**SYNOPSIS.**

On a bleak English winter's afternoon a party of neighbors, gathered at the home of Mrs. Willett and her daughter Violet, in the village of Sittaford, near Dartmoor, turn to table tipping for amusement and receive a message that Captain Trevelyan has been murdered. Major Burnaby insists on getting in touch with his friend, and asks a doctor to accompany him. They find the captain's body lying on the floor — the room in confusion.

"He's dead?" asked Burnaby.

The doctor nodded. Then he turned to Graves.

"It's you to say what's to be done. I can do nothing except examine the body, and perhaps you'd rather I didn't do that until the inspector comes. I can tell you the cause of death now. Fracture of the base of the skull. And I think I can make a guess at the weapon."

He indicated the green baize tube.

"Trevelyan always had them along the bottom of the door — to keep the draft out," said Burnaby.

His voice was hoarse.

"Yes—a very efficient form of sandbag."

"My God!"

"But this here——" the constable broke in, his wits arriving at the point slowly. "You mean—this here is murder?"

The policeman stepped to the table on which stood a telephone.

Major Burnaby approached the doctor.

"Have you any idea," he said, breathing hard, "how long he's been dead?"

"About two hours, I should say, or possibly three. That's a rough estimate."

Burnaby passed his tongue over dry lips.

"Would you say," he asked, "that he might have been killed at five twenty-five?"

The doctor looked at him curiously.

"If I had to give a time definitely, that's just about the time I would suggest."

"Oh! my God," said Burnaby.

Warren stared at him.

The Major felt his way blindly to a chair, collapsed on to it and muttered to himself while a kind of staring terror overspread his face.

"Five and twenty past five—Oh! my God, then it was true after all."

It was the morning after the tragedy and two men were standing in the little study of Hazelmoor.

Inspector Narracott looked round him. A little frown appeared upon his forehead.

"Ye-es," he said thoughtfully. "Ye-es."

Inspector Narracott was a very efficient officer. He had a quiet persistence, a logical mind and a keen attention to detail which brought him success where many another man might have failed.

He was a tall man with a quiet manner, rather far away gray eyes, and a slow, soft Devonshire voice.

Summoned from Exeter to take charge of the case, he had arrived on the first train that morning. The roads had been impassable for cars, even with chains, otherwise he would have arrived the night before. He was standing now in Captain Trevelyan's study, having just completed his examination of the room. With him was Sergeant Pollock of the Exhampton police.

"Ye-es," said Inspector Narracott.

A ray of pale wintry sunshine came in through the window. Outside was the snowy landscape. There was a fence about a hundred yards from the window and beyond it the steep ascending slope of the snow-covered hillside.

Inspector Narracott bent once more over the body which had been left for his inspection. An athletic man himself, he recognized the athlete's type, the broad shoulders, narrow flanks and the good muscular development. The head was small and well set on the shoulders, and the pointed naval beard was carefully trimmed. Captain Trevelyan's age, he had ascertained, was sixty, but he looked not much more than fifty-one or two.

"It's a curious business," said Inspector Narracott.

"Ah"! said Sergeant Pollock.

The other turned on him.

"What is your view of it?"

"Well—" Sergeant Pollock scratched his head. He was a cautious man, unwilling to advance further than necessary.

"Well," he said, "as I see it, sir, I should say that the man came to the window, forced the lock, and started rifling the room. Captain Trevelyan, I suppose, must have been upstairs. Doubtless the burglar thought the house was empty——"

"Where is Captain Trevelyan's bedroom situated?"

"Upstairs, Sir. Over this room."

"At the present time of year it is dark at four o'clock. If Captain Trevelyan was up in his bedroom the electric light would have been on, the burglar would have seen it as he approached this window."

'You mean he'd have waited."

"No man in his senses would break into a house with a light in it." If any one forced this window—he did it because he thought the house was empty."

Sergeant Pollock scratched his head.

"Seems a bit odd, I admit. But there it is."

"We'll let it pass for the moment. Go on."

"Well, suppose the captain hears a noise downstairs. He comes down to investigate. The burglar hears him coming. He snatches up that bolster arrangement, gets behind the door, and as the captain enters the room strikes him down from behind."

