

MURDER OF HAZELMOR

by AGATHA CHRISTIE

On a bleak English winter's afternoon, Major Burnaby calls at the home of Mrs. Willett and her daughter, Violet, in the tiny village here. There, I fringed of Dartmoor. Two more callers are announced.

HOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER II.

There entered a little, elderly, dried-up man and a fresh-colored, boyish young man. The latter spoke first. "I brought him along, announced young Garfield. "Said I wouldn't let him be buried in a snowdrift. Ha, ha. I say, this all looks simply marvelous. Yule logs this morning."

"As he says, my young friend very kindly piloted me here," said Mr. Rycroft, as he shook hands somewhat ceremoniously. "How do you do, Miss Violet? Very reasonable weather—rather too reasonable, I fear."

He moved to the fire, talking to Mrs. Willett. Ronald Garfield buttoned Violet.

"I say, can't we get up any skating anywhere? Aren't there some ponds about?"

"I think path digging will be your only sport."

"I've been at it all the morning."

"Oh! you he-man!"

"Don't laugh at me. I've got blisters all over my hands."

"How's your aunt?"

"Oh! She's always the same—sometimes she says she's better and sometimes she says she's worse, but I think it's all the same really. It's a ghastly life, you know. Each year, I wonder how I can stick it—but there it is—one doesn't really round the old bird for Xmas—why she's quite capable of leaving her money to a cat's home. She's got five of them, you know. I'm always stroking the brutes and pretending I dote upon them."

"Mr. Duke," announced the parlor-maid.

Mr. Duke was a recent arrival. He had bought the last of the six bungalows in September. He was a big man, very quiet and devoted to gardening. Mr. Rycroft, who was an enthusiast on birds and who lived next door to him had taken him up, overruling the section of thought which voiced the opinion, that of course Mr. Duke was a very nice man, quite unassuming, but was he, after all, quite well, quite? Mightn't he, just possibly, be a retired tradesman?"

But nobody liked to ask him—and indeed it was thought better not to know. Because if one did know, it might be awkward, and really in such a small community it was best to know everybody.

"Not walking to Exhampton in this weather?" he asked of Major Burnaby.

"No, Trevelyan will hardly expect me tonight."

"It's awful, isn't it?" said Mrs. Willett, with a shudder. "To be buried up here, year after year—it must be ghastly."

Mr. Duke gave her a quick glance. Major Burnaby too, stared at her curiously.

But at that moment tea was brought in.

After tea, Mrs. Willett suggested bridge.

"There are six of us. Two can cut in."

Ronnie's eyes brightened.

"You four start," he suggested.

"Miss Willett and I will cut in."

But Mr. Duke said that he did not play bridge.

Ronnie's face fell.

"We might play a round game," said Mrs. Willett.

"Or table turning, or tipping," suggested Ronnie. "It's a spooky evening. Mr. Rycroft and I were talking about it this evening as we came along here."

"I am a member of the Psychological Research Society," explained Mr. Rycroft in his precise way. "I was able to put my young friend right on one or two points."

"Tommy rot," said Major Burnaby very distinctly.

"Oh! but it's great fun, don't you think?" said Violet Willett. "I mean, one doesn't believe in it or anything. It's just an amusement. What do you say, Mr. Duke?"

"Anything you like, Miss Willett."

"We must turn the lights out, and we must find a suitable table. No—not that one. Mother. I'm sure it's much too heavy."

Things were settled at last to everyone's satisfaction. A small round table with a polished top was brought from an adjoining room. It was set in front of the fire and everyone took his place round it with the lights switched off.

Major Burnaby was between his hostess and Violet. On the other side of the table was Ronnie Garfield. A cynical smile creased the major's lips. There were all the usual laughs, whispers, stereotyped remarks.

"The spirits are a long time."

"Got a long way to come."

"Hush—nothing will happen unless we are serious."

At last, after some time, the murmur of talk died away.

A tremor ran through the polished surface. The table began to rock.

"Ask it questions. Who shall ask? You, Ronnie."

"Oh—er—what do I ask it?"

"Is a spirit present?" prompted Violet.

"Oh! Hello—is a spirit present?"

A sharp rock.

"That means yes," said Violet.

"Oh! er—who are you?"

No response.

"Ask it to spell its name."

"How can it?"

