

# MURDER OF HAZELMOOR

by AGATHA CHRISTIE

**SYNOPSIS.**  
While Mrs. Willett, her daughter, Violet, Major Burnaby and three neighbors played at table tennis, a "spirit" message was received stating that Captain Joseph Trevelyan had been murdered. For two months the Willetts had been occupying Trevelyan's house. He had taken a small house for himself at Exhampton, six miles distant. Burnaby found his friend dead, the base of his skull fractured. Under Trevelyan's will his estate, divided into four equal parts, went to his sister, Mrs. Pearson. A man named Edmond Pearson had registered at an Exhampton hotel the afternoon of the murder, and takes the first train back to London the following morning. Later that day Major Burnaby received a check for five pounds for sending in the only correct solution in a competition. Police Inspector Narracott questioned Mrs. Gardner, whose husband was a shell-shocked invalid. She gave him the London address of her nephew, James Pearson.

## CHAPTER NINE.

The inspector decided not to go to the insurance office where Pearson was employed, but to visit Wimbleton instead. He had an interview with Mrs. Martin Dering, formerly Miss Sylvia Pearson.

There were no signs of shabbiness about The Nook. "New and shoddy," was how Inspector Narracott described it to himself.

Mrs. Dering was at home. A rather pert-looking maid dressed in lilac color showed him into a rather over-crowded drawing-room. He gave her his official card to take to her mistress.

Mrs. Dering came to him almost immediately.

"I suppose you have come about poor Uncle Joseph," he was greeting. "It's shocking—really shocking! I am so dreadfully nervous about burglars myself. I had two extra bolts put on the back door last week, and even patent catches on the windows."

Sylvia Dering, the inspector knew from Mrs. Gardner, was only twenty-five, but she looked considerably over thirty. She was small and fair and anemic looking, with a worried and harassed expression. Her voice had a faintly complaining note. Still, not allowing the inspector to speak, she went on:

"If there's anything I can do to help you in any way, of course, I shall be only too glad to do so, but one hardly ever saw Uncle Joseph. He wasn't a very nice man—I am sure he couldn't have been. Not the sort of person one could go to in trouble, always carping and criticizing. Not the sort of man who had any knowledge of what literature meant. Success—true success—is not always measured in terms of money, inspector."

At last she paused.

"I gather you've not seen your uncle of late years."

"I have seen him only twice since my marriage. Of course, he was a regular phishine in every way—devoted to sport. No appreciation, as I said just now, of literature."

"Husband applied to him for a loan and got refused," was Inspector Narracott's private comment on the situation.

"Just as a matter of fact, Mrs. Dering, will you tell me what your movements were yesterday afternoon?"

"My movements? What a very queer way of putting it, inspector. I played bridge most of the afternoon and a friend came in and spent the evening with me as my husband was out."

"Out? Away from home altogether?"

"A literary dinner explained Mrs. Dering with importance. "He lunched with an American publisher and had this dinner in the evening."

"That seemed quite far and above board. He went on:

"Your younger brother is in Australia I believe, Mrs. Dering?"

"Yes."

"You have his address?"

"Oh, yes, I can find it for you if you wish—rather a peculiar name—I've forgotten it for the minute. Somewhere in New South Wales."

"And now, Mrs. Dering, your elder brother?"

"Jim?"

"Yes. I shall want to get in touch with him."

Mrs. Dering hastened to supply him with the address—the same as that which Mrs. Gardner had already given him.

Then, feeling there was no more to be said on either side, he cut the interview short. By the time he returned to town it would be seven o'clock—a likely time, he hoped, for finding Mr. James Pearson at home.

The same superior-looking, middle-aged woman took him to a room on the second floor.

A young man in evening dress was standing in the middle of the room. He was good-looking, indeed handsome, if you took no account of the rather weak mouth and the irresolute slant of the eyes. He had a haggard, worried look and an air of not having had much sleep of late. He looked hesitatingly at his visitor.

"I am Detective Inspector Narracott," he began—but got no further.

With a hoarse cry the young man dropped on to a chair, flung his arms out in front of him on the table, bowing his head on them and muttering: "Oh! my God! It's come."

Inspector Narracott looked exceedingly stolid and unintelligent.

"I am investigating the death of your uncle, Captain Joseph Trevelyan. May I ask, sir, if you have anything to say?"

The young man rose slowly to his feet and said in a low strained voice: "Are you—arresting me?"

"No, sir, I am not. I am simply asking you to account for your movements yesterday afternoon. You may reply to my questions or not as you see fit."

