

MURDER ON THE BLUFF

Chapter 51

'I Have You Covered!'

M. FARRINGTON was dressed and waiting, I could see at a glance that she had been crying, but her mood was far from mellow.

"It's about time you put in an appearance, young man," she said curtly. "Where under the sun is Michael—or that Palmer girl? Am I to sit here all morning waiting for my breakfast?" No, mellow was not the word.

"I'm sorry, Aunt Martha. Mike's been having a bad time trying to dress himself. I sent him down to Gay to see if she couldn't calm him."

It was the wrong approach. "Calm him?" snorted M. Farrington. "That little red-headed thing has had him on pins and needles ever since she got here. How is Barbara?"

"Sleeping," I tried to make my voice soothing. "She'll be O.K. when she wakes up."

"Hmph! Under the circumstances you might find a better word for it. I suppose that if I am very good my chauffeur will allow me to see her for a few moments just before dinner. Come along, James! Now what is the matter?" I was hesitating with my hand on the door.

"Aunt Martha, there's something I wanted to talk to you about before the police arrive."

Her eyes blazed indignantly. "Police? In that quiet neighborhood? You may tell George Foster that I won't allow it!"

"I'm afraid it will be out of his hands," I said. "He can help with the papers, of course, but—Aunt Martha, we ought to establish the fact that Higgins was a suicide, before the police get here—and—and—"

"Don't stutter. I haven't screamed. And what?"

"And in order to prove that we must prove that the bullet which killed him came from the gun in his hand."

Her eyes widened. "Then find the bullet, James!" she said sharply. "I've been trying to do it—it just isn't there."

"Nonsense! It must be. Did you look in his hand?"

"It passed right through his head." Her chin went, if anything, a little higher. "James, you couldn't find anything if it were tied to the end of your nose. Never could. Open that door."

She was something to look at, I can tell you, with the tears still wet on her face, striding down that hall like a major-general. The rest of us might be ready for a storm, but she was through, but not Martha Farrington.

"Children should be brought up with a little self-reliance," she stated. "If a man is shot, he is shot by a bullet. Obvious."

"Yes, ma'am," I said meekly, and we paraded forth into Higgins' room.

'Stand Over There'

HER face grew grim as she caught sight of that bed. But her voice was ragged.

"Poor Higgins," she said. "Poor, loyal fellow, James!"

The last word came with such unexpected force as to make me jump. "Yes, ma'am!" I said in the involuntary tone of my youth.

"Where was the first person to find him?"

"Yes. He was lying just as he is now."

"I see." Her face screwed in thought. "He was about your height. Stand over there by the wall."

Without a word I obeyed her.

Now then, a man about to kill himself is in no state of mind to sit down. He must have been standing here," she suited the action to the word, "with his gun in his hand like this." She stood facing the bed dramatically. "He pulls the trigger, is spun completely around by the force of the explosion, and lands on his back on the bed. The bullet must be over your head there, James."

The blanket over the dead man's form had not been moved. From the moment that I realized that M. Farrington, who had known Higgins all his life, was depicting this death scene with the imaginary revolver held in her right hand, my limbs had gone suddenly stiff. Even after she had finished speaking, I could not move. Her voice rang out sharply.

"Don't move, James! As the expression goes, I have you covered!"

She had reached under the blanket and removed the revolver from Hig-

gins' hand. It was trained straight at my heart.

I muttered something that didn't make sense.

"Quite so, James." Her smile was unpleasant. "You see it happens that my brother Norman was not insane. Barbara did not believe that I would have showed her quite convincingly if that fool Higgins had held his tongue. Norman could not see that he might better be dead than back in that place. Therefore, I showed him. As for Judith, she was in the way. So was Higgins, much as I regret that fact. So are you, James. Therefore—"

But she never finished. I made the most perfect football charge of my career. We went down in a heap together, simultaneously with the deafening report of the revolver. Long before I managed to get to my feet I knew that Martha Farrington was dead.

The Skipper Talks

I STOOD at the living-room window, gazing out across the cluttered sweep of lawn and drive toward the gut where a boat from the mainland should be appearing. Breakfast, such as we could manage to choke down, was over. William and Anne were clearing it away.

Between Michael and Gay on the davenport, sat the Skipper. She should have been in bed, but we could do nothing with her. A very short time would bring relief, and with it a doctor. There was a weird sense of unreality in the room, a sense of awakening from a bad nightmare, an illusion intensified by the Skipper's quiet voice.

"Your grandfather, Mike, was a pretty unlucky person. He was only a kid when he married Martha Waterman. Pretty little thing, I've been told—good family. They had about five years of happiness and then—with two kids on their hands—it developed that the wife was insane."

