MURDER at HAZELMOOR

by AGATHA CHRISTIE

(CHAPTER XI. — Cont'd)

"We must save Jim," wailed Emily.

"Of course we will. Of course we will," Mrs. Belling consoled her.

Emily dabbed her eyes vigorously, gave one last sniff and gulp, and, raising her head, demanded fiercely: "Where can I stay at Sittaford?"

"Up to Sittaford? You're set on going there, my dear?"

"Yes," Emily nodded vigorously.

"Well, now," Mrs. Belling cogitated the matter. "There's only one place for you to stay. There's not much to Sittaford. There's the big house, Sittaford House, which Captain Trevelyan built, and that's let now to a South African lady. And there's the six cottages he built, and No. 5 of them cottages has got Curtis, what used to be gardener at Sittaford House, in it, and Mrs. Curtis. She lets rooms in the summertime, the Captain allowing her to do so. There's nowhere else you could stay and that's a fact. There's the blacksmith's and the post office, but Mary Hibbert, she's got six children and her sister-in-law living with her, and the blacksmith's wife she's expecting her again, so there won't be so much as a corner there. But, how are you going to get up to Sittaford, miss? Hadn't you hired a car?"

"I am going to share Mr. Enderby's."

"A, and where will he be staying, I wonder?"

"I suppose he will have to be put up at Mr. Curtis's, I wished he had room for both of us?"

"I am afraid, my dear, that you look upon a good-looking young man as your own property."

"He's my cousin," said Emily.

On no account, she felt, must a sense of propriety intervene to work against Mr. Enderby's interests.

The landlady hesitated. "Well, that may be all right then," she allowed grudgingly, and likely as not if you're not comfortable with Mrs. Curtis they would put you up at the house."

"I am sorry I've been such an idiot," said Emily, mopping one eye with a handkerchief. "It's such a shock."

"It's only natural, my dear." And remembering the tea-tray, "Have a good cry and a good cup of tea — that's nothing like tea for them, and a nice cup of tea you shall have at once, my dear. Before you start off on your long journey."

"Thank you, but I don't think I really want—"

"Never mind what you want, it's what you're going to have," said Mrs. Belling, rising with determination and moving towards the door. "And you will find it better for you, too, I'll be bound, when I've made up a good fire in your bedroom and have a cup of tea ready for you when you come down. Of course, I'm not one to pry, but I'm sure you don't fret."

"And what's the good if I do?" said Emily, her eyes and ears open down here," said Mrs. Belling, entering with relish into her part of the romance. "There's many a man in this world that never goes to the police. And anyway, a good cry never did any man any harm."

"I must go and pack," said Emily.

"I'll send the tea up to you," said Mrs. Belling.

Emily went upstairs, packed her few belongings into her suitcase, sponged her eyes with cold water and applied a generous allowance of powder to her tear-stained face. She rang the bell. The chambermaid (the sympathetic sister-in-law of Constable Graves) came promptly. Emily presented her with a pound note and begged her carefully to pass on any information she might acquire in roundabout ways from police headquarters.

"Mrs. Curtis's up to Sittaford, miss, I will indeed, miss. Do anything that I will. We all feel for you, Miss, more than I can say. All the time I keep saying to myself, if they if it was you and Fred, I keep saying. I would be distracted that I would. The least thing I hears I'll pass on to you, Miss, at Mrs. Curtis's."

"You are very kind," said Emily.

Thus, the centre of romantic attention, Emily, after the Three Crowns having duly quaffed down the cup of tea prescribed by Mrs. Belling.

"By the way," she said to Enderby as the hoped Ford sprang forward, "you better my cousin, don't forget."

(CHAPTER XII.)

Drowned in a sea of talk, Emily and Charles Enderby were shown their new quarters by Mrs. Curtis. Emily had a small square room, scrupulously clean, looking out and up to the slope of Sittaford Beacon. Charles's room was a small slit facing the front of the house and the lane, containing a bed and a microscopic chest of drawers and washstand.

"The great thing," he observed after the driver of the car had been duly paid and thanked, "that we are here. If we don't know all there is to be known about everyone living in Sittaford within the next quarter of an hour, I'll eat my hat."

