

Murder Masquerade

BY
Inez Haynes Irwin

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WNU Service.

MONDAY—Continued

"I'll promise to do that," I agreed. "And what have you been doing, Hopestill?"

"Oh—tennis, swimming," he answered, adding a little evasively, "a lot of things. Caro Prentiss is a swell kid, isn't she?"

"Yes. I like her better than any other young girl who's come to Satuit. She has a quality."

"And what a face!" Hopestill added. "Figure—personality—charm—she's got everything. And such vitality and strength!"

"I'm glad you're enjoying her so much," I commented.

After luncheon the telephone rang. "It's Mrs. Theford, Mrs. Avery," Sarah Darbe informed me.

I had never liked Brenda Theford—Ace's cousin. But I knew that of course I must call upon her. I felt a little mortified that she was asking help of me before I volunteered it. "How do you do, Mrs. Theford," I began. "I feel frightfully to think that you have had to telephone me. I had every intention of calling you as soon as I came back to normal. I've just crawled to the point where I could take a little walk this morning."

"Quite!" came Brenda Theford's frigid, correct voice. "I perfectly understand. I wonder you are not a raving maniac. And of course I've been very busy myself."

"It must be a dreadful business for you," I murmured.

"It is. Fortunately with so many deaths in my own family, I've had some experience in this sort of thing. But I've called you up, Mrs. Avery, to ask a great favor of you. It wasn't until yesterday afternoon that it occurred to Sam Chess that we ought to notify Bruce Hexson of Ace's death. I told Sam to call him up on the telephone. He tried to get him at intervals all day. Then we gave it up. Sam felt that he knew what had happened. Bruce Hexson often takes his two servants—I've forgotten their names—"

"Adah and Berry," I informed her.

"Yes. He often takes them up the river to Ace's island camp for the week-end. There's no telephone there. Sam thought they'd come back this morning. They did, but not until fifteen minutes ago. Somebody's got to break the news of Ace's death to Bruce Hexson. I'll be up to my ears in work, getting ready for the funeral. I cannot very well spare the time to drive over to the camp and I simply cannot bring myself to tell him over the telephone. I wondered if you—"

My heart sank. "Of course I will, Mrs. Theford," I answered. "I'll go at once."

"Oh thank you, thank you," she answered, the stress of a great relief in her voice.

I had said yes quickly enough, for there was nothing else to do. But the moment I put the receiver back, cowardice enveloped me. It seemed a task too terrific for my over-wrought nerves. I said nothing to Hopestill about my errand to Bruce Hexson; for I knew if I told him where I was going, he would insist on accompanying me. And for Bruce Hexson's sake, I did not want any onlookers at the scene. What I did say was, "Hopestill, I think I'll take a little drive alone. I think it will do me good."

"I think it will be good medicine, Aunt Mary," he, to my great relief, approved.

I was glad that the road to camp did not go through the village. I did not feel like seeing people. At the cross-roads, I turned to the left and followed Bradford street.

A few cars, carrying friends, passed; a few pedestrians were sauntering along the earth sidewalks. Familiar faces—swift as were the nods and glances we gave one another—showed me, more definitely than anything yet, what a pall lay over the town.

I was glad when the road, pulling away from the town, pulling away from the houses, pulling away even from the wine-glass elms which guarded it, became more and more rustic, more and more solitary.

After a few miles of this, I turned into a road, little more than a lane, which wound in a humpy, rutty curve off to the left and toward the ocean. It ended presently in a cleared space. I stopped the car and got out.

Ace's camp lay fully revealed as I crossed the expanse of shorn meadow which surrounded it.

Ace had always known instinctively what beauty was. He had hired a pair of Maine guides to make the two-story log cabin—log-house, I should call it—which

we called the Camp. It is one of the most beautifully constructed log houses I have ever seen. It consists of a big living-room, bedrooms and a kitchen; an ell at one side in which lived Adah and Berry. As I came around to the broad front piazza, I saw that Bruce was sitting out in front, reading his Bible.

Bruce sat at a big, broad, bare table. He wore one of the tow-colored smocks with the brown corduroy trousers in which he always dressed at camp. His folded arms were resting on the table and over them his absorbed eyes were reading from his big, worn, brown calf-covered Bible. That Bible accompanied Bruce wherever he went. Once I took it up and examined it; it had I think the most beautiful print I had ever seen. I stopped for an instant watching Bruce. As though there was something hypnotic in my gaze, suddenly he lifted his eyes from the book, turned them in my direction. I shall always remember what a pang went through me when his gaze, encompassing me, grew soft with affection.

