SYNOPSIS.

Captain Trevelyan had rented his large house in the tiny English village of Sittaford to Mrs. Willett and taken a smaller one in the nearest town, Exhampton, six miles distant. While his friend Major Burnaby and three neighbors were playing at table tipping with Mrs. Willett and her daughter Violet, a "spirit" message was received that Trevelyan had been murdered. Burnaby started for Exhampton and found his friend dead, his skull fractured by a blow. Police suspicion turned toward Trevelyan's sister, Mrs. Jennifer Gardner, and the three children of Mrs. Pearson, another sister, now dead, as these four shared equally in Trevelyan's estate of 90,000 pounds. James Pearson had come to Exhampton from London the day of the murder, called on his uncle, and taken the first train back the next morning. He was arrested. Emily Trefusis, Jim Pearson's fiancee, promptly made the acquaintance of Enderby, Daily Wire reported, and asked him to help her clear Pearson. When Inspector Narracott went to question Mrs. Willett and mentioned Pearson's name, Violet fainted.

CHAPTER XIV.

Emily and Charles Enderby retraced their steps to Mrs. Curtis's.

"Come into my room, I want to talk to you," said Emily. She sat on the one chair and Charles sat on the bed.

"Now, listen," she said. "I think I've got a kind of starting point. I may be wrong and I may be right.

At any rate it's an idea. I think a lot hinges on this table turning business. You've done this table turning or tipping haven't you?"

"Oh, yes, now and then. Not serious, you know."

No, of course not. It's the kind of thing one does on a wet afternoon, and everyone accuses everyone else of shoving. Well, if you've played it you know what happens. The table starts spelling out, say, a name; well, it's a name somebody knows. Very often they recognize it at once and hope it isn't going to be that, and all the time unconsciously they are what one calls shoving. I mean sort of recognizing things makes one give an involuntary jerk when the next letter comes and stops the thing. And the less you want to do that sometimes the more it happens."

"Yes, that's true," agreed Mr. Enperby.

"Supposing that one of those people who were playing knew that Captain Trevelyan was being murdered—"

"Oh, I say," protested Charles, "that's awfully far-fetched."

"We are just taking a hypothesis—that's all. We are asserting that somebody knew Captain Trevelyan was dead and absolutely couldn't hide their knowledge. The table betrayed them."

"But I don't for a minute believe it's true," said Charles.

"We'll assume that it is true," said Emily firmly.

"Oh, I'm quite agreeable," said Mr. Enderby. "Anything you like."

"So what we have to do," said Emily, "is to consider very carefully the people who were playing. To begin with there's Major Burnaby and Mr. Rycroft. It seems unlikely that either of them should have an accomplice who was the murderer. Then there is this Mr. Duke. We know nothing about him so we'll put an X against his name. And now we come to the Willetts. Charles, there is something awfully mysterious about the Willetts."

"What on earth have they got to gain from Capt. Trevelyan's death?"

"Well, on the face of it, nothing. But if my theory is correct there must be a connection somewhere. We've got to find what is the connection."

Then Mrs. Curtis's voice called excitedly from below, "Do you hear the bell, Miss—do you hear it?"

"What is it?" asked Emily.

"It's the bell at Princetown, miss, near to twelve mile away. It means that a convict's escaped George, George—where is that man? D'you hear the bell? There's a convict loose." Her voice dide away as she went through the kitchen.

Charles sat down again. "If only this convict had escaped on Friday, why, there would be our murderer nicely accounted for. All so simple."

He shook his head sadly.

Emily woke early next morning. So, feeling restless, she set out for a brisk walk along the lane in the opposite direction from which they had come last night.

The lane came out on the open moor where it degenerated into a grass track and soon petered out altogether. Emily ascended to the very top of Sittaford Tor, a pile of gray rock of a fantastic shape. From this height she looked down over an expanse of moorland, unbroken as far as she could see, without any habitation or any road. Below her, on the opposite side of the Tor, were gray masses of granite boulders and rocks.

Emily wished with all her heart that she had met the dead man even if only once. It was so hard to get an idea of people you had never seen. You had to rely on other people's judgment, and Emily had never yet acknowledged that any other person's judgment was superior to her own. She sighed impatiently and shifted her position.

She had been so lost in her own thoughts that it was with a shock of surprise she realized that a small elderly gentleman was standing a few feet away from her, breathing rather fast.

