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 finds 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 from 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 accompanies him to Sittaford.

CHAPTER XII.—(Cont'd.)

"As for Mrs. Willett and Miss Willett, that's what no one can make out. Plenty of money there. Amos Parker at Exhampton they deal with, and he tells me their weekly book comes to well over eight pounds or nine pounds. You wouldn't believe the eggs that goes into that house! Brought their maid servants from Exeter with them, they did, but they don't like it and want to leave, and I'm sure I don't blame them. If you ask me it's a queer business, burying yourself in the country like this, a smart lady like that. Well, well, I suppose I had better be clearing away these tea things."

Mrs. Curtis drew a deep breath, and so did Charles and Emily. The flow of information loosened with so little difficulty had almost overwhelmed them.

Charles ventured to put a question. "Has Major Burnaby got back yet?" he asked.

Mrs. Curtis paused at once, tray in hand. "Yes, indeed, sir, came tramping in just the same as ever about half an hour before you arrived. 'Why, sir,' I cried to him. 'You've never walked all the way from Exhampton?' And he says in his stern way, 'Why not? If a man has got two legs he doesn't need four wheels. I do it once a week anyway as you know, Mrs. Curtis.' He looks bad though. It's a miracle he ever got through on Friday night. Brave I call it at his age. You may say what you like, but nowadays the young gentlemen aren't a patch on the old ones. That Mr. Ronald Garfield, he would never have done it, and it's my opinion, and it's the opinion of Mrs. Hibbert at the post office, and it's the opinion of Mr. Pound, the blacksmith, that Mr. Garfield ought never to have let him go off alone the way he did. He should have gone with him. If Major Burnaby had been lost in a snowdrift, everybody would have blamed Mr. Garfield. And that's a fact."

She disappeared triumphantly into the scullery amid a clatter of tea things.

Mr. Curtis thoughtfully removed an aged pipe from the right side of his mouth to the left side.

"Women," he said, "talk a lot." He paused and then murmured, "And half the time they don't know the truth of what they are talking about."

Charles rose. "I think I'll go round and see old Burnaby," he said; "tell him the camera parade will be tomorrow morning."

"I'll go with you," said Emily. "I want to know what he really thinks about Jim and what ideas he has about the crime in general."

They went out together. Mrs. Curtis immediately returned.

"They be gone round to the Major's" said Mr. Curtis.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Curtis. "Now, what do you think? Are they sweethearting, or are they not? A lot of harm comes of cousins marrying so they say. Deaf and dumbs and halfwits and a lot of other evils. He's sweet on her, that you can see easily enough. As for her, she's a deep one like my Great Aunt Sarah Belinda, she is. Got a way with her and with the men. I wonder what she's after now? Do you know what I think, Curtis?"

Mr. Curtis grunted.

"This young gentleman that the police are holding on account of the murder, it's my belief that he's the one she's set on. And she's come up here to nose about and see what she can find out. And mark my words," said Mrs. Curtis, rattling china, "if there's anything to find out she will find it!"

At the same moment that Charles and Emily started out to visit Major Burnaby, Inspector Narracott was seated in the drawing room of Sittaford House, trying to formulate an impression of Mrs. Willett. He had hardly known what he had expected to find, but certainly not what he had found. It was Mrs. Willett who had taken charge of the situation, not he.

She had come rushing into the room, thoroughly businesslike and efficient. He saw a tall woman, thin faced and keen eyed. She was wearing rather an elaborate knitted silk jumper suit that was just over the border line of unsuitably for country wear. Her stockings were of very expensive gossamer silk, her shoes high-heeled patent leather. She wore several valuable rings and rather a large quantity of very good and expensive imitation pearls.

"Inspector Narracott?" said Mrs. Willett. "Naturally, you want to come over the house. What a shocking tragedy! I could hardly believe it we only heard about it this morning, you know. We were terribly shocked. Sit down, won't you, Inspector? This is my daughter, Violet."

He had hardly noticed the girl who had followed her in, and yet, she was a very pretty girl, tall and fair with big blue eyes. Mrs. Willett herself took a seat.

"Is there any way in which I can help you, Inspector? I knew very little of poor Captain Trevelyan, but if there is anything you can think of—"

The inspector said slowly: "Thank you, madam. Of course, one never knows what may be useful or what may not."

"I quite understand. There may possibly be something in the house that may throw light upon this sad business, but I rather doubt it. Captain Trevelyan removed all his personal belongings. He even feared I should tamper with his fishing rods, poor, dear man."