"Well, Mary," he exclaimed, rising, "how glad I am to see you!" My heart began to flutter. I did not like the job before me. "What have you been reading, Bruce?" I asked.

"The Psalms. They are my comfort always. Let me read you!" Thereupon he read the Twenty-third Psalm.

Of course I know the Twenty-third Psalm. I know it by heart. I have read it numberless times. I had heard it read numberless times. But that day, sitting on the



"How Glad I Am to See You!"

little rough porch of Ace's log cabin and looking off at the tranquil sea, I really heard it for the first time because it was the first time I ever saw it.

Bruce's voice always deep—what with emphasis and stress—grows sonorous when it touches Holy Writ. Somehow with that roll of the incoming waves below as a steady underlying accompaniment, the Biblical words seemed to take on a stupendous impressiveness. Perhaps all words are empty vessels; we fill them with whatever essence we have of mind, of heart, of soul. Bruce filled the words of the Twenty-third Psalm until they brimmed.

He closed the book. "It's too early for tea, Mary. Can Adah bring you a cool drink—a temperance drink," he reminded me.

I was not conscious of being thirsty but I had a cowardly desire to put off the fatal moment.

"Yes," I answered. "I'd like some of your delicious root beer."

Bruce reached up toward the roof of the piazza, tugged at a hanging rope. Inside somewhere a bell rang. Presently Adah appeared. Bruce gave his order. Adah vanished and reappeared with a foaming Wedgewood pitcher. Moving with her noiseless speed, she filled a glass for me and one for Bruce.

Presently Bruce put his glass down. He looked at me a little questioningly I thought.

"Bruce," I said, in a trembling voice, "I've come with bad news. I've got something dreadful and something heartbreakingly sad to tell you."

"My dear friend," he abjured me gently, "tell me!"

"Bruce—oh dear, dear Bruce, it's Ace. Ace is dead. It is more awful than that. He was murdered. He was murdered the night of Matie Stow's masquerade. He wore a costume of a Roman soldier and he was found dead, stabbed to death by his own short sword, in my Spinney."

I could not look at Bruce Hexson. I closed my eyes for an instant. For that interval, there was complete silence. Then a strange sound pulled my eyelids up. I hope I never hear that sound again. I hope I never see that sight again.

Bruce Hexson had turned to the table, had dropped his head on his folded arms, was sobbing—the great hoarse, racking sobs of uncontrolled male agony.

TUESDAY

I slept a little that night. I got up at the regular hour, ate my breakfast with Hopestill and Sylvia. Soon after breakfast, Hopestill left for this morning game of tennis with Caro Prentiss.

With that sixth sense we all possess and which, in that strange interval of my life, seemed to have doubled on itself, I became aware presently of sounds from the Spinney. Presently Sarah Darbe came into the room. I said, "There's somebody in the Spinney, Sarah. Who do you suppose it is?"

"It's Mr. Hopestill and Miss Prentiss, Mrs. Avery," Sarah answered. "They're there all the time. I suppose they're still hunting for clues."

"How's Bessie this morning?" I asked Sarah.

"I don't think she slept very well last night, Mrs. Avery."

"I'll go out and see her now," I said decisively.

Bessie was busy with breakfast dishes. Shocking as had her appearance seemed to me the day before, it was doubly shocking today. Had that gray, ironed face ever shown a sparkle, a dimple, a smile? "Bessie," I began at once, "you look tired to death." And then as though Sarah had said nothing to me, "Do you sleep well?"

"Not so very well, Mrs. Avery," Bessie answered.

"It's the shock, Bessie," I explained to her. "I feel better but I am by no means myself yet. So don't be surprised that you are so broken."

"No, Mrs. Avery," Bessie said stonily, "it doesn't surprise me."

"Bessie," I suggested, "would you like to go away for a week or two? I think a change would do you good."

Bessie's steely mask flared with pain. "Oh no, Mrs. Avery!" she remonstrated in a frightened voice. "Oh no! I don't want to go away from here. I can't go away from here. I can't—I can't!"

"You don't have to go, Bessie," I soothed, "if you don't want to go. But somehow, I thought you'd like a change."

Again panic flared in Bessie.

"But I'm going to ask Doctor Geary to call today," I promised hastily. "He'll give you something that will make you sleep."

"I'd like that, Mrs. Avery," Bessie declared almost inaudibly.

