

MISS  
MARPLE

*Agatha  
Christie*

---

---

TAPE-  
MEASURE  
MURDER

---

---

A SHORT STORY

# Tape-Measure Murder

A Miss Marple Short Story  
by Agatha Christie

HARPER

NEW YORK • LONDON • TORONTO • SYDNEY

## **Contents**

[Cover](#)

[Title Page](#)

[Tape-Measure Murder](#)

[About the Author](#)

[Related Products](#)

[Copyright](#)

[About the Publisher](#)

## Tape-Measure Murder

‘Tape-Measure Murder’ was first published in the USA in This Week, 16 November 1941, and then as ‘The Case of the Retired Jeweller’ in Strand Magazine, February 1942.

Miss Politt took hold of the knocker and rapped politely on the cottage door. After a discreet interval she knocked again. The parcel under her left arm shifted a little as she did so, and she readjusted it. Inside the parcel was Mrs Spenlow’s new green winter dress, ready for fitting. From Miss Politt’s left hand dangled a bag of black silk, containing a tape measure, a pincushion, and a large, practical pair of scissors.

Miss Politt was tall and gaunt, with a sharp nose, pursed lips, and meagre iron-grey hair. She hesitated before using the knocker for the third time. Glancing down the street, she saw a figure rapidly approaching. Miss Hartnell, jolly, weather-beaten, fifty-five, shouted out in her usual loud bass voice, ‘Good afternoon, Miss Politt!’

The dressmaker answered, ‘Good afternoon, Miss Hartnell.’ Her voice was excessively thin and genteel in its accents. She had started life as a lady’s maid. ‘Excuse me,’ she went on, ‘but do you happen to know if by any chance Mrs Spenlow isn’t at home?’

‘Not the least idea,’ said Miss Hartnell.

‘It’s rather awkward, you see. I was to fit on Mrs Spenlow’s new dress this afternoon. Three-thirty, she said.’

Miss Hartnell consulted her wrist watch. ‘It’s a little past the half-hour now.’

‘Yes. I have knocked three times, but there doesn’t seem to be any answer, so I was wondering if perhaps Mrs Spenlow might have gone out and forgotten. She doesn’t forget appointments as a rule, and she wants the dress to wear the day after tomorrow.’

Miss Hartnell entered the gate and walked up the path to join Miss Politt outside the door of Laburnum Cottage.

‘Why doesn’t Gladys answer the door?’ she demanded. ‘Oh, no, of course, it’s Thursday – Gladys’s day out. I expect Mrs Spenlow has fallen asleep. I don’t expect you’ve made enough noise with this thing.’

Seizing the knocker, she executed a deafening *rat-a-tat-tat*, and in addition thumped upon the panels of the door. She also called out in a stentorian voice, 'What ho, within there!'

There was no response.

Miss Politt murmured, 'Oh, I think Mrs Spenlow must have forgotten and gone out, I'll call round some other time.' She began edging away down the path.

'Nonsense,' said Miss Hartnell firmly. 'She can't have gone out. I'd have met her. I'll just take a look through the windows and see if I can find any signs of life.'

She laughed in her usual hearty manner, to indicate that it was a joke, and applied a perfunctory glance to the nearest window-pane – perfunctory because she knew quite well that the front room was seldom used, Mr and Mrs Spenlow preferring the small back sitting-room.

Perfunctory as it was, though, it succeeded in its object. Miss Hartnell, it is true, saw no signs of life. On the contrary, she saw, through the window, Mrs Spenlow lying on the hearthrug – dead.

'Of course,' said Miss Hartnell, telling the story afterwards, 'I managed to keep my head. That Politt creature wouldn't have had the least idea of what to do. "Got to keep our heads," I said to her. "*You* stay here, and I'll go for Constable Palk." She said something about not wanting to be left, but I paid no attention at all. One has to be firm with that sort of person. I've always found they enjoy making a fuss. So I was just going off when, at that very moment, Mr Spenlow came round the corner of the house.'

Here Miss Hartnell made a significant pause. It enabled her audience to ask breathlessly, 'Tell me, how did he *look*?'

Miss Hartnell would then go on, 'Frankly, *I* suspected something at once! He was *far* too calm. He didn't seem surprised in the least. And you may say what you like, it isn't natural for a man to hear that his wife is dead and display no emotion whatever.'

Everybody agreed with this statement.

