### THE FRONTIER, O'NEILL, NEBRASKA



**SYNOPSIS** 

Philo Vance, expert in solving crime mysteries, investigates the supposed suicide of Archer Coe. District Attorney Markham and Vance so to Coe's house. They find Wrede, friend of Coe's, there: also Signor Grassi, a guest. The door of the ing is a frightful waste of effort.' 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 says Coe had been dead for hours when a bullet entered his head. He had been stabbed. The investigators find a wounded Scottish terrier in the house. Vance declares the animal should prove an important connecting link. Brisbane Coe, Archer's brother, is supposed to have left for Chicago the previous afternoon, but his dead body is discovered in the Coe home. Vance interrogates the Chinese cook, Liang. Brisbane died from a stab in the back, as did Archer. Vance, search-ing Brisbane's coat, finds waxed thread attached to a bent pin, and a darning needle. It is learned that Wrede once had a dog, which he gave to a friend, a Doberman Pin-A lipstick found in Coe's wastebasket, indicates that a woman bridge of his nose. Before him on called on the murdered man the night of his death. By manipulating the string, the bent pin and the darning needle found in Brisbane's Vance bolts Archer Coe's door from the outside. Grassi is stabbed. He says he did not see his assailant, who came in at night.

## CHAPTER VIII-Continued

-14-He threw the door open.

"Come here, Sullivan," he bawled; and the dejected figure we had passed on the front steps came into the library.

"A guy's been stabbed here," Heath blustered. "You told me no one had come in or gone out the front door. But this is serious husiness, and we want you to rack your brain, if any, and tell us what you know."

Detective Sullivan was both Mr. Liang?" abashed and defiant.

"I told you, Sergeant," he insisted, "that I've been sitting on very peaceful after the excitement Sitting down in his easy chair he those steps since seven o'clock to- today.'

the Italian got in the back way do you, Mr. Vance?"

"I have come to the conclusion, Sergeant." Vance returned sadly, as he went toward the door leading into the dining room, "that thinking at this hour of the morn-We followed him toward the kitchen. As he opened the door leading into the butler's pantry, I was surprised to see a rectangular line of light around the kitchen door.

Vance halted momentarily.

"I wonder . . ." he murmured, as if to himself. And then: "No, no; Gamble wouldn't have dared y' know, I didn't expect you so come near the rear of the househe's in a blue funk."

He proceeded across the pantry and pushed open the swinging door into the kitchen.

Under the central light, seated at a large table of white pine, was Liang, fully dressed, and with a the person we want through that green eye-shade pulled down to the dog?" the table were a pile of books and him seriously. "The case is far many sheets of scattered paper. "Good evening, Mr. Liang," Vance are too many contradictions. I am greeted him amiably. "You're work- sure that you, as a prosecuting at-

ing rather late." "I had many things to do to- crimes on any one of three or four night-my work had accumulated. persons. But until I have traced My monthly report to the Ta Tao the ownership and peregrinations of Huei is overdue. . . . I trust I this Scottie, I shan't be satisfied." have not discommoded the household."

"You have been working all night -here in the kitchen?" Vance tle bitch is in perfect show conasked, going to the porch door and dition. She's been trimmed and trying it. (It was locked.)

"Since eight o'clock," the Chinaman returned. "May I be of any entered in some show recently. My service to you?"

back and perched himself on a high month. And it's simple enough stool. "Have you been aware of any- to find what shows have been held thing unusual in the house tonight,

The man looked mildly surprised.

walk heavily across the small room. A few moments later he returned

to the library. "There's something d-n queer about this," he announced. "Maybe after the first of September." the Chink was right, after all. The den window was open-and the planced at Markham helplessly. Maybe somebody did get in and trimmed it." out of that window, Chief. . . Anyhow, where do we go from here?" "Home and to bed, my dear him?" Pepys," said Vance. "This is no

up. There's nothing more to be say." done here."

