The MURDER at HAZELMOOR

by AGATHA CHRISTIE

SYNOPSIS.

Capt. Trevelyan rents his house in Sittaford to Mrs. Willett and takes a smaller one in Exhampton. While his friend Major Burnaby and three neighbors play at table-tipping with Mrs. Willett and her daughter Violet, a "spirit" message is received that Trevelyan has been murdered. Burnaby finds his friend dead. Trevelyan's estate is willed to his sister, Mrs. Jennifer Gardner, and the three children of another sister, Mrs. Pearson, now dead. James Pearson had come to Exhampton from London the day of the murder. He is arrested. Emily Trefusis, his fiancee, meets Charles Enderby, reporter and asks him to help her. After she had talked to Violet, she heard Mrs. Willett mutter, "Will night never come? I can't bear it!" Enderby, watching the Willett's house, sees Violet secretly meet Brian Pearson, one of the heirs who was supposed to be in Australia. Emily learns that a pair of Trevelyan's boots are missing. She finds them hidden in a chimney.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Cont'd.)

Rycroft and Burnaby were greeted by Brian Pearson.

As they removed their overcoats in the hall, Mr. Rycroft observed the tall, broad-shouldered young man with an interested eye.

"Fine specimen," he thought. "Very fine specimen. Strong temper. Curious angle of the jaw. Might be a nasty customer to tackle in certain circumstances. What you might call a dangerous young man."

A queer feeling of unreality stole over Major Burnaby as he entered the drawing-room, and Mrs. Willett rose to greet him.

"Splendid of you to turn out."

The same words as last week. The same blazing fire on the hearth. He fancied, but was not sure, the same gowns on the two women.

It did give one a queer feeling, as though it were last week again—as though Joe Trevelyan hadn't died—as though nothing had happened or were changed. Stop, that was wrong. The Willett woman had changed. A wreck, that was the only way of describing her. No longer the prosperous, determined woman of the world, but a broken nervy creature making an obvious and pathetic effort to appear as usual.

"But I'm hanged if I can see what Joe's death meant to her," thought the major.

For the hundredth time he registered the impression that there was something deuced wrong about the Willetts.

As usual, he awoke to the realization that he was being silent and that someone was speaking to him.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Our last little gathering, I am afraid," Mrs. Willett was saying.

"What's that?" Ronnie Garfield looked up suddenly.

"Yes." Mrs. Willett shook her head with a would-be smile. "We have to forego the rest of the winter in Sittaford. Personally, of course, I love it—the snow and the tors and the wildness of it all. But the domestic problem! The domestic problem is too difficult—it defeats me!"

"I thought you were going to get a chauffeur butler and a handy man," said Major Burnaby.

A sudden shiver shook Mrs. Willett's frame.

"No," she said, "I—I have had to give up that idea."

"Dear, dear," said Mr. Rycroft. "This is a great blow to us all. Very sad indeed. We will sink back into our little rut after you have gone. When do you go, by the way?"

"On Monday, I expect," said Mrs. Willett. "Unless I can get away tomorrow. It's so very awkward with no servants. Of course, I must arrange things with Mr. Kirkwood. I took the house for four months."

"You are going to London?" inquired Mr. Rycroft.

"Yes, probably to start with anyway. Then I expect we shall go abroad to the Riviera."

"A great loss," said Mr. Rycroft, bowing gallantly.

Mrs. Willett gave a queer aimless little titter.

"Too kind of you, Mr. Rycroft. Well, shall we have tea?"

Tea was laid ready. Mrs. Willett poured out. Ronnie and Brian handed things. A queer kind of embarrassment lay over the party.

"What about you?" said Burnaby abruptly to Brian Pearson. "You off, too?"

"To London, yes. Naturally I shan't go abroad till this business is over."

"This business?"

"I mean until my brother is cleared of this ridiculous charge."

He flung the words at them defiantly in such a challenging manner that nobody knew quite what to say. Major Burnaby relived the situation.

"Never have believed he did it. Not for a moment," he said.