"Excuse me," he said. "Miss Trefusis, I believe?"

"Yes," said Emily.

"My name is Rycroft. You must forgive me speaking to you, but in this little community of ours the smallest detail is known, and your arrival here yesterday has naturally gone the round. I can assure you that everyone feels a deep sympathy with your position, Miss Trefusis. We are all anxious to assist you in any way we can."

"That's very kind of you," said Emily.

"Not at all," said Mr. Rycroft. "But seriously, my dear young lady, do count on me if there is any way in which I can possibly assist you. Beautiful view from up here, is it not?"

"Wonderful," agreed Emily.

"You know that a prisoner escaped last night from Princetown?"

"Yes. Has he been recaptured?"

"Not yet, I believe. Ah, well, poor fellow, he will no doubt be recaptured soon enough. No one has escaped successfully from Princetown for the last twenty years."

"Which direction is Princetown?"

Mr. Rycroft stretched out his arm and pointed southwards over the moor.

"It lies over there about twelve miles as the crow flies over unbroken moorland. Sixteen miles by road."

Emily gave a faint shiver. The idea of the desperate hunted man impressed her powerfully. Mr. Rycroft was watching her and gave a little nod.

"Yes," he said. "I feel the same myself. It's curious how one's instincts rebel at the thought of a man being hunted down, and yet, these men at Princtown are all dangerous and violent criminals, the kind of men you and I probably would do our utmost to put there in the first place. You must forgive me, Miss Trefusis, I am deeply interested in the study of crime. Ornithology and criminology are my two subjects." He paused and then went on:

"That's the reason why, if you will allow me to do so, I should like to associate myself with you in this matter. Will you place your confidence in me, Miss Trefusis, and allow me to place my experience at your disposal?"

Emily was silent for a minute. She was congratulating herself on the way events were playing into her hand. Here was first-hand knowledge being offered her of life as it had been lived at Sittaford. This little, shriveled, dried-up gentleman had read and studied deeply, was well versed in human nature, had that devouring interested curiosity in life displayed by the man of reflection as opposed to the man of action.

"Please help me," she said simply. "I am so very worried and unhappy."

"You must be, my dear, you must be. Now, as I understand the position, Trevelyan's eldest nephew has been arrested or detained—the evidence against him being of a somewhat simple and obvious nature. I, of course, have an open mind."

"Of course," said Emily. "Why should you believe in his inocence when you know nothing about him?"

"Most reasonable," said Mr. Rycroft. "Now to approach our little problem. On the one hand we assume that young Jim had a pressing need of money, that he came down to see his uncle, that he asked for money, that his uncle refused, that in a moment of passion he picked up a sandbag that was lying at the door, and that he hit his uncle over the head. The crime was unpremeditated—was in fact a foolish irrational affair most deplorably conducted. Now, all that may be so. On the other hand he may have parted with his uncle in anger and some other person may have stepped in shortly afterwards and committed the crime. That is what you believe—and to put it a little differently, that is what I hope. I do not want your fiance to have committed the crime, for from my point of view it is so uninteresting that he should have done so. I am therefore backing the other horse. The crime was committed by someone else. We will assume that and go at once to a most important point. Was that someone else aware of the quarrel that had just taken place? Did that quarrel, in fact, actually precipitate the murder? You see my point? Someone is meditating doing away with Captain Trevelyan and seizes this opportunity, realizing that suspicion is bound to fall on young Jim."

Emily considered the matter from this angle.

"In that case," she said slowly—

Mr. Rycroft took the words out of her mouth.

"In that case," he said briskly, "the murderer would have to be a person in close association with Captain Trevelyan. He would have to be domiciled in Exhampton. In all probability he would have to be in the house, either during or after the quarrel. And since we are not in a court of law and can bandy about names freely, the name of the servant, Evans, leaps to our minds as a person who could satisfy our conditions. A man who quite possibly might have been in the house. Have overheard and seized the opportunity. Our next point is to discover whether Evans benefits in any way from his master's death."

"I believe he gets a small legacy," said Emily.

"That may or may not constitute a sufficient motive. We shall have to discover whether or not Evans had a pressing need of money. We must also consider Mrs. Evans—there is a Mrs. Evans of recent date I understand. If you have studied criminology, Miss Trefusis, you would realize the curious effect caused by inbreeding, especially in country districts. There are at least four young women in Broadmoor, pleasant in manner, but with that curious kink in their dispositions that human life is of little or no account to them. No—we must not leave Mrs. Evans out of account."