"And if I don't reply to them—it will tell against me. You've found out then that I was down there yesterday?"

"You signed your name in the hotel register, Mr. Pearson."

"Oh, I suppose there's no use denying it. I was there—why shouldn't I be?"

"Why indeed?" said the inspector mildly.

"I went down there to see my uncle."

"By appointment?"

"What do you mean, by appointment?"

"Did your uncle know you were coming?"

"I—no—he didn't. It—it was a sudden impulse."

"No reason for it?"

"—reason? No—no, why should there be? I—I just wanted to see my uncle."

"Quite so, sir. And you did see him?"

There was a pause—a very long pause. Indecision was written on every feature of the young man's face. Inspector Narracott felt a kind of pity as he watched him. Couldn't the boy see that his palpable indecision was as good as an admission of the fact?

At last Jim Pearson drew a deep breath. "I—I suppose I had better make a clean breast of it. Yes—I did see him."

"This was at what time, sir?"

"About one o'clock, I think. I went to the Inn—the Three Crowns—booked a room and had some lunch there. Then afterwards—I—I went out to see my uncle."

"Immediately afterwards?"

"No, not immediately."

"What time was it?"

"Well I couldn't say for certain."

"Half past three? Four o'clock? Half past four?"

"I—I— he stammered worse than ever. "I don't think it could have been as late as that."

"Mrs. Belling, the proprietress, said you went out at half past four."

"Did I? I—I think she's wrong. It couldn't have been as late as that."

"What happened next?"

"I went to my uncle's house, had a talk with him and came back to the inn."

"How did you get into your uncle's house?"

"I rang the bell and he opened the door himself."

"Wasn't he surprised to see you?"

"Yes—yes—he was rather surprised."

"How long did you remain with him, Mr. Pearson?"

"A quarter of an hour—twenty minutes. But look here, he was perfectly all right when I left him. Perfectly all right. I swear it."

"And what time did you leave him?"

The young man lowered his eyes. Again, the hesitation was palpable in his tone. "I don't know exactly."

The assured tone had its effect. The boy replied in a low tone.

"I was a quarter past five."

"You returned to the Three Crowns a quarter to six. At most it could only take you seven or eight minutes to walk over from your uncle's house."

"I didn't go straight back. I walked about the town."

"In that icy weather—in the snow!"

"It wasn't actually snowing then. It came on to snow later."

"I see. And what was the nature of your conversation with your uncle?"

"Oh! nothing in particular. I—I just wanted to talk to the old boy, look him up, that sort of thing, you know."

"He's a poor liar," thought Inspector Narracott. Aloud he said: "Very good, sir. Now, may I ask you, why, on hearing of your uncle's murder, you left Exhampton without disclosing your relationship to the murdered man?"

"I was scared," said the young man frankly. "I heard he had been murdered round about the time I left him. That's enough to scare anyone, isn't it? I left the place by the first available train. Oh, I dare say I was a fool to do anything of the sort. But you know what it is when you are rattled. And anyone might have been rattled under these circumstances."

"And that's all you have to say, sir?"

"Yes—yes of course."

"Then, perhaps you'll have no objection, sir, to coming round with me and having this statement taken down in writing, after which you will read it over to you, and you will sign it."

"I think that all?"

"That it may be necessary to detain you until after the inquest."

"Oh! my god," said Jim Pearson. "Can nobody help me?"

At that moment the door opened and a young woman walked into the room.

(To be continued.)

**Jobless Build Colony on Long Island Tract**

Middle Island, L.I., N.Y.—Miles of carrots, peas, corn and turnips are growing in the fields of the colony for unemployed here, fostered by the Emergency Shelter of New York City, and Mr. Walter D. Britt, director of the farm, is certain the project is headed for definite success.

The colony, which includes more than 25 unemployed men and their families, was started several weeks ago and will be increased gradually until it numbers approximately one hundred families.

Men on the farm are obliged to work four or five hours a day in the fields and the women to sew two hours a day. A playground has been constructed for the children. Tents are used as living quarters, and a community hall also has been erected.

Many eyes are being focused on the colony here and it is believed that similar farms will be established elsewhere soon.

**Newsboy Keeps Record of Miles and Earnings**

Winston-Salem, N.C.—Here is one newsboy who can tell you just how many miles he has traveled, delivering morning and afternoon newspapers in the city of Winston-Salem and what his work has netted him per mile. His name is Timmett Cribbin, son of the Rev. E. M. Cribbin, rector of Saint Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church.