"They didn't put people in asylums those days if they could possibly help it. He kept her here for three years. And then in one of those winter storms, she got away from her nurse and went over the bluff. She was killed."

"He got over it in time. There were two kids, both seeming—er—normal and healthy. Eventually he married my mother, whom he had known all his life. I was born about a year later, and the three of us grew up together. For a long time the other kids didn't even know that my mother wasn't theirs. But servants talk and there was gossip in the village. They found out and they brooded about it. When Norman was about 18 and Martha about 20, she began to show some takable signs of insanity. Whether he had actually inherited it or brought it on by brooding and fear, we never knew. Anyway, it was there."

"I was about 13 at the time and I didn't understand much about it, but I knew that Father was in a terrible state. Remembering what happened to the mother, he clapped the youngster into a private nursing home. I think that when Father died, he was still expecting Norm to be cured. He never was. He came home once for a short time, but we couldn't manage him. We sent him back and he never came out again until a few months ago."

"Martha had always been crazy about the boy. When they sent him away, she had a time. I can tell you. She accused Father of trying to kill him, among other things. Insisted that he had also murdered her mother. But the doctors assured Father that she was merely neurotic—not in the least insane. Father always felt that Martha's attitude had a great deal to do with my mother's death. But that was absurd. My mother died of pneumonia shortly after Norm was taken ill, and that finished Father. He drew into his shell and left us to our own devices."

"I'm not trying to excuse myself now. I just want Mike in particular to understand how things were. You see, the servants had adored my mother. Consequently, they took great delight in pampering me. And Martha, for such a proper soul, got a big kick out of my escapades."

"And then—" The Skipper's voice faltered but immediately picked up again. "Then something happened. There was a youngster I used to play with—Jack Blinshop. I used to go with him, run with him, boat with him. We'd always been cronies."

Again the Skipper paused.

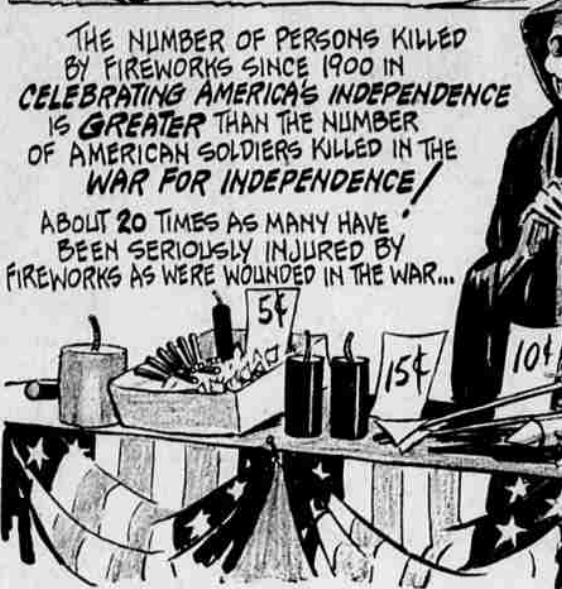
"The Skipper tells how Jude met her death, tomorrow."

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



MRS. WARD SCHADE—
Bartlett, Iowa,
WAS BORN ON THE 7TH DAY OF THE WEEK
IN THE 7TH MONTH, 37 YEARS AGO...
SHE WAS MARRIED 17 YEARS
ON MARCH 17TH, 1920, AND IS
ONE OF 7 CHILDREN...



GREEN RIVER, Wash.,
HAS 4 OTHER NAMES ALONG
ITS 75-MILE COURSE—
STICK, WHITE, BLACK AND
DUWAMISH...

THE NUMBER OF PERSONS KILLED
BY FIREWORKS SINCE 1900 IN
CELEBRATING AMERICA'S INDEPENDENCE
IS GREATER THAN THE NUMBER
OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS KILLED IN THE
WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE!

ABOUT 20 TIMES AS MANY HAVE
BEEN SERIOUSLY INJURED BY
FIREWORKS AS WERE WOUNDED IN THE WAR...



War vs. Fireworks.
Strange as it seems, far more Americans have lost their lives in celebrating their independence with fireworks than were sacrificed to gain it!

The number of American soldiers killed in the Revolutionary War totaled 4044. In the period from 1900 to 1930 alone, American deaths by fireworks in celebration of Independence Day came to 4290. These figures, released by the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, do not include the many deaths which occurred long after the Fourth of July as the direct result of fireworks accidents on the Fourth. The figures also fail to include the number of fireworks deaths not made public.