I had scarcely finished telephoning the Geary house when the police car curved into the drive.

"Take me where we can talk alone, Mary," Patrick said. I led him to the piazza which looked toward the Spinney. "By God, Mary, I'm in a jam!" Patrick said as he seated himself in the broad Gloucester hammock. "I might have to arrest Margaret Fairweather. And anyway, I've got to put a watch on her house."

"Oh no!" burst from me involuntarily.

"That's the way I feel about it!" Patrick commented grimly.

"It would kill Flora if Margaret was arrested."

"That's the way I feel about it," Patrick repeated, more grimly still.

"Queer I never thought of her when Tony told me about the tall woman in dark clothes. You thought of her at once, didn't you?"

At first I did not reply. Then I said, "How did you know that?"

"Because later, when I thought of it myself, I could remember your face. I realized that you'd thought of it. Not that either of us said anything."

He paused for a moment. "Perhaps I could fix it to let Margaret stay in her own home for a while. I could detail a car to saunter up and down the cliff—without raising suspicion, I guess."

"But you haven't any real evidence on Margaret," I remonstrated.

"It is a little negative, I'll admit. But here you are. No woman left the masquerade until long after midnight—with the exception of Molly Eames—Molly Treadway, I mean. Molly left with Walter. No other woman came over to the Head that night. There was no other woman at home that night on the Head—except Flora and Margaret Fairweather and Hannah. One of my men called with his wife on Hannah last night. He called, of course, because I sent him, but Hannah doesn't know that. Naturally they talked about nothing but the murder. He established that Hannah spent the whole evening with Flora. Margaret slept, as she frequently does, downstairs on the porch. Hannah said that Margaret went to bed early because she was so tired. Hannah sleeps on the porch outside Flora's chamber. Now as soon as Hannah was asleep why couldn't Margaret have slipped out quietly from the piazza to meet Ace Blaiki in the Spinney?"

"But what would she want to meet Ace for?" I queried mechanically.

Patrick did not answer me. But he looked at me. I made no comment. But I looked at him. Un-said things began to whirl in the air about us. And then I heard an automobile crunching up the drive.

"Miss Fairweather is here, Mrs. Avery," Sarah Darbe announced from the doorway. "She says she would like to see you and Mr. O'Brien."

My thoughts began to spin. I made up my mind to say nothing about Hannah's nap.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Diet of Ostriches
The ostrich's diet is almost wholly vegetable, consisting of seeds, fruits and grasses. Eggs and insects are rarely eaten. They swallow small stones and gravel to aid digestion.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST,
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of Chicago.
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Lesson for January 10

NEW LIFE IN CHRIST

LESSON TEXT—John 3:1-17.
GOLDEN TEXT—Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.—John 3:3.
PRIMARY TOPIC—Jesus Answering a Man's Question.
JUNIOR TOPIC—The Most Important Question.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—How the Christian Life Begins.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—New Life in Christ.

The only entrance into the Christian life is by the door of the new birth. Regeneration is the act of God whereby the divine nature is imparted to the believing sinner and he becomes the child of God. He who has not entered by this way has not entered at all. He is still dead in trespasses and sins, without God and without hope (Eph. 2:1, 12).

Men are seeking to enter the household of God by almost any other means—culture, reform, character building—and are neglecting God's way. This lesson should therefore be studied and taught with earnest prayer that this foundation truth may lay hold upon the hearts of the hearers of the Word. Let no one who is not born again attempt to teach it to others, lest the blind attempt to lead the blind, and both fall into the ditch (Luke 6:39).

The coming of Nicodemus to our Lord took place at the time when he was in Jerusalem for the Passover. Jesus had chosen six of his disciples, had been at Cana of Galilee, where he performed his first miracle, and had made a brief visit to Capernaum, after which he came to Jerusalem for the feast. In high and holy indignation he had driven the money changers out of the temple. The Pharisees who looked for the coming of the Messiah as a secular conqueror wondered at this new spiritual leader. It was probably as much on their behalf as his own that Nicodemus came to inquire of Jesus. In answering his questions Jesus reveals the necessity, the nature, and the method of regeneration—in other words, the Why, What, and How of the New Birth.

I. Why? (vv. 1-7.)
Jesus was not unduly impressed by the dignity and high station of his visitor, nor by the visitor's courteous acknowledgment of his own position as a great teacher. With decisive boldness Jesus declares that this man, a cultured and distinguished ruler of the Jews, must be born again, if he is to see the kingdom of God.

