SYNOPSIS.

Captain Trevelyan had rented his large house in Sittaford to Mrs. Willett and taken a smaller one in the nearest town, Exhampton. 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 finds his friend dead, his skull fractured by a blow. The police suspect Trevelyan's sister, Mrs. Jennifer Gardner, and the three children of Mrs. Pearson, another sister, now dead. James Pearson had come to Exhampton from London the day of the murder. He was arrested by Inspector Narracott. The day after the murder Burnaby received a cheque for 5,000 pounds from Charles Enderby, reporter for the Daily Wire, for the correct solution of the newspaper's competition. Emily Trefusis, Jim Pearson's fiancee, made the acquaintance of Enderby and went with him to Sittaford. When Narracott went to question Mrs. Willett and mentioned Pearson's name, Violet fainted. Emily visits the Willetts, then returns for her gloves which she left purposely.

INSTALMENT 18.

Suddenly there was a break in the conversation—a sound of a footstep. Emily retreated rapidly.

When Violet Willett opened her mother's door and came down the stairs she was surprised to find her late guest standing in the hall peering about her in a lost dog kind of way.

"My gloves," she explained. "I must have left them. I came back for them."

"I expect they are in here," said Violet.

They went into the drawing room and there, sure enough, on a little table near where Emily had been sitting lay the missing gloves.

"Oh, thank you," said Emily. "It's stupid of me. I am always leaving things."

Once again they parted at the hall door, and this time Emily heard the key being turned in the lock.

She went down the drive with plenty to think about for, as that door on the upper landing had opened, she heard distinctly one sentence spoken in an older woman's fretful and plaintive voice:

"My God," the voice had wailed, "I can't bear it. Will tonight never come?"

Emily arrived back at the cottage to find her boy friend absent. He had, Mrs. Curtis explained, gone off with several other young gentlemen, but two telegrams had come for the young lady. Emily took them, read them, and put them in the pocket of her sweater.

At the moment she felt disinclined for anything but solitude. She wanted to sort out and arrange her own ideas. She went up to her own room, and taking pencil and notepaper she set to work on a system of her own. After twenty minutes of this exercise she was interrupted by Mr. Enderby.

"Hullo, hullo, hullo, there you are. Fleet Street has been hard on your tracks all morning, but they have just missed you everywhere. Anyway they have had it from me that you are not to be worried. As far as you are concerned, I am the big noise."

He sat down on the chair, Emily occupied the bed, and chuckled.

"Envy and malice isn't in it!" he said. "I have been handing them out the goods. I know everyone and I am right in it. It's too good to be true. I keep pinching myself and feeling I will wake up in a minute. I say, have you noticed the fog?"

"It won't stop me going to Exeter this afternoon, will it?" said Emily.

"Do you want to go to Exeter?"

"Yes, I have to meet Mr. Dacres there. My solicitor, you know—the one who is undertaking Jim's defense. He wants to see me. And I think I shall pay a visit to Jim's Aunt Jennifer, while I am there. After all, Exeter is only half an hour away."

"Meaning she might have nipped over by train and batted her brother over the head and nobody would have noticed her absence."

"Oh, I know it sounds rather improbable, but one has to go into everything. Not that I want it to be Aunt Jennifer—I don't. I would much rather it was Martin Dering. I hate the sort of man who presumes on going to be a brother-in-law and does things in public that you can't smack his face for."

"Is he that kind?"

"Very much that kind. He's an ideal person for a murderer—always getting telegrams from bookmakers and losing money on horses. It's annoying that he's got such a good alibi. Mr. Dacres told me about it. A publisher and a literary dinner seems so very unbreakable and respectable."

"A literary dinner," said Enderby. "Friday night. Martin Dering—let me see—Martin Dering—why, yes—I am almost sure of it. Dash it all, I am quite sure of it, but I can clinch things by wiring to Carruthers."

"What are you talking about?" said Emily.

"Listen," said Enderby. "You know I came down to Exhampton on Friday evening, Emily. Well, there was a bit of information I was going to get from a pal of mine, another newspaper man, Carruthers his name is. He was coming round to see me about half past six if he could—before he went on to some literary dinner—he is rather a big bug, Carruthers, and if he couldn't make it he would send me a line to Exhampton. Well, he didn't make it and he did send me a line."

"What has all this got to do with it?" said Emily.