The police agreed with it, too. So suspicious did they consider Mr Spenlow's detachment, that they lost no time in ascertaining how that gentleman was situated as a result of his wife's death. When they discovered that Mrs Spenlow had been the monied partner, and that her money went to her husband under a will made soon after their marriage, they were more suspicious than ever.

Miss Marple, that sweet-faced – and, some said, vinegar-tongued – elderly spinster who lived in the house next to the rectory, was interviewed very early – within half an hour of the discovery of the crime. She was approached by

Police Constable Palk, importantly thumbing a notebook. ‘If you don’t mind, ma’am, I’ve a few questions to ask you.’

Miss Marple said, ‘In connection with the murder of Mrs Spenlow?’

Palk was startled. ‘May I ask, madam, how you got to know of it?’

‘The fish,’ said Miss Marple.

The reply was perfectly intelligible to Constable Palk. He assumed correctly that the fishmonger’s boy had brought it, together with Miss Marple’s evening meal.

Miss Marple continued gently. ‘Lying on the floor in the sitting-room, strangled – possibly by a very narrow belt. But whatever it was, it was taken away.’

Palk’s face was wrathful. ‘How that young Fred gets to know everything –’

Miss Marple cut him short adroitly. She said, ‘There’s a pin in your tunic.’

Constable Palk looked down, startled. He said, ‘They do say, “See a pin and pick it up, all the day you’ll have good luck.”’

‘I hope that will come true. Now what is it you want me to tell you?’

Constable Palk cleared his throat, looked important, and consulted his notebook. ‘Statement was made to me by Mr Arthur Spenlow, husband of the deceased. Mr Spenlow says that at two-thirty, as far as he can say, he was rung up by Miss Marple, and asked if he would come over at a quarter past three as she was anxious to consult him about something. Now, ma’am, is that true?’

‘Certainly not,’ said Miss Marple.

‘You did not ring up Mr Spenlow at two-thirty?’

‘Neither at two-thirty nor any other time.’

‘Ah,’ said Constable Palk, and sucked his moustache with a good deal of satisfaction.

‘What else did Mr Spenlow say?’

‘Mr Spenlow’s statement was that he came over here as requested, leaving his own house at ten minutes past three; that on arrival here he was informed by the maid-servant that Miss Marple was “not at ’ome”.’

‘That part of it is true,’ said Miss Marple. ‘He did come here, but I was at a meeting at the Women’s Institute.’

‘Ah,’ said Constable Palk again.

Miss Marple exclaimed, ‘Do tell me, Constable, do you suspect Mr Spenlow?’

‘It’s not for me to say at this stage, but it looks to me as though somebody, naming no names, has been trying to be artful.’

Miss Marple said thoughtfully, ‘Mr Spenlow?’

She liked Mr Spenlow. He was a small, spare man, stiff and conventional in

speech, the acme of respectability. It seemed odd that he should have come to live in the country, he had so clearly lived in towns all his life. To Miss Marple he confided the reason. He said, 'I have always intended, ever since I was a small boy, to live in the country some day and have a garden of my own. I have always been very much attached to flowers. My wife, you know, kept a flower shop. That's where I saw her first.'

A dry statement, but it opened up a vista of romance. A younger, prettier Mrs Spenlow, seen against a background of flowers.

Mr Spenlow, however, really knew nothing about flowers. He had no idea of seeds, of cuttings, of bedding out, of annuals or perennials. He had only a vision – a vision of a small cottage garden thickly planted with sweet-smelling, brightly coloured blossoms. He had asked, almost pathetically, for instruction, and had noted down Miss Marple's replies to questions in a little book.

He was a man of quiet method. It was, perhaps, because of this trait, that the police were interested in him when his wife was found murdered. With patience and perseverance they learned a good deal about the late Mrs Spenlow – and soon all St Mary Mead knew it, too.

The late Mrs Spenlow had begun life as a between-maid in a large house. She had left that position to marry the second gardener, and with him had started a flower shop in London. The shop had prospered. Not so the gardener, who before long had sickened and died.

His widow carried on the shop and enlarged it in an ambitious way. She had continued to prosper. Then she had sold the business at a handsome price and embarked upon matrimony for the second time – with Mr Spenlow, a middle-aged jeweller who had inherited a small and struggling business. Not long afterwards, they had sold the business and came down to St Mary Mead.

Mrs Spenlow was a well-to-do woman. The profits from her florist's establishment she had invested – 'under spirit guidance', as she explained to all and sundry. The spirits had advised her with unexpected acumen.

