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TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'



The RED HOUSE MYSTERY

by A. A. MILNE

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CHAPTER XIX.—(Cont'd)

Antony gave Bill a smile and was silent for a little, thinking.

"Is there another inn at Stanton—fairly close to the station?"

"The 'Plough and Horses'—just at the corner where the road goes up to the station—is that the one you mean?"

"That would be the one. I suppose you could do with a drink, couldn't you?"

"Rather!" said Bill, with a grin.

"Good. Then have one at the 'Plough and Horses.' Have two, if you like, and talk to the landlord, or landlady, or whoever serves you. I want to find out if anybody stayed there on Monday night."

"Robert?" said Bill eagerly.

"I didn't say Robert," said Antony, smiling. "I just want you to find out if they had a visitor who slept there on Monday night. A stranger. If so, then any particulars you can get of him, without letting the landlord know that you are interested—"

"Leave it to me," broke in Bill. "I know just what you want."

"Don't assume that it was Robert—or anybody else. Let them describe the man to you. Don't influence them unconsciously by suggesting that he was short or tall, or anything of that sort. Just get them talking. If it's the landlord, you'd better stand him a drink or two."

"Right you are," said Bill confidently. "Where do I meet you again?"

"Probably at the 'George.' If you get there before me, you can order dinner for eight o'clock. Anyhow, we'll meet at eight, if not before."

"Good." He nodded to Antony and strode off back to Stanton again.

Antony stood watching him with a little smile at his enthusiasm. Then he looked round slowly, as if in search of something. Suddenly he saw what he wanted. Twenty yards farther on a lane wandered off to the left, and there was a gate a little way up on the right-hand side of it. Antony walked to the gate, filling his pipe as he went. Then he lit his pipe, sat on the gate, and took his head in his hands.

"Now then," he said to himself, "let's begin at the beginning."



In the morning there was a letter for him.

It was nearly eight o'clock when William Beverley, the famous sleuth-hound, arrived, tired and dusty, at the "George," to find Antony, cool and clean, standing bare-headed at the door, waiting for him.

"Is dinner ready?" were Bill's first words.

"Yes."

"Then I'll just have a wash. Lord, I'm tired."

"I never ought to have asked you," said Antony penitently.

"That's all right. I shan't be a moment." Halfway up the stairs he turned round and asked, "Am I in your room?"

"Yes. Do you know the way?"

"Yes. Start carving, will you? And order lots of beer." He disappeared round the top of the staircase. Antony went slowly in.

When the first edge of his appetite

so on. Doesn't help much, does it? But still a woman. Does that upset your theory?"

Antony shook his head.

"No, Bill, not at all," he said.

"You knew all the time?" At least, you guessed?"

"Wait till tomorrow. I'll tell you everything tomorrow."

"Tomorrow!" said Bill in great disappointment.

"Well, I'll tell you one thing tonight, if you'll promise not to ask any more questions. But you probably know it already."

"What is it?"

"Only that Mark Ablett did not kill his brother."

"And Cayley did?"

"That's another question, Bill. However, the answer is that Cayley didn't, either."

"Then who on earth—"

"Have some more beer," said Antony with a smile. And Bill had to be content with that.

They were early to bed that evening, for both of them were tired. Bill slept loudly and defiantly, but Antony lay awake, wondering. What was happening at the Red House now? Perhaps he would hear in the morning; perhaps he would get a letter. He went over the whole story again from the beginning—was there any possibility of a mistake? What would the police do? Would they ever find out? Ought he to have told them? Well, let them find out; it was their job. Surely he couldn't have made a mistake this time. No good wondering now; he would know definitely in the morning.

In the morning there was a letter for him.

CHAPTER XX.

