

Death Among The Dunes

Introducing Dr. Mordacai Wescott, investigator, who solves the problem at Dune House, down among the sand-dunes on the coast of North Carolina.

By WILBORNE HARRELL

* A Chowan Herald Fiction Story.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED

Dr. Mordacai Wescott, eccentric detective, has been called in by the police to assist in investigating the murder of Josiah Fentress, millionaire sportsman, whom the police think was killed by his wife, Octavia. Dr. Wescott thinks that Octavia Fentress is innocent and sets about to get at the truth and unmask the real murderer. Dr. Wescott is accompanied by Jimmy Maguire, newspaperman, who is telling the story, and they are now waiting at Land's End for Sergeant Crosby of the police to ferry them over to Dune House, the home of Josiah Fentress and where the murder was committed.

Chapter Three

Whether Sergeant Crosby ever lit his ever-present cigar, I don't know because I have never seen him use it for any other purpose than to punctuate his rather explosive sentences; occasionally I have seen him place it in his mouth, but then only for a second or two. I have never yet seen him actually smoke.

Sergeant Crosby made a stab at Wescott's shirt front with his cigar. "But I tell you, Wescott, there is absolutely no other way around it—the girl must have done it. She alone had the opportunity. There are plenty others there, I admit, who could probably have had a motive, but every single solitary one has been accounted for, but Mrs. Fentress."

We were aboard the launch heading for Dune House, and Crosby was giving Wescott the low-down. "There was one fellow there, tho, that I was a little skeptical of at first. Hand-some fellow, named Crane. He had reason aplenty for bumping off Fentress, and maybe he did. He's in love with Octavia Fentress and she with him, and if Fentress himself didn't know it, he was blind as a bat. But Crane, with the rest of the bunch, came thru with a pretty good alibi, and unless we can shake that alibi, I guess we'll have to scratch Mr. Crane's name off as a possible suspect. At present, as things stand now, it all narrows down to Octavia Fentress herself.

"Why, man! how did her fingerprints get on the gun that did the killing? Why is she so silent, won't

talk or answer questions, or at least when she does she's vague or evasive about it. She's got some tall explaining to do if she is innocent."

"Maybe she thinks Crane did it, and is trying to cover up for him," said Wescott, cutting the end off a stogy.

Crosby's cigar came up with a jerk. "Lord, man, I never thought of that. There's a possibility. But hell, no, that's out. Crane was with a bunch down the beach on a picnic. No, Crane's definitely out, unless we can shake his alibi. I'll put a good man on Crane's tail—maybe we'll find out something about Mr. Crane that he doesn't want us to know."

"Crosby, who found the body?" Wescott had gotten his stogy going and was puffing contentedly, lolling back in his seat, his hand trailing idly in the water. And I knew he didn't give a whoop who found the hard.

"A little red-headed minx they call 'Reddy'. I don't know her name, but she's quite a number. Full of life and as irrepresible as a volcano. She went into the library for a book to read herself to sleep with, she says. She stayed so long someone went in to see if anything was wrong, and there was this 'Reddy' girl stretched out on the floor. She had fainted dead away. And there was Fentress sprawled on his desk, the blood from a ghastly wound in his head staining the blotter. It was a terrible sight for a girl to see; no wonder she fainted."

"Why haven't you placed this 'Reddy' girl on your list of suspects, Crosby. Suppose that faint was phony," said Wescott, and Crosby snorted in derision, "Don't make me laugh—that girl wouldn't kill a flea."

But Wescott pursued his question. "What makes you so sure, Crosby, that 'Reddy' didn't kill Fentress? She certainly had ample opportunity; who knows she didn't have an equally strong reason for killing him."

"If you want to split hairs, Wescott, I don't know, but it is absurd to suspect the girl," said Crosby irritably.

"And equally absurd to suspect Octavia Fentress," Wescott shot back at him. "There you are, Sergeant Crosby, you have certain prejudicial reasons for not suspecting one woman and, you must grant me the same privilege. I know Octavia Fentress didn't kill her husband, therefore, I cannot suspect her. We start even,

Sergeant."