All her investments had prospered, some in quite a sensational fashion. Instead, however, of this increasing her belief in spiritualism, Mrs Spenlow basely deserted mediums and sittings, and made a brief but wholehearted plunge into an obscure religion with Indian affinities which was based on various forms of deep breathing. When, however, she arrived at St Mary Mead, she had relapsed into a period of orthodox Church-of-England beliefs. She was a good deal at the vicarage, and attended church services with assiduity. She patronized the village shops, took an interest in the local happenings, and played village bridge.

A humdrum, everyday life. And – suddenly – murder.

Colonel Melchett, the chief constable, had summoned Inspector Slack.

Slack was a positive type of man. When he had made up his mind, he was sure. He was quite sure now. 'Husband did it, sir,' he said.

'You think so?'

'Quite sure of it. You've only got to look at him. Guilty as hell. Never showed a sign of grief or emotion. He came back to the house knowing she was dead.'

'Wouldn't he at least have tried to act the part of the distracted husband?'

'Not him, sir. Too pleased with himself. Some gentlemen can't act. Too stiff.'

'Any other woman in his life?'

Colonel Melchett asked. 'Haven't been able to find any trace of one. Of course, he's the artful kind. He'd cover his tracks. As I see it, he was just fed up with his wife. She'd got the money, and I should say was a trying woman to live with – always taking up with some "ism" or other. He cold-bloodedly decided to do away with her and live comfortably on his own.'

'Yes, that could be the case, I suppose.'

'Depend upon it, that was it. Made his plans careful. Pretended to get a phone call –'

Melchett interrupted him. 'No call been traced?'

'No, sir. That means either that he lied, or that the call was put through from a public telephone booth. The only two public phones in the village are at the station and the post office. Post office it certainly wasn't. Mrs Blade sees everyone who comes in. Station it might be. Train arrives at two twenty-seven and there's a bit of a bustle then. But the main thing is *he* says it was Miss Marple who called him up, and that certainly isn't true. The call didn't come from her house, and she herself was away at the Institute.'

'You're not overlooking the possibility that the husband was deliberately got out of the way – by someone who wanted to murder Mrs Spenlow?'

'You're thinking of young Ted Gerard, aren't you, sir? I've been working on him – what we're up against there is lack of motive. He doesn't stand to gain anything.'

'He's an undesirable character, though. Quite a pretty little spot of embezzlement to his credit.'

'I'm not saying he isn't a wrong 'un. Still, he did go to his boss and own up to that embezzlement. And his employers weren't wise to it.'

'An Oxford Grouper,' said Melchett. 'Yes, sir. Became a convert and went off to do the straight thing and own up to having pinched money. I'm not saying, mind you, that it mayn't have been astuteness. He may have thought he was suspected and decided to gamble on honest repentance.'

‘You have a sceptical mind, Slack,’ said Colonel Melchett. ‘By the way, have you talked to Miss Marple at all?’

‘What’s *she* got to do with it, sir?’

‘Oh, nothing. But she hears things, you know. Why don’t you go and have a chat with her? She’s a very sharp old lady.’

Slack changed the subject. ‘One thing I’ve been meaning to ask you, sir. That domestic-service job where the deceased started her career – Sir Robert Abercrombie’s place. That’s where that jewel robbery was – emeralds – worth a packet. Never got them. I’ve been looking it up – must have happened when the Spenlow woman was there, though she’d have been quite a girl at the time. Don’t think she was mixed up in it, do you, sir? Spenlow, you know, was one of those little tuppenny-ha’penny jewellers – just the chap for a fence.’

Melchett shook his head. ‘Don’t think there’s anything in that. She didn’t even know Spenlow at the time. I remember the case. Opinion in police circles was that a son of the house was mixed up in it – Jim Abercrombie – awful young waster. Had a pile of debts, and just after the robbery they were all paid off – some rich woman, so they said, but I don’t know – Old Abercrombie hedged a bit about the case – tried to call the police off.’

‘It was just an idea, sir,’ said Slack.

Miss Marple received Inspector Slack with gratification, especially when she heard that he had been sent by Colonel Melchett.

‘Now, really, that is very kind of Colonel Melchett. I didn’t know he remembered me.’

‘He remembers you, all right. Told me that what you didn’t know of what goes on in St Mary Mead isn’t worth knowing.’

‘Too kind of him, but really I don’t know anything at all. About this murder, I mean.’

‘You know what the talk about it is.’

‘Oh, of course – but it wouldn’t do, would it, to repeat just idle talk?’