(To be continued.)

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ISSUE No. 36—'33

Use of Sulphur

Sulphur would seem to have but little connection with horticulture, and yet there are many uses for it in the garden, declares J. F. Clark, horticultural lecturer. It is particularly valuable in preventing mildew and back spot on roses. It is most efficient when combined with arsenate of lead, nine parts of sulphur to one of the poison, making what is commonly called the Massey dust. This preparation, or sulphur alone, is also helpful in protecting phlox and delphiniums from attacks of mildew. If sweet peas show signs of mildew, they, too, should be dusted with sulphur. Mixed with arsenate of lead, it is useful for dusting on cucumbers and melons to keep away striped beetles and flea beetles. It is important, however, that the dust should be the very finely ground kind obtained at the seed store and not the coarse sulphur in drug stores.

What Happened

Angry Shareholder—"And may I ask what happened to the sinking fund?"

Chairman (sadly)—"It sank."

A man who does not learn to live while he is getting a living is a poorer man after his wealth is won than he was before.—J. G. Holland.

Told in Brief

On the world's longest air-line run to Java, a distance of 9,000 miles, the fare is £188 10s.

London's biggest sources of employment are the distributive trades, engineering and metal trades, transport, and building.

Up-to-date London, Eng., shops for the sale of women's clothing must stock at least thirty sizes in ready-made garments and 150 styles in shoes.

Overhead telegraph wires are gradually disappearing in the United Kingdom: 8,750,000 miles of wire are now underground, out of the total mileage of 10,000,000.

Fired by the popularity of British tailored and other goods, tradesmen in Prague are now displaying such notices as "Englisch Taylor" and "British haters."

Less than one per cent. of the school children of London are poorly clad; 98 per cent. are mentally normal, but only two-thirds have sound teeth and about one-half have good eyesight.

Musk rats were introduced into Europe in 1905 and in twenty years' time had spread over an area of some 400 miles. It is now illegal to import these animals into England except under license.

Cows to the number of over 3,560 are kept in dairy sheds within the city of Liverpool. Although they live such artificial lives, 80 per cent. of the milk they supply is stated to be equal, if not superior, to Grade A standard.

An unemployed youth in Cheshire makes a living by painting door-knockers with gold paint at 1d. or 2d. a time.

Among the 456 guests at a London Welsh dinner, there were 57 with the name of Jones, 42 called Evans, 31 Davies, 30 Williams, 26 Thomas, 18 Lewis. These six well-known Welsh names made up nearly half the party.

London's largest clock is on the New Shell Mex building on the Thames Embankment. It is 25 ft. in diameter, the minute hand is 11 ft. 6 in. long, and 2 ft. 2 ins. wide at the widest part. The clock is worked by electricity.

The tents of the nomadic Lapps who take their reindeer herds to graze in Sweden will in future be fitted with telephones. The Lapps may then 'phone each other regarding grazing conditions and the state of the herds generally.

The new emergency or "iron" ration to be issued to the troops is just a hard cake weighing only 6 ozs. It consists of cocoa, sugar, pea powder, beef powder, oil of lemon, and cocoa butter. It is supposed to sustain a man for 24 hours.

On Good Friday morning a "Hikers' Express" will leave Paddington station bound for a destination unknown even to the guard and driver until a moment before the train starts. This is the first of a series to be run by the G.W.R. A special feature will be the low fares, and the provision of a snack box for those requiring it, for a small extra charge.

Brides Can Take a Bow

Looks as if the days were over when newly weds had to go home to mother if they wanted to get an "eatable" meal when the only kitchen utensil a bride knew how to use was a can opener, and when a bridegroom suffered constantly from indigestion through his loyal efforts to eat his wife's dishes, comments the Toronto Telegram.

At the Edmonton exhibition a bride of less than a year carried off three first prizes in cooking. And there were more prize-winners among young matrons and girls than ever before. An older woman who for years has won a substantial number of prizes, admitted that she had been badly beaten this year. Officials of the fair felt that cooking schools were partly responsible for the very fine baking that made up the show.

In a bridge game at Caledonia, Miss I. O'Rourke made a grand slam in spades. She held 13 of them, her partner 13 hearts and her opponents 13 diamonds and 13 clubs respectively.