Ten minutes later, they were sitting downstairs in the comfortable kitchen being introduced to Curtis, a rather gruff looking, gray haired old man, and being regaled with strong tea, bread and butter, Devonshire cream and home-boiled eggs. While they ate and drank, they listened. Within half an hour they knew everything there was to be known about the inhabitants of the small community.

First there was Miss Percehouse, who lived in No. 4 The Cottages, a spinster of uncertain years and temper who had come down here to die, according to Mrs. Curtis, six years ago.

"But believe it or not, Miss, the air of Sittaford is that healthy that she picked up from the day she came."

"Miss Percehouse has a nephew who occasionally comes down to see her," she went on, "and indeed he's staying with her at the present time. Seeing to it that the money doesn't go out of the family, that's what he's doing. Very dull for a young gentleman at this time of year. But there, there's more ways than one of amusing yourself, and his coming has been a providence for the young lady at Sittaford House. Good-looking thing, he is, to be sure, and that great barrack of a house on the winterland. Selfish is what some mothers are. A very genial young lady, too, Miss Rhoda Garfield is up there some time, she can be without neglecting Miss Percehouse."

Charles Enderby and Emily exchanged glances. Charles remembered that Rhoda Garfield had been mentioned as one of the party present at the fable turning.

"The cottage this side of mine, No. 6," continued Mrs. Curtis, "has only just taken a gentleman by the name of Duke. That is if you would call him a gentleman. Of course, he may be, mind you, I'm not saying, mind, either way. A bashful sort of gentleman he is — hardly like a military gentleman from the look of him, but somehow he has got the manner. Not like Major Burnaby, that you would know as a military gentleman the first time you clapped eyes on him.

"No. 3, that's Mr. Rycroft's little elderly gentleman. They do say that he used to go after birds to outlandish parts for the British Museum. What they call a naturalist, he is. Always out and roaming over the moor. And he has a very fine library of books. His cottage is nearly all bookcases.

"No. 2 is an invalid gentleman's, a Captain Wyatt with an Indian servant. And poor fellow he does feel the cold, he does. The servant I mean, not the captain. Coming from warm outlandish parts, it's no wonder. The heat they keep up inside the house would frighten you. It's like walking into an oven.

"No. 1 is Major Burnaby's cottage. Lives by himself, he does, and I go in to do for him early mornings. He is a very neat gentleman, he is, and very particular. He and Captain Trevelyan were as thick as thieves. Friends of a lifetime they were. And they both have the same kind of outlandish heads stuck up on the walls."

(To be continued.)

Sees Empire's Future In Emigration

Right Hon. J. H. Thomas Says Natural Outlet for British People are the Dominions

Brighton, England — Right Hon. J. H. Thomas told an audience here that the natural and inevitable outlet for British people must be through our dominions. Mr. Thomas, speaking at the opening of the South African display at the Empire Marketing Board's shop, appealed to his hearers to buy goods from the Dominions.

"If I wanted to stress one point," Mr. Thomas said, "it would be this: That whatever may be the future of this country, one thing certain is that the natural and inevitable outlet for British people must be through our Dominions.

"When you remember," he continued, "that for the past 30 years the average number of men and women leaving Great Britain for overseas has been between 150,000 and 200,000 every year, and that for the first time in history, instead of any going, 60,000 returned last year, you get some idea of the important part emigration must play in the solution of our problems here.

"Therefore, to secure that, we must make our Dominions prosperous, and when we can combine duty with pleasure and get satisfaction from both, we shall be on what I would call, in a sporting phrase, an absolute certainty.

In another part of his address Mr. Thomas said, "We are living at a time when nationalism seems to be running mad, but do not let us forget that, with all the troubled periods we have passed through and with the trouble existing in the world to-day, the one bright spot that stands out, unshaken and unshakable in the whole world, is the old British Empire. There is no nation in the world but is envious of our position."

Now, Mr. Ripley

London, Eng. — Believe it or not, Mr. Ripley, writes a correspondent, but the smallest flexible steel tube in the world is being manufactured by a London firm of instrument makers.