Slack said, with an attempt at geniality, ‘This isn’t an official conversation, you know. It’s in confidence, so to speak.’

‘You mean you really want to know what people are saying? Whether there’s any truth in it or not?’

‘That’s the idea.’

‘Well, of course, there’s been a great deal of talk and speculation. And there are really two distinct camps, if you understand me. To begin with, there are the people who think that the husband did it. A husband or a wife is, in a way, the natural person to suspect, don’t you think so?’

‘Maybe,’ said the inspector cautiously.

‘Such close quarters, you know. Then, so often, the money angle. I hear that it was Mrs Spenlow who had the money, and therefore Mr Spenlow does benefit by her death. In this wicked world I’m afraid the most uncharitable assumptions are often justified.’

‘He comes into a tidy sum, all right.’

‘Just so. It would seem quite plausible, wouldn’t it, for him to strangle her, leave the house by the back, come across the fields to my house, ask for me and pretend he’d had a telephone call from me, then go back and find his wife murdered in his absence – hoping, of course, that the crime would be put down to some tramp or burglar.’

The inspector nodded. ‘What with the money angle – and if they’d been on bad terms lately –’

But Miss Marple interrupted him. ‘Oh, but they hadn’t.’

‘You know that for a fact?’

‘Everyone would have known if they’d quarrelled! The maid, Gladys Brent – she’d have soon spread it round the village.’

The inspector said feebly, ‘She mightn’t have known –’ and received a pitying smile in reply.

Miss Marple went on. ‘And then there’s the other school of thought. Ted Gerard. A good-looking young man. I’m afraid, you know, that good looks are inclined to influence one more than they should. Our last curate but one – quite a magical effect! All the girls came to church – evening service as well as morning. And many older women became unusually active in parish work – and the slippers and scarfs that were made for him! Quite embarrassing for the poor young man.

‘But let me see, where was I? Oh, yes, this young man, Ted Gerard. Of course, there has been talk about him. He’s come down to see her so often. Though Mrs Spenlow told me herself that he was a member of what I think they call the Oxford Group. A religious movement. They are quite sincere and very earnest, I believe, and Mrs Spenlow was impressed by it all.’

Miss Marple took a breath and went on. ‘And I’m sure there was no reason to believe that there was anything more in it than that, but you know what people are. Quite a lot of people are convinced that Mrs Spenlow was infatuated with the young man, and that she’d lent him quite a lot of money. And it’s perfectly true that he was actually seen at the station that day. In the train – the two twenty-seven down train. But of course it would be quite easy, wouldn’t it, to slip out of the other side of the train and go through the cutting and over the fence and round by the hedge and never come out of the station entrance at all. So that he need not have been seen going to the cottage. And,

of course, people do think that what Mrs Spenlow was wearing was rather peculiar.'

'Peculiar?'

'A kimono. Not a dress.' Miss Marple blushed. 'That sort of thing, you know, is, perhaps, rather suggestive to some people.'

'You think it was suggestive?'

'Oh, no, *I* don't think so, I think it was perfectly natural.'

'You think it was natural?'

'Under the circumstances, yes.' Miss Marple's glance was cool and reflective.

Inspector Slack said, 'It might give us another motive for the husband. Jealousy.'

'Oh, no, Mr Spenlow would never be jealous. He's not the sort of man who notices things. If his wife had gone away and left a note on the pincushion, it would be the first he'd know of anything of that kind.'

Inspector Slack was puzzled by the intent way she was looking at him. He had an idea that all her conversation was intended to hint at something he didn't understand. She said now, with some emphasis, 'Didn't *you* find any clues, Inspector – on the spot?'

'People don't leave fingerprints and cigarette ash nowadays, Miss Marple.'

'But this, I think,' she suggested, 'was an old-fashioned crime –'

Slack said sharply, 'Now what do you mean by that?'

Miss Marple remarked slowly, 'I think, you know, that Constable Palk could help you. He was the first person on the – on the "scene of the crime", as they say.'

Mr Spenlow was sitting in a deck chair. He looked bewildered. He said, in his thin, precise voice, 'I may, of course, be imagining what occurred. My hearing is not as good as it was. But I distinctly think I heard a small boy call after me, "Yah, who's a Crippen?" It – it conveyed the impression to me that he was of the opinion that I had – had killed my dear wife.'

Miss Marple, gently snipping off a dead rose head, said, 'That was the impression he meant to convey, no doubt.'