Young Cribbin started carrying papers on Oct. 1, 1932. Since that time he has delivered 44,415, has walked 1162 miles, and his average income a mile has been 10.2 cent.

He contends that every "business man" should take inventory of his activities as well as his earnings.

Webber Jackson, a Ballarat cricketer, is not a quitter. He played a "not out" innings which was due to be continued on the following Saturday. That was his wedding day. He got married, left his bride at the church door, and ran up a score of 99 before he was bowled.

**Proving That Absence Does Help**

Frank Borsage, Hollywood luminary, and Mrs. Borsage decided to part for six months each year to keep romance burning. When Mrs. Borsage returned from a stay in Honolulu Borsage chartered an airship, flew over the ship and dropped flowers to his wife.

## 598,911 Licenses For Radio Issued

133,454 Sales Recorded for Last Year—1931 Still Leading

Radio sets to the number of 133,454 were sold in Canada last year. This was not a big sale for the last few years of the industry but the use of radio in the Dominion was largely extended during the twelve months. The number of radio receiving licenses issued during the calendar year 1931 was 598,911, while for the eleven months of the current fiscal year, which ended with February, 1932, it reached 737,568. The census figure of the number of receiving sets in use in Canada on June 1, 1931, is 770,436. As this number is considerably in excess of the number of sets licensed at the end of the previous December, it is probable that the number of sets now in use also exceeds the number of licenses issued up to the end of February.

During 1932 the number of radio sets sold followed production very closely. In the first quarter production amounted to 42,430 sets and sales to 42,404, in the second quarter the output was 6,393 and sales 11,210, in the third quarter production was 30,804 and sales 34,300, and in the final quarter production was 41,841 and sales 45,540. For the entire year production totalled 121,468 machines, worth \$6,808,877 at factory prices, while the value of the sets sold during the year at factory prices was \$6,758,959. Ontario taking 39.3 per cent and British Columbia and Manitoba tied for third place at 9.6 per cent each. Saskatchewan came next in order and was followed in turn by Alberta, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.

**Selling Value**

Batteryless sets accounted for approximately 90 per cent of the total sales in 1932. These sets, described as alternating current sets, numbered 120,317. In addition, there were sold 4,907 combined phonograph and radio sets, which were also batteryless. The number of battery-operated sets sold was 7,650, and miscellaneous sets for motor cars and motor boats numbered 550. The selling value of the ordinary alternating current sets was \$5,921,712, of combined phonograph and radio sets \$415,513, and of battery-operated sets \$391,362.

The largest sale of radio sets in any year in the history of the industry in Canada was in 1931 when the total reached 286,122. In 1930 sales were 223,228. Figures are not available earlier but production in 1929 totalled 142,968 sets, in 1928 it was 81,032, and 47,500 in 1927. In 1927 the number of receiving sets licensed was 215,650, while in 1928 it had risen to 268,420, in 1929 to 390,130, and in 1930 to 559,116. As already stated, for the eleven months of the current scale year the total number of licenses issued is 737,568.

The census return showed that in 1931 there were 74,322 radios in use in Canada for every 1,000 of the population. Among the rural population the proportion was 45.78 and in urban centres 98.87 per 1,000. The highest proportion reported in any locality was 192 per 1,000 for Swansea, a suburb of Toronto. In Toronto itself the proportion was 145 and in Montreal 86. In Winnipeg the proportion was 87 per 1,000 and in Vancouver 117.

Mr. Walter Garratt, a Holley clockmaker who looked after the parish church clock, prophesied that it would stop when he died. It stopped on the day of his death.

Bicycle-users in Great Britain are estimated to number about 7,000,000.

# You be the judge



## When Strangers Distrust Children

The Youngsters Naturally Become Timid and "Scary"—Treat them as Human Beings, Not Unnecessary Objects

Frank, aged five, was playing an exploring game—his tour of exploration being limited to the block in which he lived instead of the country along the Lower St. Lawrence.

He saw a big white dog cross the block of grass in front of a house and trot around to the back yard. Frank crossed the grass and followed the dog.

The Millers were on the porch. "Hey there, boy, keep off the grass. What are you doing here?" boomed Mr. Miller's voice from behind the vine.

**Ordered Away**

Frank stopped like a startled deer, then padded back to the pavement as fast as he could go. His eyes were big. Nobody had ordered the dog away. But then, he was a boy!

He went along for a couple of houses and sat down on some steps. It was nearly bedtime and he was tired.