Inspector Narracott nodded.

"Yes, that's true enough. He was struck down when he was facing the window. But all the same, Pollock, I don't like it."

"No, sir?"

"No, as I say, I don't believe in houses that are broken into at five o'clock in the afternoon."

"We-ell, he may have thought it a good opportunity——"

"It is not a question of opportunity—slipping in because he found a window unlatched. It was deliberate house-breaking—look at the confusion everywhere—what would a burglar go for first? The pantry where the silver is kept."

"That's true enough," admitted the sergeant.

"And this confusion—this chaos," continued Narracott, "these drawers pulled out and their contents scattered. Pah! It's bunkum."

"Bunkum?"

"Look at the window, Sergeant. That window was not locked and forced open! It was merely shut and then splintered from the outside to give the appearance of forcing."

Pollock examined the latch of the window closely, uttering an ejaculation to himself as he did so.

"You are right, sir," he said with respect in his voice. "Who'd have thought of that now!"

"Someone who wishes to throw dust in our eyes—and hasn't succeeded."

Sergeant Pollock was grateful for the "our." In such small ways did Inspector Narracott endear himself to his subordinates.

"Then it wasn't burglary. You mean, sir, it was an inside job?" Sergeant Pollock asked.

Inspector Narracott nodded. "Yes," he said. "The only curious thing is, though, that I think the murderer did actually enter by the window. As you and Constable Graves reported, and as I can still see for myself, there are damp patches still visible where the snow melted and was trodden in by the murderer's boots. These damp patches are only in this room. Graves was quite positive there was nothing of the kind in the hall when he and Dr. Warren passed through it. In this room he noticed them immediately. In that case it seems clear that the murderer was admitted by Captain Trevelyan through the window. Therefore it must have been someone whom Captain Trevelyan knew. You are a local man, Sergeant, can you tell me if Captain Trevelyan was a man who made enemies easily?"

"No, sir, I should say he hadn't an enemy in the world. A bit keen on money, and a bit of a martinet—would not stand for any slackness or incivility—but, bless my soul, he was respected for that."

"No enemies," said Narracott, thoughtfully.

"Not here, that is."

"Very true—we come logically now to the next motive—the most common for every crime—gain. Captain Trevelyan was, I understand, a rich man?"

"Very well to do, by all accounts. But close. Not an easy man to touch for a subscription."

"Ah!" said Narracott, thoughtfully.

"Pity it snowed as it did," said the sergeant. "But for that we'd have had his footprints to go on."

"There was no one else in the house?" asked the inspector.

"No. For the last five years Captain Trevelyan has only had one servant—retired naval chap. Up at Sittaford House a woman came in daily, but this chap, Evans, cooked and looked after his master. About a month ago he got married—much to the captain's annoyance. I believe that's one of the reasons he let Sittaford House to this South African lady. He would not have any woman living in the house. Evans lives just around the corner here in Fore Street with his wife, and comes in daily to do for his master. I've got him here now for you to see. His statement is that he left here at half past two yesterday afternoon, the captain having no further need for him."

"Yes, I shall want to see him. He may be able to tell us something — useful. I think there's a lot more in this case than meets the eye."

"In what way, sir?"

But the the inspector refused to be drawn.

"You say this man, Evans, is here now?"

"He's waiting in the dining-room."

"Good. I'll see him straight away. What sort of a fellow is he?"

Sergeant Pollock was better at reporting facts than at descriptive accuracy.

"He's a retired naval chap. Ugly customer in a scrap, I should say."

"Does he drink?"

"Never been the worse for it that I know of."

"What about this wife of his? Not a fancy of the captain's or anything of that sort?"

"Oh! no, sir, nothing of that kind about Captain Trevelyan. He wasn't that kind at all. He was known as a woman hater, if anything."

"And Evans was supposed to be devoted to his master?"

"That's the general idea, sir, and I think it would be known if he wasn't. Exhampton's a small place."

Inspector Narracott nodded.

"Well," he said, "there's nothing more to be seen here. I'll interview Evans and I'll take a look at the rest of the house and after that he will go over to the Three Crowns and see this Major Burnaby. That remark of his about the time was curious. Twenty minutes past five, eh? He must know something he hasn't told, or why should he suggest the time of the crime so accurately."

