SYNOPSIS.

While Mrs. Willett, her daughter Violet, Major Burnaby and three neighbors played at table tipping, a "spirit" message states that Capt. Jos. Trevelyan has been murdered, at his home in Exhampton. Burnaby found his friend dead, the base of his skull fractured. Trevelyan's will divides his estate into four equal parts, between his sister, Mrs. Jennifer Gardner, and the three children of his deceased sister, Mary Pearson. A James Pearson had been in Exhampton the afternoon of the murder, leaving for London the following morning. Major Burnaby receives a cheque for 5,000 pounds in a newspaper competition. Emily Trefusis, Pearson's fiancee, believes he is innocent and hurries to Exhampton, makes Enderby's acquaintance and asks him to help clear Pearson. She confides in Mrs. Belling, the landlady.

CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd.)

"We must save Jim," wailed Emily.

"Of course we will. Of course we will," Mrs. Belling consoled her.

Emily dabbed her eyes vigorously, gave one last sniff and gulp, and, raising her head, demanded fiercely: "Where can I stay at Sittaford?"

"Up to Sittaford? You're set on going there, my dear?"

"Yes," Emily nodded vigorously.

"Well, now," Mrs. Belling cogitated the matter. "There's only one place for ee to stay. There's not much to Sittaford. There's the big house, Sittaford House, which Captain Trevelyan built, and that's let now to a South African lady. And there's the six cottages he built, and No. 5 of them cottages has got Curtis, what used to be gardener at Sittaford House, in it, and Mrs. Curtis. She lets rooms in the summertime, the Captain allowing her to do so. There's nowhere else you could stay and that's a fact. There's the blacksmith's and the post office, but Mary Hibbert, she's got six children and her sister-in-law living with her, and the blacksmith's wife she's expecting her eighth, so there won't be so much as a corner there. But, how are you going to get up to Sittaford, miss? Have you hired a car?"

"I am going to share Mr. Enderby's."

"Ah, and where will he be staying I wonder?"

"I suppose he will have to be put up at Mrs. Curtis's too. Will she have room for both of us?"

"I don't know that that will look quite right for a young lady like you," said Mrs. Belling.

"He's my cousin," said Emily.

On no account, she felt, must a sense of propriety intervene to work against her in Mrs. Belling's mind.

The landlady's brow cleared. "Well, that may be all right then," she allowed grudgingly, "and likely as not if you're not comfortable with Mrs. Curtis they would put you up at the big house."

"I'm sorry I've been such an idiot," said Emily, mopping once more at her eyes.

"It's only natural, my dear. And you feel better for it."

"I do," said Emily truthfully. "I feel much better."

"A good cry and a good cup of tea—there's nothing to beat them, and a nice cup of tea you shall have at once, my dear, before you start off on that cold drive."

"Oh, thank you, but I don't think I really want—"

"Never mind what you want, it's what you're going to have," said Mrs. Belling, rising with determination and moving towards the door. "And you tell Amelia Curtis from me that she's to look after you and see you take your food proper and see you don't fret."

"You are kind," said Emily.

"And what's more, I shall keep my eyes and ears open down here," said Mrs. Belling entering with relish into her part of the romance. "There's many a little thing that I hear that never goes to the police. And anything I do hear I'll pass on to you, miss."

"Will you really?"

"That I will. Don't ee worry, my dear, we'll have your young gentleman out of his trouble in no time."

"I must go and pack," said Emily, rising.

"I'll send the tea up to you," said Mrs. Belling.

Emily went upstairs, packed her few belongings into her suitcase, sponged her eyes with cold water and applied a liberal allowance of powder and a touch of rouge.

She rang the bell. The chambermaid (the sympathetic sister-in-law of Constable Graves) came promptly. Emily presented her with a pound note and begged her earnestly to pass on any information she might acquire in roundabout ways from police circles. The girl promised readily.

"Mrs. Curtis's up to Sittaford? I will indeed, Miss. Do anything that I will. We all feel for you, Miss, more than I can say. All the time I keep saying to myself, 'Just fancy if it was you and Fred, I keep saying. I would be distracted—that I would. The least thing I hears I'll pass on to you, Miss, at Mrs. Curtis's."

"You angel," said Emily.

Thus, the centre of romantic attention, Emily left the Three Crowns, having duly gulped down the cup of tea prescribed by Mrs. Belling.