Seriously wounded American soldiers of the War for Independence totaled approximately 8000. Over 16 times as many Americans were seriously injured by fireworks from 1900 to 1930. Since that time, the Fourth of July fireworks toll has steadily mounted and the "seriously injured" list stands at about 120,000.

A survey for 1937 compiled from 38 states disclosed the following figures: 161 persons killed by fireworks accidents from June 19 to July 17; 52 of these were children less than five years old.

54 burned to death when their clothing was ignited by fireworks or bonfires.

20 children were burned to death by "harmless sparklers."

may reach 90 percent. Grocers said nearly half the Royal Anne tonnage may be lost. Lamberts escaped serious damage.

Find Skeleton.
HILLSBORO, July 3.—(AP)—Police sought today to identify a skeleton found on a farm near here and which apparently was the remains of a person who had died six or seven

years ago. Nearly \$45 in gold and silver coins was found near the skeleton and the name of Charles F. Golbie was inscribed on a watch.

EUGENE, July 3.—(AP)—Sylvester C. Lewis, 69, drowned Wednesday when a log, slipping off its blocks, rolled into horse creek, carrying Lewis with it and pinning him under water.

Monday: Most Expensive Stamp in History!

RAIN AND SUN DAMAGE
CHERRIES; LOSS HEAVY

WOOD RIVER, July 3.—(AP)—Heavy showers followed by bright sun took a new toll in the cherry producing area already hard hit by mid-June rain storms.

The loss in Bing cherries, usually in good demand on eastern markets,

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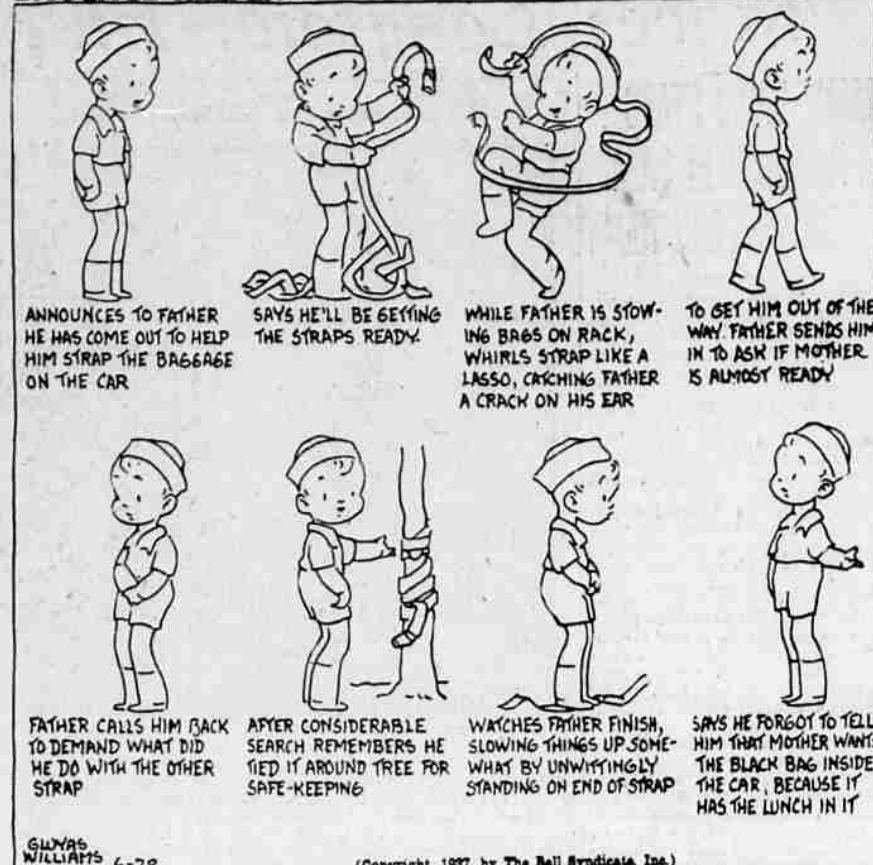
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BAGGAGE HELPER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



ANNOUNCES TO FATHER HE HAS COME OUT TO HELP HIM STRAP THE BAGGAGE ON THE CAR

SAYS HE'LL BE GETTING THE STRAPS READY

WHILE FATHER IS STOWING BAGS ON RACK, WHIRLS STRAP LIKE A LASSO, CATCHING FATHER A CRACK ON HIS EAR

TO GET HIM OUT OF THE WAY FATHER SENDS HIM IN TO ASK IF MOTHER IS ALMOST READY

FATHER CALLS HIM BACK TO DEMAND WHAT DID HE DO WITH THE OTHER STRAP

AFTER CONSIDERABLE SEARCH REMEMBERS HE TIED IT AROUND TREE FOR SAFE-KEEPING

WATCHES FATHER FINISH STOWING THINGS UP SOMEWHAT BY UNWITTINGLY STANDING ON END OF STRAP

SAYS HE FORGOT TO TELL HIM THAT MOTHER WANTS THE BLACK BAG INSIDE THE CAR, BECAUSE IT HAS THE LUNCH IN IT

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 6-28

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S'MATTER POF

By C. M. PAYNE

BONG! SKBOOOH!