The two men moved towards the door.

(To Be Continued.)

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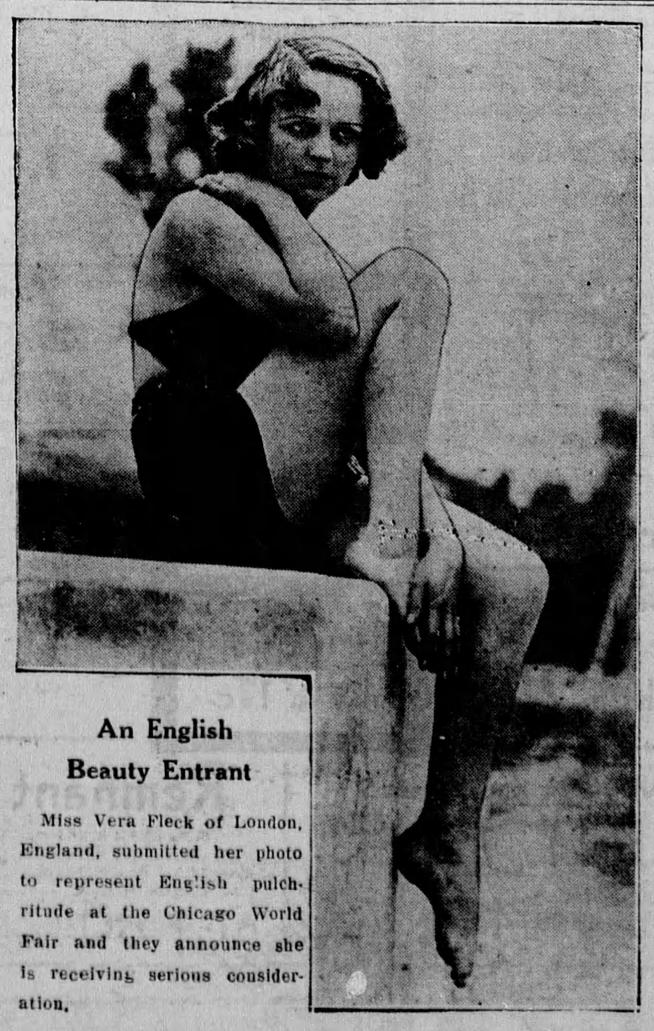
## The Poet's Fame

Many the songs of power the poets wrought
To shake the hearts of men. Yea, he had caught
The inarticulate and murmuring sound
That comes at midnight from the darkened ground
When the earth sleeps; for this he framed a word
Of human speech, and hearts were strangely stirred
That listened. And for him the evening dew
Fell with a sound of music, and the blue
Of the deep, starry sky he had the art art
To put in language that did seem a part
Of the great scope and progeny of nature.
In woods, or waves, or winds there was no creature
Mysterious to him.
Yea, that there was no secret of the earth,
Nor of the waters under, nor the skies,
That had been hidden from the poet's eyes;
By him there was no ocean unexplored,
Nor any savage coast that had not roared
Its music in his ears.

He loved the town—
Not less he loved the ever-deepening brown
Of summer twilights on the enchanted hills;
And long would listen to the starts and thrills
Of birds that sang and rustled in the trees,
Or watch the footsteps of the wandering breeze
And the quick, winged shadows flashing by,
Or birds that slowly wheeled across the unclouded sky.

—Richard Watson Gilder. Poems. (Boston: Houghton Miffin).

All knowledge begins and ends with wonder, but the first wonder is the child of ignorance, the second wonder is the parent of adoration.—Coleridge.



**An English Beauty Entrant**

Miss Vera Fleck of London, England, submitted her photo to represent English pulchritude at the Chicago World Fair and they announce she is receiving serious consideration.

## A Photographer Reminiscences

A press photographer will do anything to get the picture he wants. During the wedding at Stockholm of the Belgian Crown Prince to the King of Sweden's niece the assembled photographers found their work exceptionally difficult because most of the ceremonies took place at night, or within the palace walls. The final ceremony, we are told by Mr. Bernard Grant, one of three famous Fleet Street brothers, in "To the Four Corners," was the presenting of the newly-married couple to the assembled citizens at the Town Hall. Even here no opportunities for good pictures arose, and the many royalties, including the Kings and Queens of Belgium, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, prepared to leave the hall. The procession was passing slowly through the colonnades when "Billy" Field, one of the newspapermen, decided to make a last attempt.