"By the way," she said to Enderby, as the aged Ford sprang forward, "you are my cousin, don't forget."

"Why?"

"They've got such pure minds in the country," said Emily. "I thought it would be better."

"Splendid. In that case," said Mr. Enderby, rising to his opportunities, "I had better call you Emily."

"All right, cousin—what's your name?"

"Charles."

"All right, Charles."

Emily was rather fascinated by her first view of Sittaford. Turning off the main road about two miles from Exhampton, they went upwards over a rough moorland road until they reached a village that was situated right on the edge of the moor. It consisted of a smithy, and a combined post office and sweet shop. From there they followed a lane and came to a row of newly built small granite bungalows. At the second of these the car stopped and the driver volunteered the information that this was Mrs. Curtis's.

Mrs. Curtis was a small, thin, gray haired woman, energetic and shrewish in disposition. She was all agog with the news of the murder.

"Yes, of course I can take you in, Miss, and your cousin too, if he can just wait until I shift a few duds. You won't mind having your meals along of us, I don't suppose? Well, who would have believed it? Captain Trevelyan murdered and an inquest and all This morning when the news came you could have knocked me down with a feather."

Both Emily and Charles decided the talkative Mrs. Curtis would prove useful.

CHAPTER XII.

Drowned in a sea of talk, Emily and Charles Enderby were shown their new quarters by Mrs. Curtis. Emily had a small square room, scrupulously clean, looking out and up to the slope of Sittaford Beacon. Charles's room was a small slit facing the front of the house and the lane, containing a bed and a microscopic chest of drawers and washstand.

"The great thing is," he observed after the driver of the car had been duly paid and thanked, "that we are here. If we don't know all there is to be known about everyone living in Sittaford within the next quarter of an hour, I'll eat my hat."

Ten minutes later, they were sitting downstairs in the comfortable kitchen being introduced to Curtis, a rather gruff looking, gray haired old man, and being regaled with strong tea, bread and butter, Devonshire cream and hard-boiled eggs. While they ate and drank they listened. Within half an hour they knew everything there was to be known about the inhabitants of the small community.

First there was Miss Percehouse, who lived in No. 4 The Cottages, a spinster of uncertain years and temper who had come down here to die, according to Mrs. Curtis, six years ago.

"But believe it or not, Miss, the air of Sittaford is that healthy that she picked up from the day she came.

"Miss Percehouse has a nephew who occasionally comes down to see her," she went on, "and indeed he's staying with her at the present time. Seeing to it that the money doesn't go out of the family, that's what he's doing. Very dull for a young gentleman at this time of year. But there, there's more ways than one of amusing yourself, and his coming has been a providence for the young lady at Sittaford House. Poor young thing, the idea of bringing her to that great barrack of a house in the wintertime. Selfish is what some mothers are. A very pretty young lady, too. Mr. Ronald Garfield is up there as often as he can be without neglecting Miss Percehouse."

Charles Enderby and Emily exchanged glances. Charles remembered that Ronald Garfield had been mentioned as one of the party present at the table turning.

"The cottage this side of mine, No. 6," continued Mrs. Curtis, "has only just been took. Gentleman by the name of Duke. That is if you would call him a gentleman. Of course, he may be and he may not. There's no saying, folks aren't so particular nowadays. A bashful sort of gentleman he is—might be a military gentleman from the look of him, but somehow he hasn't got the manner. Not like Major Burnaby, that you would know as a military gentleman the first time you clapped eyes on him.

"No. 3, that's Mr. Rycroft's—little elderly gentleman. They do say that he used to go after birds to outlandish parts for the British Museum. What they call a naturalist, he is. Always out and roaming over the moor. And he has a very fine library of books. His cottage is nearly all bookcases.

"No. 2 is an invalid gentleman's, a Captain Wyatt with an Indian servant. And poor fellow he does feel the cold, he does. The servant I mean, not the captain. Coming from warm outlandish parts, it's no wonder. The heat they keep up inside the house would frighten you. It's like walking into an oven.

"No. 1 is Major Burnaby's cottage. Lives by himself, he does, and I go in to do for him early mornings. He is a very neat gentleman, he is, and very particular. He and Captain Trevelyan were as thick as thieves. Friends of a lifetime they were. And they both have the same kind of outlandish heads stuck up on the walls."

(To be continued.)

