

OCTAGON HOUSE BY PHOEBE ATWOOD TAYLOR

The Story So Far: Sleepy Quasmet 'n' Cape Cod wakes up with a bump when all its citizens are caricatured in the new post office mural. Asey Mayo, homespun detective, learns from Pamela Frye who lives in the old Octagon House, that her sister Marina is married to the artist and put him up to this malicious trick. Late that night as Asey is returning to his wharf, Pam comes with startling news. She has found \$50,000 worth of ambergris on the beach, Marina has been killed with Pam's knife, and Pam is wanted for the murder.

Chapter Three

Running the Gamut

WHEN I found the ambergris, Pam rushed on. "I did a lot of hard thinking. Funny that in all these years of hunting, I never once considered aftermath and transportation problems. Anyway, the lump wasn't staked, or above high water mark. The sand was soft there, and I couldn't see any footprints. But I'll admit the wind was whipping so that it practically had covered my own prints in the sand. On the other hand, anyone who might have found it before me wouldn't have left it, any more than I intended to."



Sister was out of that beach-wagon in a flash.

"Right," Asey said. "Well, I got a stick from some dune drift and levered the lump up above the highest water mark of high tide and seaweed, and then I sat down and got my breath. I wondered where to go from there. 'Think of cuttin' it up?'"

"Oh, yes. I thought of that. I usually wear a sheath knife, like the one you've got on your belt. Awfully handy, from cleaning fish to digging weeds. But I'd forgotten it, then of all times. I even remembered just where I'd left it on the back porch, too. And—"

"That's the knife that killed Marina!" Asey interrupted. "Yes. Well, there I was, and there was the ambergris. I've hunted all my life, and there was the tide, bounding in. I thought of swimming it back, but three miles is too much for me, and if anyone picked me up from a boat or anything, they could claim salvage. And—do you happen to know Rodney Strutt?"

"Young Rodney? No," Asey said. "I don't, but Bill Porter claims Rodney'll be the first of the idle rich they rend limb from limb, come the revolution, and a good thing it'll be."

"Pam nodded approvingly. 'That's Rodney. He's got a shooting camp beyond the point. I noticed fresh tire marks—he keeps a beach wagon with big tires to taxi his bunch over and back. After considering that angle, I decided I'd practically rather shove the ambergris back into the water than ask Rodney or his pals to help. I've had my little run-in with Rodney, like the rest of the local gals.'"

"Like a Tawny Tiger"

"AND then Rodney's beach wagon bounded up in front of me, and it was Sister, apparently on her way to Rodney's."

"She plays around with him, does she, huh?" Pam shrugged. "Father and I decided years ago that we were happier not knowing Marina's playmate. It's all very well to take up the white man's burden, but you have to draw the line somewhere. Well, there was Sister, Asey, and she caught on about the ambergris. Her eyes gleamed like like a tawny tiger—I never saw a tawny tiger, but that's the only way I know of describing her. And somehow—I don't honestly think I ever hated her more than I did that moment."

"Would the ambergris mean so much to her? The money, I mean?" Asey asked. "The moonlight caught Pam's

twisted smile. "Her modeling and Jack's painting would keep Father and me in utter luxury. But Sister and Jack have expensive tastes and they're usually more broke than we are. Sister caught on, all right. Don't think she's anyone's fool. I knew there wasn't any use haggling with her. I said, 'All right. Half if you take it back.'"

Her cigarette butt described an arc into the water. "And Sister said," Pam continued, "that I could go to hell. She said she was the only one who could get the stuff back, and without her I'd have nothing. In short, she would have it all herself. And that was that."

Asey grunted. He hadn't liked the sound of the bewitching Marina when he first heard about her. Now he gave up being open minded and let himself hate her, thoroughly and forcefully. "I hope," he said, "you knocked her teeth out!"

"I picked up the stick I'd used as a lever," Pam said, "and I don't know where I got the strength, but before she had time to understand I had that lump of ambergris down in the surf."

Asey's eyes narrowed. With \$50,000 and all that it meant staring her in the eye, this amazing child preferred to throw it away rather than let her sister get it—

"Yes, I'd rather have lost it entirely," Pam echoed his thoughts. "So would you. When Sister saw that lump hit the undertow, she was out of that beach wagon in a flash, yelling for me to get it. And that time, I did the laughing."

"Old Rats And Mice"

"DIDN'T she go for it?" Asey demanded. "Sister," Pam said, "is terrified of water. She can't swim. And let me tell you, Asey, the primitive emotions that got stirred on that beach—I felt like something out of one of those earthy novels, all heaving breasts and stark urges. I did. And the ambergris bobbed on the surf."

Asey puffed at his pipe till the bowl burned his fingers. He marveled at Pam Frye, and the impersonal way she could describe such a scene, as though it had happened to two other people entirely. "I was, he decided, the Cape Cod half of her speaking. Her mother's family had been an indomitable tribe."

"Go on," he said. "I knew the lump would float back in with the tide," she said. "But Sister didn't stop to figure that out. After she got exhausted, I said I'd get it, if she'd promise to take it back for me for \$5,000. And she put that in writing. Asey on the back of a grocery bill. I've got it here. After that, I marched into the surf and fished out the ambergris. She helped me get it to the beach wagon, and we covered it with a tarpaulin, and started home. She was a rag, emotionally, and I was a pulp, physically. The surf out there is something awful, and fighting the undertow almost killed me."