There was a great hush. Men of mark in the land stood with bowed heads paying homage with solemn dignity as befitted so great an occasion.

Suddenly, cutting into this grandeur, stepped Field, right in the Royal path.

"Excuse me, your Majesty," he said, "but there are five photographers from London who have not been able to get a picture."

"Oh, that will never do!" said the ever-genial King Gustav; and, breaking up the procession, he called up the bridal couple and himself posed the group.

**The Suffragette in the Mall**

Luck often brings a photographer to the right spot at the right moment. One happened to be walking across Piccadilly Circus when he saw a man on the centre island shoot himself dead with a revolver. Mr. Grant was sent some years before the War to Buckingham Palace to photograph the King and Queen driving in state to open Parliament:

Traffic being stopped, I had to walk from Admiralty Arch to the Palace; but it happened that I felt so ill that I was unable to make the full journey. About half-way along the Mall, therefore, I stopped and awaited the Royal coach.

It came—and less than ten yards away from where I stood a suffragette made a frantic effort to reach the King. She failed; but I got an unexpected news picture for no other reason than that I had a raging headache.

Subjects, too, cause endless difficulty. Marie Corelli, for instance, hated to be photographed. Mr. Grant once went to Stratford-on-Avon to photograph a committee of which she was chairman. She finally agreed to pose with the others on condition that no flashlight was used:

The light was very poor, making rather a long exposure necessary; and whenever I asked the people to keep still, everyone did so except the famous authoress — she immediately seized that particular moment to pat her hair and fidget about generally.

I noticed, however, that she sat quite still while I was preparing to make the exposure, and in the end I got a good picture when she thought I was doing something else.

The late President Theodore Roosevelt and Lord Kitchener loathed being taken. In dealing with Lord Kitchener, Mr. Grant was told, "Always get on his left side and he probably won't see you"—the reason given being that his left eye had been injured in a battle. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, says Mr. Grant, "would like to abolish the photographers except during times of crisis and election"; Mr. Baldwin is "helpful, but he is no actor"; and Mr. Thomas "has never caught the trick of helping the photographers to get interesting pictures." Mr. Lloyd George, with his flowing hair and picturesque appearance, is "a master at the art of publicity."

**The Identification Parade**

In common with all press photographers Mr. Grant has come into contact a good deal with crime and criminals. At Bow Street police station one day he was asked to join an identification parade. About a dozen men were lined up, and George Joseph Smith, the notorious "brides-in-the-bath' murderer, was brought out. He pushed roughly between myself and a man who was about his own build and wore a similar moustache.

Two women appeared and walked slowly down the line.

"There he is!" cried the elder woman, pointing at the murderer; and after a moment's hesitation she carried out the inspector's instructions to touch him.

As the hand fell upon his shoulder, Smith sprang back with a vicious snarl, shouting loudly, "It's a —— lie!" She has never seen me before!" His teeth were bared, and his eyes flashed in a fury as the police closed round and hustled him back to the cell.

Smith eventually paid the penalty for his three murders.

**Marshall Hall's Mind-Reading**

During the Greenwood trial at Carmarthen in 1920 Mr. Grant spoke to Sir Edward Marshall Hall shortly after he had finished his speech for the defence:

"Well, what do you think of it?" he said, turning to me.

"An acquittal, almost certainly," I replied.

"Yes," he said, "I think it will be all right. I am certain I have convinced all but two of the jury."

He then told me where the two doubtful ones were sitting, and explained that during a speech, and in fact, at all times, he made a practice of trying to read the minds of the various people in court.

**The Tricycle-Aeroplane**

Mr. Grant saw many of the pioneer airmen at work. At an early aviation meeting at Doncaster was one amazing little machine, constructed round a dilapidated old tricycle. The pilot, Mr. Edward Mines, calling loudly to his only mechanic, a weedy boy named George, prepared to take the air.