The tube is only one-hundredth part of an inch and requires a pressure of 2,000 lbs. to force mercury through it. A tube one mile long would require one and three-quarter cubic inches of mercury to fill it.

The tube is to be used in instrument making.

In London's Epping, new factories, employing 15,000 people, all sorts of articles are made, including pajamas, radio parts, cosmetics, and sausage skins.

"Not many heads of great banks have a contemplative mental habit; if they did they would not be heads of great banks." — Frank A. Vanderlip.

The wise man is he who now takes a bullish position and hangs to it tenaciously irrespective of temporary reactions.—Roger W. Babson.

Sprightly Youngsters of 65

Seventeen German business men, not less than 65 years young, keep fit by doing exercises at their favorite exercise. The oldest club member is Geheimrat Hollwich, 65 years of age demonstrates his favorite exercise. The oldest club member is Geheimrat Hollwich, 65 years of age demonstrates his favorite exercise. The oldest club member is Geheimrat Hollwich, 65 years of age demonstrates his favorite exercise.

Pithy Anecdotes Of Famous People

How delightfully children sometimes say things! A little girl who had gone to church for the first time was asked on her return what the minister had said, and what his text had been. — reminisces Colonel A. A. Anderson on "Experiences and Impressions." She thought for a while, and then said, "Keep your soul on top."

None of the others could recall that text, but they found later the minister had preached from the text of St. Paul's "Keep your body under."

"It was just in a better way by the little girl," adds the Colonel, "if you keep your soul on top you need not trouble about mortifying your body."

Then there was a small boy, a nephew of Colonel Anderson's, who seeing the broad expanse of a starlit night in the country, for the first time, and after asking many questions about the stars ended his prayers that night by saying:

"I thand Thee, O God, for making such a lovely world, and putting such a beautiful top on it!"

And that leads up to another story told by Colonel Anderson. Among his many friends was Joaquin Miller, "poet of the Sierras." Once when Miller was riding through a small village in Mexico, he saw an old colored woman coming out of a small cottage. She was gray and bent with age and shabbily dressed, and was carrying in her hand a small, broken flowerpot tied together with a piece of string, in which she had planted a rose. She placed the pot on the step by the door and was tending it with such loving care that Miller stopped to watch her.

Not caring to appear too curious, he said:

"It's a very pretty evening, Aunty."

The old woman straightened herself so far as her bent form would allow and, placing one hand above her eyes, gazed lovingly down the valley where the setting sun was projecting bright golden rays, and trees cast their long purple shadows, and said:

"It's a very pretty world, Massa. It's a very pretty world."

"The story has remained with me," adds Colonel Anderson, "and whenever I see some especially beautiful phase of nature I hear myself saying with that old colored woman, 'It's a very pretty world, Massa. It's a very pretty world.'"

In the whale's mouth, three people could sit around a small table for afternoon tea, says Dr. Halliday Sutherland, distinguished Harley Street (London) physician in "Arches of the Years"; but the gullet of the whale is narrow, and no known species of whale could have swallowed Jonah, although the ancient chronicle does not mention the whale but "a large fish." Yet it is not a physical impossibility for a man to have lived in a whale's mouth for three days.

If he stood up against the plates of whalebone he would be knee-deep in water when the whale was on the surface, and, when the whale dived, he would be in a closed cavern of air. As soon as the air became vitiated the whale would rise to the surface to breathe; but a more uncomfortable voyage cannot be conceived, adds the doctor.

By the way, whalebone, so called, is really formed of cartilage hanging from the ridges at the back of the whale's mouth, says Dr. Sutherland. Once used for corsets, now it is mostly converted into artificial ostrich feathers.

Dr. Sutherland spent his boyhood in the Scottish Highlands and he has some charming memories of those days.

"Old Mr. Cameron, the farmer, told me of witches riding on their brooms across the dark waters of Loch Awe. He had also known a witch and had killed her. She had lived three miles up the glen in a small croft, now in ruins, and at night had gone about in the form of a hare. One moonlight night he had seen this hare running away from the door of the byre, and in the morning one of the cows stopped giving milk.

