



**SINCLAIR GLUCK**

# SHADOW IN THE HOUSE

By SINCLAIR GLUCK

## **Table of Contents**

CHAPTER I “WE ALL SHOOT”	
CHAPTER II THE BLUNTED ARROW	
CHAPTER III THE BROKEN ARROW	
CHAPTER IV SUSAN HAD HYSTERICS	
CHAPTER V “A SOMEWHAT POMPOUS MAN”	
CHAPTER VI ALL THE YOUNG PEOPLE	
CHAPTER VII THE BUTLER’S SUITE	
CHAPTER VIII STIMSON WONDERS TOO	
CHAPTER IX “SHOW THE GENTLEMAN OUT”	
CHAPTER X “SOLICITOUSLY”	
CHAPTER XI THE OLD MAN WHO CALLED	
CHAPTER XII THE DECENCY NOT TO INQUIRE	
CHAPTER XIII “A BIT OF A RISK”	
CHAPTER XIV THE MISSES HARRISON	
CHAPTER XV “WITHOUT CONSULTING ANYONE”	
CHAPTER XVI A LACE HANDKERCHIEF	
CHAPTER XVII “WALK INTO MY PARLOR”	
CHAPTER XVIII “NOTHING MUCH ANYHOW!”	
CHAPTER XIX WHY MRS. GRAHAM SCREAMED	
CHAPTER XX ANOTHER LOCKED DOOR	
CHAPTER XXI GRAHAM IS NOT A FOOL	
CHAPTER XXII A QUESTION OF ANGLE	
CHAPTER XXIII THE WORST POSSIBLE TASTE	
CHAPTER XXIV THE SOUND OF RUNNING FEET	
CHAPTER XXV BERNARD OFFERS A HINT	
CHAPTER XXVI MOTIVE AND METHOD	
CHAPTER XXVII “SO HOME AND TO BED”	

## CHAPTER I

### “WE ALL SHOOT”

ON one side at least, the dinner party had been marked by a sort of ebullient reticence. Landis and Elsa had returned two days since from their honeymoon and were still feeling a little dignified and unique.

Erect and formidable in her stiff chair, Mrs. Paul Bernard appraised the radiance of her niece and found it genuine. Her direct regard swung over upon her recently acquired nephew-in-law. His expression diffused the subdued glow of a vast inner content, whereat she smiled.

Something drew her eyes down the table to her own husband. Her smile faded slowly.

“And now,” Bernard was saying to Landis, “you’re coming back on the job at Headquarters to show up the old rough-and-ready methods of my day. Well, times change!”

“I am, sir! But sarcasm eludes me tonight!”

To their words Mrs. Bernard paid no heed, though she noted the veiled affection in her husband’s voice. His eyes twinkled with amusement. He seemed more animated than usual, yet his change of mood threw into relief something of which she had been only subconsciously aware—a slightly patient droop to his shoulders and to his mouth. Perhaps her effort had been not to see it.

Abruptly, with a novel pang of doubt, she recalled the concluding scene of the case<sup>u</sup> which had brought them all together, a scene wherein she had practically bullied him into an autumnal marriage. Believing her guilty, he had led the hunt away from her and upon himself. She had tried to repay him by giving him her heart and then taking most capable charge of him and his bachelor ineptitudes. She had found him a worthy idol for the deeper, more tranquil devotion of her later years. Intuition had said that he loved her. If he were not content, then intuition had lied and she had taken rather than given.

Recalling his latest words, she banished her doubts. Of course, he loved her! It was the game that he missed! Paul Bernard, a name familiar and respected in official circles on two continents, had retired. Was ever a famous man content with love alone?

Nor did she blame him—much.

The reunion with Elsa and Landis had been a success. But she smothered a sigh as she gave the signal to rise.

“Come along, Elsa! These two head-hunters want to talk shop. We’ll leave them to steep themselves in crime!”

With a backward glance at her husband she slipped her arm about the girl and led her out of the room.

Bernard and Landis entered the drawing-room and settled themselves in the midst of that surprising conglomeration of savage weapons and hunting trophies with which their hostess had

decorated the place. To them appeared Mrs. Bernard's soft-footed houseboy, Tsu. He set tiny cups of coffee and tall, icy glasses at their elbows and as silently withdrew.

