trap door, I felt a sneeze coming, tried to muffle it, failed.

"Damn it!" said Michael. "Shut up, can't you!" He was listening. I could feel the tension of his body where he crouched against me. But there wasn't a sound.

"Are there any lights, Mike?" I whispered.

"No." It was like us to be without a light at that moment. I didn't have heart enough to swear. Michael was edging himself away from the trap into the darkness. He bumped into me as he went and I felt a bulge in his coat pocket—the bulge of William's flashlight.

"Mike!" I said. "You have the flashlight in your coat!" His hand slipped into the pocket. There was a grunt of relief and the next moment a beam of light gradually disclosed a section of the room we were in. It was low and directly under the rafters. The eaves sloped down to the floor and at its highest point it was not over five feet high.

If the old carriage loft brought to my mind the other of decades, this gave me a feeling of the dust of other centuries. It was full of Farrington relics. Furniture, clothes, mattresses, trunks, suitcases, chests, bedding. Apparently it ran over the outer section of the servants' quarters and had not been used in years. The atmosphere was musty and stifling.

Michael's light came slowly down to the floor at our feet. At the head of the trap door the floor was polished clean as a whistle by the clothes of persons coming up from below. The glancing of the light on my own knees showed me a gray film of dust coating my trousers.

But beyond that polished space and beyond the hindleg of our coat marks, a clear trail of footprints led off in the direction of the other end of the loft. There were two sets of them, blurred as if made by people walking either in stockings or feet or slippers. Michael's light flashed

around in a circle. Not five feet away from that double trail was a single set—returning.

The Broken Vase

WE painfully shifted trunks, old bureaus and washstands. Once we narrowly escaped disaster when Michael, banging into a cedar chest dropped the light. The air got thinner and mustier as we proceeded. It was dawn on me that we should have to work rapidly. There were no windows in that loft. If the Skipper were there, she had been there for hours.

"Mike! Mike! Where are you?" It was Gay from the direction of the trap door.

Michael shouted. "Go back! Stay with Aunt Martha. We'll be there in a minute."

A thick row of old draperies hung from the rafters. A pile of bolsters nearly yelled when I banged into an old hoop skirt. As we went along the chances of the Skipper's still being alive seemed to grow slimmer and slimmer. I tried to think what one did for a case of suffocation, but the only word that came to my mind was "Dead—dead—dead!"

"Could a person live six hours in this?" I whispered to Michael.

His only answer was a grunt. Leading the way around a tall old mirror, pulled up with a bang, his breath whistling into the silence. Over his shoulder I peered into the circle of our light.

The footprints had stopped. There was a blur of stirred up dust and a

long trail of smooth, clean board leading directly up to a heavy cedar chest. Right at our feet, scattering out as far as our light would reach, were the broken pieces of some horrible china contraption—probably a vase.

Before I had half taken in the situation Michael leapt forward. His hand rapped smartly against a sloping rafter, and he staggered back, grunting. In another instant he was crouched and in under that eave. The chest was crashing out of the way, nearly upsetting me.

A Crusty, Dark Streak
THE Skipper was lying on her side. Her hands bound behind her with strips of white cloth and her ankles securely tied with similar pieces. A crusty, dark streak ran across her entire face.

Between us we managed to get her out into the open. Michael thrust a penknife in my hand.

"Cut the damn things. Cut them! Cut them!" He was weaving around me in circles; his voice clamorous.

I wasn't much more use. The knife twisted and turned in my hand and the cloth seemed to be made of iron. Dropping the useless blade, I tore madly at the knots. It went on and on. And Michael continued to bellow. Flung down the final strip at last, I felt for the Skipper's heart. I couldn't bear a thing—only the mad pounding of my own pulse.

"Get out of the way!" I lifted the Skipper in my arms. "Hold the light, can't you? We've got to get her out of here."

He held it, after a fashion—unsteadily, wobbling back and forth in and out of my range of vision. We made but slow progress through that maze of relics. The Skipper was an unresisting dead weight in my arms, and it was necessary to bend almost double to avoid the rafters. I could hear Michael's breath now at my side, now in back of me. I nearly tripped a dozen times. My arms ached and I couldn't seem to breathe by the time the light of the trap door finally appeared.

(Copyright 1937, Esther Tyler)

The revolver takes another life, to morrow.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

AMERICA'S OLDEST GROCER—

ALBERT COLE, 83, of South Portland, Maine,

HAS BEEN SELLING GROCERIES OVER THE SAME COUNTER FOR 74 YEARS!