"Don't be so impatient, I am coming to the point. The old chap was rather fuddled when he wrote it — done himself well at the dinner — after giving me the item I wanted, he went on to waste a bit of juicy description on me. You know—about the speeches and what asses so and so, a famous novelist and a famous playwright were. And he said he had been rottenly placed at the dinner. There was an empty seat on one side of him where Ruby McAlmott, that awful best-seller woman, ought to have sat and an empty place on the other side of him where the sex specialist, Martin Dering, ought to have been, but he moved up near to a poet, who is very well known in Blackheath, and tried to make the best of things. Now, do you see the point?"

"Charles! Darling!" Emily became lyrical with excitement. "How marvelous. Then the brute wasn't at the dinner at all?"

"Exactly."

"You are sure you've remembered the name right?"

"I'm positive. I have torn up the letter, worse luck, but I can always wire to Carruthers to make sure. But I absolutely know I'm not mistaken."

"There's the publisher still, of course," said Emily. "The one he spent the afternoon with. But I rather think it was a publisher who was just going back to America, and if so, that looks fishy. I mean it looks as though he had selected someone who couldn't be asked without a lot of trouble."

"Do you really think we have hit it?" said Charles Enderby.

"Well, it looks like it. I think the best thing to be done is — to go straigt to that nice Inspector Narracott and just tell him these new facts. I mean, we can't tackle an American publisher who is on the Mauretania or the Berengaria or somewhere. That's a job for the police."

"My word, if this comes off. What a scoop!" said Mr. Enderby. "If it does, I should think the Daily Wire couldn't offer me less than—"

Emily broke in ruthlessly into his dreams of advancement.

"But we musn't lose our heads," she said, "and throw everything else to the wind. I must go to Exeter. I don't suppose I shall be able to be back here until tomorrow. But I've got a job for you."

"What kind of a job?"

Emily described her visit to the Willetts and the strange sentence she had overheard on leaving.

"We have got absolutely and positively to find out what is going to happen tonight. There's something in the wind."

"What an extraordinary thing!"

"Wasn't it? But of course it may be a coincidence. Or it may not—but you observe that the servants are being cleared out of the way. Something queer is going to happen there tonight, and you have to be on the spot to see what it is."

"You mean I have to spend the whole night shivering under a bush in the garden?"

"Well, you don't mind that, do you? Journalists don't mind what they do in a good cause. You will do it, won't you?"

"Oh, rather," said Charles. "I am not going to miss anything. If anything queer goes on at Sittaford House tonight, I shall be in it."

Emily then told him about the luggage label.

"It's odd," said Mr. Enderby. "Australia is where the third Pearson is, isn't it?—the youngest one. Not, of course, that that means anything, but still it—well, there might be a connection."

"H'm," said Emily. "I think that's all. Have you anything to report on your side?"

"Well," said Charles, "I've got an idea. The only thing is I don't know how you'll like it."

"I hope I can listen sensibly and quietly to anything."

"Well, the point is," said Charles Enderby, eyeing her doubtfully, "don't think I mean to be offensive or anything like that, but do you think that lad of yours is to be depended on for the strict truth?"

"Do you mean," said Emily, "that he did murder him after all? You are quite welcome to that view if you like. I said to you at the beginning that that was the natural view to take, but I said we had to work on the assumption that he didn't."

"I don't mean that," said Enderby. "What I mean is, how far is his own story of what happened true? He says he went there, had a chat with the old fellow, and came away leaving him alive and well. You don't think it's possible he went there and actually found the old man dead? I mean, he might have been scared and not liked to say so."

Emily frowned and creased her brow in thought.

"I am not going to pretend," she said. "It is possible. I hadn't thought of it before. I know Jim wouldn't murder anyone, but he might quite well get rattled and tell a silly lie and then, of course, he would have to stick to it. Yes, it is quite possible."

(To Be Continued.)

The Patriarch

Graybeard of the forest, ancient beech,
  Beside whom fir and balsam tower no more
Than budding youths, whose arms may never reach
  Majestic, elbowed lengths to Heaven's floor,
Your mighty roots have burrowed through the ground
  To deeper rivers for their fount of life.
The lichen strips of pearl have built around
  Rough bark, whose fissures prove long years of strife.
When each new spring shed here a gentle beam,
  A thousand soft leaves sang, of strength possessed;
On shoulders that could bear it as a dream,
  Fall cast her cloak, then heavy snows were pressed.
Mysterious music trembles toward the skies;
My spirit leaps to hear the notes that rise.