'But what could possibly have put such an idea into a child's head?' Miss Marple coughed. 'Listening, no doubt, to the opinions of his elders.'

'You – you really mean that other people think that, also?'

'Quite half the people in St Mary Mead.'

'But – my dear lady – what can possibly have given rise to such an idea? I was sincerely attached to my wife. She did not, alas, take to living in the country as much as I had hoped she would do, but perfect agreement on every

subject is an impossible idea. I assure you I feel her loss very keenly.'

'Probably. But if you will excuse my saying so, you don't sound as though you do.'

Mr Spenlow drew his meagre frame up to its full height. 'My dear lady, many years ago I read of a certain Chinese philosopher who, when his dearly loved wife was taken from him, continued calmly to beat a gong in the street – a customary Chinese pastime, I presume – exactly as usual. The people of the city were much impressed by his fortitude.'

'But,' said Miss Marple, 'the people of St Mary Mead react rather differently. Chinese philosophy does not appeal to them.'

'But you understand?'

Miss Marple nodded. 'My Uncle Henry,' she explained, 'was a man of unusual self-control. His motto was "Never display emotion". He, too, was very fond of flowers.'

'I was thinking,' said Mr Spenlow with something like eagerness, 'that I might, perhaps, have a pergola on the west side of the cottage. Pink roses and, perhaps, wisteria. And there is a white starry flower, whose name for the moment escapes me –'

In the tone in which she spoke to her grandnephew, aged three, Miss Marple said, 'I have a very nice catalogue here, with pictures. Perhaps you would like to look through it – I have to go up to the village.'

Leaving Mr Spenlow sitting happily in the garden with his catalogue, Miss Marple went up to her room, hastily rolled up a dress in a piece of brown paper, and, leaving the house, walked briskly up to the post office. Miss Politt, the dressmaker, lived in the rooms over the post office.

But Miss Marple did not at once go through the door and up the stairs. It was just two-thirty, and, a minute late, the Much Benham bus drew up outside the post office door. It was one of the events of the day in St Mary Mead. The postmistress hurried out with parcels, parcels connected with the shop side of her business, for the post office also dealt in sweets, cheap books, and children's toys.

For some four minutes Miss Marple was alone in the post office. Not till the postmistress returned to her post did Miss Marple go upstairs and explain to Miss Politt that she wanted her old grey crepe altered and made more fashionable if that were possible. Miss Politt promised to see what she could do.

\* \* \*

The chief constable was rather astonished when Miss Marple's name was

brought to him. She came in with many apologies. ‘So sorry – so very sorry to disturb you. You are so busy, I know, but then you have always been so very kind, Colonel Melchett, and I felt I would rather come to you instead of Inspector Slack. For one thing, you know, I should hate Constable Palk to get into any trouble. Strictly speaking, I suppose he shouldn’t have touched anything at all.’

Colonel Melchett was slightly bewildered. He said, ‘Palk? That’s the St Mary Mead constable, isn’t it? What has he been doing?’

‘He picked up a pin, you know. It was in his tunic. And it occurred to me at the time that it was quite probable he had actually picked it up in Mrs Spenlow’s house.’

‘Quite, quite. But after all, you know, what’s a pin? Matter of fact he did pick the pin up just by Mrs Spenlow’s body. Came and told Slack about it yesterday – you put him up to that, I gather? Oughtn’t to have touched anything, of course, but as I said, what’s a pin? It was only a common pin. Sort of thing any woman might use.’

‘Oh, no, Colonel Melchett, that’s where you’re wrong. To a man’s eye, perhaps, it looked like an ordinary pin, but it wasn’t. It was a special pin, a very thin pin, the kind you buy by the box, the kind used mostly by dressmakers.’

Melchett stared at her, a faint light of comprehension breaking in on him. Miss Marple nodded her head several times, eagerly.

‘Yes, of course. It seems to me so obvious. She was in her kimono because she was going to try on her new dress, and she went into the front room, and Miss Politt just said something about measurements and put the tape measure round her neck – and then all she’d have to do was to cross it and pull – quite easy, so I’ve heard. And then, of course, she’d go outside and pull the door to and stand there knocking as though she’d just arrived. But the pin shows she’d *already been in the house*.’

‘And it was Miss Politt who telephoned to Spenlow?’

‘Yes. From the post office at two-thirty – just when the bus comes and the post office would be empty.’

Colonel Melchett said, ‘But my dear Miss Marple, why? In heaven’s name, why? You can’t have a murder without a motive.’