"The next night he loaded his gun and over the charge rammed down a sixpence, the cursed silver built into the only bullet that will kill a witch. Then he waited behind a wall overlooking the byre, and in the moonlight saw the hare coming back. He fired. She gave a scream and fled on three legs, trailing a broken hind leg behind her. On the following day no smoke was rising from the house of the witch, and when neighbors entered they found her groaning on her bed. When the doctor came he said her right thigh was broken below the hip joint. The witch explained that she had fallen in her room. Mr. Cameron knew better, and in a few days she was dead. If the doctor had cut into her he would have found a sixpence in her thigh."

* * *

Do you believe in fairies?

"Then there was Donald Grant's boy, aged eight. He found a cheese in the woods and brought it home.

"Take it back where ye got it, said the father. 'It was fairy cheese.'

The boy took the cheese away, but hid it in an outhouse, where he ate it in secret. In the hayfield a week later he fell on the scythe, cut the main artery in his thigh and bled to death in a few minutes.

Although Arnold Bennett schooled himself to observe regular working hours, and he was a stickler for work — "there were days when his pen literally flew over the paper, for he wrote everything by hand." These entries in "The Journal of Arnold Bennett, 1921-1928," show that:

"I wrote 1,000 words of Lord Raingo in 90 minutes."

"I wrote 1,100 words of a complete chapter for (Vanguard) in 60 minutes, and then felt better."

"Exactly at 12 I sat down to work and at 12.35 had actually written 700 words for 'Accident'. It seems as if nothing can stop me from working just now."

Writing at white heat:

"I wrote 500 words of 'Accident' before lunch. I walked to the Reform Club to meet (Frank) Swinnerton by appointment, and we lunched. Then I resumed the novel. I was quite so fired up as I left in the morning. In the morning I made Alan character in 'Accident' lose his temper, and I did it with such heat that I felt as if I had lost my own temper when I went down to see Miss Nerney (his secretary) and I felt called upon to explain to her the cause of my demeanor."

In search of ideas:

"I went out to South Kensington Museum at 11.15 to find ideas, and got them, among English pictures of a second-rate kind, easily. I came home. And at 1 p.m. had written 400 words. Before I had written another 1,400 words of the novel ('Accident') 1,800 words in all, the complete chapter describing the railway accident. I wrote it at great speed, and was rather pleased with it."

Fresh Fragrance of Blossoms

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

201

New Serum Used As Cure Of Influenzal Pneumonia

London. — Two cures of influenzal pneumonia by serum similar to that for immunizing ferrets against "flu" are claimed by Dr. Ronald Hare, a London physician.

In telling how he treated two women, one of whom was dying, Dr. Hare said "both cases reacted in a very dramatic fashion" and recovered.

The serum was prepared from human beings convalescing from influenza. Recent announcements that ferrets, small, weasel-like aimals, could be infected with the "flu" virus were considered highly important because of the possibility that the germ could be isolated and an antidote be found for human beings.

Dr. Hare reported in the Lancet, British medical journal, that his first case, a woman of 27, was in a grave condition.

Given Two Injections

After two injections of serum four hours apart, he said, she began to improve and slept very well at night. A third injection was made the following day and, despite a tendency to have temperatures of 100 degrees, the patient continued to improve, there after her recovery was steady.

In the second case also, Dr. Hare said, there was an uncomplicated recovery and a difficulty in breathing and a pain in the chest disappeared within four hours after an injection.

The reaction in both instances was similar, the investigator continued. The temperature began to fall and became normal within 12 hours. Sense rates fell coincidentally.

Most remarkable, he said, was an improvement in the general condition of the patients, enabling both to sleep the entire night after the initial injection.

Dr. Hare added that further cases were unavailable, so additional experiments and investigation are desirable. The Lancet listed as discoverers of the reaction on ferrets, three doctors, Wilson Smith, C. H. Andress, and P. P. Laidlaw. Previously the inability to find an animal susceptible to "flu" infection hindered experiments.

The tests were said to have confirmed that influenza is partly due to a germ that can pass through filters.

They're Telling Us

The longer I live the more certain I am that absolute refusal to take up arms is the only way to salvation.—Rt. Hon. George Lansbury, M.P.