Sees Empire's Future In Emigration

Right Hon. J. H. Thomas Says Natural Outlet for British People are the Dominions

Brighton, England. — Right Hon. J. H. Thomas told an audience here that the "natural and inevitable outlet for British people must be through our dominions." Mr. Thomas, speaking at the opening of the South African display at the Empire Marketing Board's shop, appealed to his hearers to buy goods from the Dominions.

"If I wanted to stress one point," Mr. Thomas said, "it would be this: That, whatever may be the future of this country, one thing certain is that the natural and inevitable outlet for British people must be through our Dominions.

"When you remember," he continued, "that for the past 30 years the average number of men and women leaving Great Britain for overseas has been between 150,000 and 200,000 every year, and that for the first time in history, instead of any going, 60,000 returned last year, you get some idea of the important part emigration must play in the solution of our problems here.

"Therefore, to secure that, we must make our Dominions prosperous, and when we can combine duty with pleasure and get satisfaction from both we shall be on what I would call, in a sporting phrase, an absolute certainty."

In another part of his address Mr. Thomas said, "We are living at a time when nationalism seems to be running mad, but do not let us forget that, with all the troubled periods we have passed through and with the trouble existing in the world to-day, the one bright spot that stands out, unshaken and unshakable in the whole world, is the old British Empire. There is no nation in the world but is envious of our position."

Now, Mr. Ripley

London, Eng.—Believe it or not, Mr. Ripley, writes a correspondent, but the smallest flexible steel tube in the world is being manufactured by a London firm of instrument makers.

The bore is only one-hundredth part of an inch and requires a pressure of 2,000 lbs. to force mercury through it. A tube one mile long would require only one and three-quarter cubic inches of mercury to fill it.

The tube is to be used in heat-gauging instruments.

In London's (Eng.) new factories, employing 16,000 people, all sorts of articles are made, including pyjamas, radio parts, cosmetics, and sausage-skins.

"Not many heads of great banks have a contemplative mental habit; if they did they would not be heads of great banks."—Frank A. Vanderlip.

"The wise man is he who now takes a bullish position and hangs to it tenaciously irrespective of temporary reactions."—Roger W. Babson.

Pithy Anecdotes Of Famous People

How delightfully children sometimes say things! A little girl who had gone to church for the first time was asked on her return what the minister had said, and what his text had been—reminisces Colonel A. A. Anderson (in "Experiences and Impressions.") She thought for a while, and then said:

"Keep your soul on top."

None of the others could recall that text, but they found later the minister had preached from the text of St. Paul's "Keep your body under."

"It was put in a better way by the little girl," adds the Colonel. "If you keep your soul on top you need not trouble about mortifying your body."

* * *

Then there was a small boy — a nephew of Colonel Anderson's—who seeing the broad expanse of a starlit night in the country, for the first time, and after asking many questions about the stars ended his prayers that night by saying:

"I thand Thee, O God, for making such a lovely world, and putting such a beautiful top on it!"

* * *

And that leads up to another story told by Colonel Anderson. Among his many friends was Joaquin Miller, "poet of the Sierras." Once when Miller was riding through a small village in Mexico, he saw an old colored woman coming out of a small cottage. She was gray and bent with age and shabbily dressed, and was carrying in her hand a small, broken flowerpot tied together with a piece of string, in which she had planted a rose. She placed the pot on the step by the door and was tending it with such loving care that Miller stopped to watch her.

* * *

Not caring to appear too curious, he said:

"It's a very pretty evening, Aunty."

The old woman straightened herself so far as her bent form would allow and "placing one hand above her eyes, gazed lovingly down the valley where the setting sun was projecting bright golden rays, and trees cast their long, purple shadows," and said:

"It's a very pretty world, Massa. It's a very pretty world."

"The story has remained with me," adds Colonel Anderson, "and whenever I see some especially beautiful phase of nature, I hear myself saying with that old colored woman:

"It's a very pretty world, Massa. It's a very pretty world."

* * *

In the whale's mouth, three people could sit around a small table for afternoon tea, says Dr. Halliday Sutherland, distinguished Harley Street (London) physician (in "Arches of the Years"); but the gullet of the whale is narrow, and no known species of whale could have swallowed Jonah, although the ancient chronicle does not mention the whale, but "a large fish." Yet it is not a physical impossibility for a man to have lived in a whale's mouth for three days .