"We count the number of rocks."

"Oh! I see. Will you please spell your name?"

The table started rocking violently.

"A B C D E F G H I—I say, was that I or J?"

"Ask it. Was that I?"

One rock.

"Yes. Next letter please."

The spirit's name was Ida.

"Have you a message for anyone here?"

"Yes."

"Who is it for? Miss Willett?"

"No."

"Mrs. Willett?"

"No."

"Mr. Rycroft?"

"No."

"Me?"

"Yes."

"It's for you, Ronnie. Go on. Make it spell it out."

The table spelled "Diana."

"Who's Diana? Do you know anyone called Diana?"

"No, I don't. At least—"

"There you are. He does."

"Ask her if she's a widow?"

The fun went on. Mr. Rycroft smiled indulgently. Young people must have their jokes. He caught one glance of his hostess's face in a sudden flicker of the frelight. It looked worried and abstracted. Her thoughts were somewhere far away.

Major Burnaby was thinking of the snow. It was going to snow again this evening. Hardest winter he ever remembered.

Mr. Duke was playing very seriously. The spirit, alas, paid very little attention to him. All the messages seemed to be for Violet and Ronnie.

Violet was told she was going to Italy. Someone was going with her. Not a woman. A man. His name was Leonard.

More laughter. The table spelled the name of the town. A Russian jumble of letters—not in the least Italian.

The usual accusations were leveled. "Look here, Violet," (Miss Willett had been dropped). "You are showing."

"I'm not. Look, I take my hands right off the table and it tips and rocks just the same."

"I like raps. I'm going to ask it to rap. Loud ones."

There was a pause. The table was inert. It returned no answer to questions.

"Has Ida gone away?"

One languid rock.

"Will another spirit come, please?"

Nothing. Suddenly the table began to quiver and rock violently.

"Hurrah. Are you a new spirit?"

"Yes."

"Have you a message for someone?"

"Yes."

"For me?"

"No."

"For Violet?"

"No."

"For Major Burnaby?"

"Yes."

"It's for you, Major Burnaby. Will you spell it out, please."

The table started rocking slowly.

"T R E V—are you sure it's a V? It can't be. T R E V—it doesn't make sense."

"Trevelyan, of course," said Mrs. Willett. "Captain Trevelyan."

"Do you mean Captain Trevelyan?"

"Yes."

"You've got a message for Captain Trevelyan?"

"No."

"Well, what is it then?"

The table began to rock—slowly, rhythmically. So slowly that it was easy to count the letters.

"D— a pause. "E—A D."

"Dead."

"Somebody is dead?"

Instead of Yes or No, the table began to rock again till it reached the letter T.

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muddy skin
Act of ocel incomplete elimination is poisoning your blood. Take Eno every morning.

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"—do you mean Trevelyan?"

"Yes."

"You don't mean Trevelyan is dead?"

"Yes."

A sharp rock. "Yes."

Somebody gasped. There was a faint stir all round the table.

Ronnie's voice as he resumed his questions held a different note—an awed uneasy note.

"You mean—that Captain Trevelyan is dead?"

"Yes."

There was a pause. No one knew what to ask next. Then the table started rocking again. Rhythmically and slowly, Ronnie spelled out the letters aloud. . . .

M-U-R-D-E-R. . . .

Mrs. Willett gave a cry and took her hands off the table.

"I won't go on with this. It's horrible. I don't like it."

Mr. Duke's voice rang out, resonant and clear. He was questioning the table.

"Do you mean—that Captain Trevelyan has been murdered?"

The last word had hardly left his lips when the answer came. The table doctored so violently and assertively that it nearly fell over. One rock only.

"Yes. . . ."

(To Be Continued.)

Futility

I try to capture rhythm with the make-shift words that limit me: The wind has more success than I by simply bending down a tree.

I seek for color, and must be content with some cold, distant name: Yet swiftly, as the night walks near, The sky is surging bronze and flame.

I struggle for a single line To measure an emotion by: A wind bird, effortless, takes wing And writes a poem across the sky. —Mary S. Hawling in the Montreal Daily Star.

100 Generations of Mice Studied by Cancer Expert

Chicago.—The history of health and disease through 100 generations of mice—probably the most complete "family tree" ever assembled—will be exhibited at the Century of Progress Exposition by Professor Maud Slye, University of Chicago cancer expert.