"Pretty decent of you to come back and hobnob with a murderer," observed Bernard at length.

Landis cocked an ironic eye at him, then shook his head slowly. "Don't rub it in, sir!"

"Why, you pinned the thing on me and I admitted it! If Charles Carson hadn't murdered Foot, where would I be today?"

"Where you are, d—n it!"

Landis had flushed a little. "When I offered not to denounce you that day I felt very skilful and very magnanimous. Since then I've felt less so, on each count. There wasn't a link missing in the chain that led to you. You confessed readily—too blamed readily. A man of your character and achievements simply couldn't commit a cold-blooded murder and try to hide it. I don't know your motive. But if you know who *did* murder Carson, for the love of Mike, tell me!"

"What steps will you take?" smiled Bernard. "You're in harness yet, remember, while I'm out to graze."

"If *you* haven't taken any, I won't!"

Thereupon, preceded by a brief, slightly apologetic explanation of his own reason for confessing, Bernard named the real murderer of Henry Carson.

Landis was too surprised to offer any immediate comment. Moreover, he was busy with a swift readjustment of the evidence in the light of what he had heard.

At length he laughed. "So simple we never thought of it! Well, I'm glad you didn't guess either, until you were told. It was a pretty white thing you did."

Bernard frowned and fumbled with his pipe.

"That heart attack you had on the stairs!" cried Landis suddenly. "It was fake after all!"

"If there's anything wrong with me," growled Bernard, "it isn't my heart!"

There the Carson case reached a final summation.

Now Landis, who had grown very fond of his gruff colleague, had been watching him during dinner. He had found the old detective just a little subdued. Maybe domesticated was the word. Nor had he altogether missed a softening doubt—a trace of worry—in Mrs. Bernard.

With an eye on the face of his host he probed a little, after a fashion of his own.

"Well, marriage is a great institution, sir! And yet, though I'm almost ashamed to admit it, I shan't be sorry to get back to work!"

Someone with a turn for imagery once compared the look of Bernard to that of a weatherworn and rocky cliff with the sun on it. At this moment a shadow darkened that roughhewn profile as though a cloud were passing overhead. "We're both lucky—" Bernard declared with slow precision, "luckier and happier than we deserve, young fellow!"

“We certainly are, sir! But then, a man needs his work to round out the picture!”

Bernard frowned and stirred restlessly. He turned his head and caught his guest’s eyes on him. Landis was smiling a little. Bernard thumped back into his chair until it creaked beneath his weight.

“Why, you—you d—d, young billygoat!” he snorted. “Pumping me, were you! That’s what a man gets for crawling on the shelf—rusty wits!”

“I’ll probably need you!” Landis explained blandly. “To me, sir, you’re like a fine, staunch craft in harbor, with the winds of the open sea whispering through the rigging. Says I to myself: if I can just whistle loud enough through that rigging, why maybe he’ll put to sea again! Only don’t tell Mrs. Tall—Mrs. Bernard. Fact is, the real top-notchers are badly needed these days!”

“And you’re the boy to supply the wind,” Bernard growled. “Now it’s flattery, eh?”

With a laugh of acknowledgment entirely unabashed, Landis went off at a tangent. “You see, sir, I’m waiting for one of those cases where a man’s pretty sure but not quite—and where there’s not enough evidence to satisfy the grand jury. Then you’re stuck—”

“Third degree,” growled Bernard.

“Given a clever criminal with no previous record, who won’t scare, where are you? You’re not certain! And remember, sir, there’s no third degree practiced any more!” He cocked a whimsical eye at his host. “So you can’t go too far in that direction!”

Bernard puffed at his pipe. “Bluff!” he suggested. “Traps! Surprises! There’s always a way, or almost always. No matter how hard they try, guilty people can’t *always* act *exactly* as they would act if they were innocent!”

“I think I see,” nodded Landis gratefully. “When the case crops up we can dope out a way together, sir.”

This time Bernard laughed. “Is tha-at so? My lad, you’ll have to whistle pretty loud to get this hulk out of harbor. Marion and I are quite contented, thank you!”

“Wouldn’t disturb you for the world!” Landis turned. Tsu, the houseboy, stood in the doorway.

“Mistee Landis,” he intoned, “Headqualtees ling on telephone. Say you please come, chop chop!”

