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By GRANDMOTHER CLARK

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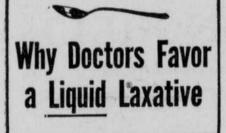
Write our stamped goods department, inclosing remittance, if you want to work some of these pieces. 30c for one number, 55c for two or 75c for all three.

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A doctor will tell you that the careless use of strong laxatives may do more harm than good.

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"I tried several remedies but got no relief. Then I wrote for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I bought more and after using three boxes of Cuticura Ointment, with the Cuticura Soap, the tetter was gone, I was healed." (Signed) Miss Ada Tatum, R. 1, Box 116, La-Rue, Texas.

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· Sometimes in the matter of samples which, when proven worthy, the merchandise can be purchased from our community merchants.



SYNOPSIS

Philo Vance, expert in solving crime mysteries, is called in to investigate the supposed suicide Archer Coe. District Attorney Mark. ham and Vance go to Coe's house. They find Wrede, a friend of Coe's, there; also a Signor Grassi, a guest The door of the death chamber is bolted from the inside. They force it. Coe is clothed in a dressing gown, but wears street shoes. Vance says it is murder. The medical examiner finds evidences of a crime. He says Coe had been dead for hours when the bullet entered his head. A small wound is found, which had bled internally. It is proved that Coe was fully dressed when he was stabbed. They find a wounded Scotch terrier. Vance takes the dog to a veterinarian, declaring the animal should prove an important connecting link. Gamble says Brisbane Coe Archer's brother, left for Chicago the previous afternoon.

CHAPTER III—Continued

Vance was silent for a moment There was the suggestion of a frown on his forehead; and I knew that something was troubling him. Withapparently irrelevant question to

"Did you, by any chance, see Mr. Archer Coe after you returned to the house last night?"

"No-I didn't see him, sir." There was a slight hesitancy in the reply,

"Come, come, Gamble," he admonished severely. "What's on your mind?"

"Well, sir-it's really nothing; and that the lights were on. I were other trains later on." thought, of course, that Mr. Archer bedroom here, through the keyhole, Limited?" and I took it for granted that he "By the stick in the lower hall, had retired. So I went back to the Sergeant." library and turned out the lights and shut the doors."

"You heard no sound in here?" "No. sir."

Vance yawned mildly.

"By the by, there's a question I he set forth for Chicago?"

"Yes, sir. He never goes any where without a stick. He's subject to rheumatism-" "So he's told me a score of times.

. . And what kind of stick did he take with him?"

"His ivory-headed stick, sir. It's his favorite. . . ." "The one with a crooked handle

"Yes. sir.' "You're quite sure, are you, that

he took this particular stick with him to Chicago?" "Positive. I handed it to him my-

self at the door of the taxicab." Vance kept his eyes on the man, and stood up. He walked very deliberately to where Gamble sat, and front of Vance.

looked down at him searchingly. "Gamble," he spoke pointedlynight?"

The butler went white, and his lips began to tremble. The question was so unexpected that even I received a distinct shock from it Markham half rose in his chair, and Heath froze into a startled attitude, his cigar half raised to his lips. Gamble cringed beneath Vance's steady gaze.

"No, sir-no, sir!" he cried. "Honest to God, I didn't! I would have told you if I had."

Vance shrugged and turned away. "Still, he was here last night," "What's back of that remark?" Markham demanded. "How do you know Brisbane Coe was here last night?"

"Very simple: his ivory-headed geant? It's important." stick is hanging over the back of one of the chairs in the lower hall," kin with a jerk of the head. "Got

CHAPTER IV

The Missing Man and the Ting Yao Vase.

THERE was a momentary tense I silence, Vance's statement, with the possibilities it suggested, threw a pall of vague horror over all of us. Unsteadily Gamble rose, and bracback of his chair, glared at Vance like a man who had seen a malignant specter.

"You-are sure you saw the stick, sir?" he stammered, with a hideous contortion of the face, "I didn't see it. And Mr. Brisbane never hangs his stick over the hall chair. He always puts it in the umbrella stand.

Maybe some one else-" "Who but Mr. Brisbane himself SERVICE

house and hang it over a chair in the hall?"

"But, Mr. Vance, sir," the man a chair-he said it might fall and Archer and Brisbane Coe?" get broken. Why, sir, should he hang it over the chair?"

desk scowling at Vance.

demanded.