She laughed a little.

"You were not acquainted with him?"

"Before I took the house, you mean? Oh! no. I've asked him here several times since, but he never came. Terribly shy, poor dear. That was what was the matter with him. I've known dozens of men like it. They are called women haters and all sorts of silly things, and really all the time it's only shyness. If I could have got at him," said Mrs. Willett with determination, "I'd soon have got over all that nonsense. That sort of man only wants bringing out."

Inspector Narracott began to understand Captain Trevelyan's strongly defensive attitude towards his tenants.

"We both asked him," continued Mrs. Willett. "Didn't we, Violet?"

"Oh! yes, mother."

"A real simple sailor at heart," said Mrs. Willett. "Every woman loves a sailor, Inspector Narracott."

It occurred to Inspector Narracott at this juncture that the interview so far had been run entirely by Mrs. Willett. He was convinced that she was an exceedingly clever woman. She might be as innocent as she appeared. On the other hand she might not.

"The point I am anxious to get information about is this," he said. "Major Burnaby, as you doubtless know, discovered the body. He was led to do so by an accident that occurred in this house."

"You mean?"

"I mean the table turning. I beg your pardon—"

He turned sharply. A faint sound had come from the girl.

"Poor Violet," said her mother. "She was terribly upset—indeed we all were! Most unaccountable. I'm not superstitious, but really it was the most unaccountable thing."

"It did occur then?".

Mrs. Willett opened her eyes very wide.

"Occur? Of course it occurred. At the time I thought it was a joke—a most unfeeling joke and one in very bad taste."

"It was curious," said the inspector slowly. "You were very upset, Mrs. Willett?"

"We all were. Up to then it had been, oh, just light hearted fooling. You know the sort of thing. Good fun on a winter's evening. And then suddenly—this! It—it's uncanny."

"And you, Miss Willett? What do you think?"

"I?" The girl started. "I—I don't know. I shall never forget it. I shall never dare to do table turning again."

"Mr. Rycroft would say it was genuine, I suppose," said her mother. "He believes in all that sort of thing. Really I'm inclined to believe it myself. What other explanation is there except that it was a genuine message from a spirit?"

The inspector shook his head. The table turning had been his red herring. His next remark was most casual sounding.

"Don't you find it very bleak here in winter, Mrs. Willett?" asked Inspector Narracott.

"Oh! we love it. Such a change. We're South Africans, you know."

Her tone was brisk and ordinary.

"Really? What part of South Africa?"

"Oh! the Cape. Violet has never been in England before. She is enchanted with it—finds the snow most romantic. This house is really most comfortable."

"What led you to come to this part of the world?" There was just gentle curiosity in his voice.

"We've read so many books on Devonshire, and especially on Dartmoor. We were reading one on the boat. I've always had a hankering to see Dartmoor."

"What made you fix on Exhampton? It's not a very well known little town."

"Well we were reading these books as I told you, and there was a boy on board who talked about Exhampton he was so enthusiastic about it."

(To be continued.)

The disease beri-beri, caused by deficiencies in diet, is the cause of 17,000 deaths in Japan each year.

You Must Suffer To Succeed

By St. John Ervine

There is a widely-held but false belief that mankind instantly recognizes and acclaims the good, the true and the beautiful.

Mankind does nothing of the sort; indeed it is more likely to hate "the highest" than to love it.

Akin to this lie, is the belief that one may become famous overnight, like Byron. Nobody, however, remarks on the number of occasions when Byron woke to find himself ignored or unknown. There have been people who have acquired a brief notoriety in a single night, especially in the theatre, but that fame was always short-lived. Only the infantile can believe that fates and careers can be altered or determined by a wave of a magic wand.

The most spectacularly successful person in the English-speaking world to-day is Mr. Noel Coward, who at thirty-three is a very rich man, widely-known and admired in two continents. His astonishing success began when he was twenty-eight, but before that, Mr. Coward had seen some very hard times. Less than ten years ago he was nearly down and out in New York. Even when the tide turned for him, he had heavy reverses which he met with the same courage and fortitude as before. Had Mr. Coward not been a man of gay courage, the experience of the first night of Sirocco, his play that was subjected to blasts of real hatred and venom, might have knocked him out for good.

It is, I suppose, natural that those who wish to change our ways should be received with suspicion. It is natural that we should be slow in accepting change, to resent alteration in beloved habits. But to show hatred for the reformers and the innovators is another thing. The rage into which multitudes fall when a man comes along with a new idea is a puzzle.