Landis sprang from his chair and disappeared into the hall as the Chinese stepped back. Tsu followed him.

Puffing away at his pipe, Bernard began to smile. Landis had long since won his rather difficult approval. He admired the boy for sacrificing an excellent social position in order to serve society—a society more and more closely beleaguered by the criminal element—in a practical way. He was clever and not too conceited; just lacked experience. When he had that, he would make a name for himself!

Reverting to their conversation just past, Bernard started a trifle and uttered a faint snort.

After a while he heard Landis in the hall calling Elsa. Then the young man appeared in the doorway, an expression of awe on his misleadingly frank countenance.

“Headquarters it was, sir! I’ve got to go. Wow, what a case!”

“All wasted!” snapped Bernard. “You knew the call was coming! Think you can fox me?”

Landis burst out laughing. “Not this call, sir! Mason Rees Harrison—Harrison, the sugar king—was murdered tonight in his own library! It happened at seven-thirty, about the time we sat down to dinner. Somebody out there telephoned Headquarters. The Chief gave me the good word and I’m deputized. My papers are waiting—commission to the case from the local prosecutor!”

“Suppose you can deputize anybody you like?” asked Bernard suspiciously.

“That’s the usual courtesy, I believe.” Landis contrived a tone of silken preoccupation. “On the other hand,” he added suddenly, “no doubt the Chief gave me the job because he knew you’d help. He knows I’m here, you see.”

“Young fox!” Bernard growled.

“My hat! Why the harsh words?”

Both men turned and Bernard heaved himself to his feet. In the doorway stood Elsa and Mrs. Bernard, the one, who had just spoken, radiating force and a blunt sort of charm; the other a little flushed and prettier than ever.

“Harrison the millionaire,” said Landis quickly. “He was shot tonight and I’ve got the case. Of course, I’d like Mr. Bernard to help me, just as he—er—helped with the Carson case.” He smiled engagingly at Mrs. Bernard.

She looked with swift surprise at her husband. After an instant her expression changed and grew subtly questioning. Bernard shook his head.

“He’s trying to drag an old hulk out of harbor, Marion! Nice I’d look, leaving you!”

There was a little pause.

“Do you want to go, Paul?”

He turned away to knock the dottle out of his pipe. “Certainly not, my dear! The boy’s crazy—”

His wife strode forward and put her hands on his shoulders. She was very tall for a woman but he was nearly a head taller and half again as broad in his massive old shoulders. She turned him about and looked up at him.

“If you want to go, go! Hunting man is in your blood just as hunting animals is in mine. Think I care if it’s dangerous? Think I’m the kind of woman to keep a man tied to her apron strings—a *man*, Paul?” she demanded.

“Humph!” Bernard fumbled with his pipe, dropped it, started to pick it up, changed his mind and kissed her. “Well,” he grumbled, “I might just look the ground over, my dear.”

“You’ll go and do as you please,” said his wife.

Bernard grunted something and stooped for his pipe. Only Landis caught the momentary quiver of Mrs. Bernard's lips as she turned away. A little remorseful, he looked down at Elsa who had tucked her arm through his. Luckily her youth and optimism, her confidence in him, spared her what he had seen in the older woman's face. She was pouting a little.

"Back to work so very soon?" she protested.

"Fraid so, Honey! Worst of it is, I can't very well take you into town again. This place is an hour's run from here in the other direction and I've got to get out there at once. It isn't likely we'll get back tonight."

"She'll stay here, of course," interrupted Mrs. Bernard, and turned to Elsa. "We'll go pack a bag for the two of them!" She hustled her niece out of the room with her.

The detectives made their journey to the scene of the murder in the car Landis had bought for his honeymoon.

An hour later, they turned into a long upward drive toward a mansion which seemed ready to burst with the light streaming from its many windows. In view of the wealth of the victim, the case might prove delicate to handle. If the local authorities had been willing to send for outside help, it was almost certainly a difficult one.

Landis drew up in front of a deep, brightly lighted veranda, and they mounted three broad steps, passed between two groups of vacant hammocks and wicker chairs and rang the bell. From the veranda the main building ran back, unbroken on the left where the windows looked out upon lawns and trees, broken on the right by a large wing at right angles to it. So much they had seen as they drove up.