Young women to-day get engaged and then inform their parents by telephone. My daughter telephoned me just as I was starting out to play in the golf match with the Prince of Wales and told me of her engagement.—Lady Astor, M.P.

The vast increase in man's knowledge and in his control over Nature has not been accompanied by a corresponding improvement in his moral character.—Sir T. H. Curtis, Vicar of St. Paul's, Westcliff.

The most precious collection of stamps in the world is housed in the vaults of Somerset House, London, Eng. It contains twenty-five specimens of every stamp ever issued in the British Empire.

"As a practical proposition, life insurance and annuities are a great deal to make life easier for the American people."—Alfred E. Smith.

There would not be so much harm in the kiddies playing gangsters if somehow the mobsters could be made to take the risk. You can't do it with the kiddies.—Rabbi Louis Wolsey.

Remittances and reports of the United Church.

Complete Courses from Primary to Honor Matriculation. Special studies in Arts and Crafts, Commerce, Dramatics, Music, Household Science, Physical Culture.

School Re-opens September 11th.

Write for Calendar.

MISS I. J. GALLAHER, Principal, OTTAWA, ONTARIO.

headaches? Act at once! Is your system poisoned by inner sluggishness? You need Eno every morning. CA 13-33

TAKE ENO'S FRUIT SALT

Mounties Celebrate Diamond Jubilee

Established in Year 1873 —2,000 Mile Trek

This year is the diamond jubilee of the far-famed Royal Canadian Mounted Police, formerly the Royal North West Mounted Police, the force with the slogan, known the world over, "They always get their man."

TRIBES POWERFUL

This red-coated police force was established in 1873, following the acquisition of the western prairies in 1870 by the Dominion of Canada. The several Indian tribes at that time were powerful and prosperous, but were being demoralized by liquor sellers and by tribal warfare of a nature to discourage the settlement by white persons.

The force, then known as "Soldiers of the Queen," and only 300 strong at the outset, marched in 1874 right across the prairies from Red River in Manitoba to the Rocky Mountains, the entire march being more than 2,000 miles and through country which was then in part unknown. The Indians were so impressed that a series of treaties were concluded and the government was enabled to assume effective control of the Indians.

MILITARY DUTY.

In addition to discharging police duties and undertaking much executive work, such as guarding against prairie fires in the early days, visiting lonely settlers, and much other responsible work, the force had a share of military duties. The original march across the prairies was a military task performed in a military manner. During the Riel Rebellion of 1885 in western Canada, the force took an active part; a number of officers and men were sent to the South African War; two squadrons for service in France and Belgium and one for Siberia were furnished during the World War.

The present force of 2,500 officers and men of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police is now distributed in the way best suited to perform its many and varied duties. It is found along the International boundary, where it assists in collecting revenue and preventing the entrance into Canada of undesirables.

LONELY POSTS.

It is located on or near Indian reserves to maintain good order and to aid in the enforcement of laws.

Its members occupy many lonely posts in the North West Territories and the Yukon, as well as along the Arctic and Hudson Bay coasts.

It is found in centres of population where there is an indication of trouble arising likely to affect the peace and well-being of the country.

HENDERSON'S BANNER

union-al order and government. For 60 years they have been the guardians of the law and administrators of justice, throughout the Dominion of Canada.

OTTAWA LADIES' COLLEGE

A Residential School for Young Women under the United Church.

Many Manitobans Going Back to Land

Winnipeg. — With purchases of farms more numerous this spring than for the past three years, widespread desire to get "back to the land" is noted in revival of interest in Manitoba properties, A. B. Adamson, Manitoba Farm Loans Association commissioner, states.

Land of the very best quality is selling rapidly, Mr. Adamson said. The association has been making seven purchases per week for the past two months. In a great many cases cash payment has represented a large part of the purchase price. In some cases all cash has been paid.

Why farms have been given up, or their desire for farms, the farm commissioner believes. Real impetus has been given the movement and the old practice of tenant farmers shifting from farm to farm is practically non-existent today. Realizing that a living is to be made from the land today and that it may be had at a cheap price, Mr. Adamson believes the farm loans are "settling down."

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