HIS FATHER PRECEDED HIM IN THE SAME STORE AND ONE OF HIS OWN SONS HAS WORKED IN IT FOR 33 YEARS



MAHOGANY NEVER GROWS IN MAHOGANY FORESTS... ONLY ONE OR TWO TREES GROW TO THE ACRE, USUALLY IN DENSE FORESTS OF OTHER KINDS OF TREES

THE MAN WHO PINCH-HIT FOR COBB! FRED PAYNE, 3rd-string Detroit Tiger catcher, WAS THE ONLY PLAYER TO EVER PINCH-HIT FOR TY COBB... -1905-

6-28-37

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The Oldest Grocer
Credited with being the oldest active grocer in the United States by the National Association of Retail Grocers, Albert A. Cole started working in his father's grocery store in 1863 at the age of 10. Today he sells groceries over the same counter in the same South Portland, Maine, store where he began in the business the same year Lincoln delivered his Gettysburg address. The aged grocer uses a slate for marking down accounts that was used by his father before him.

Hiram Cole, son of Albert Cole, started following in his father's footsteps at the age of five by going to work in the family store. In 1927

285,714 - TAKE ANY NUMBER UP TO A MILLION MULTIPLY IT BY 7 ADD 100 MULTIPLY BY 33 MULTIPLY BY 9 TAKE THE LAST 6 FIGURES OF YOUR RESULT AND ADD THEM TO THE PRECEDING FIGURES... THE ANSWER WILL BE 285,714!

6-28-37

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he was elected to the state legislature and occupied the same seat his father took in a similar capacity 30 years before. Strange as it seems, the seat in the legislature occupied by Hiram Cole adjoined the seat occupied by the son of the man who was his father's "seat mate" in 1897.

It is estimated that Albert Cole has given away \$75,000 worth of groceries to needy persons during his career as a grocer.

The Man Who Pinch-Hit for Cobb
In all his 24 years of major league baseball, only once did Ty Cobb give way to a substitute batter. Fresh from the minors, Cobb was up for the Detroit Tigers against a left-

handed pitcher one day in 1905. Afraid that the proverbial goodliness of a left-handed pitcher against a left-handed batter would make southpaw Cobb an easy out, the Detroit "brain trust" substituted Fred Payne at bat. History does not record whether or not Payne got a hit, but hit or miss, he rates high distinction as the man who took the mighty Cobb's place at bat.

Ty Cobb ended his baseball career with a total of 90 records, outright or equalled, to his credit. Thirty-seven of them still stand. Outstanding among the latter is the record he made in batting. He led his league for 12 out of 13 consecutive seasons, 1907 through 1919.

Swan Anderson and Oen Rosell, all of Klamath county, eight months; James M. Burt and Virgil Penny, both Pendleton, eight months.

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

The Notre Dame cathedral in Paris, begun in the 12th century, has never been completed.

KLAMATH LIQUOR SELLERS TO JAIL

PORTLAND, June 28.—(AP)—Eleven of 12 persons pleading guilty to indictments for selling liquor to Indians heard sentences pronounced by Judge James Alger Fee in United States district court here Friday.

Peter W. Keys, Klamath county, drew a \$100 fine and was sentenced to 15 months in the federal penitentiary.

Others fined and sentenced to the federal road camp included: Gus Peterson, James Kelley, and Claude Parazon, all of Klamath county; 10 months; Jack Radie, William Ware

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy is Apprehensive!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Col. Tobias Tuttington

ARMED WITH A LETTER FROM SERG ROBLE, CONTACT MAN OF THE GREAT ESPIONAGE RING, ADDRESSED TO JOSEF ORT, A MEMBER OF THE SPY ORGANIZATION, TOMMY, IMPERSONATING THE DEAD SPY PILOT, HOPES TO PENETRATE THE STRONGHOLD OF THE GANG BUT TOMMY IS UNEASY.



THE NEBBS—Look Out, Emma!

LADY YOU WON'T THINK ME RUDE IF I PAUSE FOR A MOMENT TO ADMIRE YOUR BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS? I LOVE FLOWERS

WOULD YOU LIKE ONE FOR YOUR BUTTON-HOLE?

I SHALL WEAR IT AND JUST BEFORE IT WITHERS I'M GOING TO PRESS IT IN MY DIARY BOOK ON THE EXACT DATE YOU GAVE IT TO ME... AND IT WILL BE ALWAYS INTERWOVEN IN THE TENDEREST MEMORIES OF MY LIFE!

