

MURDER By An ARISTOCRAT

Mignon G. Eberhart

"Rather," said Dave, looking at his plate. He did look ill, pale and tired, with heavy eyelids. On seeing the two men facing each other, I realized that their resemblance was largely a family matter of bone structure and coloring. Dave's face was flabbier than his cousin's, more passive, less hard. His mouth was not thin and predatory, it was indecisive and faintly sullen. He continued: "I promised Allen to go fishing with him this afternoon, and I suppose he'll be along soon."

"Fish aren't biting today," said Bayard. "Too hot."

"They always bite in Thatcher lake," said Janice. I don't know why I felt that both she and Adela had not expected Dave to appear and that for some reason his presence violently disturbed them. Perhaps it was in the eagerness with which they clutched at conversational openings. "That lake is full of fish. They all but jump at you."

"Here is your coffee, dear," said Adela anxiously. "I don't think you ought to go today. It will be frightfully hot and close there around the lake. It won't do your head any good."

"Nothing will," said Dave. "So you're going with Allen," said Bayard. He was looking at Janice instead of Dave, whom he apparently addressed. His face wore that sardonic look I was beginning to know. "Well—don't fall in."

Janice's dark eyes dropped, and there was for an instant a kind of pinched look about her mouth. Dave said without much interest:

"Oh, I can swim. Anyway, I shouldn't think it would worry you, Bayard."

"Naturally not," Bayard was beginning, when Adela definitely and firmly interrupted.

"Janice, before you go will you be sure to tell Higby to mow the west lawn this afternoon. Emmeline will be out in the summer kitchen making jelly, and she can keep an eye on him. He's apt to loiter, these warm days, if he isn't watched. You'd better eat some lunch, Dave, if you're going to the lake this afternoon. Allen will be along pretty soon, I imagine. Don't let me forget to ask if Evelyn heard from the boys today. My two nephews," she said to me. "My brother Hilary's sons. Splendid boys—really fine boys. Both away at school now. At some sort of camp. But they are coming home soon for summer holidays. I'm sure they'll enjoy the lake, Dave. Hilary said, by the way, he had bought that old sport roadster of Frank Whiting's for them to use. I was against it; but if they just manage not to break their necks they'll enjoy it, I suppose. Coffee, Miss Keate? Florrie, coffee for Miss Keate, please."

All so bland, all so carefully elegant—curious that her hands, blunt and white below their snowy organdy ruffles, shook a little, and she moved a piece of flat silver beside her plate in a constant pattern. But I daresay she could have kept up that genteel little pattern indefinitely while Bayard sat there sipping iced tea and looking at the slice of lemon floating in it and then at Janice with an impenetrable expression in his yellow-gray eyes, and Janice, Bayard as the cloth, avoiding Bayard's eyes and trying to help.

Fortunately lunch was soon over, and shortly after Allen Carick, driving a battered old roadster which I judged to be the one recently purchased for the boys, arrived and presently left again with Dave beside him. Dave's hat was pulled low over his eyes to avoid the glare of the sun,

although Allen had no hat at all, his lean brown face exposed as if he liked it, and his sun-bleached hair shining.

At the last moment the dog (whose name, by the way, was Pansy) decided to go along, and waddled fatly down the drive in their wake, her long ears flopping and her tongue lolling, and had to be called back and forcibly restrained by Janice. She was, it seemed, a creature of temperament—the dog, I mean—and as I helped my patient upstairs to his own room for a rest, I could hear her yapping angrily from the library, where Janice had incarcerated her, and scratching pettishly at the closed door in a way which, in a creature less favored, would have brought instant reproof from Adela. I think she relaxed her housekeeping vigilance only for Pansy. And, possibly, for Dave.

"And now," said Bayard Thatcher, when he was once more lying rather wearily on the bed in his own room, "I'm going to take a nap, and I want to be alone."

"But I don't like to leave you," I protested. "It doesn't seem quite—" I hesitated, thinking of the peaceful household, but said—"quite safe."

He laughed. "Entirely safe, I assure you. Look here. At the east edge of the lawn—you can see it from the window there—is a sort of arbor with some very comfortable chairs. Chairs you can stretch out and sleep in. It's cool, shady, and quiet. Why don't you go down there and get fresh air and rest at the same time?"

Afterward I wondered a little at his solicitude. Even at the time something said faintly in the back of my mind: Is he trying to get you out of the house? Why? But the suggestion was extremely attractive.

"If you are sure—" "Perfectly sure. Run along, Miss Keate."