CHAPTER IX

#### The Six Judges.

7 ANCE rose early that morning. I myself was around at nine o'clock and was surprised to find him in street clothes and on the point of leaving the house. "I'll be back in half an hour, Van," he said, as he went out, but

gave no further explanation, arrived, and he had waited but ten

minutes when Vance came in. He was carrying the Scotch terrier bitch in his arms. There was a dressing on her head held in place by adhesive tape, but otherwise she seemed alert and well.

"Morning, Markham," Vance greeted the district attorney. "Really, early. I've just toddled over to Doctor Blamey's to see how the little Scotch lassie was getting along -and here she is."

Markham looked at him skeptically. "You still think you can trace

"It's our only hope," Vance told too complicated as it stands-there torney, could pin the various

Markham frowned. "Just how do you intend to go about it?" "As I told you, Markham, this lit-

conditioned by an expert, and it seems pretty certain that she's been guess is, from her condition, that "Oh, no end," Vance sauntered she's been shown within the last

within a reasonable radius of New York during that period." He went into the library and re-

began running his finger down the

"Ay." "And about how long ago might that be?"

"I couldna say exactly, but it was

"Whose bitch is it?" "That I couldna say. A lady and sofa that was in front of it was a gentleman drove up one afternoon pulled out at a cockeyed angle." He and asked me if I could trim the dog at once. I said 'ay,' and I

> Vance seemed disappointed. "What sort of man brought the dog to you! Could you describe

"Ay. He was a large man, around hour for respectable people to be fifty, and he had little enough to "And the woman?"

"She was young and not difficult to look at." "A blonde?"

"Ay." "His daughter, perhaps?" A shrewd twinkle came into the

Scotsman's eves. "I hae me doots," was all he

vonchsafed. Vance seemed in better spirits.

Returning to his apartment, he telephoned to the American Kennel Fifteen minutes later Markham club and obtained the names of the





Housewife's Idea Box



For Your Scraps

Do you keep scraps of materials for mending, fancy work or other purposes? Is it not an advantage to be able to find just the right piece easily? Then make a bag of mosquito netting. A yard of material makes a good-sized bag. Put your scraps into this bag. You can readily see all the pieces and can easily get what you want.

THE HOUSEWIFE. Copyright by Public Ledger, Inc. WNU Service.

# Week's Supply of Postum Free

Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.-Adv.

#### Cling to Savagery

The New Guinea savages remain in the Stone age and will barter their most precious treasures for things of steel, especially knives. Rude adzes made of stone are their only implements for the construction of dug-out canoes, long and astonishingly narrow, which they propel standing upright.



But, as I Remember, Some Young Woman With Little or No Experience Brought Her Into the Ring."

shows he had selected as the most

The six judges turned out to be Marguerite Kirmse, Karl B. Smith, Edwin Megargee, William MacBain, Morgan Stinemetz, and Robert D. Hartshorne.

kept it busy for the best part of "Quite the contrary. It seemed turned with his file of Popular Dogs. half an hour. Then he rose and

took the dog in his arms. "Come Van our itiner'ry he

Dan had been an orphan at the same school with Rose Marie and a

By

great friendship had sprung up be- than five years-maybe he'll find me tween them. She had been adopt- changed-that he'll be disappoint-

OW glorious! How won-

derful, thought Dan, an

invitation for Christmas!

Christmas with Rose

Qlice B. Palmer

Scottish terrier judges in the six likely ones where the bitch might have been exhibited.

Vance turned to the telephone and

night, and nothing or nobody, so much as a cockroach, has passed me, goin' or comin'."

"Maybe you went to sleep and just dreamed it all," the sergeant suggested sarcastically.

"That's enough, Sergeant," said Vance mildly. "I think Sullivan is nate." telling the truth. I have a feeling that no one came in the front door tonight."

front steps and Heath went into the hall.

