

## Test Your Knowledge

Can you answer seven of these ten questions? Turn to page Four for the answers.

- What is phonetics?
- In which state is Mammoth Cave?
- What woman writer used the pseudonym George Eliot?
- Name the capital of the state of Merida, Venezuela.

## HORSE SALE

At my farm 6 miles west of Ft. Wayne on State Road 14

Friday, Oct. 30, 1936

Sale Starts at 12:30 p. m.

30—HEAD HORSES—30  
20 are good farm mares broke.

10 YEARLING COLTS

E. D. Eward, owner  
Ellenberger Bros., Aucts.

- What is the state flower of Ohio?
- Where is Albemarle Sound?
- Who was Augustin Theodore Ribot?
- When did the great Klondike gold rush occur?
- In which city is George Washington University?
- What is alchemy?

- What is the source of the proverb: "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doest?"
- Name the city situated on the last of the chain of Florida Keys.
- Where is the Aar River?
- What is a mermaid?
- Who was Niels Wilhelm Gade?

- By what sobriquet was Edmund Charles Edward Genet known?
- In which state is the Pascagoula river?
- What is a fuse?
- Where is Purdue University?
- How often is a population census of the U. S. taken?

- Appointment of Administrator

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned has been appointed Administrator of the estate of Frances G. late of Adams County, deceased. The estate is probably solvent.  
Edward L. Gase, Administrator  
Fruechte and Litterer, Attorneys  
October 9, 1936, Oct. 18-20-27

## COURTHOUSE

## New Case

The Knights of Columbus building association filed an ejection suit against Edmund A. Bosse. Notice was ordered, returnable November 7.

## New Case

A suit for divorce has been filed by Mabelle Meyers against George E. Meyers. Summons were ordered issued to the sheriff of Adams County for the defendant, returnable November 16.

## Estate Case

A petition to sell real estate to pay debts was filed in the estate of Jacob F. Moser by Joel Moser. The real estate was ordered sold at public sale.

## Guardian Discharged

The final report was filed by Mary Keller, guardian of Franklin C. Keller. It was examined and approved. The guardian was discharged and the trust terminated.

## Estate Cases

The renunciation of option in will was filed in the estate of William Sellmeyer by Edna M. Jaberg, Josephine Jaberg and

## "THE BIG FOUR" by Agatha Christie

## CHAPTER XXXIV

"Li Chang Yen has shown his hand. And the others?"

"Abe Ryland arrived in England a week ago, and left for the Continent yesterday."

"And Madame Olivier?"

"Madame Olivier left Paris last night."

"For Italy?"

"For Italy, sir. As far as we can judge, they are both making for the resort you indicated—though how you knew that—"

"Ah, that is not the cap with the feather for me! That was the work of Hastings here. He conceals his intelligence, you comprehend, but it is profound for all that."

Harvey looked at me with due appreciation, and I felt rather uncomfortable.

"All is in train, then," said Poirot. "He was pale now, and completely serious. "The time has come. The arrangements are all made."

"Everything you ordered has been carried out. The governments of Italy, France and England are behind you, and are all working harmoniously together."

"It is, in fact, a new Entente," observed Poirot dryly. "I am glad that Desiradeau is convinced at last. Eh bien, then, we will start—or rather, I will start. You, Hastings, will remain here—yes, I pray you. In verity, my friend, I am serious."

I believed him, but it was unlikely that I should consent to being left behind in that fashion. Our argument was short but decisive.

"It was not until we were in the train, speeding towards Paris that he admitted that he was secretly glad of my decision."

"For you have a part to play, Hastings. An important part! Without you, I might well fail. Nevertheless, I felt that it was my duty to urge you to remain behind."

"There is danger, then?"

"Mon ami, where there is the Big Four there is always danger."

On arrival in Paris, we drove across to the Gare de l'Est, and Poirot at last announced our destination. We were bound for Bolzano and Italian Tyrol.

During Harvey's absence from our carriage I took the opportunity of asking Poirot why he had said that the discovery of the rendezvous was my work.

"Because it was, my friend. How Ingles managed to get hold of the information I do not know, but he and he sent it to us by his servant. We are bound, mon ami, for Karersee, the new Italian name for which is Lago di Carezza. You see, now where you, Cara Zia' comes in and also your 'Carrozza' and 'Largo'—the Handel was supplied by your own imagination. Possibly some reference to the information coming from the 'hand' of M. Ingles started the train of association."

"Karersee?" I queried. "I never heard of it."

"I always tell you that the English know no geography. But as a matter of fact it is a well-known and very beautiful summer resort, four thousand feet up, in the heart of the Dolomites."

"And it is in this out of the way spot that the Big Four have their rendezvous?"

"Say rather their headquarters. The signal has been given, and it is their intention to disappear from the world and issue orders from their mountain fastness. I have made inquiries—a lot of quarrying of stone and mineral deposits is done there, and the company apparently

a small Italian firm, is in reality controlled by Abe Ryland. I am prepared to swear that a vast subterranean dwelling has been hollowed out in the very heart of the mountain, secret and inaccessible. From there the leaders of the organisation will issue by wireless their orders to their followers who are numbered by thousands in every country. And from that crag in the Dolomites the dictators of the world will emerge. That is to say—they will emerge were it not for Hercule Poirot."