God is no respecter of persons. This "doctrine of divinity" must be born again, just as was the illiterate fisherman. D. L. Moody once said that he was thankful it was to such a man as Nicodemus that Jesus presented the necessity of the new birth—or men would have said that only the down-and-outer needed to be saved.

Two reasons are given by our Lord for the "must" of verse 7: (1) The Kingdom of God is a spiritual kingdom, and cannot be entered by way of our human nature; and (2) "That which is born of the flesh is flesh" and is radically and essentially bad. To learn why the flesh is bad read Jeremiah 13:23, and Galatians 5:19-21.

II. What? (vv. 8-13.)
The new birth is a divine mystery, not fathomable by human reason. Those who insist that all spiritual truth be put through the little norm of their intelligence will never understand it or receive its blessing. The striking illustration of the life-giving and energizing wind used by our Lord is most illuminating. Wind is unseen, but the results of its movement are evident.

III. How? (vv. 14-17.)
Just as there was healing and life in a look at the uplifted serpent (Num. 21:8), so there is life for a look at the Crucified One. Faith receives God's perfect provision for sin.

Verse 16 may well be regarded as the greatest sentence in the greatest Book in the world. It presents the whole plan of salvation—its source, its ground, its recipients, its condition, and its result.

This glorious salvation is for all men—"whosoever"—but some reject it. Notice that God does not condemn them. Their own evil works and desires condemn them (vv. 17-20). God in his grace is ready and willing to save, but men love "darkness rather than light"; for their works are evil.

God's Mercy
O God, the whole world is as a drop of morning dew. But Thou hast mercy upon all. For Thou lovest all things that are, and abhorrest nothing that Thou hast made. . . . But Thou sparest all, for they are Thine, O Lord, Thou lover of souls.

Doing Well
He doeth much that doth a thing well. He doeth well that rather serveth the commonwealth, than his own will.—Thomas a Kempis.

Interlude

By MEREDITH SCHOLL
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WNU Service.

"AND this time," said Neal Sharon angrily, "don't come sniveling back and expect me to make up with you!"

Jill, Neal's wee small wife with the golden hair, drew herself up to her five feet and one inch, and her eyes flashed, "Come back?" she said with biting sarcasm. "Me come back to you? Neal Sharon, I wouldn't come back for a hundred thousand million dollars!"

A sudden glint lighted Neal's eyes and a determined look came to his mouth. He stood up, crossed to the telephone. "Give me," he told the operator, "an employment agency, any employment agency. . . Hello, employment agency? I want a maid. . . Yes, one that can cook and make beds and sweep. . . O. K. I'll leave the key under the door mat. . . Neal Sharon, 2231 Hudson avenue."

Pleased with himself, Neal put on his hat and coat and went out. When he returned home that night he found a note on his kitchen table. It was written in a feminine hand and informed him that the writer had been sent out by the Acme agency and had cleaned his house, changed the sheets on his bed and prepared his dinner, which he would find being kept warm in the oven. The writer also stated that she had a family of her own to look out for and would it be satisfactory to him if she went home nights at 5:30?

Neal was delighted with such an arrangement. He sat down, wrote a note stating that the plan was excellent, and enclosed a \$10 bill. He placed the note on the kitchen table, and when he returned home on the following evening it was gone, but there was a slip of paper in its place which read: "Thank you. Nora Brady."

On the first day of the second week Neal became really alarmed. Jill was rather overdoing it this time. This was the longest she'd ever stayed away. But when he stepped into the house he found Jill there waiting for him.

"Well, Neal Sharon," she said icily, "so that's the kind of a man you are!"

She thrust forward a slip of paper. "Don't lie! Don't try to deny it!" Neal took the paper and read: "It was awfully sweet of you to tell me that, and thank you for the money."

"Neal Sharon," Jill choked. Her eyes fairly bulged. "Do—you mean—do you mean that you—actually have been carrying on an affair with this Nora person?"

Neal sat down and picked up his evening paper. "I'm not admitting anything," he said.

"Why—you—you. This is the last straw! Now I'll never, never, never come back!" She turned, rushed blindly to the door, opened it, placed one foot over the threshold, paused, looked back. Neal was reading his paper, quite indifferent to her departure. And suddenly she flung herself at his feet, buried her face against his knees.

"Darling! Darling! Oh, forgive me, take me back. Please don't love anyone else! Take me back and I'll never, never leave you again. It was all my fault! I was selfish and mean and—horrid. Oh, Neal, I could never live without you!"