The butler admitted them to a tiled vestibule from which doors opened into cloakrooms on either hand. The vestibule was gilded and frescoed to an ornate chilliness, while high, expensive looking vases flanked the entrance to the hall beyond.

At this second doorway they faced a long hall two stories high, surrounded by a second-floor balcony. Straight ahead of them a wide, pseudo-Venetian staircase led up to a landing where it branched left and right to the balcony.

Through open doorways on their left they could see a bit of the over-furnished drawing-room and of the dining-room beyond. On either side of the staircase narrow passages ran back to green baize doors. Midway in the right-hand wall a wide doorway opened into a big room lined with books. On their immediate right a smaller door was closed.

A slow glance registered these details in both their memories. Then they eyed the butler, Landis studying the man's face while Bernard looked at his hands. These last hung quite naturally and did not tremble. The face, narrow and aquiline, with slightly sunken dark eyes, was unusually handsome. At the moment it was smoothly pale and rigid with aloof dignity.

Bernard looked up.

"You the butler?"

"Yes, sir."



“What’s your name?”

“My name is Stimson, sir.” The tone was entirely unruffled and distinctly chilly. “Er—Mr. Landis?”

Now Landis had already introduced himself. So the butler was snubbing Bernard! It was a situation not without humor, if Stimson had known. Landis proceeded to tell him.

“I’m Landis, as I believe I mentioned already,” he said. “This is Mr. Bernard—Mr. Paul Bernard—of whom you may have heard, Stimson!”

The man stepped back a pace and bent slightly.

“I have, of course, sir. You’ll pardon me. Your manner was a trifle abrupt and I did not know.”

A most astonishing butler, thought Landis.

If Bernard had any retort to make, it was checked by the sudden opening of the door on their right and the appearance of a youngish man in evening clothes. He closed the door behind him and came forward unsmiling.

“Mr. Landis?” he inquired.

Landis bowed. The young man directed a glance of dismissal at the butler who turned without haste and moved away toward the dining-room.

“This is Mr. ——?” inquired Landis politely.

“My name’s Graham. I’m junior member of the law firm employed by Mr. Harrison. My wife and I have been guests here for a week and I was here tonight when Mr. Harrison was murdered. So I took charge until the police came.” He glanced quickly at Bernard.

Landis introduced them and Graham’s face brightened a little.

“Glad to meet you, sir! If you’re here officially, we’re lucky. Of course, I know your name—”

“And never heard of mine,” Landis smiled. “Well, Mr. Bernard is going to help us!”

Graham’s features relaxed in a smile that betrayed signs of strain. He was of the clear-cut, capable, rather highly strung type of young business man whose good breeding and rigid code of ethics often lead to the law.

“The coroner has been here and gone again,” he explained. “He’s coming back in the morning for the body.”

Landis studied the direct, dark blue eyes.

“Who sent for me?” he inquired.

“I did. The coroner agreed that expert help was advisable and arranged your papers with the local authorities.”

“Why?” asked Bernard suddenly.

“Because the murder looks like an inside job, Mr. Bernard!” Graham smoothed his short brown hair nervously. “But you can judge for yourself, of course.”

“Where’s the body?”

Graham turned and led them through the doorway from which he had emerged. They found themselves in a small, brilliantly lighted reception-room furnished with polished console tables and stiff gold chairs.

Toward the far side of the room, the pale gray carpet bore a large, irregular stain of moisture from which bits of broken glass caught the light. Immediately in front of them a big man lay sprawled on his back, his arms outflung, his feet pointing toward the open door which led into the library. A local policeman stood guard over the body.

Drawing nearer, the detectives saw that the dead face still bore the imprint of emotion. On the gross, slightly sunken features rested the shadow of a furious amazement. The evening clothes had been disarranged and approximately replaced.

“How was he killed?” rumbled Bernard.

“He was shot in the back—with an arrow.”

“An arrow!” Bernard frowned his incredulity.

“Yes. The broken shaft of it is still under him.”

“Has the body been moved then?” asked Landis.

“The doctor examined it and so did the coroner. But they replaced him exactly as they found him. The doctor is still here, waiting for you in the library.”

“He gives this arrow as the cause of death?”