‘Well, I think, you know, Colonel Melchett, from all I’ve heard, that the crime dates from a long time back. It reminds me, you know, of my two cousins, Antony and Gordon. Whatever Antony did always went right for him, and with poor Gordon it was just the other way about. Race horses went lame, and stocks went down, and property depreciated. As I see it, the two women were in it together.’

‘In what?’

‘The robbery. Long ago. Very valuable emeralds, so I’ve heard. The lady’s maid and the tweeny. Because one thing hasn’t been explained – how, when the tweeny married the gardener, did they have enough money to set up a flower shop?’

‘The answer is, it was her share of the – the swag, I think is the right expression. Everything she did turned out well. Money made money. But the other one, the lady’s maid, must have been unlucky. She came down to being just a village dressmaker. Then they met again. Quite all right at first, I expect, until Mr Ted Gerard came on the scene.

‘Mrs Spenlow, you see, was already suffering from conscience, and was inclined to be emotionally religious. This young man no doubt urged her to “face up” and to “come clean” and I dare say she was strung up to do it. But Miss Politt didn’t see it that way. All she saw was that she might go to prison for a robbery she had committed years ago. So she made up her mind to put a stop to it all. I’m afraid, you know, that she was always rather a wicked woman. I don’t believe she’d have turned a hair if that nice, stupid Mr Spenlow had been hanged.’

Colonel Melchett said slowly, ‘We can – er – verify your theory – up to a point. The identity of the Politt woman with the lady’s maid at the Abercrombies’, but –’

Miss Marple reassured him. ‘It will be all quite easy. She’s the kind of woman who will break down at once when she’s taxed with the truth. And then, you see, I’ve got her tape measure. I – er – abstracted it yesterday when I was trying on. When she misses it and thinks the police have got it – well, she’s quite an ignorant woman and she’ll think it will prove the case against her in some way.’

She smiled at him encouragingly. ‘You’ll have no trouble, I can assure you.’ It was the tone in which his favourite aunt had once assured him that he could not fail to pass his entrance examination into Sandhurst.

And he had passed.

## About the Author

Agatha Christie is the most widely published author of all time and in any language, outsold only by the Bible and Shakespeare.

Her books have sold more than a billion copies in English and another billion in a hundred foreign languages. She is the author of eighty crime novels and short-story collections, nineteen plays, two memoirs, and six novels written under the name Mary Westmacott.

She first tried her hand at detective fiction while working in a hospital dispensary during World War I, creating the now legendary Hercule Poirot with her debut novel *The Mysterious Affair at Styles*.

With *The Murder in the Vicarage*, published in 1930, she introduced another beloved sleuth, Miss Jane Marple. Additional series characters include the husband-and-wife crime-fighting team of Tommy and Tuppence Beresford, private investigator Parker Pyne, and Scotland Yard detectives Superintendent Battle and Inspector Japp.

Many of Christie's novels and short stories were adapted into plays, films, and television series. *The Mousetrap*, her most famous play of all, opened in 1952 and is the longest-running play in history. Among her best-known film adaptations are *Murder on the Orient Express* (1974) and *Death on the Nile* (1978), with Albert Finney and Peter Ustinov playing Hercule Poirot, respectively. On the small screen Poirot has been most memorably portrayed by David Suchet, and Miss Marple by Joan Hickson and subsequently Geraldine McEwan and Julia McKenzie.

Christie was first married to Archibald Christie and then to archaeologist Sir Max Mallowan, whom she accompanied on expeditions to countries that would also serve as the settings for many of her novels. In 1971 she achieved one of Britain's highest honors when she was made a Dame of the British Empire. She died in 1976 at the age of eighty-five. Her one hundred and twentieth

anniversary was celebrated around the world in 2010.

[www.AgathaChristie.com](http://www.AgathaChristie.com)

Visit [www.AuthorTracker.com](http://www.AuthorTracker.com) for exclusive information on your favorite HarperCollins authors.

The  
*Agatha Christie*<sup>®</sup>  
Collection

**THE HERCULE POIROT MYSTERIES**

Match your wits with the famous Belgian detective.

