

# CORPSES AT INDIAN STONES by Philip Wylie

## CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

Aggie asked old Mr. Waite where Jack was and got the usual irritable responses: "How should I know! In his room, I guess."

Aggie took the staircase in agile, noiseless bounds. The floor above was carpeted. There was a transom over the door of the end room, painted black to keep out the hall light. In the hall, on a small mahogany table, stood a vase of artificial flowers. Aggie removed the vase and carried it to Jack's door. He stood up on it gingerly; his face came level with the painted transom. He moved his head until he found a crack in the paint and pressed his eye close.

The partial view of Jack's room was adequate. It was in feverish disorder. Two bulging suitcases stood on the windowsill and another, nearly full, was on the bed. A revolver lay on the bureau.

The professor restored the table to its place and knocked on Jack's door. It sprang open. Browne stood there in a shirt, tie, and gray slacks, with a fedora cocked on the back of his head. When he saw that it was Aggie, his face relaxed. He even smiled. "Something I can do—?" Aggie stepped toward him. "Take your hat off, Jack. You're not going anywhere."

Browne backed into his room. "Yes, I am! Downtown! An errand." His voice rose. "Don't come in here!" His muscles twitched as he yielded ground—twitched with the restrained will to grapple with Aggie. Professor Plum kept coming in, and Jack kept backing until he bumped against his headboard. Then he tried to turn.

Aggie, one hand in the pocket of his jacket, said, "I wouldn't go for that revolver if I were you."

Jack sat down on the bed, his face shiny, his chest rose and fell jerkily. His eyes had a look of frantic speculation which subsided as Aggie did nothing more sinister than to push back some magazines on a desk and sit on it.

Jack said, "Why are you coming in here—like this? Suppose I am getting out? I can't stand this job any more! I hate the people! The orders! And this summer has been too much—already! My nerves are shot to pieces!"

The professor continued to stare at him. He was now a little closer to the bureau than Jack. "The trap door," Aggie said, "is in your office. You cut it yourself, I presume. And dug out the steps."

Jack said, "Are you nuts? What trap door? What passage? My office? I've hardly been in it all evening."

Aggie's face was like that of a judge listening to testimony whereby a prisoner was hanging himself.

Jack blustered. "I don't know what you mean! Get out of here!"

Aggie kept a hand in his jacket pocket. "You know I've got Hank."

Jack said, "Hank who? But he was slow in saying it."

Professor Plum shrugged and swung his foot. "Everything pointed to you—"

Jack seemed to make some sense of the discussion. "Oh—Bogarty! You came here to accuse me of that! Aggie, old man! You've known me since I was a kid! You know that I—!" He smiled with considerable assurance. "Just because I took this moment to decide to beat it! You ought to know me better. If you've got something that'll scare the truth out of somebody who is guilty of all the horrible things around here—I'll—I'll do anything I can! Stay here, even. But you're barking up the wrong tree."

Aggie sat still on the desk—save for his foot—which went on swinging. "Speaking of trees—they had a lot to do with it. Two good-sized ones—chopped down to make that deadfall to put Calder's body in. Two others that showed me how the broken phone wire dangled from. Some high-up scars in the apple tree, convincing me the murderer—had been here last winter. You were here then. And it had to be somebody who was in the club a lot. Somebody who could know about the old Sagochee House foundations. Being here every winter—you could explore them."

"Anybody could!"

"Yes. That bottle of hock. Somebody—following me the night I was down in the wine cellar and trying to leave ahead of me in a hurry—could have knocked it out of a bin. It could have landed standing up, and Jack kept backing until he bumped against his headboard. Then he tried to turn."

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idea of making him disgorge the dope about where the gold was. I thought, when you got back up, you saw Calder playing with that fox in its cage. I thought he'd just ambled in here after leaving Sarah's house to get a highball—or something—"

"I tell you, Aggie, if somebody did all this—!"