Two rose bushes grew on either side of the top step. He crawled over to one and smelled the single big red rose that was out.

A girl on a bicycle rode up to the steps and dismounted. "Don't touch that rose," she said sharply. "Run along home. If I hadn't come you would have pulled it, wouldn't you?"

"I was just smelling it."

"Well, go home. You mustn't sit around on other people's steps."

Frank obeyed. At last he left the steps. He stood looking up and down the street. He didn't want to go home. That meant bed. He proceeded with his cruising.

**In "Wrong" Again**

A green car stood beside the curb. It looked like Uncle Mack's car, but he knew it wasn't. However, he sat down on the running board and, picking up some little twigs, laid them beside him. He made a square and big "A" and an "M."

Cannot something be done to make casual picnickers, motorists, and smokers see that a trifling carelessness can break hearts! — Toronto Mail and Empire.

A copy of Plato's "Republic," borrowed 50 years ago from St. Andrew's University library by a student, has been returned with the apologetic explanation that though he has kept it so long, he has been too busy to finish reading it.

**Story of a Country Fire Started by Campers**

It is an old farming district on high, rolling land. They are not the sort of farmers who have ruthlessly cleared the land. They have cherished the woods so that a future generation will benefit. They have left fine old avenues of trees alongside the roads. Town picnickers and motorists have been wont to seek out those side roads with their chank-like arches.

Early in June came a frost which nipped the gardens. Right after that the dry spell set in. The thermometer fluctuated around 112 to 116 degrees in the shade. What had not already been blighted by the unseasonable nip of frost began to turn yellow under the burning sun. Those who feared that their wells might run dry drew water from the swamps for their vegetable gardens so that the household food, at least, might be saved. Most of the farmers started their labors at dawn to avoid working their horses in the midday heat. They are that sort of kindly, careful people.

One afternoon when the ground was like a furnace, one man looked up to see a flame rising high as the trees in the woods by the road. The alarm spread. All rushed to the scene. No city fire department—nothing with which to fight the threatening flames but the tired energy of men and women who were already battling for their next year's sustenance with all their strength.

The fire, started by carefree picnickers, was rushing before the wind over the blistered, dry grass which fed it like kindling. Women as well as men carried water from the nearest swamp—a distance about equal to three city blocks.

It was under control by dark. But the men took turns watching it every night until the rain came eleven days later—men who had to work all through the day that blistering sun to make a living off the fine farms established through generations of careful agriculture.

Just a small fire. The public has not heard of it, for the loss in cash value was not big enough to make headlines.

Through the carelessness of a few picnickers the lot of men taxed almost to the limit of endurance has been bitterly aggravated. One of the finest old avenues of trees in Ontario has gone; just a scoured track is left. The very beauty which the town visitors had sought has been ruined.

## Lessons Learned in A German Garden

May 10th—I knew nothing whatever last year about gardening and this year know very little more, but I have darnings of what may be done, and have at least made one great stride—from Ipomoea to tea-roses.

The garden was an absolute wilderness. It is all around the house, but the principal part is on the south side and has evidently always been so. The south front is one-story, and a long series of rooms opening one into the other, and the walls are covered with Virginia creeper. There is a little veranda in the middle, leading by a flight of rickety wooden steps down into what seems to have been the only spot in the whole place that was ever cared for. This is a semicircle cut into the lawn and edged with privet, and in this semicircle are eleven beds of different sizes bordered with box and arranged round a sun-dial, and the sun-dial is very venerable and moss-grown, and greatly beloved by me. These beds were the only sign of any attempt at gardening to be seen except a solitary cactus that came up all by itself each spring in the grass, not because it wanted to, but because it could not help it, and these I have sown with Ipomoea, the whole eleven, having found a German gardening book, activities was the one thing needful to cording to which Ipomoea in vast quantities the most hideous desert into a paradise. Nothing else in that book was recommended with anything like the same warmth, and being entirely ignorant of the quantity of seed necessary, I bought ten pounds of it and had it sown not only in the eleven beds but round nearly every tree, and then waited in great agitation for the promised paradise to appear. It did not, and I learned my first lesson.

Luckily I had sown two great patches of sweet-peas, which made me very happy all the summer, and then there were some sunflowers and a few hollyhocks under the south windows, with Madonna lilies in between. But the lilies, after being transplanted, disappeared, to my great dismay, for how was I to know it was the way of lilies? And the hollyhocks turned out to be rather ugly colours, so that my first summer was decorated and beautified solely by sweet peas.