The Mysterious Affair at Styles	Sad Cypress
The Murder on the Links	One, Two, Buckle My Shoe
Poirot Investigates	Evil Under the Sun
The Murder of Roger Ackroyd	Five Little Pigs
The Big Four	The Hollow
The Mystery of the Blue Train	The Labors of Hercules
Peril at End House	Taken at the Flood
Lord Edgware Dies	The Under Dog and Other Stories
Murder on the Orient Express	Mrs. McGinty's Dead
Three Act Tragedy	After the Funeral
Death in the Clouds	Hickory Dickory Dock
The A.B.C. Murders	Dead Man's Folly
Murder in Mesopotamia	Cat Among the Pigeons
Cards on the Table	The Clocks
Murder in the Mews	Third Girl
Dumb Witness	Hallowe'en Party
Death on the Nile	Elephants Can Remember
Appointment with Death	Curtain: Poirot's Last Case
Hercule Poirot's Christmas	

Explore more at [www.AgathaChristie.com](http://www.AgathaChristie.com)

The  
*Agatha Christie*<sup>®</sup>  
Collection

**THE MISS MARPLE MYSTERIES**

Join the legendary spinster sleuth from  
St. Mary Mead in solving murders far and wide.

The Murder at the Vicarage

The Body in the Library

The Moving Finger

A Murder Is Announced

They Do It with Mirrors

A Pocket Full of Rye

4:50 From Paddington

The Mirror Crack'd from  
Side to Side

A Caribbean Mystery

At Bertram's Hotel

Nemesis

Sleeping Murder

Miss Marple: The Complete  
Short Stories

**THE TOMMY AND TUPPENCE  
MYSTERIES**

Jump on board with the entertaining crime-solving  
couple from Young Adventurers Ltd.

The Secret Adversary

Partners in Crime

N or M?

By the Pricking of My Thumbs

Postern of Fate

Explore more at [www.AgathaChristie.com](http://www.AgathaChristie.com)

The  
*Agatha Christie*<sup>®</sup>  
Collection

Don't miss a single one of Agatha Christie's  
stand-alone novels and short-story collections.

The Man in the Brown Suit

The Secret of Chimneys

The Seven Dials Mystery

The Mysterious Mr. Quin

The Sittaford Mystery

Parker Pyne Investigates

Why Didn't They Ask Evans?

Murder Is Easy

The Regatta Mystery and  
Other Stories

And Then There Were None

Towards Zero

Death Comes as the End

Sparkling Cyanide

The Witness for the Prosecution  
and Other Stories

Crooked House

Three Blind Mice and  
Other Stories

They Came to Baghdad

Destination Unknown

Ordeal by Innocence

Double Sin and  
Other Stories

The Pale Horse

Star over Bethlehem: Poems  
and Holiday Stories

Endless Night

Passenger to Frankfurt

The Golden Ball and  
Other Stories

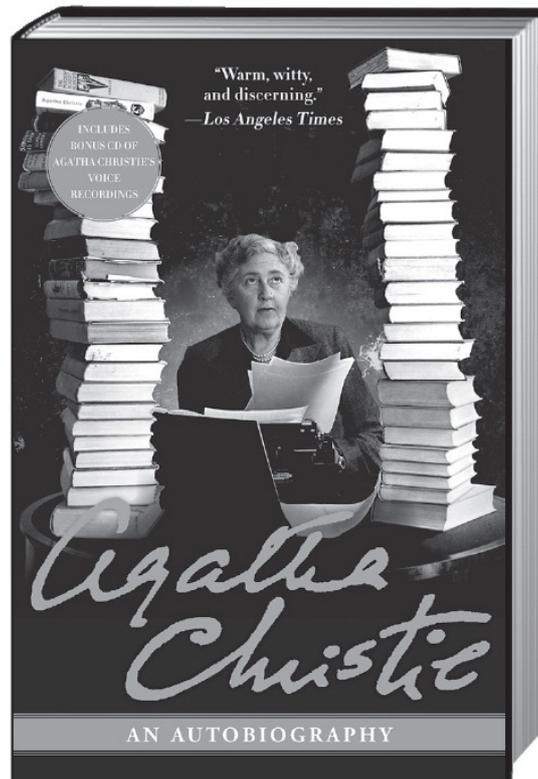
The Mousetrap and  
Other Plays

The Harlequin Tea Set and  
Other Stories

Explore more at [www.AgathaChristie.com](http://www.AgathaChristie.com)

# Agatha Christie®

## AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY



An engaging chronicle of the life of an extraordinary writer, in an all-new edition that includes a CD featuring Agatha Christie's voice and a new introduction.

"Joyful adventure. . . . She brings the sense of wonder . . . to her extraordinary career."