"I'll find out about Burke in Coe's room," he offered. A moment later he appeared with

Detective Burke in tow. "Tell Mr. Markham and Mr.

Vance," he ordered gruffly, "what you've been doing all night."

"I've been sleeping," Burke admitted frankly. "I pulled up a chair against the door and forgot my troubles. Was there anything the matter with that, Sergeant?" Heath hesitated.

"Well, I guess not. You been working all day-and I didn't tell you to keep awake. But a guy's been stabbed right down the hall from you, and he called for helpand now you know nothin' about it." The sergeant shook his head with disgust. "Well, go on back and see if you can keep awake for a while." Burke went out.

"My fault," the sergeant explained. "After all, you can't blame him, Mr. Vance."

"Burke wouldn't have been able to help us, anyway, I'm afraid." Vance consoled him. . . . "Suppose we commune with Gamble."

The butler was brought in. He was a pltiful figure as he stood before us in questioning fear.

"How do you account for the fact," Vance asked him, "that you could hear Mr. Grassi's call from the second floor and that his appeal for help should entirely have missed the ears of Miss Lake, who is on the floor between Mr. Grassl's room and yours?"

Gamble swallowed twice and braced himself against the door.

"That is guite simple, sir," he said. "Miss Lake's boudoir is at the rear of the house and there's a large parlor between her boudolr and the door leading into the hall. I, sir, leave my door open on the fourth should ring or I should be called."

When Gamble had been sent back | into the library. to the upper hall, Vance sighed and crushed out his cigarette.

"Well, that explains that, . Really, y' know, Markham, we don't seem to be moving with what might be called precipitate rapidity. I think I'll take a look at the rear a peep at it?" of the house. Would you care to stagger along ?"

The sergeant nodded sagely.

"Restful-eh, what? Astonishin'! And yet, Mr. Liang, while you were engaged in your liter'ry labors, Signor Grassi was stabbed."

There was no change of expression on the Chinaman's face as he answered: "That is most unfortu- the Cornwall show; and after that,

"Yes, yes, quite," Vance's tone was slightly irritable. "But did you, by any chance, hear anyone or see Sullivan was sent back to the anyone enter the rear door this eve- pretty well up to date, and they are ning?"

slow and indifferent negative.

"No," he said. "No one, to my knowledge, entered by the rear door. . . . Perhaps the front door-" "Many thanks for the suggestion." Vance interrupted with a shrug; "but there's been some one guard-

ing it." "Ah !" The Chinaman moved his eyes a little until they rested on a vinced. point somewhere above Vance's head, "That is indeed interesting. . . Perhaps the den window-"

"An excellent suggestion! Our gratitude, and all that, Mr. Liang," Vance murmured. "I'll have a look



'Mr. Liang, While You Were Engaged in Your Liter'ry Labors, Signor Grassi Was Stabbed."

floor, in case the front door bell with your work." And he led the way back through the dining room ownership."

> "Well, what about it?" grumbled Heath, "A swell lot you learned | tice's famous Barlae kennels at Hafrom that Chink."

> "it was kind of Mr. Llang to suggest the den window. Why not take his greeting, (Vance had known him

Heath hesitated, squinted, and then went swiftly across the hall Vance eagerly. into the drawing room. We could "You think the guy that stabbed hear him open the den door and

calendar of official dog shows, "Now, let's see," he murmured. "During the past month there has been held around New York the show at Syracuse-make a note of these, will you, Van? Then came Tuxedo. And a week later was the Camden show, which was followed by Westbury, and also the Engle-

wood show. . . . That brings us all possibilities. This dog is too Liang shook his head slightly in a young to have won any important blue ribbons, and therefore my guess would be that her entries would have been in the puppy and

novice classes. . . . It's not an im- judged. portant matter, although it limits and facilitates my investigation somewhat." "It sounds like shooting into the

dark." Markham was far from con-"You're right to a certain extent." Vance agreed. "But there's a sim-

pler way of determining the dog's ownership-and I shall try that first."