Well, I took a book from my bag just in case I couldn't actually sleep, and went, although as a rule I suspect arbors, which are apt to be rather dank places with vines that are too heavy and unexpected spiders dropping on one's head and worms promenading over one's ankles. But this one proved to be merely a shaded place on the lawn's edge, open and pleasant, with gayly cushioned chairs and an unobstructed view of the whole front and east side of the house.

I settled myself drowsily and yielded to the dreamy mood induced by staring lazily across a sun-drenched lawn, listening with half an ear to the sound of the birds and the soothing whirr of a lawnmower somewhere out of sight, and digesting an excellent lunch. After all, my terrors of the night might have been mostly imaginative; nothing sinister or dreadful could possibly take place in that tranquil household on that tranquil summer afternoon.

About 2:30 I saw Florrie emerge from the corner back of the house, dressed no doubt in her best for her afternoon out. She walked rapidly down a side path and disappeared toward town. It was very quiet and very warm, with the scent of the flowers in the sun and the mown grass mingling with a faint odor of boiling grapejuice which drifted around the house from the summer kitchen—which, by the way, was built out from the house, entirely separated from it, with a laundry in one end.

I was almost asleep when the front door banged. It was Janice, crisp and dainty in white, with a small white hat

over her dark hair. She carried an enormous brown wicker basket over each arm, stopped among the flowers to fill one of the baskets with roses and tall blue Delphiniums, and then walked briskly to the garage. Presently she backed out a small coupe with the most expert precision, turned and drove down the drive and away, the flowers nodding in the seat beside her.

With Janice's departure silence came again, a drowsy, warm silence which was only broken about a quarter of an hour later when the front door banged again. This time it was the dog Pansy, who'd apparently managed to release herself from the library and was bolting across the lawn and into the shrubbery. I was faintly amused to note that she had all the earmarks of a dog who's been recently punished: Her tail tucked in, her ears hugging her head, her legs making their best speed. She looked, in fact, as if she'd been kicked, which was absurd, for only Adela and my patient were in the house, and my patient was resting in his own room.

And a few minutes later Adela herself came out on the porch, closing the screened door gently behind her and putting up her parasol before she ventured from the shady porch into the heat of the sun. Idly I watched her dignified progress along the turf path to the road and the sidewalk to town. She looked cool and pleasant in her favorite lavender dotted-swiss, with soft frills about the throat and wrists and her eyeglasses dangling on a ribbon.

It was exactly 3 o'clock when she turned onto the sidewalk leading to town, and the serenity of complete silence, save for the soft whirr of the lawnmower, again lay all about me. The peal of the telephone, which rang about 15 minutes after Adela left, seemed particularly loud and sharp and demanding against the drowsy stillness. The windows of the house were open, of course, and the sound of the telephone so shrill and imperious that I started to my feet. However, it broke off abruptly in the middle of one of its peals and did not ring again, so I relaxed against my pillows once more. The thought did cross my mind that my patient must have answered it, for Emmeline was deaf, and out in the summer kitchen besides, but if Bayard was up and wandering about the house it couldn't hurt him, and I was too listless to care.

Afterward they asked me if I had slept, even for a few moments, during that quiet sunny afternoon, but I knew I hadn't. I lay there quiet, soaking in the peace and tranquility that enfolded me, looking lazily at that gracious old house. But I did not sleep. I'm sure of that and always was. It does seem curious that I didn't, when I was so tired from a wakeful night. It's possible that some inner restlessness, some hidden foreboding kept me a little uneasy. But if so it was an entirely unacknowledged premonition. I am a reasonable woman, and my reason told me that the house was quiet and empty save for my sleeping patient. Emmeline was making grape jelly in the summer kitchen, and Higby mowing the lawn steadily around on the west lawn, and all was well.

At 4 o'clock—I know it was then, for I glanced at my watch and marveled how fast the afternoon was flying—Hilary turned in from the street and walked quickly along the turf path to the house. He looked hot and rather flushed from his walk, and as he stepped up on the porch he took off his hat, passed his handkerchief over his head, and without pausing to ring, opened the door and disappeared in the cool depths of the house. Ten minutes later he emerged, settled

his hat on his head, and walked briskly away. I remember thinking that if he'd come to see my patient their interview must have been brief and calm, for there was not, so far as I could see, a shadow of agitation about Hilary's complacent pink face.