The history of the saints shows that good men, afterwards canonized and adored, were first badly received, if not actually stoned or put to death. In more recent times, William Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army, is a proof of this attitude. Booth and his followers were ill-treated in exactly the same manner as John Wesley and his followers were a century earlier. Men so dissimilar as St. Fances or Assisi, St. Ignatius Logola and George Fox, were all alike in that their goodness offended their neighbors, because, perhaps, it was a reproach to them.

Henry Irving went on the stage almost at the peril of his life. After his first appearance a critic told him that he should give up all hope of becoming an actor. He was booed and hooted, still he made his name in The Bells. When they rehearsed Milestones, by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblock, nobody but Irving had faith in its chances of success, because he had belief in himself and knew that he was a great actor.

Henrik Ibsen, like John Keats, was advised by a critic to return to his pills and potions, for he had been an apothecary's assistant. Eminent critics jeered at him and denied his capacity to write plays. The first edition of Catiline was sold for wrapping paper. Yet Ibsen lived to revolutionize the European theatre.

Something similar happened to Bernard Shaw, and if the envious Greene had had his way, Shakespeare would have been hounded out of the theatre. There was not one University wit who did not esteem himself Shakespeare's superior in every respect.

Sarah Bernhardt was hissed in Paris in the beginning of her career. It was not roses all the way for her, any more than it was for Elecnora Duse, who was hooted and insulted by her own countrymen, who found her ugly, presumably because she was not fat enough for them.

There was a time when Joseph Conrad almost despaired of ever obtaining a public for his books. Mr. Somerset Maugham despaired of any success on the stage four months before fortune opened four theatres for him.

In politics the tale is the same. The young Disraeli was almost laughed out of the House of Commons. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald had terrible times before he found his place and even Mr. Stanley Baldwin knew deep distress before he could make people believe in his statesmanship.

Nelson was put on half pay and might easily have been put out of the Navy altogether by people who had one-tenth of his ability.

Thomas Hardy was violently attacked for writing Jude the Obscure, and the great Russian writer and dramatist Anton Chekhov was howled at by the press and the public and nearly driven to suicide, when his first play was performed in St. Petersburg. Oliver Goldsmith was called a common fellow by his contemporaries, because he put characters on the stage in the similitude of life. There was violent abuse for Sean O'Casey when his plays were put on at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin.

We are quick to find fault with the people who behaved thus to genius, but the more cynical among us may wonder whether we should not be equally quick to incur blame if an unknown genius were to come our way. The test of our virtue is not what we think now of Ibsen or Duse, or William Booth, but what we should have done had we been alive when they were not renowned.

The most obvious fallacy of our time is the belief that renown can be obtained by anybody who is willing to go to a school or take a correspondence course. Our bookshops are full of Outlines of this or that, and everyone assumes that fame can be acquired on the instalment system.

There are people who believe that this pathetic fallacy is due to the new psychological methods in education. In the past children were made to stick at tasks and to exercise their memories. Today this is termed uneducational. The slogan has become "make everything easy for the child," especially in America. The result is that thousands of people are in a state approaching nervous prostration, because they cannot understand why they are not appreciated or do not occupy prominent positions, after taking twelve lessons in a "Course" or attending a school for the manufacture of geniuses, for a couple of terms.

In defining genius as an infinite capacity for taking pains Carlyle did not, perhaps, state the full truth, because he implied that genius was the result of mere industry. But he said enough of the truth to make people understand that the magic wand does not exist, that dullards cannot be turned into geniuses, and that success is won, not awarded.

The last word shall be with Henry Irving who, speaking of Edmund Kean, another great actor who had known violent abuse, said:

"The road to success lies through many a thorny course, over many an obstacle, from which the fainting heart is often tempted to turn back. But hope and a sense of power within inspire the struggling artist still to continue the conflict, till at last courage and perseverance meet with their just reward, and success comes."

Society Gets Manor Records

Northampton, Eng. — An extensive collection of manorial records, forming part of the Montagu Manuscripts at Boughton House, Northants, has just been presented to the Northamptonshire Record Society by the Duke of Buccleuch. These manuscrips relate to the manors of Armston, Kingsthorpe, Hemington, Warkton, Luddington, and Geddington, and the Hundreds of Huxloe, Polebrooke, and Navisford, and to the Honour of Gloucester Fee. Some date as far back as the reign of Richard II.

The greatest of all human benefits, that at least without which no other benefit can be truly enjoyed, is independence.—Parke Godwin.