Settling himself on the tricycle seat and grasping the handle-bars, he started the engine. Nothing happened until George, straining greatly, began to push behind. The added power caused man and machine to move across the ground, but almost at once disaster came.

The cause was trivial. A piece of string snapped and the saddle fell off, causing the airman to smash the starboard plane by falling on it. George added to the noise of the crash by pitching head-first into the mess owing to the sudden stop.

The intrepid aviator, we are told, picked up his machine and marched back to the hanger with it on his shoulder. George brought up the rear with the bits that had fallen off.

Everybody who reads a newspaper and looks at the pictures as he eats his breakfast will enjoy Mr. Grant's book. He has dashed at full speed all over the world in the course of his duties—to Messina during the earthquake, to West Africa with the Prince of Wales, to Fiji and Australia with the Duke and Duchess of York, through wars in the Balkans, revolutions in Spain and elsewhere, and with the Grand Fleet during the Great War. The press photographer, equally with the war correspondent, is the adventurer of Fleet Street, and is likely to remain so in spite of the many changes that have occurred since Mr. Grant began:

When I see my younger colleagues rushing off to an aerodrome to join a waiting 'plane, I am reminded of the time when the best I could do was to urge the boy who fetched the hansom to pick a good horse.

Yet the spirit of the undertaking, he says, is the same. 'Both they and I used such speed as we could command to its utmost limit."

## "It's An Ill Wind — — "

Believe it or not, but it took the depression to bring a dying industry back to its feet and start paying dividends.

Increased demand for oil lamp chimneys and lantern globes since hard times has been felt, resulted in the doubling of working forces of a glass company in Fort Smith, Ark., and huge increases in others. Glass products have been slumping since the "horse and buggy era."

"Half the useful work in the world consists of combating the harmful work."—Bertrand Russell.

## The Leaf and the Log

A Story For Children
By Cyril John Davies

"Tell me," said the Log to the Leaf who had just settled upon it, "did you see much of the world as you sailed down the brook?"

"Did I? I saw it all," replied the Leaf, still dizzy, after her long ride.

"I suppose the Wind started you on your travels," said the Log.

"Quite true," said the Leaf. "The Wind blew me off a tree into a meadow and from there to the Stream. The Stream was so shallow that I could see everything in its bed." "How interesting," replied the Log, politely.

"And the banks were so low," went on the Leaf, "that I was able to see over them to the rest of the world."

"Go on,' begged the Log.

"The Stream drifted slowly," said the Leaf. "It was so lazy that if anything stood in its way it curved around it instead of washing it away. But after some time more water flowed into it and made it stronger. At last it was a Brook. The Brook hurried along as if to make up for the time that the Stream had wasted. Presently, we came to a hilly country and the Brook had to work very hard to get through. It dug itself a deep bed and roared so dreadfully that I was terribly frightened." "How exciting!" exclaimed the Log. "It was exciting," agreed the Leaf. "The water turned muddy and the Brook picked up sticks and tin cans and old bottles and even stones. I was thrown from one side to another until I was soaked. Believe me, it was the most exciting ride I ever had."

"It must have been," said the Log, enviously.

Just then the Wind came along and lifted the Leaf into the Brook again.

"Good-bye!" shouted the Leaf. But the roar of the Brook drowned its voice and the Log heard nothing. And so the Log rolled on its side to dream of the wonders it would see when the floods came and it, too, would get an exciting ride.

## Gems from Life's Scrap-book

**Advice**

"Many receive advice, only the wise profit by it."—Publius Syrus.

"Agreeable advice is seldom useful advice."—Charles Reade.

"Good counsel has no price."—Mazzini.

"The wisdom of man is not sufficient to warrant him in advising God." —Mary Baker Eddy.

"Whatever advice you give, be short."—Horace.

"The greatest trust between man and man is the trust of giving counsel."—Bacon.

"He who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who can give it." —Von Kuebel.

"Harsh counsels have no effect; they are like hammers which are always repulsed by the anvil."—Helvetius.

**Alice: I hear you're planning to get married this spring.**
**Mary: Yes, I plan to every spring.**

You can remove scorch stains from white goods by rubbing the spot with a cut onion and then placing the garment in the sun.