He had no more than gone, however, when, coming from the opposite direction in which he had disappeared, the yellow roadster turned smoothly into the drive and stopped at the side of the house. It was Evelyn again at the wheel. She did not see me, but walked directly across the lawn to the porch, her tall figure graceful and handsome in her light summer frock, and her smooth gold head bare. She went at once into the house but emerged in only a moment or two, got into the roadster, and backed with some of Janice's expert exactness out of the drive. I did not notice that, once in the road, she drove toward town instead of going in the direction from which she'd come.

Those were the only interruptions during that long, lazy afternoon. After Evelyn's departure the place sank again into its somnolent silence, with Higby's lawnmower still going smoothly and methodically, if a trifle languidly, and the smell of boiling grapejuice growing stronger and more pungent. Once I whistled for the dog, but she seemed to have gone to sleep in some thicket and did not appear.

The shadows were beginning to slant long on the greens of the lawn, and I was thinking of rousing myself and returning to duty when the coupe swung again into the drive, and Janice and Adela got out. Janice carried her two wicker baskets, heavy now, directly into the house, but Adela lingered along the garden, saw me, and approached.

"Did you have a good rest?" she asked pleasantly. "Very nice indeed. It's been such a lazy, pleasant afternoon."

"I like it under the trees, here. Our home is quite nice in the summer, I think. How good Emmeline's jelly smells! We must have some of it at dinner. Somehow, it always tastes better when it's just made. No, no, don't trouble to come in now. It's a long time till dinner, and I'm sure a nurse needs all the rest she can get."

I watched her walk quietly across the lawn. She had almost reached the step when a scream arose within the house. It rose short and sharp, stabbing the peace like a thin knife. It was followed swiftly by other screams—all of them high and jerky and sharp.

The door flew open. Emmeline ran out, still screaming. Her white apron was dabbled with purple stains. Her arms were bare to the elbow, and she lifted purple hands and waved them jerkily.

"Help!" she screamed. "Murder!"

Adela stopped dead still, as if she'd been struck. The whirr of the lawnmower stopped. Every bird hushed, and in the shocked silence the woman shrieked again:

"Murder! Murder! He's all shot to pieces!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Machine Age Caught Up With the Camel

Washington — (UP) — The camel has at last been affected by the machine age. Moslem pilgrims who cross the Arabian Desert to the holy city of Mecca, near the famed Red Sea, now use the automobile to a large degree instead of the camel, according to the Commerce Department.

Camel caravans were formerly employed exclusively to transport the pious overland from Egypt, Syria, Iraq and other parts of the Moslem world to the place of pilgrimage. Hard-surfaced roads have replaced caravan routes.

awarded one of the new purple heart orders and cited for a silver star medal in recognition of his activities in the Meuse-Argonne campaign.

The new purple order was given him for wounds he received. The citation was for his brave part in capture of two German guns which then were turned on the enemy. The latter feat was performed in company with members of two platoons.

Rocha now is janitor at the Laredo postoffice

on an irregular surface of the older formations. There are indications there that Southern Saskatchewan during the early part of the age of mammals had valleys and uplands differing in elevation by as much as 1,400 feet.

War Vet Awarded Purple Heart Order

Laredo, Tex. — (UP) — Pedro Rocha, who fought in the American army in the World war, has been

Extra Housework Made by Untidy Hands

Small Matters to Which Even the Older Members of Family Do Not Always Give Amount of Thought Which They Deserve.

In these days when detective stories are popular, many readers, young and old alike, believe that they have instinct, or at least qualities, which would lead them to discover clues leading to the solution of thefts and crimes, should they have a chance to exercise them. They seldom think of things the other way around, with an appreciation of how easy it would be for anyone to track them down. They are constantly leaving trails of what they do in the simple and innocent activities of their days.

Yet they wonder how it is that mother, father, some one in the family, or one with whom they are boon companions discover what they have been doing or "what they are up to." It may be with no wish to conceal their actions that things are not spoken of earlier, but opportunity may not have arisen or the "right time" for which they were looking, has not come. Then, when they do speak of the thing, it is they who are amazed, for they can see the information is not totally a surprise to the hearer.

Leading Signs.
"How does mother always know when I have been at her work basket, even for a needle and thread?" is the query of surprise, often voiced by some daughter. How indeed! The needle is left on table or bureau wherever the sewing stopped. In her rounds of straightening rooms one such needle is generally discovered. On putting it away, the needlecase is found to be lying open and the end of the thread on the spool not fastened off. These are not characteristic ways of the mothers. They are of the daughters, who thus leave clues about, praiseworthy as the work itself probably is.