Vance stood looking down at the bandaged Scottie. "The more I see of her, Mark-

have done such a perfect job of ship. trimming, William Prentice could have done it; and George Wimberly, Burke, and Steve Parton." Vance walked round the dog sev eral times, studying her,

"Wimberly is in Boston, so we of distance. McNab is working in Long Island, and I hardly think he would qualify. Both Burke and Parton are fairly distant from New possibilities."

Then he stood up.

"William Prentice! That's the the back has been achieved by a master hand, and there's no greater

short distance from New York.

"Still, Sergeant," Vance returned, look at the dog in Vance's arms, "How d' ye do, Mr. Vance," was

for years.) "A good one, yon bitch." "You know her, then?" asked

"Ay." "And you trimmed her?"

Mr. Hartshorne, Vance's first se- ed by a kindly family in the East, lection, showed a keen interest in but had always kept in touch with

fully. But he could not remember having judged her in the show at mas. Dan had never been invited which he had officiated.

Mr. MacBain was not in his office this one great that day and Mr. Karl Smith was holiday and his unable to help us. He was quite whole being was sure that the dog had not been stirred with shown under him; so we went to great expectation. call on Mr. Megargee.

But here again we met with disappointment, for he was not able to identify the dog as having been pleasant Christentered in the show at which he

aging, and Vance was not in the best humor as we drove to the eastside winter studio of Mrs. Marguerite Kirmse Cole. But to no avail. Mrs. Cole was positive the dog had not been an entry under her judgeship.

It was past four in the afternoon when we arrived at Mr. William MacBain's Diehard kennels in Closter, N. J. Mr. MacBain showed an intense interest in the dog that Vance had brought to him, but was ham, the more I'm convinced that unable to identify her. Vance had there are only about five men in drawn another blank in his investithis part of the country who could gation of the wounded dog's owner-

He was downcast; I realized for the first time how much he had and Jimmy McNab, and Ellery counted on this stray Scottish terrier to help him in the solution of the crime which was perplexing him. But it was just at the moment when things seemed darkest that a may eliminate him on the grounds | ray of light was introduced into the situation. It was Mr. Stinemetza private capacity for a kennel on the last of the judges we consulted -who gave Vance the information he was seeking.

Vance showed him the little lost York, although they are certainly bitch and asked him if he had ever judged her. Mr. Stinemetz looked He knelt down and ran his hand at her closely for a moment, took over the contour of the dog's neck her in his arms and stood her on and lifted the hair along the spine. the show table in his main kennel. "Yes," he said slowly, after a

minute's inspection; "I not only chap. That outline of the neck and judged her, but I put her up, three weeks ago at Englewood. She won the puppy bitch class, and I would master at that in this country than have given her a first instead of a Prentice. Furthermore, he's only a second in the novice class, if she had shown properly. But, as I re-I think I'll try him first. If he did member, some young woman with at the window. . . . Pray continue trim this dog he may be able to little or no experience brought her give us some information as to her into the ring. Naturally, she could get no response from the dog. I As soon as Markham had left us tried to help her out, but it was that morning, we drove to Mr. Pren- hopeless; and I had to give the blue to a bitch that had the style and worth, N. J. Mr. Prentice took one the ring manners, but who wasn't quite this one's equal in anatomy."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pacific Ocean Largest The Pucific is the largest of all the oceans. It covers about threeeighths of the total sea area of the world. The Atlantic comes next.

the dog and went over her care- her old friend Danny.

A standard

Marie !

Now, the invitation for Christanywhere for

Danny had always had a most mas at the orphanage. Many Things began to appear discour-

generous persons had helped make it so, but he had never been to a real "honest to goodness" home Christmas celebration.