A key rattled in the front door lock. Jill turned to glance over her shoulder. The door opened, admitting a great hulk of a woman, a woman with red hair and a red face, a woman of many years and many pounds.

Jill got to her feet. "Who are you?" she asked.

The big woman grinned awkwardly. "Me? Why, ma'am, I'm Nora. I get Mr. Sharon's meals and do his housework. I came back to tell him that hereafter I could stay till 6 o'clock, if he wanted me to."

Jill whirled and faced her husband. "So," she said, "So! That's how it is?" She turned, strode swiftly to the door, brushing aside the prodigious Nora. "Neal Sharon, I think you're—you're horrible! I never want to see you again!" And she went out.

Neal sighed heavily. Nora looked at him and said: "Was that your wife, sir? Won't you be wanting me any longer?"

"Yes, Nora. I'll be wanting you," said Neal wearily. "At least two weeks longer."

The Egyptian Bloodstone
The Egyptians called the carnelian the bloodstone because it was supposed to cool the blood and prevent apoplexy. It overcame anger and produced peace. It was said that wearers of this stone had beautiful skins—free from blotches and sores. Certain Hindus believe that it will stop bleeding from the nose. For this they hold it between the eyes. The Turks and Greeks of the Middle Ages believed that it protected a man from sorcery and the undue fascination of an unscrupulous woman. It has been used for many years by the Orientals as a charm against the evil eye. The belief once existed in Khurdistan that wearers of this stone became invisible in battle. If the ancient Kurd doubted his wife's fidelity he made her drink milk in which the stone had been washed. If she had been unfaithful her skin would break out in blotches.—Pearson's Weekly.

It's Harder to Lose Pounds Than It Is to Gain More of Them

Overweight Generally Has But One Cause and That Is Overeating.

however, don't advertise publicly your diet program.

Coffee Jelly.

2 tablespoons granulated gelatin
½ cup cold water
2½ cups hot strong coffee
½ cup sugar

Soak gelatin in cold water, add fresh hot coffee and the sugar. Stir until dissolved and pour into molds to set.

Mineral Oil Mayonnaise.

¼ teaspoon mustard 1 egg yolk
1 teaspoon salt 1 cup mineral oil
Cayenne Lemon juice
½ teaspoon sugar Vinegar

Mix dry ingredients and add yolk of egg. Mix well and add one-half teaspoon vinegar. Add mineral oil gradually, drop by drop at first, then more quickly, beating with egg beater. As mixture thickens thin with lemon juice or vinegar and continue adding oil. When finished mixture should be very stiff. Keep covered in the ice box.

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Bunyan Created Lakes

Elk and Torch lakes, the beautiful finger lakes that stretch parallel for miles along the shore of Lake Michigan near Elk Rapids, date back to the days of Paul Bunyan, according to the old lumberjacks.

Lake Michigan, they say, was scooped out by the mighty Paul, to be used as a log pond. Instead of skidding the logs into a stream and floating them down to his pond Paul would hitch onto a section of land and drag it over to the lake, log off the timber, and then haul the section back.

One day Paul hooked onto a particularly heavy timbered section near the Boardman and started Babe, the blue ox, out to haul it over to the lake. There had been a heavy rain, the ground was greasy, and Babe's feet slipped.

Torch and Elk lakes remain, an eternal testimonial to the blue ox and the time his feet slipped.—Detroit Free Press.

Here's Simple Way to Ease a Cold



Two Quick-Acting, Quick-Dissolving Bayer Aspirin Tablets with a Glass of Water



The modern way to ease a cold is this: Two Bayer Aspirin tablets the moment you feel a cold coming on. Then repeat, if necessary, according to instructions in the box.

Try this way. Your doctor, we know, will endorse it. For it is a quick, effective means of combating a cold. Ask for Bayer Aspirin by the full name at your druggist's—not for "aspirin" alone.

At the same time, if you have a sore throat, crush and dissolve three BAYER tablets in one-third glass of water. And gargle with this mixture twice.

The Bayer Aspirin you take internally will act to combat fever and the pains which usually accompany colds. The gargle will act as a medicinal gargle to provide almost instant relief from rawness and pain. It is really marvelous; for it acts like a local anesthetic on the irritated membrane of your throat.

15¢ FOR A DOZEN
2 FULL DOZEN FOR 25¢
VIRTUALLY 1¢ A TABLET



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