"Do you seriously believe all this, Poirot? What about the armies and general machinery of civilisation?"

"What about it in Russia? Hastings? This will be Russia on an infinitely larger scale—and with this additional menace—that Madame Olivier's experiments have proceeded further than she has ever given out. I believe that she has, to a certain extent, succeeded in liberating atomic energy and harnessing it to her purpose. Her experiments with the nitrogen of the air have been very remarkable, and she has also experimented in the concentration of wireless energy, so that a beam of great intensity can be focused upon some given spot. Exactly how far she has progressed, nobody knows, but it is certain that it is much farther than has ever been given out. She is a genius, that woman—the Curies were as nothing to her. Add to her genius the powers of Ryland's almost unlimited wealth, and, with the brain of Li Chang Yen, the finest criminal brain ever known, to direct and plan—eh bien, it will not be, as you say, all ready for you to remain behind."

His words made me very thoughtful. Although Poirot was given at times to exaggeration of language, he was not really an alarmist. For the first time I realised what a desperate struggle it was upon which we were engaged.

Harvey soon rejoined us and the journey went on.

We arrived at Bolzano about mid-day. From there the journey was by motor. Several big blue motor-cars were waiting in the central square of the town, and we three got into one of them. Poirot, notwithstanding the heat of the day, was muffled to the eyes in great-coat and scarf. His eyes and the tips of his ears were all that could be seen of him.

I did not know whether this was due to precaution or merely his exaggerated fear of catching a chill. The motor journey took a couple of hours. It was a really wonderful drive. For the first part of the way we wound in and out of huge cliffs, with a trickling waterfall on one hand. Then we emerged into a fertile valley, which continued for some miles, and then, still winding steadily upwards, the bare rocky peaks began to show with dense clustering pinewoods at their base. The whole place was wild and lovely. Finally a series of abrupt curves, with the road running through the pine woods on either side, and we came suddenly upon a big hotel and found that we had arrived.

Our rooms had been reserved for us, and under Harvey's guidance we went straight up to them. They looked straight out over the rocky and the long slopes of pine woods leading up to them. Poirot made a gesture towards them.

"It is there?" he asked in a low voice.

"Yes," replied Harvey. "There is a place called the Felsenlabyrinth—all big boulders piled up in a most fantastic way—a path winds

through them. The quarrying is to the right of that, but we think that the entrance is probably in the Felsenlabyrinth."

Poirot nodded.

"Come, mon ami," he said to me. "Let us go down and sit upon the terrace and enjoy the sunlight."

"You think that wise?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders.

The sunlight was marvellous—in fact the glare was almost too great for me. We had some creamy coffee instead of tea, then went upstairs and unpacked our few belongings. Poirot was in his most unapproachable mood, lost in a kind of reverie. Once or twice he shook his head and sighed.

I had been rather intrigued by a man who had got out of our train at Bolzano, and had been met by a private car. He was a small man, and the thing about him that had attracted my attention was that he was almost as much muffled up as Poirot had been. More so, indeed, for in addition to greatcoat and muffler, he was wearing huge blue spectacles. I was convinced that he was an emissary of the Big Four. Poirot did not seem very impressed by my idea, but when, leaning out of my bedroom window, I reported that the man in question was strolling about in the vicinity of the hotel, he admitted that there might be something in it.

I urged my friend not to go down to dinner, but he insisted on doing so. We entered the dining-room rather late, and were shown to a table by the window. As we sat down, our attention was attracted by the window of a man who was known to be a genius, that woman—the Curies were as nothing to her. Add to her genius the powers of Ryland's almost unlimited wealth, and, with the brain of Li Chang Yen, the finest criminal brain ever known, to direct and plan—eh bien, it will not be, as you say, all ready for you to remain behind."

His words made me very thoughtful. Presently, when the offending waiter was serving us with soup, Poirot spoke to him.

"An unfortunate accident, that. But it was not your fault."

"Monsieur saw that?"

"No, indeed it was not my fault. The gentleman half sprung up from his chair—I thought he was going to have an attack of some kind. I could not save the catastrophe."

I saw Poirot's eyes shining with the green light I knew so well, and as the waiter departed he said to me in a low voice:

"You see, Hastings, the effect of Hercule Poirot—alive and in the flesh!"

"You think—"

I had not time to continue. I felt Poirot's hand on my knee, as he whispered excitedly:

"Look, Hastings, look. His trick with the bread! Number Four!"

Sure enough, the man at the next table to ours, his face unusually pale, was dabbing a small piece of bread mechanically about the table.

I studied him carefully. His face, clean-shaven and puffy fat, was of a pasty, unhealthy sallowness, with heavy pouches under the eyes and deep lines running from his nose to the corners of his mouth. His age might have been anything from thirty-five to forty-five. In no particular did he resemble any one of the characters which Number Four had previously assumed. Indeed, had it not been for his little trick with the bread, of which he was evidently quite unaware, I would have sworn readily enough that the man sitting there was some one whom I had never seen before.

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