His heart leaped with joy. "Wonder how it will be! Wonder who'll be there! Oh boy! I can't wait!" Some days later an atmosphere of complete Christmas joy pervaded the cozy home of the Gaylords on East End Avenue. The turkey was sizzling in the oven and the great variety of Yale cookies were being frosted and tinted with the Christmas colors.

Some hours later, all was a hushedl silence as the little family seated about the lighted tree awalted the guest of the evening.

Soon there were footsteps crunching the snow and the next moment the loud peal of the doorbell.

Father met Dan with the cordial welcome of "Merry Christmas, my boy. I presume this is Danny-our Rose's old friend from Rye Junction."

Then Mother and Rose Marie. their faces wreathed in Christmas smiles, reached for Danny's outstretched hands, simultaneously, Danny had never in all the movies

beheld anyone as lovely as Rose Marie,

"Wby, Rose Marie, you are wonderful, simply wonderful! The same eyes. the same hair, oh. 1-" "Here, here. you young peo-

ple, you are forgetting it is Christmas, Merry Christmas, Dan' Merry Christmas. Rose Marie!" shouted

Dad. Then followed an "honest to goodness" Christmas in a real home. Everywhere Danny's eyes rested, it seemed to say in golden letters, "Merry Christmas, Dan?" "Merry Christmas, Dan !"

6. Western Newspaper Union

I-I couldn't bear that." ed. "What are you talking to yourself about?" A boyish voice spoke at Madge's elbow. "Is Christmas having its effect upon you, or is it the thought of a certain young man who is coming this evening?"

Comi Y

"Both, I guess," Madge answered lightly. Then, turning to her brother, she spoke more seriously. "Richard, do-do you think Ben will have changed very much-do you think he will like me as well as he used to?"

"Well, I shouldn't be surprised if



he has become a little bit tanned from the African climate, or if he has grown a mustache, or got a bit stouter, but as to whether he will like you as much as he used to-I'd say 'no.' He's bound to like you a lot better, that is, if he's kept his eyesight."

"Of all the foolish, flattering brothers! I should have known better than to ask you such a question !" But Madge's eyes were pools of dancing light as she looked at her brother. "Just for such a flippant answer. I'm going to put you at the task of cleaning up all this mess. I-I really must run up and dress; the clock seems to be running a race."

Madge's wardrobe was not extensive, yet it took her some time to decide on what to wear. She finally chose a simple blue gown. She remembered that Ben had always liked her in blue; he used to say that it matched her eyes. . . . But that was long ago; they were both little children then. Would he find



her as desirable now as he used to -would his eyes glow with love and pleasure as he looked into her face? Well, she would soon find out; he was due almost any moment now Her heart pounded as the door bell rang. Nervously she burrled

down the wide steps. In a moment Ben was clasping her hands and whispering words that she thrilled to hear. And as blue eyes met brown in a long tender look, Madge knew that she was going to have the very happiest Christmas of her life.





Be Sure They Properly **Cleanse the Blood** 

VOUR kidneys are constantly fil-I tering impurities from the blood stream. But kidneys get functionally disturbed-lag in their workfail to remove the poisonous body wastes.

Then you may suffer nagging backache, attacks of dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, swollen feet and ankles, rheumatic pains; feel "all worn out."

Don't delay! For the quicker you get rid of these poisons, the better your chances of good health.

Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are for the kidneys only. They tend to promote normal functioning of the kidneys; should help them pass off the irritating poisons. Doan's are recommended by users the country over. Get them from any druggist.

WNU-U

# **Hands Would Swell** and Crack with Eczema

# **Healed by Cuticura**

"Eczema started on my hands in blisters and then spread to my face. My hands would itch and I would rub them and they would get inflamed and burn terribly. They would pain and crack open and would swell until my hands were almost twice their size. I could not sleep.

"I saw an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. The first application was soothing so I bought more and after using two cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticara Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Wm. Twomey, 22 Brookside Ave., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold everywhere. Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Malden, Mass .- Adv.