The charts, the result of Miss Slye's twenty-five years of research on the inheritability of cancer, are based on her studies of 115,000 mice. Sample strains of mice will be charted in detail to prove that susceptibility to cancer is inheritable as a "recessive" Mendelian trait while resistance is inheritable as a "dominant" Mendelian trait. The charts also will show how it is possible to eliminate the danger of cancer by proper matings.

Miss Slye, who for years has urged the establishment of a centralized record bureau for human medical genealogies, contends that with such evidence it would be possible to discourage marriages likely to produce cancer-susceptible offspring.

Proof of the Pudding

In a stable was this autogyro that, to show its usefulness, the proud pilot at Hanworth air park, England, hovered his strange craft overhead while a man on the ground unfastened a parcel from a line the pilot dropped.

Amusing Anecdotes Of Famous People

Various Idiosyncrasies of Famous Folk

"I could look at these mountains a hundred years," said O. Henry to his wife in Asheville, North Carolina, "and never get an idea; but just one block down-town, and I catch a sentence—see something in a face—and I've got my story."

This confession is not surprising. O. Henry's world was always a human world—first and last. Nature was a mere background.

By way of contrast, take W. H. Hudson, whose world was that of nature, first and last, with a sombre humanity in the background. He did not sigh for a sight of the Strand or Broadway. He did not walk streets to give form to his astonishing simplicities. Street for ideas? Never. He tells us that his best thoughts came to him during those nocturnal jaunts.

Conan Doyle, progenitor of Sherlock Holmes, never wore an overcoat, however severe the weather. Most of his leisure time was spent on the golf course.

George Bernard Shaw puts on paper notes for his compositions while travelling through the busiest streets of London on top of a motor bus.

"I have seen," wrote Macaulay, the historian, after a visit to the London Zoo, "the hippopotamus, both asleep and awake; and I can assure you he is the ugliest of the works of God."

Imagine Alderman Humphrey, stripped naked, smeared with soot, and crawling on all fours after a turtle dinner, and you have the very thing. But you must hear of his triumphs. Two daisies were just about to pass that doorway, when I was pointed out to them.

"Mr. Macaulay!" cried the lovely pair. "Is that Mr. Macaulay? Never mind the hippopotamus!"

Which recalls the occasion when Charles Dickens took his youngest son—now Sir Henry F. Dickens—to the same zoo. Father and son were walking down the brook walk when they saw a lady and gentleman with a bright and pretty little girl coming towards them. Suddenly, the little girl, catching sight of Dickens, cried out delightedly: "Oh, mummy, mummy, it is Charles Dickens!"

"My father who had heard and seen it all," reminisces Judge Dickens in "Memories of My Father," "was strangely embarrassed, but, oh, so pleased, so truly delighted. It was a pretty scene."

It is interesting to remember that Macaulay's famous "Essays"—quotations from which are so popular and timely these days—were published in book form in England only after a printed edition had been published in the United States and copies were being smuggled into England. There was no international copyright law in those days—nearly one hundred years ago.

Frequent solicitations had been made to Macaulay that he should reprint in book form the "Essays" which had delighted so many in the "Edinburgh Review," says Arthur Bryant in "Macaulay"—a masterly little "Life" of the great historian. "He had written them in haste as periodical literature, to be read once and then forgotten."

But his hand was forced—fortunately, I am sure you will agree—by the appearance in England of copies of the printed American edition, from which he received not a penny of the profits, nor had he the least say in its publication.

"The question was now merely whether Macaulay and Longmans (his English publishers) or Carey and Hart of Philadelphia (the American publishers) should supply the English market with them," adds Mr. Bryant. So the "Essays" were published in England, and won an instantaneous success.

"Such was the fate of Macaulay's 'Essays.'"

Speaking of W. H. Hudson, his love of birds was a passion. He and Joseph Conrad were friends, but Conrad admired Hudson, on the whole, more than Hudson admired him, and he used to say with humorous resignation: "If I were a beastly bird Hudson would take more interest in me than he does."

"It is all very well to be able to write books," Barrie once said to H. G. Wells, "but can you wag your ears?" This charming accomplishment had been denied his contemporary, notes J. A. Hammerton (in his biography of the author of "Peter Pan"), but it had been one of Barrie's.