* * *

If he stood up against the plates of whalebone he would be knee-deep in water when the whale was on the surface, and, when the whale dived, he would be in a closed cavern of air. As soon as the air became vitiated the whale would rise to the surface to breathe: but a more uncomfortable voyage cannot be conceived—adds the doctor.

By the way, whalebone, so called, is really formed of cartilage hanging from the ridges at the back of the whale's mouth, says Dr. Sutherland. Once used for corsets, now it is mostly converted into artificial ostrich feathers!

* * *

Dr. Sutherland spent his boyhood in the Scottish Highlands and he has some enchanting memories of those days.

"Old Mr. Cameron, the farmer, told me of witches riding on their brooms across the dark waters of Loch Awe. He had also known a witch and had killed her. She had lived three miles up the glen in a small croft, now in ruins, and at night had gone about in the form of a hare. One moonlight night he had seen this hare running away from the door of the byre, and in the morning one of the cows stopped giving milk.

"The next night he loaded his gun and over the charge rammed down a sixpence, because a silver bullet is the only bullet that will kill a witch. Then he waited behind a wall overlooking the byre, and in the moonlight saw the hare coming back. He fired. She gave a scream and fled on three legs, trailing a broken hind leg behind her. On the following day no smoke was rising from the house of the witch, and when neighbors entered they found her groaning on her bed. When the doctor came he said her right thigh was broken below the hip-joint. The witch explained that she had fallen in her room. Mr. Cameron knew better, and in a few days she was dead. If the doctor had cut into her he would have found a sixpence in her thigh!"

* * *

Do you believe in fairies?

"Then there was Donald Grant's boy, aged eight. He found a cheese in the woods and brought it home.

" 'Take it back where ye got it,' said the father. 'It's a fairy cheese.'

The boy took the cheese away, but hid it in an outhouse, where he ate it in secret. In the hayfield a week later he fell on the scythe, cut the main artery in his thigh and bled to death in a few minutes."

* * *

Although Arnold Bennett schooled himself to observe regular working hours—and he was a glutton for work—there were times when his pen literally flew over the paper, for he wrote everything by hand. These entries in "The Journal of Arnold Bennett 1921-1928," show that:

"I wote 1,000 words of 'Lord Raingo' in 90 minutes."

"I wrote 1,100 words—a complete chapter (of 'Vanguard') in 75 minutes, and then felt better."

"Exactly at 12 I sat down to work and at 12.35 had actually written 700 words (of 'Accident'). It seems as if nothing can stop me from working just now."

Writing at white heat:

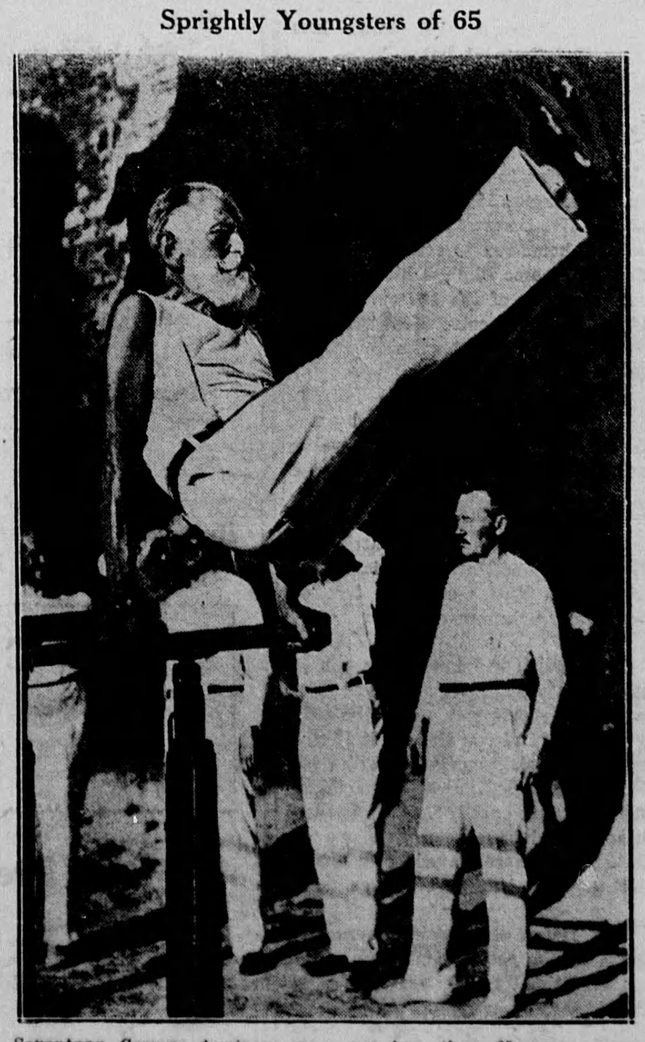
"I wrote 500 words of 'Accident' before lunch. I walked to the Reform Club to meet (Frank) Swinnerton by appointment, and we lunched. Then I resumed the novel. I wasn't quite so fired up as I felt in the morning. In the morning I made Alan character in 'Accident') lose his temper, and I did it with such heat that I felt as if I had lost my own temper when I went down to see Miss Nerney (his secretary) and I felt called upon to explain to her the cause of my demeanor."