“Yes. There doesn’t seem to be any question about that, Mr. Landis.”

“Do you mean to say that Harrison was shot here in his own house with an arrow, and nobody knows who did it?”

“That’s the strange part of it! There were two women here in this room who saw him fall. But they can’t help us. That’s why I telephoned Headquarters.”

“There must be somebody in the household, or somebody who was here tonight, who knows how to shoot with a bow and arrow!” snapped Bernard. “Nine people out of ten don’t know how—couldn’t shoot straight.”

“We—we all shoot!” said Graham.

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▣ “The Last Trap,” Dodd, Mead & Co., New York City, N. Y.

## CHAPTER II

### THE BLUNTED ARROW

IN the rococo reception-room its recent owner still held the center of the stage, that dominance now one of arresting tragedy rather than of personality. He lay flat on his back, limp and motionless, cushioned in the pile of his own rich carpet. The glare of many bulbs from a gilt chandelier betrayed without mercy the heavy, self-indulgent, slightly distorted features. Death had robbed Harrison's face of its dynamic vitality without lending it the dignity of peace.

Graham's admission that everyone in the household could shoot with a bow and arrow had brought the eyes of Bernard and Landis from the dead man to the living. Aware of their swift attention, he hastened to explain.

"You see," he began, "Mr. Harrison has a brother, Joel Harrison, who's not quite—well—he's unusual!"

"D'you mean he's crazy?" suggested Bernard.

"No. He's absent-minded and rather like a child—a sane child. He'll devote immense enthusiasm to a fad that most of us would consider unimportant." Graham smiled. "You'll find the same identical symptoms in middle-aged golfers who are otherwise quite sane!"

"Joel Harrison's latest craze is archery. While not especially kind to him in other ways, Mr. Harrison must have given him a free hand with money. The house is full of bows and arrows. There are targets indoors and out. The two girls shoot very well and so does Miss Mount, who joins us occasionally. The rest of us have enjoyed the sport for a change and we're all fair shots by this time, I guess."

"You think someone in the house killed Harrison?" asked Landis bluntly.

"I've no other reason for thinking so. But the situation struck me as complicated and delicate. There are several guests. Harrison is the richest man in the neighborhood. Local respect for him would extend to his household."

"What's this stain on the carpet?" inquired Bernard.

"Susan dropped a tray of cocktails there when Mr. Harrison fell. She's one of the housemaids."

Bernard knelt laboriously and sniffed at the patch of moisture. He found a bit of glass, turned it this way and that, then rose with a nod.

"Suppose we look over the ground a little before we see the doctor," suggested Landis. "By the way, exactly where was Harrison standing when he was shot?"

"In the doorway," said Graham. "He was coming into this room from the library when he suddenly plunged forward."

"On his face?"

"I hadn't thought of that! Perhaps he rolled over."

“Then his legs wouldn’t point through the doorway as they do! Never mind. The shot came from the library. We’ll have a look at the library, I think.”

He glanced at Bernard who nodded in silence.

Leaving the local policeman on guard over it, they stepped past the body and entered the room from which the arrow had come. It was some fifty feet long, walled high with books, aglare with ceiling lights as well as standard and table lamps. The long inner wall to their left was broken by the double doorway into the hall and then by a fireplace of vast dimensions in which a log fire burned pallidly beneath the blaze of lights. Fireplace and chimney above it jutted into the room. Solid ranks of books lay beyond.

The far end wall was broken in the middle by a door, built to open outward and to the left. This was not quite closed. Against the end wall, square platforms about three feet high flanked a low passage to the door. They were hidden by handsome silk rugs, and from each rose a suit of armor; that to the left, chivalric; the other, Japanese.

The wall to the right held three windows at balanced intervals. Wide and high to light the big apartment in the daytime, the nearest two framed the contrasting darkness of the night outside, while the third showed a glimpse of the lighted wing, for the shades had not been lowered. The bottom sashes were closed. The top ones were down a foot or so, though the October air had grown chilly at twilight.

Opposite the fireplace stood an enormous teakwood desk, its carved dragons supporting a surface of polished black marble. Landis regarded it with awe as the ugliest and clumsiest piece of furniture he had ever seen. A bronze desk-lamp, lighted, disclosed gilded files, papers clipped together, a small hand telephone on its rest and the paraphernalia of a working desk. Much of the other furniture was almost equally heavy and pretentious, if not quite so ugly.