The professor waved his hand. "It was my impression that Bogarty told you he hadn't yet seen anybody. But there was Calder, fooling with the fox—so Calder could report that Bogarty had reached the club. I supposed that Calder opened the cage to get the fox and it bit him and escaped. A dog the size of a fox—you said once. That was smart! Disarming. I thought you hit Calder with something, too. Then—as I figured it—you turned out all the club lights and put Calder in Hank's car and carried him up on the lumber road. You had all night to build that deadfall and run that car into Upper Lake. But you found out Bogarty didn't know where the gold was! And you couldn't turn him loose!"

"I thought—you watched the excitement about Calder's death and Bogarty's absence grow, hoping one of the people who owned the gold would make a move to check it. Calder was dead and Sarah had mumps. I presumed you'd kept close tabs on Dr. Davis and Waite. And I'd imagined Davis went down to his wine supply one day, maybe letting you know it—and you followed him. That led you to the gold—you probably watched him work the safe combination. Only—Davis has no wine down there any more. You realized that he could spot you as the thief, if you moved whatever was in that safe. He knew you'd seen him go down to the cellar and he might reason that you, alone, could know he'd gone there when he had no wine."

"Maybe there was some other item—but you knew Davis could spot you somehow, and you knew you had to kill him. You knew he was already trying to work out who killed Calder—because you'd no doubt followed him enough to see that he was taking pictures of everything—the deadfall especially—and developing them in that darkroom. You had a knife like this one—"

Aggie's hand came out of his pocket. Browne flinched. A hunting knife landed lightly on the bed at his side. Jack picked it up.

Plum went on talking. "I was pretty sure it was you. That veil hung on the cellar floor. I think it slipped out of the fox cage when you carried the cage to the furnace to burn it. There's my knife; it's the same type as Hank's. Of course—all I've said is guessing. When Bogarty is able to talk—we'll know, of course."

"(To be concluded)"

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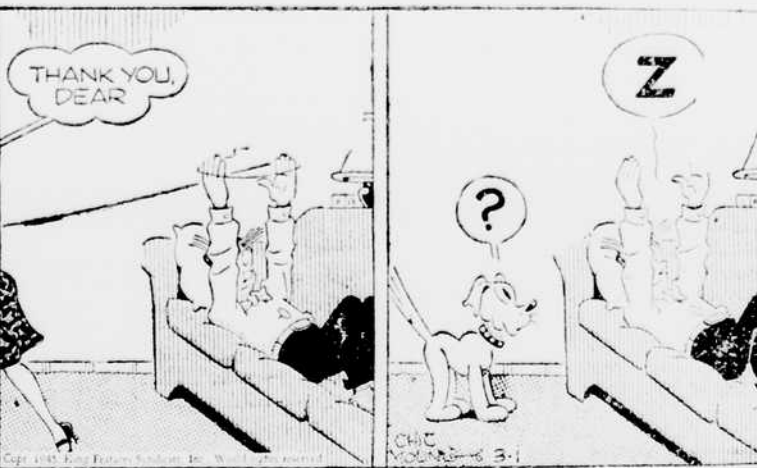
## THIMBLE THEATRE—Starring Popeye



## BLONDIE—(Registered U. S. Patent Office)

### An Unusual Occurrence

By Chic Young



## THE GUMPS—HELEN HAS IT BAD



# HELEN COMES HOME

● A gripping love story involving the lives of three young Americans. In this full-length novel, Watkins E. Wright has written an engrossing story of Helen Miller's quest for happiness.

Following a tragic disappointment in her childhood sweetheart, Helen fled to New York in search of a career. But duty brought her back home where she found happiness.

BEGINS SATURDAY, MARCH 3

## Henderson Daily Dispatch

### Wife Preservers

12-19 THE GARDEN

Cellophane should be removed from a lamp shade as soon as it is in use. Otherwise heat and air changes may shrink the cellophane and bend the frame out of the shade.

### Wife Preservers

12-23 E. C. GREEN

Don't pour cold water into a hot pan which you have just taken from the stove. You may seriously burn your hand by a sudden burst of steam, particularly if the pan is greasy.

### Wife Preservers

12-24

A mixture of one part calcium chloride to 10 parts of sand will keep any walks skid-proof. Keep mixture in a pan and sprinkle over steps and walks when needed.

### SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK

By R. J. SCOTT

FALCON ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN HAS APPEARED AND DISAPPEARED AT LEAST TWICE IN RECORDED HISTORY

EARLY ENGLISH BICYCLE WITH A DIRTY OLD BACK WHEEL

IS THE REINDEER NATIVE TO NORTH AMERICA?  
NO

AN OSTRICH CAN SWALLOW SIX ORANGES BEFORE THE FIRST ONE HAS TRAVELED THE LENGTH OF HIS LONG NECK

### THE OLD HOME TOWN

By STANLEY

SARAH, WE THINK YOU AND MARTHA BETTER GO OVER AND TELL THAT MAN TO PUT A BLANKET ON THAT POOR, FREEZING HORSE— YOU GIRLS WILL BE MORE CONVINCING!!

THE DUMB ANIMAL PROTECTIVE SOCIETY SPEAKS UP—

### EFFECTIVENESS OF ARMY FOOD RATIONS

TO THOSE readers who are following the Lenten Reducing Diets and may from time to time have some doubts about them, it should be interesting to follow the processes the Army experts went through in order to arrive at an ideal Army ration.

This does not mean the food, "the chow," the men get in camp. That, like food everywhere in every sensible home, is left to choice very largely. In spite of all the food experts have said and all the rules they felt had to be laid down for each of us to get a balanced diet, the fact is that it is pretty hard, even under rationing, for a mother to cook up a meal that is not nourishing and balanced.

Up Against It

But the Army experts were up against something else, which was a complete meal that could be carried on combat service. A soldier may get separated from his outfit, or he lands on a sandy beach with a group of his comrades, and it will be a long time before the kitchen catches up to him. So he carries his food—enough for two or three days.

The first requirement of this ration is lightness and compactness. Most of the weight of our food comes from water, so if the ration is dehydrated it answers these requirements.

Nourishing and Necessary

But that isn't all. Of course all the most nourishing and necessary food elements must be included in the right proportion. But that again, with our present knowledge of nutrition, is not difficult.

But that isn't all. Anyone who knows the natural born and God-given privilege of GI Joe to kick will know he wants a little variety. So a good deal of research has been expended on that. The Army ration used to have three meats. Now they have nine, including five new items—chop suey, fried ham, pork steaks, chip steaks and boned chicken.

The biscuits have also been improved. The breakfast unit now contains a compressed cereal. Water purification tablets are added.

At the present time, for landing parties, there is a package which has ten rations in it—and therefore called 10 to 1. It consists of a hot breakfast, a pocket lunch and a hot evening meal. It is packed in five different menus to avoid monotony.

A sample is: Breakfast—Cereal,

bacon, biscuits, jam, coffee, milk and sugar. Lunch—Hamburger, sugar, pineapple rice pudding. Evening meal—Roast beef, corn biscuits, Army spread, hard candy, coffee, milk and sugar.

This sounds like a good all round day's food, but it also represents solid research. All the elements of a balanced diet are present, including sufficient calories. And the amount of study which was required to get it in such small compass is better imagined than described.

But, frankly, for those on a Lenten reducing diet, it is too much. You may imitate it to the extent of including the different elements in order to make it balanced, but don't use so much of each. After all, you are not landing on a sandy beach in the Pacific.

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

C. A.—I perspire excessively during the night. Is that serious?

Answer: Certainly it calls for an examination. It should include a careful examination of the lungs, sputum, if any, and X-ray of the chest. Aside from nervousness, the condition suggests tuberculosis, chronic sepsis and thyroid disorder.

### LENTEN REDUCING DIET

Friday, March 2

BREAKFAST

¾ cup rolled oats—¼ cup top milk—no sugar.

1 cup coffee—no cream or sugar.

LUNCHEON

½ medium size baked potato—no butter or substitute.

1 tablespoon top milk—if desired.

½ cup coleslaw, 1 leaf lettuce—mineral oil dressing.

1 cup tea—if desired—no cream or sugar.

DINNER

Medium size helping any baked, broiled or boiled fish.

1 cup spinach—no butter, cream or substitutes.

1 slice melba toast (wafer thin bread crisped under broiler or in oven)

½ cup junket pudding—no cream or sauce.

1 cup coffee—if desired—no cream or sugar.