—*New York Times Book Review*

Hardcover  
978-0-06-207359-4  
\$29.99 (\$38.99 Can.)



HARPER

An Imprint of HarperCollins Publishers

Explore more at [www.AgathaChristie.com](http://www.AgathaChristie.com)

# Agatha Christie®

Short Stories for Your E-Reader

## HERCULE POIROT

The Under Dog	Four-and-Twenty Blackbirds
Triangle at Rhodes	Poirot and the Regatta Mystery
Yellow Iris	The Dream
The Mystery of the Spanish Chest	The Second Gong

## MISS MARPLE

Strange Jest	The Case of the Perfect Maid
Tape-Measure Murder	Sanctuary
The Case of the Caretaker	

## PARKER PYNE

The Gate of Baghdad	The House at Shiraz
---------------------	---------------------

## HARLEY QUIN

The Dead Harlequin	The Harlequin Tea Set
The Love Detectives	

## TOMMY AND TUPPENCE

The Case of the Missing Lady	The House of Lurking Death
The Man in the Mist	

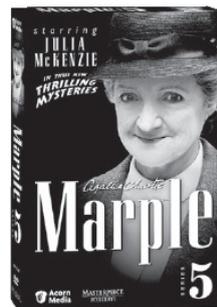
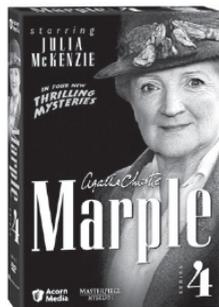
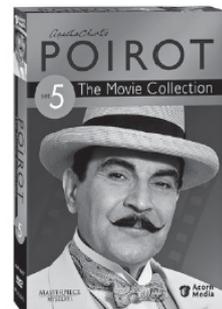
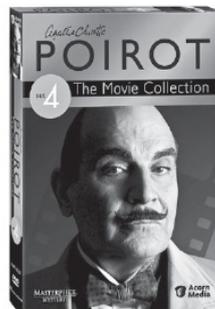
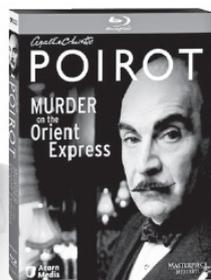
## STAND ALONE

The Witness for the Prosecution	The Red Signal
Philomel Cottage	The Rajah's Emerald

Explore more at [www.AgathaChristie.com](http://www.AgathaChristie.com)

# Agatha Christie®

See your favorite detectives come to life on screen!



These and other DVDs and  
downloads available now at:  
[www.acornonline.com](http://www.acornonline.com)



# Agatha Christie<sup>®</sup>

**Don't forget there are a number of other ways to enjoy Christie's amazing stories:**

- Unabridged readings and dramatized versions from BBC Radio
- "Seek and Find" games to play on your PC
- Films to watch on TV, DVD, or to download

For more information on all the above, the latest Christie news, contests, and the chance to talk to other fans, please visit

**[www.AgathaChristie.com](http://www.AgathaChristie.com)**

# Copyright

Copyright © 2011 Agatha Christie Ltd (a Chorion company).

All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. By payment of the required fees, you have been granted the nonexclusive, nontransferable right to access and read the text of this e-book on-screen. No part of this text may be reproduced, transmitted, downloaded, decompiled, reverse-engineered, or stored in or introduced into any information storage and retrieval system, in any form or by any means, whether electronic or mechanical, now known or hereinafter invented, without the express written permission of HarperCollins e-books.

EPub Edition © 2011 ISBN: 9780062129697

## **About the Publisher**

### **Australia**

HarperCollins Publishers (Australia) Pty. Ltd.  
25 Ryde Road (P.O. Box 321)  
Pymble, NSW 2073, Australia  
[www.harpercollins.com.au/ebooks](http://www.harpercollins.com.au/ebooks)

### **Canada**

HarperCollins Canada  
2 Bloor Street East -20th Floor  
Toronto, ON, M4W, 1A8, Canada  
<http://www.harpercollins.ca>

### **New Zealand**

HarperCollins Publishers (New Zealand) Limited  
P.O. Box 1  
Auckland, New Zealand  
<http://www.harpercollins.co.nz>

### **United Kingdom**

HarperCollins Publishers Ltd.  
77-85 Fulham Palace Road  
London, W6 8JB, UK  
<http://www.harpercollins.co.uk>

### **United States**

HarperCollins Publishers Inc.

10 East 53rd Street

New York, NY 10022

<http://www.harpercollins.com>