"None of us think so," said Violet, flinging him a grateful glance.

The tinkle of a bell broke the ensuing pause.

"That's Mr. Duke," said Mrs. Willett. "Let him in, Brian."

Young Pearson had gone to the window.

"It's not Duke," he said. "It's that damned journalist."

"Oh dear," said Mrs. Willett. "Well I suppose we must let him in all the same."

Brian nodded and reappeared in a few minutes with Charles Enderby. Enderby entered with his usual air of beaming satisfaction. The idea that he might not be welcome did not seem to occur to him.

"Hullo, Mrs. Willett. How are you? Thought I'd just drop in and see how things were. I wondered where everyone in Sittaford had got to. Now, I see."

"Have some tea, Mr. Enderby?"

"Awfully kind of you. I will. I see Emily isn't here. I suppose she's with your aunt, Mr. Garfield."

"Not that I know of," said Ronnie, staring. "I thought she's gone to Exhampton.

"Ah! but she's back from there. How do I know? A little bird told me. The Curtis bird, to be accurate. Saw the car pass the post office and go up the lane and came back empty. She is not in No. 5 and she's not in Sittaford House. Puzzle—where is she? Failing Miss Percehouse, she must be sipping tea with that determined lady killer, Captain Wyatt."

"She may have gone up Sittaford Beacon to see the sunset," suggested Mr. Rycroft.

"Don't think so," said Burnaby. "Should have seen her pass. I've been in the garden for the last hour."

"Well, I don't think it's a very vital problem," said Charles cheerfully. "I mean I don't think she's been kidnapped or murdered or anything."

"That's a pity from the point of view of your paper, isn't it?" sneered Brian.

"Even for copy, I wouldn't sacrifice Emily," said Charles. "Emily," he added thoughtfully, "is unique."

"Very charming," said Mr. Rycroft. "Very charming. We are—er—collaborators, she and I?"

"Has everyone finished?" said Mrs. Willett. "What about some bridge?"

"Er—one moment," said Mr. Rycroft.

He cleared his throat importantly. Everyone looked at him.

"Mrs. Willett, I am, as you know, deeply interested in psychic phenomena. A week ago today, in this very room, we had an amazing, indeed, an awe-inspiring experience.

There was a faint sound from Violet Willett. He turned to her.

"I know, my dear Miss Willett, I know. The experience upset you, it was upsetting. I do not deny it. Now, ever since the crime the police force have been seeking the murderer of Captain Trevelyan. They have made an arrest. But some of us, at least, in this room, do not believe that Mr. James Pearson is the guilty party. What I propose is this, that we repeat the experiment of last Friday, though approaching it this time in a rather different spirit."

"No," cried Violet.

"Oh! I say," said Ronnie. "That's a bit too thick. I'm not going to join in anyway."

Mr. Rycroft took no notice of him.

"Mrs. Willett, what do you say?"

She hesitated.

"Frankly, Mr. Rycroft, I do not like the idea. I don't like it at all. That miserable business last week made a most disagreeable impression on me. It will take me a long time to forget it."

"What are you getting at exactly?" asked Enderby interestedly. "Do you propose that the spirits should tell us the name of Captain Trevelyan's murderer? That seems a pretty tall order."

"It was a pretty tall order, as you call it, when last week a message came through saying that Captain Trevelyan was dead."

"That's true," agreed Enderby. "But—well—you know this idea of your might have consequences you haven't considered."

"Such as?"

"Supposing a name was mentioned? Could you be sure that someone present did not deliberately—"

He paused and Ronnie Garfield tendered the word.

"Shove. That's what he means. Supposing somebody goes and shoves."

"This is a serious experiment, sir," said Mr. Rycroft warmly. "Nobody would do such a thing."

"I don't know," said Ronnie dubiously. "I wouldn't put it past them. I don't mean myself. I swear I wouldn't, but suppose everyone turns on me and says I have. Jolly awkward, you know."