"I opine, my dear Markham," he when he returned here last night. He started for Chicago on a night when he knew no one but Archer his train-to speak euphemistically. Archer for you." He returned to the house-with his stick. And here's his stick . . .

but no Brisbane, And Archer-the there was an undercurrent of bitsole occupant of this cultured domi- ter passion in it. "Or perhaps," cile last night-has gone to his she added, "Uncle Brisbane went out change of expression he put an Maker in most outlandish fashion." ahead on his own." "Good G-d, Vance!" Markham sank back in his chair. "You don't

mean that Brisbane-?" at conclusions again. . . ." Vance evening." began walking up and down, his hands sunk deep in his coat pock-

and Vance looked toward the man ets. "I can understand Brisbane's presence here last night," he murmured as if to himself, "but I can't understand the presence of his stick here this morning. It's very curious -it doesn't fit into the picture. but when I went up to bed I noticed Even if he had not taken the Lake that the library doors were open Shore Limited to Chicago, there "How do you know the bird didn't

was still in the library. And then I take another train-that is, supposnoticed the light in Mr. Archer's ing he'd missed the Lake Shore

"Couldn't a guy forget his stick?"

"Not Brisbane Coe-and certainly not in the circumstances. . . ." "What circumstances?" cut in

"That's what I don't know exactforgot to ask. Did Mr. Brisbane Coe | ly." Vance made a wry face. "But I take a walking stick with him when begin to see a method in all this seeming madness; and that stick downstairs stands out like some terrible and accusing error. . . ."

He stopped abruptly, and suddenly swinging about, went toward the

"I'll be back in a minute. There's a possibility. . . . " He passed swiftly into the hall.

Presently he returned to the room, smoking abstractedly. His templated a flutter in crime." face was crestfallen.

"I thought Brisbane might be in his room. But the shades are up; and the bed hasn't been slept in; and the lights are out." He sat down wearily. "His room's empty."

The sergeant planted himself in

"Look here, Mr. Vance, even if he did miss the Lake Shore Limited, Archer. And I'm afraid it's too did you see Mr. Brisbane Coe in he's probably on his way to Chi- late to get any information from this house after you returned last cago. Anybody might forget a stick, that quarter now." His suitcase ain't here-

Vance leaped to his feet, "The suitcase-that's it! What would he have done with the suitcase if he had not taken the early Chicago later . . .?"

"He'd have checked it in the station, wouldn't he?"

"Exactly!" Vance wheeled to Gamble. "Describe that suitcase." "It was just an ordinary case, sir," the man replied in a dazed tone, "Black sealskin, leather lined, with rounded corners and the initials 'B. C.' in gold letters over one end."

Vance turned back to Heath. "Can you check on that in the

"Sure I can." He beckoned Snitthe dope?"

The detective grinned. "H-l, yes," he rumbled. inch.

"Then hop to it," ordered Heath. And phone me pronto. . . . Make t snappy.' Snitkin disappeared.

Coe fits into this affair?" Markham and strolled back into the room. asked Vance. "I don't know-I'm not sure. But

ast night. Certain plans went other.

Markham. blood between Archer and Brisane, for some reason. I've never

us while we're waiting for Snitask the young lady to be good

enough to join us here." The butler went out, and five minutes later Hilda Lake came

swinging into the room. "Sorry to have kept you waiting and all the usual amenities," she said, sitting down and crossing her knees; "but I hadn't quite finished doffing my golf togs when the far-from admirable Crichton summoned me. Anyway, I should be furious with you. Why was I denied my muffins and tea?" Vance laughed,

"We've been using Gamble a bit intensively. Gamble, take tea and muffins to Miss Lake's quarters." The man, who had been standing in the door, bowed and disappeared; and Vance turned pleasantly back to Miss Lake. "By the time your breakfast is ready we will let you return to your rooms." Then he added with a serious mien: "There are a few questions we'd persisted in an awed tone, "he once like you to answer. What was the reprimanded me for hanging it over cause of the animosity between

her lips, "Money-nothing else. "Less noisy, perhaps, than chuck- Old Major Coe left everything to and ing it into a brass umbrella holder." Uncle Archer. Uncle Brisbane had cards. Brisbane Coe intended to go Markham was leaning over the only an allowance-until Archer to Chicago last night-and he didn't should die. Then the money was go. "What do you mean by that?" he to go to him. The situation nat-Vance lifted his eyes slowly and nasty about it at times. It amused his shoes . . . Don't you see what | ticular object, you are alertly aware let them rest on the district at- me no end-I was in the same predicament. The fact is, I've been tempted to make an alliance with said slowly, "that brother Brisbane Uncle Brisbane for the purpose of didn't want anyone to hear him murdering Uncle Archer. Together we could have got away with it. don't you think?"