In front of the fire sat a middle-aged man with a short beard and large ears, drumming on the arms of his chair. He stood up as they drew nearer and Graham introduced him as Doctor Stanford from the town a half-mile distant.

The doctor’s rumpled, threadbare suit indicated no stress of calls to make. Impressed by Bernard’s name, he expressed his willingness to wait a little longer. Landis, who had been looking absently about, thanked him and led Bernard and Graham on down the room.

At the far end, the platform on the left supported a suit of golden armor of the solid, tournament type, the breast-plate and closed visor each embossed with a crown. Landis veered toward the other platform on which stood the harness of a Samurai warrior encasing a lay figure. In contrast with the gold on steel opposite, the woven silk of the Japanese armor and its lacquered, overlapping scales of papier-mâché appeared ridiculously light.

Landis was not interested in comparisons. From the shoulders of the Japanese figure hung a quiver containing three arrows, points downward, their projecting shafts fletched with short white feathers. Leaning against the figure, but not attached to it, stood a long, asymmetrical Japanese bow, strung and taut.

From a chair close at hand a police sergeant had come to his feet. Graham introduced him as Sergeant Forbes of the local force. The man saluted and shook hands with both detectives,

eyeing Bernard with veiled interest. If he resented this intrusion from city headquarters, his terse, matter-of-fact greeting gave no indication of it.

“Seems a difficult case, Sergeant,” observed Landis cordially. “We’re going to need all the help you can give us.”

Sergeant Forbes flushed a little.

“You can rely on me for that, Lieutenant,” he replied gruffly.

“How long have you been on guard here?”

“I’ve kept that bow under my eye ever since I arrived, about ten minutes after the murder,” answered the sergeant. “Nobody’s touched it since I came.”

Landis turned to Graham.

“It wasn’t strung like that as a rule, I suppose?”

“I’m not sure. But it wasn’t where it is now. Miss Mount says it was slung over the back. She ran in here only a minute or two after Mr. Harrison was shot. She noticed then that it had been moved.”

“Who’s Miss Mount?” inquired Bernard.

“She used to be governess to Mr. Harrison’s two daughters. Now she’s hostess, chaperon and housekeeper, so to speak. She was in the reception-room with Susan when Mr. Harrison fell.”

“Did anyone,” Landis asked, “keep an eye on the bow after Harrison was shot and before the police arrived?”

Graham nodded doubtfully.

“Part of the time. I didn’t get downstairs until eight or ten minutes after Mr. Harrison was murdered. I came in here almost at once and phoned for the doctor and the police from that big desk. While I was sitting there Miss Mount came in and showed me the bow and told me it had been moved. From the desk I could see the bow in one direction and, by turning my head, keep an eye on Mr. Harrison’s body through the doorway. I sat there until the sergeant and the other policeman arrived. There was nobody in the room when I got here. No one who came in after that went near either end of the room up to the time the sergeant took over the job of watching.”

“Barring the doctor,” Sergeant Forbes volunteered, “there’s been nobody in this room since I came.”

“Thanks!” said Landis pleasantly.

“Was this end door usually open or closed?” Bernard asked Graham.

“Miss Mount spoke of that, too. It was open until tonight. I can verify that. I’ve passed it often since I’ve been here and glanced into the library. The door was always back against the wall in the hall.”

“Uh-huh,” grunted Bernard thoughtfully. He moved between the suits of armor and pushed the door, his hand close to the hinge, so that it swung slowly open.

Standing in the doorway he faced the middle of a short, wide hall running left and right across the end of the library. To his right the wall containing the doorway in which he stood was, of course, blank. But turning his head to the left he saw that it extended a little beyond the end of the library to contain a green baize, swing door. His sense of topography told him that this door communicated with the front hall on the near side of the main staircase. The end wall to his left had a similar green door at right angles to the other. The end wall to his right was blank. He had expected windows, as it was a continuation of the long outer wall of the library. Evidently the wing lay beyond. The near right-hand corner was occupied by a luxurious couch, behind which rose a marble statue of Cupid and Psyche in a flippant mood.