Buy Quality

'SALADA' TEA

Old Letters Proves Oxford Like Shakespeare

Oxford, Eng.—Shakespeare's "Othello" was played in Oxford with pomp and ceremony before an audience of university dignitaries as early as September, 1610, according to extracts from the Latin letters of Henry Jackson, a puritan member of Corpus Christi College, which have just been published for the first time.

In 1584 the university issued an ordinance forbidding the presentation of stage plays in Oxford, and it has generally been supposed that, if plays were acted in Oxford at all about this time, they must have been presented in such places as inn yards. Jackson's letter, however, suggests that plays were an important part of the social life of the university, so that it now appears that the university did not act upon its declared aversion to dramatic entertainments.

Jackson says that the performance moved the audience to tears, and that the face of the actor who played Desdemona, even after Othello had killed her, implored pity. He states that the piece was played with great intensity, but that this intensity was tempered decorously. The actors not only spoke the lines suitably, but used very appropriate gestures.

Making Sugar from Wood

Sweden has much woodland. One job of research in the country that awards the Noble Prize in science is to discover ways of using that wood. The latest find is a method whereby sugar can be made from wood. Production of 1,000,000 tons of sugar annually from trees is projected in a research report to the Swedish Government Forestry Commission, says the American Chemical Society.

Using a method found by Professor Erik Haegglund and Franz Bergius sixty kilograms of sugar and a six kilograms of acetic acid have been made from 100 kilos of dry wood. The raw sugar, says their report, can be used without refining as cattle fodder and for making alcohol and yeast by fermentation. In addition it is possible to make a motor fuel out of it. The process in detail is still secret but it is known that it employs the principles of the saccharification of wood by concentrated hydrochloric acid.

More Humor Needed In Welfare Work

Hartford, Conn. — The need for humor in welfare work has been overlooked, William W. T. Squire, secretary of the State Department of Public Welfare, believes.

"There is medicine in a good laugh," Squire said, "and workers should seek to stir up the humorous side when working with the poor, the needy, and the old.

"It is safe to say that old people don't get much enjoyment out of laughter," he added. "For that part, only children are really merry. But humor has its part. It did much to keep up the morale during the World War. There has been little humor displayed, however, in the fight on the depression."

The world's loftiest capital is La Paz, Bolivia, which stands on a mountain-top 12,470 feet above the sea.

So They Say

"One's own heart is the best place in which to store the few things of life that really matter."—Rudyard Kipling.

"I firmly believe that somewhere in the world of international finance there is some diseased spot, but the ways to it are very tangled and complicated."—J. P. Morgan.

"If some philanthropist would help this generation let him send the communist leaders of America, at his expense, to live for a month or two in Russia."—Will Durant.

"Success in life depends entirely on whether you know how to handle your own publicity."—Ely Culbertson.

"Mutual enrichment is a condition of individual enrichment."—J. Ramsay MacDonald.

"We are at one of those dramatic turning points in history when the path of progress lies clearly before us if only we have faith and confidence to take it."—Raymond B. Fosdick.

"If there is any practice of capitalism which is indefensible it is the transmission of vast wealth from one generation to the next."—Harry Elmer Barnes.

"Continuity of purpose is one of the most essential ingredients of happiness in the long run."—Bertrand Russell.

"I've reached the summertime of life. I want to be where there is summertime all the time."—John D. Rockefeller.

"The experience of 1929 is too recent to give any confidence that lasting prosperity can be founded on a Wall Street boom."—Sir Walter Layton.

"The most dangerous animal in the United States is the man with an emotion and a desire to pass a new law."—Herbert Hoover.

Beginning of Music

To imitate with the mouth the liquid voices of birds was practiced long before men could play melodious tunes, and delight the ear with music. The whistling of the zephyr through the empty reeds first taught the rustics to blow through hollow stalks. Then by degrees they learned the sweet plaintive notes, which the pipe, pressed by the fingers of the players, pours forth—the pipe, which is now found through all the pathless groves and woods and glades, divine resting places of the shepherds. (Thus time by degrees suggests every discovery, and skill evolves it into the regions of light and fame.) These melodies softened the hearts of those swains, and delighted them when they were satisfied with food; for then every thing affords pleasure. — Lucretius. From "De Rerum Natura." Translated by J. S. Watson.

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The Channel Wins

Miss Gleitze, who is a noted English swimmer, was going strong, half way across the English channel, when this was taken, but a few minutes later she had to give up. After seven hours in the water, too.