Who has been writing at father's desk? Not that it would in itself be disliked, but the stopper to the ink bottle is off, and that is annoying. The ink gets dusty and the next time father writes he is bothered with tiny specks on the pen, which make strokes uneven. He does not have to be a Sherlock Holmes to know who

is the culprit—and he or she gets taken to task and the clues are not wrong which led to the discovery.

Silent Clues.
Or when there is pasting to be done, and the top is not replaced on the tube or the cover on the paste jar, clues are not wanting to point with insistent accuracy to some one, not the owner of the tube or jar, having been using said paste.

When the cracker jar lid is not put on straight mother does not have to look inside and find the lowered contents, to know somebody has had an especial treat. But it isn't always children who leave trails of their activities in their wake. Older people share with them the same trails of leaving trails which simplify detection of activities. Careless trails are untidy and make extra work for the homemaker.

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AN AWFUL COUGH! AND BACKACHE

Davenport, Iowa—"I was afflicted with a terrible cough—would cough myself out of breath, especially at night, and nothing I tried gave me permanent relief. I also had a severe pain in my back which was almost constant, and from this I could get no relief," said Mrs. Violet Loving of 1529 West 6th St. "Finally, I decided to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took four bottles but before I had taken half that quantity I was well, my cough was all gone and I have had no trouble of the kind since."

Write to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice.

Sinus Trouble

Makes Life Unbearable
Last year a prominent New York judge and his wife committed suicide because sinus trouble made life unbearable. Prevent sinus infection. If nose is stuffed, head hurts across the front, throat is lined with phlegm, use SINASIPTEC, the marvelous discovery of a St. Louis doctor. SINASIPTEC makes breathing easy, keeps head and throat clear and protects against colds, catarrhs, hay fever, and sinus infection. Tear this out. Get a large bottle of SINASIPTEC from your druggist and use it in warm water as directed. Say it—Sin-sip-tec.

Diet Didn't Do This!



HAPPY little girl, just bursting with pep, and she has never tasted a "tonic!"

Every child's stomach, liver, and bowels need stimulating at times, but give children something you know all about.

Follow the advice of that famous family physician who gave the world Syrup Pepsin. Stimulate the body's vital organs. Dr. Caldwell's prescription of pure pepsin, active senna, and fresh herbs is a mild stimulant that keeps the system from getting sluggish.

If your youngsters don't do well at school, don't play as hard or eat as well as other children do, begin this evening with Dr. Caldwell's

Syrup Pepsin. This gentle stimulant will soon right things! The bowels will move with better regularity and thoroughness. There won't be so many sick spells or colds. You'll find it just as wonderful for adults, too, in larger spoonfuls!

Get some Syrup Pepsin; protect your household from those bilious days, frequent headaches, and that sluggish state of half-health that means the bowels need stimulating. Keep this preparation in the home to use instead of harsh cathartics that cause chronic constipation if taken too often. You can always get Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin at any drug store; they have it all ready in big bottles.

THIS WOMAN LOST 35 LBS. OF FAT

Miss M. Katner of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "Have used Kruschen for the past 4 months and have not only lost 35 pounds but feel so much better in every way. Even for people who don't care to reduce, Kruschen is wonderful to keep the system healthy. I being a nurse should know for I've tried so many things but only Kruschen answered all purposes." (May 15, 1932)
TO lose fat SAFELY and HARMLESSLY, take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen in a glass of hot water in the morning before breakfast—don't miss a morning—a bottle that lasts 4 weeks costs but a trifle—but don't take chances—be sure it's Kruschen—your health comes first—get it at any drugstore in America. If not joyfully satisfied after the first bottle—money back.

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New Locality for Fossil Mammals Announced

Ottawa, Ont. — (UP) — Discovery of a new locality for fossil mammals in Canada is announced by Dr. L. S. Russell and Dr. R. T. D. Wickenenden of the Geological Survey, Department of Mines, Ottawa.

Working in the vicinity of Swift Current, Sask., they obtained a small collection of fossil teeth which proved to represent animals of the late Eocene times, not previously found in Canada. Such

fossils have been found in Utah and have been more recently discovered in Southern California.

The Saskatchewan collection includes teeth of a rhinoceros, of titanotheres (large horn bearing beasts), of a three-toed horse, primitive antelope like creatures, and a forerunner of the squirrels. Most interesting is a single rabbit tooth, one of the oldest known records of such animals.

The fossil bearing beds are part of a great sheet of coarse grained rocks over the Cypress Hills and east of Swift Current and resting