* * *

In search of ideas:

"I went out to South Kensington Museum at 11.15 to find ideas, and got them, among English pictures of a second-rate kind, easily. I came home. And at 1 p.m. had written 400 words. Before 6 I had written another 1,400 words of the novel ('Accident') 1,800 words in all, the complete chapter describing the railway accident. I wrote it at great speed, and was rather pleased with it."

Sprightly Youngsters of 65



Seventeen German business men, not less than 65 years young, keep fit by doing exercises at their gymnastic club in Stettin, Germany. Geheimrat Hollwich, 65 years of age demonstrates his favorite exercise. The oldest club member is 84.

Fresh Fragrance of Blossoms

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

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New Serum Used As Cure Of Influenzal Pneumonia

London. — Two cures of influenzal pneumonia by serum similar to that for immunizing ferrets against "flu" are claimed by Dr. Ronald Hare, a London physician.

In telling how he treated two women, one of whom was dying, Dr. Hare said "both cases reacted in a very dramatic fashion" and recovered.

The serum was prepared from human beings convalescing from influenza. Recent announcements that ferrets, small, weasel-like aimals, could be infected with the "flu" virus were considered highly important because of the possibility that the germ could be isolated and an antidote be found for human beings.

Dr. Hare reported in the Lancet, British medical journal, that his first case, a woman of 27, was in a grave condition.

Given Two Injections

After two injections of serum four hours apart, he said, she began to improve and slept very well at night. A third injection was made the following day and despite a tendency to have temperatures of 100 degrees, the patient continued to improve. There after her recovery was steady.

In the second case also, Dr. Hare said, there was an uninterrupted recovery and a difficulty in breathing and a pain in the chest disappeared within four hours after an injection.

The reaction in both instances was similar, the investigator continued The temperature began to fall and became normal within 12 hours. Pulse rates fell coincidentally.

Most remarkable, he said, was an improvement in the general condition of the patients, enabling both to sleep the entire night after the initial injection.

Dr. Hare added that further cases were unavailable, so additional experiments and investigation are desirable.

The Lancet listed as discoverers of the reaction on ferrets, three doctors, Wilson Smith, C. H. Andress, and P. P. Laidlaw. Previously the inability to find an animal susceptible to "flu" infection hindered experiments.

The tests were said to have confirmed that influenza is partly due to a germ that can pass through filters.

They're Telling Us!

The longer I live the more certain I am that absolute refusal to take up arms is the only way to salvation.—Rt. Hon. George Lansbury, M.P.

Young women to-day get engaged and then inform their parents over the telephone. My daughter telephoned me just as I was starting out to play in the golf match with the Prince of Wales and told me of her engagement—Lady Astor, M.P.

The vast increase in man's knowledge and in his control over Nature has not been accompanied by a corresponding improvement in his moral character.—Sir Edwin John.

The average woman enjoys a row for the pleasure of making it up afterwards. There is nothing like a thunderstorm for clearing the air.—Rev. T. H. Curtis, Vicar of St. Paul's, Westcliff.

The most precious collection of stamps in the world is housed in the vaults of Somerset House, London, Eng. It contains twenty-four specimens of every stamp ever made in the British Empire.

"As a practical philosophy, life insurance and annuities are doing a great deal to make the lives of the American people safe and secure."—Alfred E. Smith.

There would not be so much harm in the giddy following the fashions, if somehow the wise could always set them.—Bovee.

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