YA LITTLE PEST!

TBAW-W!

S'MATTER?

TBAW-W!

WILLIUM HE GOT MAD AND MUSSSED HIS HAIR

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 6-28

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By HAL FORREST

'SCUSE ME, MAAM, DO YOU KNOW WHERE I CAN FIND TAILSPIN?

IF THAT'S A NEW KIND OF A DRINK YOU MIGHT TRY THE COCKTAIL LOUNGE

IT AN'T A DRINK, MISS. IT'S... WAL I MEAN, HE'S MY PAL... I SAW YOU TALKIN' TO 'IM TONIGHT...

WHAT?

THAT'S TH' GAL TOM WAS TALKIN' TO

2853

By EDWIN ALGER

SOLD IT ALL IN HALF AN HOUR? HOW'D IT MOVE THAT FAST? AND HAVE YOU ORDERED SOME MORE FROM THE BAKER?

YOU BET WE HAVE!

YOU'VE GOT THE GREATEST BOOSTER IN TOWN IN OLD COLONEL TUTTINGTON HIMSELF—HE TALKED AT ROTARY YESTERDAY, KIWANIS THE DAY BEFORE AND—

—HE'S BOOKED FOR SPEECHES AT THE WOMAN'S CLUB, PARENT-TEACHERS ASSOCIATION, ANY NUMBER OF THE CHURCHES, SCHOOLS AND HE'S EVEN TALKING ABOUT RENTING THE OPERA HOUSE—

CALLS HIS LECTURE, WANT TO LIVE TO BE 100? AND IT'S ALL ABOUT THE BREAD—AND, GOSH, MAYBE FOLKS AREN'T BUYING IT!

By SOL HESS

BOY SCOUTS PITCH TENTS IN DELUGE

By Douglas Janny

WASHINGTON, June 27.—(Special correspondence.) The Boy Scouts of Crater Lake Council arrived here at 10 a. m. today. We went directly to the camp, which is Columbia Island, across the main part of the Potomac river in Virginia.

We started right in pitching tents, building tables and getting settled generally. It began to rain, which is very unusual, just as we got through for the day.

On June 28 we finished setting up the camp and cleaned up the grounds. There are three large tents with eight bunks in each and there is a patrol for each tent.

June 29 was started by getting ready for inspection which was at 10 a. m. Then we went to the doctor for a second medical examination. At nine o'clock the Scouts from the Willamette council joined us. They will be with us for the rest of the time. We practiced marching formations for half an hour. In the afternoon we drilled some more and fixed our exhibitions.

Blue Backs Run.
THE DALLES, July 3.—(AP)—Fishermen observing a run of blue backed, a small species of salmon prized by canner for their rich, oily flesh, said today fish ladders at Bonneville appeared to be functioning efficiently. The run is one of the heaviest in recent seasons.

Closing time for 100 Last to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

OLD BELL PEALS TOZIER REQUIEM

HILLSBORO, Ore., July 3.—(AP)—

The old Methodist church bell Albert Tozier rang to greet the New Year for three score years and five tolls for his funeral yesterday.

Friends and officials from many parts of the state gathered to pay last tribute to the pioneer Oregon newspaper man and historian who died at Portland Sunday. A state police escort accompanied the funeral procession to the little country cemetery.

Until last year, Tozier came to Hillsboro annually, sometimes from far corners of the world, to pull the bell rope as the new year dawned.

Those killed were Charles R. Wick, Wendling deputy sheriff, injured June 14; Joseph E. Gentileman, Monmouth tongsman, injured June 9 at Glenwood; Leslie B. Hatch, Carlton flager, injured March 25; William G. Jenkins, Eugene messenger, injured May 19; L. C. Botteron, Clatskanie checker setter, injured June 22 at Seaside.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell studio glass and will replace your crown windows reasonably. Truett Bros. Co., 1000 N. Main.

Five Lives Toll Of Week In Industry

SALEM, July 3.—(AP)—The state industrial accident commission received reports during the past week that five persons were killed and 259 injured in industrial accidents over the state.

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