"My dear Mr. Gillingham,

"I gather from your letter that you have made certain discoveries which you may feel it your duty to communicate to the police, and that in this case my arrest on a charge of murder would inevitably follow. Why, in these circumstances you should give me such ample warning of your intentions I do not understand, unless it is that you

China Unlocks Remote Parts By Road System

Motorbuses Penetrate to Backward Regions as Long-Distance Routes Open

Peiping—Chinese officials are considering proposals for reconstruction of the war-torn country, but the money for them is not forthcoming. One project, however, has made headway during the past year, and that is the construction of automobile highways in several provinces, which open up hitherto isolated districts to the outside world.

Some highways have been built under the direction of the China International Famine Relief Association, with its American engineers, but perhaps more significance may be attached to those which have been built by the Chinese, with no foreign advice or assistance.

The Chinese Bureau of Economic Information reports that five great highways have been opened to motor traffic during the past few months, and that 13 other highways have been partially completed, and will be finished during the summer. Chinese engineers have also drawn plans for 11 others, and when these have been completed, China will have a finer highway system than in the most prosperous days of empire.

Chinese officials have been impressed by the fact that the highways already completed have paid for themselves within a short time. In a country where labor is so cheap the cost of construction is not great, and highway building is especially useful in times when so many men and women are out of work. As a rule, the provincial governments which build the highways have shared in the purchase of motorbuses which use them, and the profits from these enterprises have been quick and substantial. The Chinese farmers have taken readily to the new vehicles, and automobile buses now run into districts which had never seen such conveyances a year or two ago.

Some of the greatest progress has been made in Shansi, which has been known as the "model province" under the beneficent rule of Marshal Yen Hsi-shan. Some 3000 miles were completed before the civil war stopped the work. Since then an additional 1000 miles has been completed, and another 2000 miles is contemplated during the summer.

Port of Agadis, Long Closed, Is Now Semi-Open

Coastwise Traffic Imports Admitted to Moroccan City—Exports Barred

London.—Agadir, that long-closed port south of the Atlas Mountains, in Morocco, which figured so prominently in the European diplomatic disputes which preceded the Great War, is now semi-open according to a report of the British Vice-Consul at Mogador.

A considerable import trade has sprung up in certain overseas imports into Morocco, between Casablanca and Agadir, particularly in tea and sugar, and consequently the port of Agadir has been kept open for coastwise traffic (imports). This is not likely now to be altered as, in the middle of this summer, the consul believes that Agadir will be thrown open to deep sea imports and exports on the lines of the other Moroccan ports.

At present, the Government does not permit Agadir to export at all direct but—as for the past 12 years—the inhabitants of Sous have to take their produce across the Atlas Mountains to the port of Mogador. The leading Mogador merchants, whose trade must be heavily hit once Agadir is fully open, have already secured sites and in many cases put up buildings at Agadir. The latest development is the opening by some of the Mogador merchants of a sub-depot at Sidi Mokhtar, about 60 miles east of Mogador on the road to Marrakech, in order to intercept there cereals from Sous destined for Marrakech.

Great building activity generally is now going on at Agadir, and land values at the port, which is naturally sheltered and the only sea outlet for a coastline several hundred miles long, have risen very rapidly. With the completion of three motor roads which the Franco-Moroccan Government is now driving over the Southern

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ISSUE No. 21—'29

Trade With Russia

Washington Post: The experience of the British should silence those who are working for Soviet recognition by the United States. Stahlin's Government is sparing no effort to entice the United States into an arrangement through which American capital would be poured into the coffers of the Soviet in the hopes of expanding trade. Loans and credit, besides diplomatic recognition of an insecure Communist Government, which is a deadly enemy of the so-called capitalist nation, is the offer that has been held out to England and America. Propaganda to the advantages of trade with the Soviet is a poor brand of trickery through which the Reds hope to finance their communistic schemes. The Russian people have nothing with which to buy. They have been ruined by the fool theories of one dictator after another. Any amount of capital would not assure the reconstruction of the country as long as the Reds are in control.

The stepping-stones to scientific knowledge principally consist of the errors of past professors. Sir William Beach-Thomas.

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There's always a trick in it. They sell you a car or a phonograph on credit and then demand cash for gas and dance records.

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