"I'm sure you could-even alone. would be home. And then he missed And now some one has killed Uncle

"I'm sure it's my reward for virtue." Though her tone was hard,

"That might bear looking into," smiled Vance. "The only difficulty is that Gamble tells us Mr. Brisbane "Tut, tut! There you go jumping hopped to Chicago at five-thirty last

"That doesn't mean anything. Uncle Brisbane has dabbled enough



Cynical Smile Curled Her Lips.

"Money-Nothing Else." in criminology to prepare a perfect alibi in the event he himself conof Brisbane Coe.

"What takes him on these period-"He's not there," he announced, ical trips to Chicago?" Vance asked.

Hilda Lake shrugged. "Heaven knows. He never mentioned the matter to me, and I never asked." She leaned forward, "Perhaps it's a lady!" she exclaimed in a taunting tone. "If he told anyone, that person was Uncle

"Yes, a bit too late," agreed Vance. "But let us suppose that after Mr. Brisbane announced his intention of going to Chicago last evening, he remained in New York

Hilda Lake scrutinized Vance shrewdly for a time before replying. Then she answered gravely.

"In that case you may eliminate Uncle Brisbane as a suspect. He's much too smooth and canny to leave any such loopholes. If he planned a murder. I'm sure he'd arrange it so as to escape detection."

At this moment Gamble passed the door on his way upstairs, with parcel room at the station, Ser- a small covered serving-tray in his hands.

Vance stood up.

"Ah! There are your muffins, Miss Lake. I shan't keep you any longer." "Thanks, awfully." She rose and

went quickly from the room. Vance stood at the door until Gamble returned from the third floor, and ordered him to wait in the lower hall. When the man had

"Where do you think Brisbane gone below, he glanced at his watch "I'd rather not go on till we hear from Snitkin. Do you mind waitnany strange things happened here log, Markham?

"Have it your own way," Mark-Events overlapped one an- ham grumbled. "But I can't see the Nothing happened on sched- importance of the suitcase. There's | questions? small probability, it seems to me, "But Brisbane Coe," persisted of its being at the station. And in the event it isn't there, we will "There has always been bad be no better off than we are now." "On the other hand," Vance returned, "if it is at the station, we understood it. . . . By the by, may conclude that Brisbane did not would bring that stick back to the maybe Miss Lake could enlighten go to Chicago last night. But I'm

quite sure he intended to go. And kin's call. . . . I say, Gamble, if he didn't go, something unexpect-

ed kept him here." "But his being in New York doesn't connect him with Archer Coe's murder."

"Certainly not. . . . But, Markham, that last-minute decision of Brisbane's to get out of town had some connection with Archer's death-I'm sure of that. He knew something-or feared something. Or perhaps. . . . But, anyway, he intended to go to Chicago last night. And maybe he did go . but I want to be sure."

The phone rang. Heath answered it, and after listening for several minutes, replaced the receiver on

"The suitcase is there, all right," he announced. "The bird at the a certain amount of muscular and window says a middle-aged nervous guy checked it around six last nothing whatever to your speed or night, saying he'd missed his train -and he was shaking so he could hardly lift the bag to the counter." Vance nodded slowly.

"I was afraid of that-and yet I was hoping it wasn't so. Markham, I don't like this situation; I don't "Oh, that!" A cynical smile curled at all like it. Something unforeseen has happened; unforeseensinister. It wasn't on the Some terrible thing stopped him, . . . And something stopped urally irked him, and he got pretty Archer Coe before he could change I mean? Those shoes of Archer'sand that stick of Brisbane's.

. . That stick !-- in the front . Oh, my preclous aunt! . . ." He threw his cigarette into a tray, and hurried toward the door.

"Come, Markham, . . . Come, Sergeant. There's something hideous in this house . . . and I don't want to go alone."

As he spoke, he ran down the stairs, Markham and Heath and I following. When he had reached the lower hall, he pulled the portieres aside and opened the library door. He looked round him, and then passed into the dining room. After several minutes' search, he

returned to the hall. "Maybe the den," he said; and hurrying through, the drawing room where Wrede and Grassi sat near the window, he went into the small room at the rear. But he came back at once, a bewildered look in

"Not there." His tone was unnatural. "But he's somewhere-somewhere. . . ."