"Mrs. Willett, I am in earnest," the little old gentleman disregarded Ronnie. "I beg of you, let us make the experiment."

She wavered.

"I don't like it. I really don't. I—" She looked round her uneasily, as though for a way of escape. "Major Burnaby, you were Captain Trevelyan's friend. What do you say?"

The Major's eyes met those of Mr. Rycroft. This, he understood, was the contingency which the latter had foreshadowed.

"Why not?" he said gruffly.

It had all the decision of a casting vote.

Ronnie went into the adjoining room and brought the small table which had been used before. He set it in the middle of the floor and chairs were drawn up round it. No one spoke. The experiment was clearly not popular.

(To be continued.)

Man is made of dust—or, at least, **some wives** think their husbands are.

Castor Oil Or—

Magistrate David Triester of Philadelphia has a new cure for tipplers who come before him. Dose of castor oil or ten days. Here's a couple of the boys before the bench taking the castor oil sentence without a quaver.

Trade Names Which Last For Many Centuries

The Journal of the London Chamber of Commerce, London, Eng., recently published a list of 850 business houses which have been in existence in that city for one hundred to five hundred years. The list constitutes a wonderful tribute to the stability of British business and the steadfastness of British business men. From it a member of the Calgary Herald editorial staff compiled two extremely interesting articles which not only recall names of world-wide familiarity but brings out the romance connected with many of the firms. It seems almost incredible that a firm of wine merchants, Hunt, Roope, Teagle & Co., founded in 1654, should have any connection with the famous fight between the Shannon and the Chesapeake. And yet it is so, for in 1813 twenty of the firm's youngsters going out to Newfoundland took part in that battle. For this the firm was granted the right to fly the White Ensign in Newfoundland. One of many humorous incidents narrated relates to England's most famous seaman. It is recorded that Mr. Glenny, when Nelson visited his shop in the Strand in 1797, after losing his arm at Santa Cruz, hastened to express regret for the loss. But Nelson cut him short with: "Tut, tut, man; damn lucky for you it was not my leg; I want another dozen pairs of silk stockings."—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Salads For Health

The salad or raw vegetable slaw is an important adjunct to the dinner, as raw vegetables are health builders and necessary to the system.

To govern men you must either excel them in their accomplishments or despise them.—Beaconsfield.

Latest Findings Of Science

Obtaining Heavy Water — What the Insect Sees

In the laboratory of Professor Harold C. Urey in Columbia University is a half pint of water in various small glass containers and of various degrees of purity. The whole half pint is worth about $3,500. At least it cost Professor Urey that much to obtain it by patient electrolytic decomposition. Some day similar water may cost no more than that bought in bottles.

It stands to reason that this is no ordinary water. In fact, it is the "heavy" water which was discovered two years ago by Professor Urey in collaboration with Dr. George Murphy of Columbia and Dr. F. G. Brickwedde of the United States Bureau of Standards. It looks like ordinary water, yet it is different. It is composed of two atoms of hydrogen and one of oxygen, but the atoms of hydrogen are twice as heavy as those of rain-water.

UREY'S EXPERIMENTS.

Much of the oxygen which is sold commercially to hospitals and chemical laboratories is obtained by passing an electric current through ordinary water. Hydrogen bubbles off at one pole and oxygen at the other. Prof. Urey induced a commercial decomposer of water to reduce 4,000 gallons left in his cells after the current had passed through to 150—a half per cent. solution of heavy water. Fifty gallons of this Professor Urey himself reduced to one-third its volume, so that he had about a one-per-cent solution. As more and more current was passed through, the lighter hydrogen was driven off and collected. What retained in the cell was electrically decomposed still further, until at last only hydrogen which was all heavy was given off. "Deuterium" is the name of this heavy hydrogen; "protium" that of the more familiar, lighter variety.

Thanks to this discovery of heavy hydrogen, chemistry becomes a more exact science than ever. Because deuterium combines more slowly with other elements than protium, the chemist at last is able to find out what happens in some of his chemical reactions. Take sugar, for example, a compound of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. Dissolve it in water. What happens when the water is evaporated and the sugar rescrystallized? Does the sugar leave some of its constituents in the water and take back their equivalents in the process of evaporation?