"Did you trust her?" Asey asked. "Trust Sister?" Pam laughed. "Don't be silly. Of course not. Half-way home, she said we mustn't tell a soul. I agreed we mustn't. Then she said, let's take it straight to Boston, now. And the air was full of fury which she delivered on me. I said we couldn't, without my telling Father. Otherwise, he'd have the police combing the Cape for me when I didn't return to get dinner. She said that mustn't happen, and I kept on agreeing. It was a tawny tiger on me, Asey, that she hadn't an idea in the world of letting me have my ambergris, after all. It was one of those things you could feel."

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What did Pam do with the ambergris? Continued 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.



KNOW-IT-ALL CLOCK, Strasburg Cathedral, IS AN ALARM CLOCK, CALENDAR, PLANETARIUM AND HOURGLASS ALL IN ONE.

GEORGE LE VIND-- Expert New York engraver CUT FIVE COMPLETE ALPHABETS ON THE HEAD OF A PIN! A MAGNIFYING GLASS IS NEEDED TO READ THE 130 LETTERS...

5 Alphabets On Pinhead A master engraver is George Le Vind of the Black Starr and Frost-Gorham company, New York City. For 46 years he has followed the craft. In order to "keep his hand in" and test his steadiness, Le Vind often tries to see how minutely he can carve letters and figures with precision. Once Le Vind actually engraved five complete alphabets on the head of an ordinary pin. Viewed under a magnifying glass they look like this:

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN O PQRSTUVWXYZ ABCDEFGHIJKLM N O PQRSTUVWXYZ ABCDEFGHIJKLM N O PQRSTUVWXYZ ABCDEFGHIJKLM

PANKEY CONFIRMED AS POSTMASTER FOR C. P. WASHINGTON, May 31. — (AP) — Postmaster appointments confirmed Saturday by the senate included the following in Oregon: Hampton T. Pankey, Central Point.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—It's Up to the Mercury!

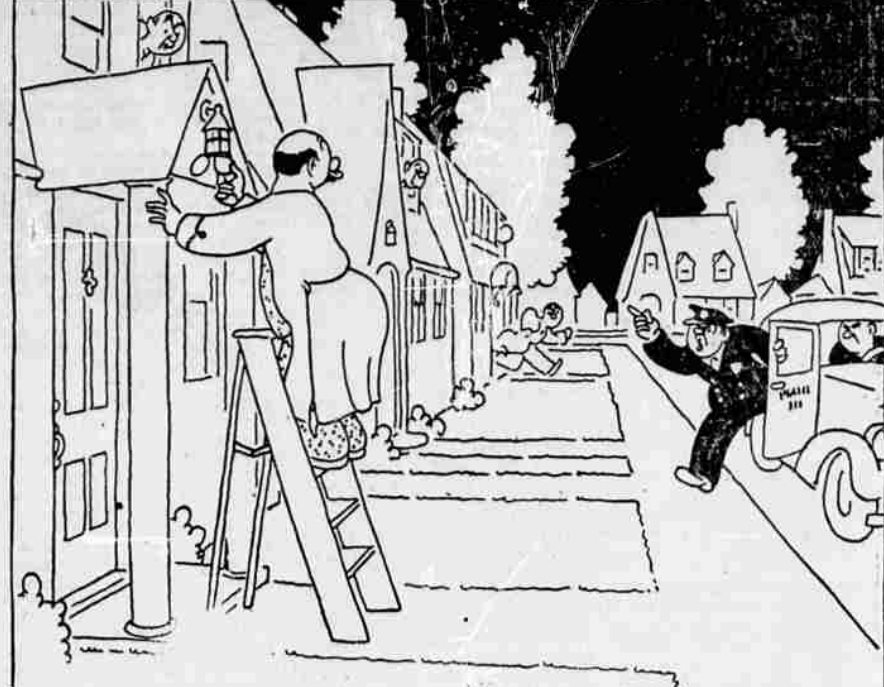


EEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—"Just a Bum"



THE NEBBS—On the Anxious Seat

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THE OTHER NIGHT FRED PERLEY COULDN'T GET TO SLEEP BECAUSE ERNIE PLUMER HAD LEFT HIS PORCH LIGHT GOING, AND IT SHINES RIGHT IN FRED'S BEDROOM WINDOW. NOT WISHING TO DISTURB ERNIE HE TROTTED OVER TO UNSCREW THE BULB, BUT HE HAD A HARD TIME EXPLAINING THINGS TO THE PATROL CAR THAT HAPPENED BY.

3 MATTER POI By O. M. PAYNE



By HAL FORRE

SEPARATE TRIALS FOR AUTO FIRMS

SOUTH BEND, Ind., May 31.—(UP)—U. S. District Attorney James R. Fleming said today the government would hold three separate trials of automobile corporations, affiliates and executives accused of violating the Sherman anti-trust act. Fleming said each of the three trials would cover one defendant group—Ford Motor company, Chrysler corporation, or General Motors corporation. The government will decide within the next month which group is to be tried first. About 100 witnesses from "all parts of the country" will testify at each trial, Fleming said. The trials will start in October unless

World Cruise Ends In Clutch Of Cops

OREGON CITY, May 31.—(AP)—Two Newburg boys, aged 13 and 14 years, started around the world in a rowboat Saturday, spent the night in the Oregon city jail and were returned to their homes Sunday. The boys were seen on the Willamette river near Canby by C. Itineway, who notified the sheriff and picked up the young voyagers, spelling, they said, their plans to reach Portland that night. They figured on a year for the entire voyage.

SEPARATE TRIALS FOR AUTO FIRMS

present plans are changed. Indictments against the defendant companies and executives were returned late Friday by a federal grand jury which has deliberated the evidence since Monday. Besides the three large manufacturing corporations, 32 subsidiaries and affiliated finance companies and 50 executives were named.