He came again into the front hall. "He wouldn't be on the third floor, and he's not on the second, There's his stick," he said; "but his hat and topcoat. . . . Oh, what a fool I've been!"

He brushed Gamble out of his ay, and walked swiftly down the narrow corridor along the stairs until he came to the closet door at the rear of the hall.

"Your flashlight, Sergeant," he called over his shoulder.

He pulled the door open, revealing only a great rectangle of blackness. Almost simultaneously, the pocket flashlight penetrated the

gloom. "Lower, Sergeant!" came Vance's dictatorial voice. "The floor-the floor! . . ."

The light descended; and there, in a huddled heap, his glassy eyes staring up at us, lay the dead body

Though the sight was not altogether unexpected, in view of Vance's strange actions and even stranger comments, I received a tremendous shock as I gazed down into the closet. Even to an amateur like myself the fact that Brisbane Coe was dead was apparent, The stiff, unnatural pose of the body, and the hideous fixity of his gaze, together with the drawn bloodless lips and the waxen pallor of his skin, attested to violent

and unexpected death. And as I looked at it, temporarily petrified by the horror of this new development, I could not help comparing the dead body of Bristrain and had intended to go on to all night. What would you say to bane with that of Archer. Whereas Archer had died with a peaceful expression on his face, and in a natural and comfortable position, Brisbane had a shocked, almost wild, look in his eyes, as if he had been startled and frightened at the moment of death.

Vance spoke, and his voice, usually so calm, sounded strained and unnatural.

"It's worse than I thought. . . . -a prisoner, perhaps, I didn't altogether expect this." Vance closed the closet door.

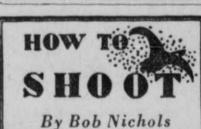
"It's very strange," he murmured, looking at Markham yet past him. "He is without his hat and topcoat; and yet his stick is hanging here in the hall. And he is dead in the closet. Why not in his own room?or 'the library?-or anywhere else, Nothing fits, Markham. The whole picture has been painted by a crazy man."

Markham said in a dazed voice: "I can't follow any of it. Why did Brisbane Coe return here last night? And who knew he was going to re-

"If only I could answer those

Burke and Gamble were sitting on a hall beach near the drawing room door. The butler had not seen or bone, the oldest implements in the dead man in the closet, for our the collection are of flint. Razors, bodies had shielded him. But it was molded on much the same pattern obvious that he suspected the truth.

Vance went to him. (TO BE CONTINUED.)



Shooting Editor, Field and Stream UNTIL a gunner learns to shoot with both eyes open he can never be rated as a first-class upland field shot. You cannot accurately judge angle, speed, or distight shut when shooting introduces nervous strain that certainly adds

accuracy. With one eye closed you are imso necessary to quick and accurate ply of health giving Postum free to gun pointing. You do not see anyone who writes for it.-Adv. a everything in your field of vision. Your one-eyed vision is too intently concentrated on the flying target. A sudden swerve or dip, such as is characteristic of the flight of the woodcock and the jacksnipe, will almost certainly fool you into a miss,

With both eyes wide open, not focused too intently on any parof everything that moves and everything that happens. If the game darts to right or left from its inihall! It shouldn't have been there. | tial line of flight, you are so instantly aware of the change that you shift your gun pointing with lightning-like speed. All of which frequently means the difference between a clean kill and an exasperating miss.

> Quite frequently you will find the "one-eyed" shot a slow shot. The sudden elimination of 50 per cent of his eyesight, on the rise of the bird, makes it necessary for his single-aiming eye to take extra time to adjust itself to carrying all the burden of watching game and gun. The good two-eyed shot will have the game down before Mr. One-Eye can let off his gun. The man who closes one eye is at his best where the shooting is in the clear open spaces. But let him flush his quall or grouse in the woods, or in dense brambled thicket, and there he begins to get into difficulties that are quite often beyond him. I have seen a two-eyed shot shooting a pump gun on quail knock down three birds on a rise of the covey, and yet with all this would be able to tell where most of the remaining birds went. Let the squint-eyed shot, wedded to his idols, try to accomplish this!