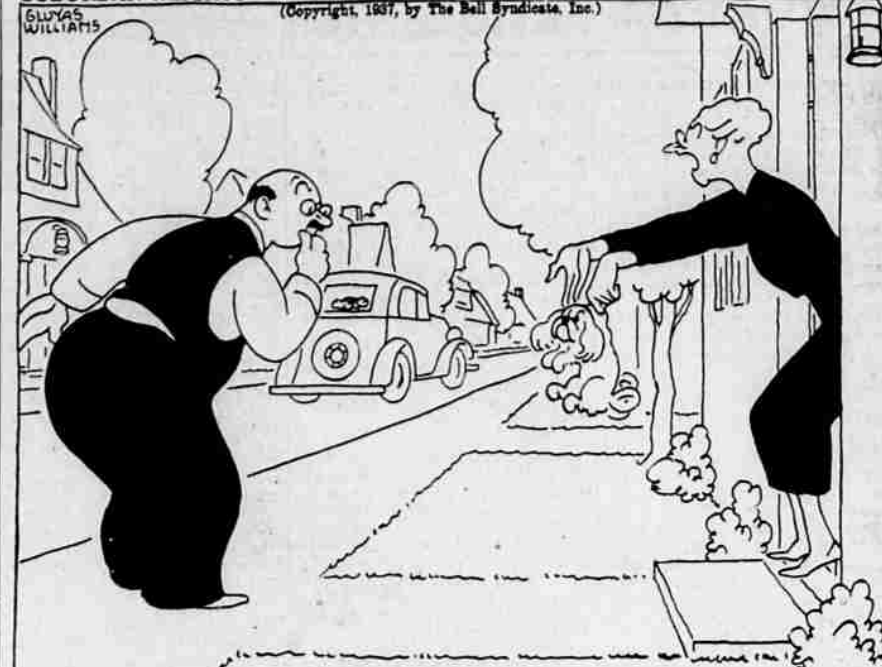
THANKS AGAIN! MY NAME IS BRUCE ARDLEY AND MAY I ASK YOUR NAME MY GRACIOUS LADY?

MY NAME'S EMMA GRUNTLEY... PEOPLE AROUND HERE CALL ME EMMY... I WOULDN'T TELL YOU WHAT MY PAPPY CALLS ME... IT SOUNDS SILLY

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

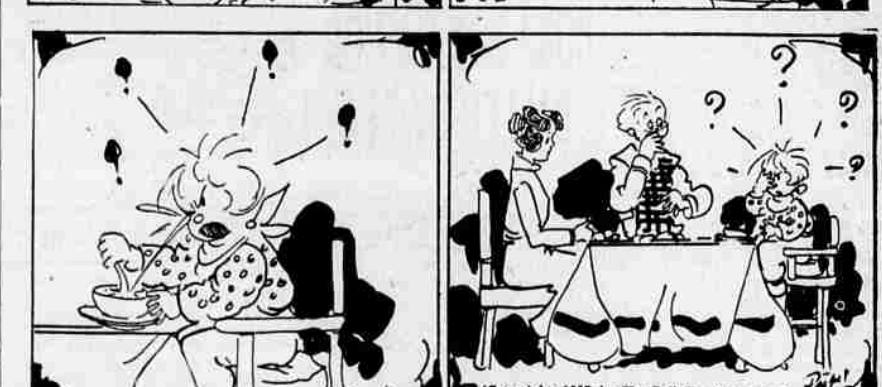
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WHEN FRED PERLEY SAW MISS GILWATER'S PEKINESE BEING ATTACKED BY ANOTHER PEKE THAT HAD LEAPED FROM A PARKED CAR, HE LOST NO TIME IN SEPARATING THE DOGS, THRUSTING ONE IN AT MISS GILWATER'S DOOR AND DID NOT DISCOVER UNTIL THE CAR HAD DRIVEN OFF THAT HE HAD MADE A SLIGHT MISTAKE IN IDENTIFICATION

S'MATTER POP

By C. M. PAYNE



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



NEW ALLOTMENTS CENTRAL OREGON CCC'S IN OREGON CROPS BLESSED

WASHINGTON, June 28.—(AP)—The civilian conservation corps announced today 33,995 youths and war veterans would be enrolled in July as replacements for the remainder of the year.

The program approved by Acting Secretary James J. McEntee, is contingent on President Roosevelt's approval of the CCC extension bill enacted by congress, and the appropriation of funds for operating costs in the 1938 fiscal year.

It provides for the maintenance of the CCC at an enrolled strength of 300,000 young men and war veterans, 10,000 Indians and 5,000 territorials. Approximately 5,000 war veterans and 49,000 unmarried young men between the ages of 17 and 23 will be enrolled as replacements. The state replacement quotas will include: California, 2,900 juniors and 249 veterans; Oregon, 185 and 29; Washington, 1,046 and none; Idaho 916 and 33.

BEND, June 28.—(AP)—Stockmen and wheat growers welcomed clearing skies and moderating temperatures here this week, but agreed the abnormally heavy June rains had vastly increased the agricultural wealth of central Oregon.

Three inches of rain falling in southern Wasco county revived parched range lands and rejuvenated diminishing springs, assuring fine forage for sheep returning from summer ranges next fall.

Jefferson wheat growers expect their best crop in years.

Stockmen to the south report the interior plateau covered with the first feed in 30 years, and Deschutes county farmers, generally dependent upon irrigation during the summer, are assured of plenty of moisture during the remainder of the growing season.

See Mail Tribune page six.