It is such questions that deuterium and the new heavy water answer. When heavy water is used as a solvent it is just as if the atoms were identified by red and green tags. Hence it is easy to decide whether the hydrogen in the sugar is all light, as it was originally, or whether it is heavy. Experiments made in Europe seen. to show that the atoms actually wander about and that some of the hydrogen in recrystallized sugar is heavy.

More than 300,000 organic compounds contain some form of hydrogen in addition to carbon, nitrogen and oxygen. How does the new heavy hydrogen affect these? Chemistry has evidently a huge task before it.

INSECTS' SIGHT.

It was Darwin who first pointed out the significance of color in nature. The insect called a "walking stick" is indistinguishagle from the surrounding twigs, and certain butterflies look like leaves. Why? So that enemies will pass them by in blissful ignorance. If a color is particularly garish in an insect or a lower animal, it is supposed to have a frightening effect or to give warning of a vile taste. Gaudy petals are assumed to be signals to attract a pollen-bearing insect from another flower.

Even one who is not a biologist must be struck by this anthropomorphism. In other words, Darwin assumed that the lower animals, including the insects, see the world as we see it. But is the assumption justified? Dr. Frank E. Lutz of the American Museum of Natural History has been making experiments which show conclusively that it is not. All of which makes one wonder if the whole Darwinian doctrine of mimicry and the purposefulness of color must not be modified.

Writing in Natural History, Dr. Lutz points out that "a red flower looks red to us because out of all the wave lengths of light which we can see it reflects only or chiefly the long ones which give us the optical stimulus we cal red. If this ower reflected only these, an insect which cannot see red, at least as a color, would say, if it could talk, that such a flower is black or dark gray. If, on the other hand, such a flower reflected ultra-violet wave lengths which an insect can see, that insect, if it could talk and knew physics, would say that the flower is ultra-violet color. Probably it could even distinguish several colors in the part of the spectrum we call ultra-violet."

VISIBLE OR INVISIBLE.

On the mimicry theory a yellow spider ought to be invisible to visiting insects beside the yellow flowers in which he is accustomed to hide. Photographs show that the flower is only slightly ultra-violet. To an ultraviolet-seeing insect the spider ought to be as conspicuous as a red hunting coat amid green foliage.

Dr. Lutz proved photographically that red, yellow and pink portulacas are strongly ultra-violet except in the centre. But neither a vivid yellow nor a pink zinnia had any ultra-violet. Obviously the zinnias have not much to say for themselves if floral colors mean anything to insects. In the same way Dr. Lutz found many flowers must look very different to insects. And that insects are responsive to ultra-violet rays there can be no doubt. Lubbock proved it many years ago with ants and Dr. Lutz more recently with bees and fruit flies.

So They Say

"The world today is a kind of immense laboratory of civilization."—Cuglielmo Ferrero.

"If two per cent. of our population should take a personal, resolute stand against war, that would end war."—Albert Einstein.

"World recovery won't come at once, or overnight, but step by step."—Thomas G. Masaryk.

"The American man will have to discover that, in order to gain the love of a woman, he should never try to deserve it."—Countess Karolyi.

"Under no circumstances will there be allowed a return to competition in armaments."—Stanley Baldwin.

"The spell of a technical achievement such as radio can never replace the spell of direct human contact."—Bruno Walter.

"Women do not trust each other as much as men."—Ernst Luibtsch.

"European husbands throw a barrier around their wives that amounts to vassalage."—Princess Pignatelli.

"The equal and even enforcement of the law is the cornerstone upon which rests the whole structure of democratic government." Alfred E Smith.

"The right to acquire property and make unlimited profits is not a sacred right."—George W. Norris.

"I am convinced that seadromes will never be used for transoceanic flying"—Clarence D. Chamberlin.