—Helen Slack Wickenden.

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In the morning cream together 4 egg yolks, 4 tbsp. sugar, 1 tsp. cinnamon (optional), and beat into the sponge. Add 5 c. flour to make a smooth dough. Knead thoroughly. Let rise till double in bulk. Form into Parker House Rolls or any other shape. Let rise till light. Bake about 25 min. in moderate oven, 375° F.

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New Test Reveals Alcohol Intoxication

Two Drops of Blood From Finger Reveals Amount of Beverage in Human System — Also Used in Diagnosing Diabetes

Chicago.—A new, simple finger-prick test for alcoholic intoxication has been reported to the American Chemical Society.

As a purely incidental finding while proving up this test, the report told of three men and one woman who drank four bottles of 3.2 beer in 15 minutes, on empty stomachs. The alcohol in their blood, coming from the beer, proved to be less than half the volume which causes intoxication. It was just about enough to cause a sensation of warmth for a person in a warm room.

Painless Method Found.

The new test was devised to give a quick, painless method of testing alcohol in the system, to replace the usual blood tests which take enough blood to be painful to most persons. The finger-prick technique requires only two drops.

The same test can also be used in the diagnosis of diabetes. For that disease it shows the amount of acetone in the blood. For diabetes likewise the method is easy and quick.

It was described by Drs. T. E. Friedmann, W. G. Motel and Heinrich Necheles of the University of Chicago. The blood is placed in a small tube, with a little water, cleaned of proteins and distilled. In the distilled liquid is placed some potassium permanganate, which converts the alcohol into carbon dioxide and water. This conversion uses up some of the potassium permanganate. Measuring the amount used up by the alcohol gives an accurate estimate of the percentage of alcohol in the blood.

Dr. Friedmann also reported tests showing that the tissues of the human bodies, regardless of whether a person takes alcoholic drinks, contain alcohol in about the proportion of 10 parts in 1,000,000.

The Chicago experiments indicate that this natural alcohol is produced by the body from sugars. A small part of it may be formed in the body by bacteria.

Splendid Flax Crop Is Grown by King

London.—King George's flax crop at Sandringham has been gathered and the East Anglian harvest this year has been so good that Belgium the home of the finest flax in the world, may have to take second place in this industry.

"The seed will also be of excellent quality," an official of the Linen Industry Research Association said. "This is a matter of great importance as it is hoped East Tnkfia will become the centre of supply of pedigree flax seed for the Northern Ireland flax-growers, who for this commodity have had to depend almost entirely on the foreigners.

"The next stage is the baling of the crop at the quay in King's Lynn, so that it may be shipped to Northern Ireland for turning into fibre of Lambeg, County Antrim. Then only will it be possible to determine whether East Anglia can become the producer of a flax crop second to none and whether modern mechanized methods can beat the inherited skill of centuries in providing for the linen trade a fibre of the famous Courtrai quality."

In 1931 the King grew a small acreage of flax on his Sandringham estate and the flax-straw was transported to Ireland, processed into fibre in the experimental factory of the Linen Industry Research Association, and manufactured by noted Ulster firms into a range of different kinds of linen. This linen was presented to their Majesties in December, 1932.

The experiment was such a success both as to the yield and high quality of the fibre, that interest was aroused in the possibility of establishing a flax industry in East Angelia, which up to 60 years ago was one of the traditional homes of flax

Gems From Life's Scrap-book

Will

"How does our will become sanctified? By conforming itself unreservedly to that of God."—Fenelon.

"Our wills are ours to make them Thine."—Tennyson.

"The power of the human will should be exercised only in subordination to Truth."—Mary Baker Eddy.

"There is nothing good or evil save in the will."—Epictatus.

"No one is a slave whose will is free."—Tyrius Maximus.

"To deny the freedom of the will is to make morality impossible."—Frude.

"The only way of setting the will free is to deliver it from wilfulness."—J. C. & A. M. Hare.

It is but a base, ignoble mind that mounts no higher than a bird can soar.—Shakespeare.

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Promises Should Never Be Broken

If Child is Counting on Something, Think How Disappointed He'll Be If You Change Your Mind

Teddy couldn't sleep. He lay there in the dark, his eyes wide open, thinking. He was trying to puzzle out something his mother had said.

By and by she looked in. "Asleep?"