At present we are only just beginning to breathe after the bustle of getting new beds and borders and paths made in time for this summer. The eleven beds round the sun-dial are filled with roses, but I see already that I have made mistakes with some. As I have not a living soul with whom to hold communion on this or indeed on any matter, my only way of learning is by making mistakes. All eleven were to have been carpeted with purple pansies, but finding that I had not enough and that nobody had any to sell me, only six have got their pansies, the others being sown with dwarf magnolias.

How I long for the day when the tea-roses open their buds! Never did I look forward so intensely to anything, and every day I go the rounds, admiring what the dear little things have achieved in the twenty-four hours in the way of new leaf or increase of lovely red shoot.

The hollyhocks and lilies (now flourishing) are still under the south windows in a narrow border on the top of a grass slope, at the foot of which I have sown two long borders of sweet peas facing the rose beds, so that my roses may have something almost as sweet as themselves to look at until the autumn, when everything is to make place for tea-roses. The semicircle path leading away from this semicircle down the garden is bordered with China roses, white and pink, with here and there a Persian Yellow. I wish now I had put tea-roses there, and I have misgivings as to the effect of the Persian Yellows among the Chinas, for the Chinas are such we little baby as though they intended to be big bushes, and the Persian Yellows look things.

It was no doubt because I was so ignorant that I rushed in where Teutonic angels fear to tread and made my tea-roses face a northern winter; but they did face it under fir branches and not one has suffered, and they are looking to-day as happy and as determined to enjoy themselves as any roses, I am sure, in Europe.—From "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." (New York: Macmillan).

**Woman Gives Blood to Sick Without Charge**

Giving her blood to sick people without charge is Mrs. Fannie Barton's avocation and all the recipients have been strangers save one.

Within four years she has undergone 24 transfusions and only in two instances did she receive remuneration. "I like to do things for people," she said. "It's enough to know that maybe I've helped some to live."

Doctors at the University Hospital, Augusta, Georgia, know she will come any hour of the day or night. Within a period of 14 days she gave blood four times.

She never feels any physical reaction. Once she dropped household duties, gave a quart of blood, walked home, cooked supper for 10 people, milked two cows and finished the family washing.

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ISSUE No. 30 —'33

## When Strangers Distrust Children

She was a very young woman. She was beautiful, but she was arresting and forget. There was a sphere of confidence, invincible demure, and tantalizingly "old Jim," she exclaimed.

"It's all over, young man. There's my uncle."

"Who thinks?"

"The young man," said, and he added a lemp at introductory Professor.

"Oh!" said Emily, studied Inspector Narracott.

"Jim," she said, "I don't know what you mean. The Inspector said 'I expect,' said Emily, "that you've been most frightfully impudently reading the papers than you do, Jim, unless you must never see me unless you have a strict business, you making every word. What's the you arresting him, Inspector Narracott, why he was do."

"Emily," cried the "you won't believe I never will believe it. "No, darling," said "Of course not." And gentle meditative tone got the girls."

"I don't feel as if I'm in the world," groaned the "Yes, you have, said got me. Cheer up, Jim, winking diamonds on the of my left hand. He faithful fiancée. Go with and leave everything. Jim Pearson rose, still expression on his face, towards the door, the picture of a man who had just been arrested."

"Good evening, Miss. "Au revoir, Inspector, sweetly.

And if he had known Trefusis better he would that in these three words.

The inquest on the slain Trevelyan was held morning. From the post mortem it was a tame was almost immediately a week, thus disappearing number of people. Both Monday Exhampton into fame. The knowledge dead man's nephew had made the whole affair of mere paragraph in the to gigantic headlines.

day, reporters had arrived Hampton in large numbers. Charles Enderby had more to congratulate him superior position he had from the purely fortuitous the football competition.

It was that journalists to stick to Major Burnaby. And under the pretext of finding the latter's cottage, elusive information of the of Sittaford and their the dead man.

It did not escape Mrs. notice that at lunch time near the door was occupied attractive girl. She was of a demure and provocative did not appear to be a real deceased, and still less cur as one of the idle curiosity.

"I wonder how long she thought Mr. Enderby. "Ran going up to Sittaford was. Just my luck."

But shortly after lunch Mrs. Enderby received an agreement was standing on the three Crowns when he was voice an extremely charming addressing him.

"I beg your pardon—but me—if there is anything. Charles Enderby rose to promptly. "There's a castle, I should. "Not much to it—she would allow me to share."

"That would be frightful," said the girl. "If you are not too busy—"

Charles Enderby disclaimed.