The British National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children investigated 3,444 cases of neglect and cruelty in England, Wales, and Ireland during February. Of the 3,420 cases completed, 3,370 were found true.

"When you married me, you promised to obey me." "Yes, but only because I didn't want a row with you whilst the vicar was there."

A Blend of Distinctive Quality

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

The Perils of Swimming

Year after year the first warm day in Spring brings news of the first drowning accidents, writes the Toronto Mail & Empire. Two occurred in Bracebridge recently. The victims ventured in a canoe where dangerous currents met. The canoe was overturned and the boys, though supposed to be good swimmers, vanished and were seen no more. Despite the balmy air the water, no doubt, was icy and almost immediately cramped or paralyzed them. Such accidents as these will continue, we have no doubt, until the end of the world. Youth will be adventurous and disdainful of the cautions of maturity. It is of the very spirit of young manhood to face perils from which others shrink, and without that spirit young manhood would not be the gallant thing it is.

Statistics might show, if they could be sufficiently analyzed, that drowning fatalities were greater among swimmers than non-swimmers. The natural instinct of a normal person who cannot swim is to avoid any risks on the water, just as the natural instinct of a swimmer is to be indifferent to them. The person in the greatest jeopardy, we think, is the person who can swim a few strokes when clad in nothing more cumbersome than his bathing suit and in smooth water close to the shore. Such an equipment is of little use when fully clothed the swimmer is dumped into deep water perhaps far from land. Yet his little learning has perhaps made him unduly regardless of danger.

The waters are the chief natural menace to Canadians. Perhaps it is because we have so much water and our young people seem to yearn to ward it as the boys of England yearn to the sea. The feeble swimmer who suddenly steps into a hole, the inexperienced youth who upsets his canoe or loses the care of his boat and drifts into the middle of the lake, the man who ventures too far on thin ice—these make up a list of fatalities only surpassed by those supplied by the motor car. The orator or writer who by a word, or ten thousand words, could do anything to lessen them would be a genius who has not yet been born.

Hid \$800 Gold in Woodpile

According to the Antwerp Matin, the gold bars, worth \$800, missing from the cargo carried by the airplane City of Liverpool, that came down near Dixmude, Belgium, recently, have been recovered. Thrown from the blazing airplane, they fell in the fields. A reward of \$50 was offered for information leading to their recovery. A Brussels doctor, de Raeke, noticed the strange behavior of a peasant named Knits, on the site of the accident, and guessed that he had made an important find. The police went to visit the peasant's farm and forced him to confess that he had the bars, hidden under his woodpile. He has given them up and has been left at liberty.

Scientists Successful in Breaking Up Atoms

Padadena, Calif.—Breaking-up of the atoms of many elements, heralded as one of the most notable advances in physics in many years in the search into the mystery of nature, was disclosed here last week.

Professor E. O. Lawrence of the University of California told a distinguished group of scientists that during the past two weeks atoms of aluminum, beryllium, nitrogen, calcium fluoride, sodium fluoride, flourine, as well as lithium and boron have been artificially disintegrated at Berkeley, Calif.

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Gipsy Queen Foretells Death

Was Noted Palmist Who Claimed Many Famous People Among Her Patrons

Gipsy Lee, Queen of the English gipsies, died exactly as she had foretold, in her caravan near Farnborough, Kent. She was in her eighty-third year.

She had been ill for some weeks, and when relatives gathered round her, he, a few days before her death she told them:—

"On the third day from now I shall die, and on that day it will rain."

When her son awoke on the third day it was raining heavily for the first time for weeks. Her relatives hurried to her caravan. Within a few minutes she died.

Famous Patrons

One of her sons, who is a familiar figure on Blackheath with his donkeys, and is known as the Donkey King, said that his mother had worried herself to death over the grave of her favorite daughter Nora, illness of her real name was Mrs. Levi Boswell, and she was the daughter of the equally famous Gipsy Lee of Brighton.

She was a noted palmist, and claimed many famous people among her patrons, among them King Edward and Mr. Vanderbilt, the American millionaire, who, she said, ignored her warning not to sail in the ill-fated Titanic, and went down with the ship.

Shortly before King George's illness she is said to have written warning him that he would be ill, but that he would recover and be able to go shooting again.

House and Motor-Car

She had a house at Margate, and owned a large saloon motor-car, in which she was driven about the country.