"No," came a subdued little voice.

"Turn over now and close your eyes. You'll have to get over being disappointed."

'I'm not dis-appointed."

"Then what's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"That's a good boy!" she kissed him and fixed the covers.

The door closed and he was in darkness again. He lay very quietly but he didn't sleep.

The little boy was wondering about things. Why he was promised something that made him so very happy and then suddenly told that the promise couldn't be kept.

Beyond His Reason

He wasn't old enough to reason in abstracts. To-night a very concrete problem was bothering him. He had never seen the moon at night. He had always gone to bed at six, except last summer when seven was the hour.

The moon had often looked down at him in broad daylight—a whitish disk in a pale blue sky—but he had never seen the great golden plate on a velvet background like the pictures in his books. He had never seen even half a plate or even a saucer. At least, not snice he had begun to take an interest in things celestial as well as those terrestrial.

To-day someone had spoken of the beauty of the moon last night. To-night it was to be full.

"I want to see the moon!" he announced suddenly.

The family gasped. "It was true!" they looked at each other. "Teddy had never seen a great big round full moon!"

So his mother promised him he could stay up to see it. Then she thought about it rising an hour later. That wouldn't do at all! No, Teddy would have to go to bed on time. She tried to explain. He couldn't understand. He had been promised, and that to him was enough.

A Puzzling Question

Now he lay wondering why little boys could have promises made to them broken so easily. He wanted to see the moon.

Downstairs he heard voices, the radio, doors closing, laughter, feet running up and down stairs. They had forgotten the boy and the moon and the promise. And it was all so important to him.

The harder he tried to think the wider awake he became.

He sat up in bed finally and watched the curtains blowing at the window. And then between the two houses across the way an enormous golden ball hung directly in his line of vision. The moon! He sat and stared and then leaped out of bed and hung on the window sill.

The moon seemed to say, "I'm on your side. I fooled them all. Here we are—now take a good look; then be a good boy and go to sleep."

Teddy finally went back to bed and instantly to sleep. He was satisfied now. To-morrow broken promises would not exist—perhaps. At least not this one.

£27,000,000 "Grid" Plan Nearing Completion

London.—At Fordingbridge, on the outskirts of the New Forest in Hampshire, the last pylon was erected recently which completed the main part of the "grid" scheme for transmitting electricity throughout England.

This portion of the undertaking was begun five and a half years ago, has involved the erection of 26,265 pylons, has cost £27,000,000 and has employed directly or indirectly some 200,000 workers.

In addition to the network of pylons all over England and Scotland, the scheme has involved the building of many main and substations; also the transformer stations which step down the main power current of 132,000 volts to 66,000 or 32,000 volts. Of the 4000 miles of transmission cables, 2894 carry the higher power. The 273 transforming and switching stations represent a transforming capacity of 11,000,000 horsepower.

The main scheme is split up into nine areas, and at present some 2500 miles are in operation. It is anticipated that the whole system will be supplying electricity by the end of 1934. The current will be there, and it will only remain for the electricity companies to develop the different areas and supply them. By 1940, with the grids fully loaded, there should be an output of 25,000,000,000 units.

100 Bushels to Acre on 36-Acre Oat Field

Theodore, Sask.—John Hodge, farmer two miles from here, has a record yield of oats. He harvested 3,660 bushels from a 36-acre field.

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

SAVED IMPORTED DRESS

"After a little wearing, a lovely green voile—an imported dress—lost color so completely that it was not wearable. A friend who had admired it asked me why I wasn't wearing it any more. On hearing the reason, she advised dyeing it and recommended Diamond Dyes. To make a long story short, it turned out beautifully. I have a lovely new dress that really cost just 15c—the price of one package of Diamond Dyes.

"I have since used Diamond Dyes for both tinting and dyeing. They do either equally well. I am not an expert dyer but I never have a failure with Diamond Dyes. They seem to be made so they always go on smoothly and evenly. They never spot, streak or run; and friends never know the things I dye with Diamond Dyes are redyed at all!"

Mrs. R. F., Quebec.

PURPOSES

No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But what some land is gladdened
No star ever rose
And set without influence somewhere. Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature? No life
Can be pure in its purpose, and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

—Owen Meredith

Pedantry, in the common acceptation of the word, means an absurd ostentation of learning, and stiffness of phraseology, proceeding from a misguided knowledge of books and a total ignorance of men.—Mackenzie.

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