I must have snickered audibly for Crosby glared at me and jabbed his cigar in a gesture of impatience.

The boatman, introduced to us as Captain Wayne, keeper of Sharkshead Light, and who was very much interested in the tilt between Crosby and Wescott, now ventured to enter a question of his own.

"Pardon me, gentlemen, but do I understand you to say that you suspect Octavia Fentress of murdering her husband?"

Wescott glanced up quickly, "That seems to be the idea of the police, Mr. Wayne. Why do you ask?"

"Then the police are blockheads! Can't they see that she couldn't do a thing like that?"

"But the evidence, Captain Wayne—" broke in Crosby.

"Evidence be damned!"

"Just a minute, Sergeant Crosby, I think Captain Wayne has something to tell us," said Wescott, and he glanced significantly at the Captain while Crosby scowled.

"Just this," said the Captain. "I realize that what I am going to say will be damaging evidence to Mrs. Fentress, and I also know it's going to gladden the heart of Sergeant Crosby, here." He glanced at the Sergeant. "But I also want you, Mr. Wescott, to know before the inquest, as it's pretty sure to come out then, and being forewarned is being forearmed. It'll probably help you find the real murderer."

"I have been stationed at Sharks-

head Light only a few months, but before I came here, I knew Fentress. He is as black a hypocrite as ever walked this earth. He poses as a benefactor to mankind to the world at large, and to his wife in his home, he is a fiend incarnate. His cruelty is of a malicious subtlety that only the devil himself could devise. How do I know all this? Dr. Wescott, I am a close observer of people, and I think I have read Fentress right. Yes, I KNOW I'm right! Fentress was due a killing and he got his just deserts."

"Tell that to these folks down here," observed Crosby dryly, "and I expect we'd have another killing on our hands."

"And you, Sergeant, may make the most of what I've said, as I know you will," retorted Captain Wayne, "and little good it'll do you."

Crosby stepped from the boat to the dock as we had now landed. "Thanks for the tip," he flung over his shoulder. "You've given me a noose to hang Octavia Fentress with." (Continued Next Week)

Plan Next Year's Feed Program This Summer

North Carolina livestock farmers who have a feed problem should work out plans this summer to supply their

LEARN WAYS TO HELP HUBBY GET AHEAD

Women eager to help their husbands achieve success can find practical suggestions in a series of articles prepared by Mrs. Dale Carnegie, wife of the man who taught America to win friends and influence people. Look for this four-part series beginning July 26th in

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY Magazine in Colorgrature with the BALTIMORE SUNDAY AMERICAN

Order from Your Local Newsdealer

animals with plenty of pasture, hay, grain and silage next year.

D. W. Bennett, assistant Henderson County farm agent for the N. C. State College Agricultural Extension Service, points to the program adopted by M. D. McNaughton, Jr., for his 65 head of purebred Guernseys as a good example of planning.

Last year, according to Bennett, McNaughton planned ahead for a complete feed program and carried through with it to provide ample feed on his farm for the first time. McNaughton seeded 14 new acres of hay and pasture last fall. This was seeded about September 10, using 10 pounds of orchard grass and one and a half pounds of Ladino clover. It was well fertilized, Bennett says, with 1,000 pounds of 2-12-12 and one and a half tons of lime per acre.

In addition to this, McNaughton seeded eight acres of Ladino clover-grass pasture in strips on the contour.

"The King of Swine"

BIG TYPE OIC Service Boars, Bred Gilts and Pigs S. R. MINTON MERRY HILL, N. C.

along with four acres of Atlantic alfalfa. All his old established permanent pasture was well fertilized with 500 pounds of 0-9-27 per acre.

The result: recently McNaughton proudly showed the assistant county agent all of his farm buildings bulging with hay, all from the first cutting. McNaughton said he had never before been able to do this—even in an entire year. In addition to the large amount of "stand by" feed, McNaughton's 65 head of cattle still have more grazing than they can handle.