Mrs. Boswell was a well-known visitor to London hotels, and frequently attended society functions.

She leaves three sons and a daughter.

Her husband, the king of his clan, died in 1924, and his funeral at Farnborough was in the traditionally grand style of gipsy chiefs. The hearse was preceded by postillions, and followed by a great crowd of gipsies who had gathered from all parts of Britain.

Startling If True

AESOP and Homer, the most famous of the early Greek writers, were respectively, if the stories told of them are true, a hunchback slave and a blind beggar.

Sir Richard Arkwright, inventor of the cotton-spinning frame, was a barber.

John Bunyan, author of "The Pilgrim's Progress," was a travelling tinker.

Robert Burns, Scotland's lyric poet, was the son of a poor nurseryman, and was himself a small farmer and a revenue officer.

Miguel de Cervantes, author of "Don Quixote," was a page and a common soldier.

Christopher Columbus, discoverer of the New World, was a sailor, the son of a woolcother.

Confucius, the Chinese sage, was a poor boy who began life as a store-keeper.

Captain James Cook, the famous English navigator, was the son of a farm laborer.

Daniel Defoe, author of "Robinson Crusoe," was the son of a butcher.

Charles Dickens was a label-sticker in a shoe-blackening factory.

Michael Faraday, the famous chemist and physicist, was a journeyman bookbinder, the son of a blacksmith.

Benjamin Franklin was a journeyman printer, the son of a tallow-chandler.

Giuseppe Garibaldi, whom Italians revere as their liberator, was the son of a sailor, and was at various times a candle-maker and a small farmer.

Sliding Caisson Creates Weird Note in North Sea

Southampton, Eng.—The queerest craft in the North Sea is a giant steel structure 128½ feet long, 58½ feet high and 29½ feet wide, a sliding caisson, which has been towed from Haverton Hill-on-Tees to the world's biggest graving dock, built by the Southern Railway Company at Southampton. It was launched at Haverton Hill-on-Tees by the Furness Shipbuilding Company, Limited.

A marvel of modern engineering, this sliding caisson, which will provide a "gateway" to the graving dock, is built from more than 1,300 tons of British steel. In normal working condition—ballasted so that the dock can be pumped dry—it will displace 4,500 tons of water. At very high tides the caisson will be called upon to withstand an outside water pressure of 6,000 tons, when the dock is empty.

Given It No Thought

It is no exaggeration to say that the vast majority even of intelligent people the principles of finance and the theory of money are a closed book.—Macmillan Report.

Things we are looking for: a Scots man in a kilt walking with a girl is one of the new trouser suits.

A pessimist is a man who never takes out a season ticket.

Showers for Youngsters

Shows for youngsters for visiting and June with try something, feed your guest.

The party at a palatable so festive looking, the most attractive appearance.

This is how it serves eight, or triple it, depends of your heart in SANDY.

One loaf salt butter, creamed 8 teaspoons steeped; 1½ cups of dices, minced; chopped; 1 dash of salt; 1 Remove the cut leaf length slices. This will spread even by combining mixed egg whites mayonnaise.

SARDINES

Cover the sardines on both sides, made by comb pickles, pickle onions and salt.

Cover the both sides, with cream and a little fresh slices of only on the top of the top of the top.

When the top and sides are decorated the sweet pickle and Garnish and and pickle fans combined loaf, if you have, serve fan with each ONE.

For a tasty idea offers a different Cut 2 or 3 small parboil for 5 minutes, use some butter in the onions, and for 15 minutes Sprinkle with a usually ½ pint of salt, pepper, and Bring to the boil minutes, stirring hard-boiled eggs onions and sauce.

The making attempted excepted cook. He ing rules are produce a delicate admiration of the admiring of a soufflé.

Whites are to be beaten separate a rotary beater colored, and the whisk until stiff the whites into y.

The fluffy soufflé depends which prevents air bubbles in the Long slow bake secrets of soufflé fifty minutes in dish should be a temperature of heat.

When firm to sharp knife inside the soufflé comes is done.

CHOCOLATE

This dessert and for that many occasions, nourishing than family dessert, has been served in Two tablespoons spoons flour, 1 bitter chocolate, 1 lated sugar, 2 1-8 teaspoon salt 4 eggs. Melt butter and

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