The other side of the hall contained, from left to right, three wide, shallow, frosted windows set high in the wall and, at the extreme right, a heavy, closed door. Through the windows shone a diffused and greenish light.

Bernard turned to find Graham beside him. Landis had stepped back and they heard him ask the sergeant to stay in the library and watch the Japanese bow. When he rejoined them Bernard pointed away to his left.

“What’s beyond that swing door at the end of the hall there?” he asked Graham.

“That and the swing door on the far side of the main staircase open into the servants’ hall, I believe, although I’ve never been through either.”

Bernard indicated the opposite wall. “What’s back of those windows?” he inquired. “Billiard-room?”

“Yes,” Graham nodded, “through that door.”

Landis had moved away to the left and, after a peep through the little window it contained, had swung open the door at the end of the hall and vanished. Now he reappeared and joined them.

“Butler’s pantry opposite,” he told Bernard. “Kitchen farther back. Narrow hall to the back door. This side of it the cellar stairs go down. Above them and just beyond this door to the right the back stairs go up to the second floor. Just beyond this door on the left is another into the front hall on the far side of the main stairs.”

Bernard grunted an acknowledgment and frowned.

“Billiard-room behind those windows,” he told Landis, abruptly. “Might have a look at it.”

They crossed the hall diagonally and opened the heavy door to find themselves in an oak-paneled room parallel to and of the same length as the hall they had just left. It was pleasantly warm, the air hazy and fragrant with cigarette- and wood-smoke.

Their entrance failed to interrupt a desultory game of billiards being played by two young men in evening clothes. Both looked up. The more slender of the two nodded to Graham, his face in shadow. The other bent over the table, where the shaded lights revealed him as big and blond and good-looking. He finished his shot and made it.

Only the lights above the table were switched on, so that a big log fire at the far end cast dancing shadows on the walls and ceiling. It burned in a fireplace of rough stone flanked by deep leather chairs. The far side wall contained three windows hidden by lowered shades. Low, built-in

wooden seats, upholstered with dark green, leather cushions ran along each side of the room, with billiard-racks above them and between the windows.

Another closed door faced the one through which they had entered. A pace or two distant, the middle of the end wall to their right was pierced by a generous archway. Heavy, drawn curtains concealed what lay beyond.

Landis nodded toward the opposite door. "Where does that go?" he asked Graham.

"It opens on a small porch and a flight of steps to the sunken garden. The lower hall of the guest wing lies through the arch here."

With a humorous glance at his impassive companion Landis parted the curtains and they stepped through to find themselves looking down a long hall at right angles to the library. Landis dropped the curtains behind him. In the billiard-room, the two young men exchanged glances and went on with their game.

The hall which the detectives now faced was richly carpeted. Six doors opened into it, three on the left, one at the end and two on the right. All six were closed.

"Help!" Landis grumbled. "This place is like a hotel! Well, what are all these rooms?"

Graham's nervous answering smile acknowledged, almost gratefully, this human touch of exasperation.

"They're bachelor guest rooms," he explained, "two on each side with a bath between. That door at the end leads outdoors to the garage. We use this hall a lot coming in and out."

"Anybody using the rooms?" asked Bernard dryly.

"Those two chaps in the billiard-room are quartered here. Russell, the big fellow, has the far room on the right, facing the front of the house. Allen has the far one on the left. The nearer rooms are unoccupied so far as I know."

"What's the extra door down there?" Landis cut in.

"I've no idea. It might be a linen-closet—"

Landis was off down the hall. He opened the last door on the left, shut it again and groaned as he rejoined them. "Another flight of stairs! Opens into the hall above this one, I suppose?"

"Never knew it was there!" said Graham in surprise. "Come to think of it, I believe there is a third door on the left upstairs. We're billeted up there. It's probably meant for the servants."

Landis nodded absently. "Well," he said, "suppose we go back and interview that doctor."

"Just a minute," rapped Bernard. He walked heavily toward the end of the hall and tried the door there. It was locked, and his big fingers found the key on the inside.

"Thought you used this hall a lot!" he growled as he came back. "It's only a bit after ten and the door's locked!"

"That's funny," said Graham. "It's never locked until midnight as a rule—later, if we're all out."

“Well, it’s locked now.”

“Wait a minute!” Graham paused to think.