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

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Reading For Delight

Too fast we live, too much are tried,
Too harass'd, to attain
Wordsworth's sweet calm, or Goethe's wide
And luminous view to gain.
And that brings us within sight of our theme.

For one of the consequences of this modern malady of ours is that the gracious things which lend to life and human intercourse the beauty of serenity and comliness are gone, or on the wane. "The wisdom of a learned man," wrote the author of Ecclesiasticus long centuries ago, "cometh by opportunity of leisure," and not wisdom only, but grace, and gentle breeding, and, amenity, and poise come so, and only so. And leisure (which is not to be confused with empty time, but which is time through which free, life enhancing currents flow)—leisure in these days is something to be sought and cherished as a rare and priceless boon; leisure to think, and talk, and write, and read—lost arts else, all of them "John Wesley's conversation is good," said Dr. Johnson to Boswell once, "but he is never at leisure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have out his talk, as I do." The sainted John Wesley in the role of a modern "hustler" is a little humorous, and Samuel Johnson did a certain amount of work himself. But an age that loved, on occasion, to fold its legs, and have its talk out, and its book out, and its delightful familiar letters out, may not have been one hundred per cent efficient (in our devastating modern phrase), but it did have shelter to grow ripe, and it did have leisure to grow wise, and more than our own driving, restless period, it did possess its soul. "He hasteth well," wrote Chaucer, whom business could not make dull, "who wisely can abide," and we first learn to live when we

. . . claim not every laughing Hour
For handmaid to (our) striding power
To usher for a destined space
(Her own sweet errands all forgone)
The too imperious traveler on.

"We are great fools," says Montaigne: "He spends his life in idleness," we say, "I've done nothing today!" What! Have you not lived? That is not only the fundamental, but the most illustrious of your occupations.

Our salvation, then, lies in the refusal to be forever hurried with the crowd, and in our resolution to step out of it at intervals, and drink from deeper wells. "Il se faut reserver une arriere-boutique, toute nostre, toute franche"—"we ought to reserve for ourselves an arrere-boutque, a back-shop, all our own, all free, in which we may set up our own true liberty and principal retreat and solitude." That is Montaigne's ripe, leisured wisdom, and in that arriere-boutique the wish: I hope, y'wis, to rede . . . som day," may find accomplishment.—From "Of Reading Books," by John Livingston Lowes. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin).

Anglo-Saxons Head List Decayed Teeth

Good Teeth are Result of Proper Diet in Natural State

Toronto.—"A survey had shown that 97 per cent of the Anglo-Saxons have decayed teeth," stated Dr. Harry Thompson, field secretary for Canada of the Dental Hygiene Council, at the meeting of the Toronto Health League. "Sixty-four per cent. of the Central Europeans, the Maoric of New Zealand only 1 per cent. and the Esquimo only 3 per cent.—and decaying teeth in children of these two latter races is unknown. Scientists have been forced to the conclusion that good teeth are the product of foods eaten in their natural state, with all essential minerals," the speaker said.

Preventive dentistry, Dr. Thompson said, is a health measure and began only 83 years ago when the first extraction dentist hung out his shingle in Baltimore. Prior to that time the apothecary and the blacksmith attended to those teeth which ached their owners into drastic removal measures. Extraction era was followed by the "conservation age"—when the policy was to save everything in the mouth. Bridges and crowns flourished as dentistry supreme. Then came the X-ray which led to the discovery that 90 per cent. of disease is caused by infection and that 70 per cent. of the infection begins in the mouth, and goes via the blood to the weak parts of the body.

Dr. Thompson mentioned among the diseases most frequently attributed to infected teeth anaemia, rheumatism, tuberculosis and some heart diseases. Prevention of decay was most important the speaker said, and stressed the wisdom of inculcating health habits in the first seven years of a child's life.

She: What has Jim been doing since he graduated from college?
He: Been trying to find out what he learned.

Why Carry a Light?

There is a story of a man who was walking down a dark street and met another man with a staff and a lantern. The striking thing, as the stranger noticed it, was that the man was feeling his way with his staff and apparently making no use of the light. When asked f he were not blind, the man replied that he was, but he knew the street well, and had no difficulty in making his way with his staff. "But," asked the stranger, "why do you carry a lantern?" To keep other people without lanterns from stumbling over me," was the blind man's answer. To be able only to tell others where not to go is a small gift, but it is something. Not everyone can be a brilliant beacon in the world, but the humblest person can keep himself from being a stumbling block.—Mary E. Watson.

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