Learning to shoot with both eyes open is particularly difficult if you have the misfortune to have your "master" eye on your gun side. I have been through this and can speak with experience. A righthanded shot, my "master" or controlling eye happens to be on the left. The English gun makers try to make allowance for this, in fitting a gun to a shooter, by supplycircle of yellow light from Heath's | ing what is called a "cast-off" stock. That is, the stock is bent in its vertical plane so as to bring the breech of the gun in nearer to the middle of a man's face, or nearer to the sighting line of the "master eye." This does help to a certain extent, although I personally feel that a stock so bent is likely to prove something of an interference to quick, instinctive gun point-

The partial cure I suggest is to shorten the stock somewhat below its normal length of about 14 inches. My own favorite stock is just exactly 131/2 inches. With this shortened stock I can bring the butt clear in to my shoulder where the base of my neck will prevent it from coming any farther in. Then I cut my comb down somewhat until I can get most of my jaw-bone pretty well over the top of it. With the gun in this position I can use both eyes wide open without tilting my head too far over to the right in aiming. In my opinion the head should not be tilted over anyhow. Angles, speeds and distances are best and most accurately estimated with the head erect-the normal position in which you are accustomed in the ordinary ways of life to look at anything.

In any event, whether your "master" eye is on your gun side or not, seat your gun butt clean in on your shoulder as far as it will go when mounting your gun. There it will have the solid support of your body. I had hoped he might still be alive | Many shooters catch the butt on the upper part of their arm-a moving support-and this causes many an otherwise unexplainable miss,

. Western Newspaper Union.

Implements of Iron and

Stone Age Exhibited Funeral urns, in which ashes of Vikings' ancestors have rested since placed in Denmark some 3,500 years ago, form part of a collection of Stone and Iron age Implements on view at the American Museum of Natural History, says United Press.

There are in the collection approximately 3.500 implements among which figure weapons with

which these primeval men fought. Consisting of daggers, spear heads and scrapers of primitive planes for smoothing rough wood as the modern ones, came later and were of bronze, dating about 1,500 B. C.

Nanking Permits Widows Freedom of Remarriage

Another step in the emancipation of Chinese women has been recorded by an order issued at Nanking by the Kiangning Hsien, or district government. Under this order a widow has complete freedom of choice whether she shall remarry or remain

Under the old custom a widow could remarry only under direct orders of the family of her late husband. In the Kiangning district it tance, with one eye closed. Nature has been customary for families to gave you two eyes for exactly this force a widow to remarry in order reason. Even if it handicapped you that they might recover the money in no other way, squinting one eye which her late husband had paid out to her family when she was a

Week's Supply of Postum Free Read the offer made by the Postum mediately deprived of the advan- Company in another part of this patages of "universal focus" which is per. They will send a full week's sup-

> Wise Cracking Wit is a sharp pencil that breaks when it is hard pressed.

THIS CHANGE gives Children a Chance

Perhaps you have tried nearly every sort of way to keep a child's bowels in proper condition, and failed.

Yet, almost any child who has been convalescing in a hospital, will usually come out with bowels working like a well-regulated watch.

The average mother gives any

laxative the family may be using,

while doctors give children a liquid laxative of suitable ingredients, suitable strength, and in suitable amount. Make the change now to pure, California Syrup of Figs instead of harsh medicines, you risk no more violence to your child's appetite, digestion, and general physical condition. You'll have a safer, more satis-

and complaints just disappear and the child is soon normal again. Try it! THE "LIQUID TEST." First: select a liquid laxative of the proper strength for children. Second: give the dose suited to the child's age. Third: reduce the dose, if repeated, until the bowels are moving without

factory result, too. Those little upsets

An ideal laxative for this purpose is the pure California Syrup of Figs, but be sure the word "California" is on the bottle.

any help at all.

"That boy never seems to have much to say. What part does he take in college life?"

"He's the chess club cheer leader."

On a Quiet Sector

For good digestion

there is nothing that can take the place of your own gastric, digestive secretions. Frequently, poor digesstomach walls-because of low blood strength. S.S.S., the great, scientifically-tested medicine, is specially designed to fill a two-fold purpose in this respect...it aids in stimu-lating the flow of natural stomach secretions ... and by building up deficient red corpuscles, with their hemo-glo-bin, it restores to a more normal functioning the secretions of the stomach digestive juices ... so necessary for good digestion. This double value of S.S.S. is important.

benefits are progressive ... accumu-lative ... and enduring. Unless your case is exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food and good digestion ... sound sleep ... and renewed strength. This is why many say "S.S.S. makes you feel like yourself again." Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may sug-gest substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S. be supplied you on request. Its long years of preference

the world's

great blood

By all means try S.S.S. for bet-

ter health and more happiness. Its

medicine Face "Broken Out?" First wash with pure Resinol Soap. Then relieve and improve sore pimply

spots with soothing

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Garfield Yea acts promptly, pleasantly,



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