"There is no true prosperity without a direct attack upon the maldistribution of the national income."—Norman Thomas.

"No form of luck will carry a man far unless it is backed by hard slogging endeavor."—Sir Henri Deterding.

"It isn't getting lost that usually does the damage, it's losing our heads."—Henry Ford.

"There cannot be a complete abandonment of force until human nature changes and the ideals of civilization are world-wide."—Sir Philip Gibbs.

"Under modern condition, production does not vary with man-power; it increases faster than man-power."—Stuart Chase.

"The people of the United States are people avid for strong emotions."—Andre Maurois.

"We may laugh at the Victorians but would not every sensible man like to have a Victorian wife?"—Dean Inge.

"I would rather hear other people's troubles than to talk about mine—then I can forget mine."—Clarence Darrow.

"Age after age, it is the new and even ridiculous generation which brings back morality."—G. K. Chesterton.

"The excessive worship of the great god Exercise will seem as weird to our descendants as the excessive piety of our ancestors now seems to some of us."—Bruce Barton.

"If the motion picture industry should ever start a clean-up, there would be plenty to clean up."—Eddie Cantor.

"The depression was not caused primarily by excessive production but by defective consumption."—Harry Elmer Barnes.

"Let's not forget that America has always been the land of plenty and opportunity and that better days are coming."—John D. Rockefeller.

"One of the most important things in modern affairs is to know the short-cuts which have been tested and proved."—Gerard Swope.

"Wives influence their husbands much more than husbands their wives."—Lady Astor.

"A master of politics must be a psychologist."—Benito Mussolini.

"If you learn something of the art of happiness you are likely to receive a mild kind of condemnation from those friends who have not yet learned it."—John Erskine.

"The progress of thought is fitful and proceeds by leaps."—Aldous Huxley.

"Uncle Sam" first appeared in a newspaper cartoon in 1852, in the Lantern, a New York weekly.

Trial Honeymoon Ends in Marriage

After a trial honeymoon, Fifi D'Orsay, vivacious French-Canadian film actress, and Maurice Hill, had the knot tied. Trust Buster Keaton to have his joke—he sent them these "baby" shoes.

"These Inns Have a Lightness—"

Most English inns appear to have been designed and furnished against winter weather, and this generally is true. But there are exceptions, and these you will find in the Thames Valley. They are the only inns I know whose builders had spring and summer in their minds, and some of my happiest hours have been spent in them.....

These inns have a lightness, lent, no doubt, by the water scenery, that is lacking in other inns. Our inns mostly exist to serve the occasions of business: these exist solely to serve the occasions of pleasure. They rank as the princesses of inns against the princes of our highways. Their style is light, their paint is light, their furniture is light, their food is light; and they effuse always the sense of holiday. Designed for the summer, they carry their grace into the winter; and even in those months when the Thames Valley evokes a shiver, their rooms seem to hold, like a bowl of potpourri, some hoard of the sparkling flush of summer. They have not the rough, hearty, smoky air of the inns of the Great North Road—no coach-yards, no hams hanging in the hall, no Falstaffian cheeses. They are gracious cottage homes, chintzy and lavendery. Their rooms are small, and daintily, rather than baronially, impressive; and their spirit is the spirit that possesses you when drifting in a punt past the Cleeve Woods between Pangbourne and Goring, or when moored under its aspens. They are in a high key. Words cannot reach them. The medium for them is water-color. Of all the inns I know and love, I love these most. They belong as perfectly to their setting as its trees and its meadows.

That setting—the stretch of the Thames between Reading and Oxford—is for me the most beautiful spot of England. It has the radiant serenity of a lyric of George Herbert; and when Theodore Dreiser told me that it had illuminated for him the spirit that moves behind all English poetry, he gave it its due tribute. I can go back to it spring after spring, and it never stales as more luscious paradises stale. Always it yields new revelation and refreshment. It is not popular, and this helps to preserve its bloom; the few people who come to it are careful not to knock against it.—From "The English Inn," by Thomas Burke. (New York: Longmans Green.)