“We all came through that door before dinner tonight,” he declared at last, “that is, the six of us. I dropped behind with my wife. And I held the door open for her! I’m sure of that! Look here, I was the last one through that door before dinner—I mean, when we came home—and I’m certain I didn’t lock it after me!”

“That’s something! Suppose the butler locked it?”

“I don’t know why he should—unless after Mr. Harrison was murdered!”

“The stable door,” said Landis. “Well, that can wait, I guess.” He looked at Bernard. “Nice layout, isn’t it, sir? The wing must connect with the main building upstairs. So there’s at least one route for any person in the house to get from any room in the house to that Japanese bow without being seen from the front hall or the library!”

“Looks that way,” agreed Bernard shortly. “Suppose we have a look at the body now.”

Passing through the billiard-room, Landis tried the door to the sunken garden and found it unlocked. The two players looked up again but made no remark. In the hall beyond, Graham gave vent to a mirthless laugh.

“Of course those fellows wanted to leave after such a tragedy,” he grumbled, “and of course I had to ask them to stay! It’s a pleasant atmosphere here, with everybody suspecting everybody else in the house!”

“Would there be anyone in the billiard-room just at dinner time?” Landis asked him.

“It’s hard to say. Somebody might come down early and play a bit.”

“If they didn’t, it would be just as easy for anybody to get to this end of the library from outside the house altogether! The door into the sunken garden wasn’t locked, unless someone has unlocked it since the murder.”

“It probably wouldn’t be locked before dinner,” Graham told them.

Landis nodded and led his companions into the library where they found Sergeant Forbes still on guard by the Japanese armor and the doctor pacing slowly up and down in front of the fire. Landis paused between the two platforms and stared down the long room toward the doorway where Harrison had been shot. Nothing interrupted his view of it.

Bernard came to a halt, following the glance of the younger man, a half-smile twitching at his grim lips. Graham stopped also and looked from one detective to the other.

Abruptly Landis took out his handkerchief, turned to the Japanese quiver and, without touching them with his hands, carefully withdrew the arrows it contained. He laid them gently across his coat sleeve, examined them at close quarters and beckoned his companions.

The warhead of one of the arrows was badly blunted. At the other end of this arrow a tiny bit of feather had been ripped off close to the shaft and was missing.



Bernard looked and smiled. “Score one to you, perhaps!” he rumbled. “That’s first-class reasoning!”

Landis laid the damaged arrow near the bow and restored the others to the quiver. Then he walked to the big desk, sat down and put through a call to the city. Bernard and Graham joined the doctor by the fire, where they heard Landis urging someone to come at once.

“Look here,” Graham murmured to Bernard, “how in the world could he guess that one of those arrows was blunted? And what does it go to prove?”

“Second question first,” answered Bernard, smiling. “I don’t know what it will prove. As to his guess, it’s a fairly long shot down the room. If anybody planned to shoot Harrison from back there by the door, he might want to make sure he could shoot straight with that bow and one of those arrows. So he might find or make an opportunity to test his skill with them—somewhere else. But an arrow is pretty big to hide successfully. His practice arrow might be missed. Therefore, he might restore it to the quiver and hope no one would notice it. It was good reasoning and probably correct. That arrowhead was blunted recently. It’s still shiny.”

Graham looked his astonishment. “Great guns! I knew you fellows were keen—but—

“On the other hand,” he digressed suddenly, “why should anybody shoot down the whole length of the room at Mr. Harrison? Why not slip in the door there and shoot him at his desk? He was sitting there just before he was killed.”

“How do you know that?”

“Miss Mount came in and spoke to him a few minutes before the gong sounded.”

“We-ell,” drawled Bernard, “a man at a desk and sideways on is no easy target for a fatal shot with an arrow. Perhaps Harrison knew the murderer by sight. If the first arrow merely wounded him—and there’d be no time for a second—he might turn his head and recognize his assailant—from the desk. On the other hand, if Harrison reached the far end of the room and had his back turned, the murderer had a better chance to slip out again unseen, supposing his shot failed to kill. Do you get the idea?”

“Since you’ve explained it, I do,” nodded Graham with a laugh.

Landis hung up the receiver and joined them.

“Sorry to keep you waiting so long, Doctor!” he said cheerfully. “Now, let’s have a look at the body.”

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