TRY A HERALD CLASSIFIED

SEE US FOR YOUR PAINT NEEDS

We Carry a Full Line of GLIDDEN PAINTS AND VARNISHES

Harrell & Leary

Phone 459



Blended Whiskey, 86 Proof. The straight whiskeys in this product are 5 years or more old. 35% straight whiskey, 65% grain neutral spirits, 15% straight whiskey 5 years old, 10% straight whiskey 6 years old, 10% straight whiskey 7 years old. Schenley Distributors, Inc., New York, N. Y.

SCHENLEY

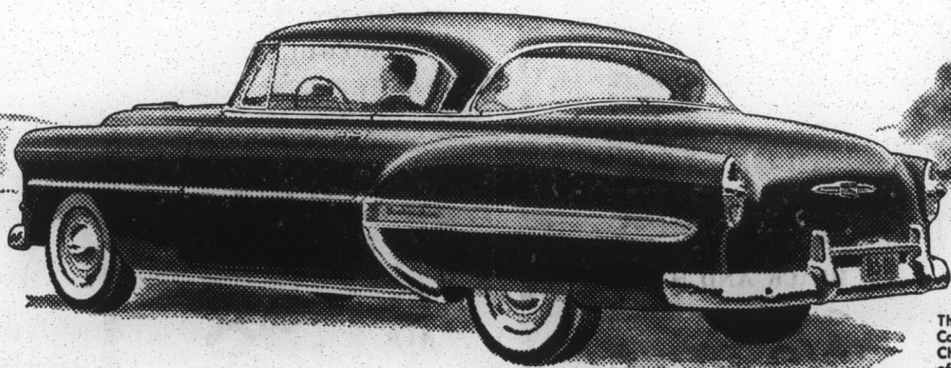
HOME CANNERS' FIRST CHOICE!



No Guesswork! DOME DOWN... Jar Sealed

In all these important ways...

Chevrolet's farther ahead than ever!



The striking new Bel Air Sport Coupe. With 3 great new series, Chevrolet offers the widest choice of models in its field.

... IN POWER AND PERFORMANCE

Chevrolet's entirely new 115-h.p. "Blue-Flame" engine (teamed with Powerglide*) is the most powerful in the low-price field! In gear-shift models, you get the advanced 108-h.p. "Thrill-King" engine. Both give brilliant new performance and greater economy.

... IN STYLE AND LUXURY

The sleek, low-slung beauty of this fine new car provides one more reason for Chevrolet's truly amazing popularity. The new Fisher Body provides roomy luxurious interiors, modern appointments and colorful, fine-fabric upholstery that can be matched only in costlier cars.

... IN EASE OF DRIVING

Entirely new Powerglide automatic transmission, with faster getaway and greater economy, eliminates the clutch pedal completely. And Chevrolet's new Power Steering* does 80% of the work... lets you squeeze in or out of tight spaces with wonderful new ease.

... IN ECONOMY AND VALUE

Chevrolet now brings you the most important gain in gasoline economy in its history! And, you save substantial amounts on overall upkeep, too. Yet with all its wonderful new things, Chevrolet remains the lowest priced line in the low-price field!

... IN FIRST PLACE POPULARITY

Again this year—as in every single postwar year—more people are buying Chevrolets than any other car. In fact, latest official registration figures show Chevrolet over 25% ahead of the second-place car. Nearly 2 million more people now drive Chevrolets than any other make.

*Optional at extra cost. Combination of Powerglide automatic transmission and 115-h.p. "Blue-Flame" engine available on "Two-Ten" and Bel Air models only. Power Steering is available on all models.

MORE PEOPLE BUY CHEVROLETS CHEVROLET THAN ANY OTHER CAR!

B. B. H. MOTOR COMPANY

"YOUR FRIENDLY CHEVROLET DEALER"

N. Broad and Oakum Streets

Edenton, N. C.



KENTUCKY WHISKEY • A BLEND 86 PROOF, 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, SCHENLEY DIST., INC., FRANKFORT, KY.