

supposed to take the blame. . .

here in order to involve you."

especially as it might be proved

that I had been here at the time.

Moreover, the dagger is Chinese,

depriving my country of its right-

"Yes," nodded Vance, "That was

"That is true." Liang admitted.

"I placed them there when the but-

was and had understood all of its

differently. I do not yet understand

the mechanism of the crime. The

physical misunderstanding, so to

Mr. Archer Coe took place in this

library, and yet his dead body was

"There was no possibility," in-

"Oh, no." Liang was quite em-

quired Vance, "that Mr. Wrede

could have assisted Mr. Coe up-

phatic. "Within a few moments of

the encounter here in the library,

kitchen, surreptitiously, and depart-

"How can you be sure it was

The Chinaman gave a slow smile.

"In my country the senses are

more acute than in the Occident. I

had heard Mr. Wrede move about

this house too often not to know

his step and sense his presence."

Liang paused and looked at Vance.

"And may I be permitted now to

"Ask me any question you care

to, Mr. Liang, and I will try to be

"How, then, did you know that I

"There were several indications,

Mr. Liang." Vance replied; "but it

much-by a slip of the tongue,

When I first spoke to you, the next

morning, you mentioned a tragedy:

and when I asked you how you knew

there had been a tragedy, you re-

plied you had heard Gamble tele-

Liang looked at Vance for a mo-

"I understand now," he said. "I

had already prepared the breakfast

when the butler telephoned, for he

discovered the crime when he was

"It Is No Great Loss to the World."

Yes, I gave myself away, but

Vance acknowledged the compli-

"And now I shall ask you anoth-

The Chinaman looked up shrewd-

"The ink was quite dry on the

was aware of the crime on the

Vance bowed acquiescence.

Wrede, Mr. Liang, if you did not

in his bedroom upstairs."

stairs, after the melee?"

see him?" Vance asked.

ask a question of you?"

as frank as you have been."

night it was committed?"

breakfast."

slowly on his mouth.

no doubt the intention of the mur-

weapons in the room upstairs?"

CHAPTER XI-Continued -17-

"Please have a smoke, Mr. Liang." His tone was that of an equal. "This is not to be an interrogation. It's a conference in

which we need your help." Liang inclined his head with a murmured "Thank you." and took safer for me if I took the poker one of the cigarettes, which Vance and the dagger and hid them. I lighted for him.

Vance returned to his chair and Liang sat down.

"Mr. Liang," Vance began, "I think that I apprehend the position in which you have been placed by the unfortunate events which have and it could be easily ascertained taken place in this house, and I also that I was not in sympathy with think you realize that I have not the means Mr. Archer Coe used in been entirely ignorant of your predicament. You have acted, I might ful antiques." say, in very much the same way I myself might have acted, had our positions been reversed. But the derer, . . . And so, when you had time has come when frankness is wis- the opportunity, you placed both dom-and I hope you trust me sufficiently to believe me when I tell you that no possible danger can come to you. You are no longer in ler sent me to Miss Lake's room the jeopardy. There is now no possibility of misunderstanding. As a matter of fact, I have not misunderstood you from the first."

Liang again bowed his head, and said:

'I should be most happy to help you, if I might be assured that the speak, between Mr. Wrede and truth would prevail in this unhappy house, and that I would not be accused of things of which some one desired I should be accused."

"I can assure you of that, Mr. Mang," Vance returned quietly. Then he added significantly: "Mr. Wrede is dead."

"Ah!" the man murmured. "That pats a different aspect on matters." "Oh, quite. Mr. Wrede was killed Mr. Wrede came out through the by a dog he had abused."

"Lao-Tzu has said," returned ed through the rear door." Liang, "that he who abuses the weak is eventually destroyed by his own weakness."

Vance inclined his head in polite agreement.

"Will you tell us what happened -or, rather, what you saw-when you returned to this house between eight and nine Wednesday night?" Liang hesitated before he spoke, drawing deeply on the cigarette

Vance had given him. "It was exactly eight," he began an an even voice. "When I entered the kitchen I heard voices here in the library. Mr. Wrede and Mr. Archer Coe were talking. They were angry. I tried not to listen, but their voices rose until they penetrated even to my bedroom. Mr. Coe was protesting violently, and Mr. Wrede was becoming more and was you yourself who told me as more angry every second. I heard a scuffle, a startled ejaculation, and a noise as if something heavy had fallen to the floor. A brief silence ensued-and I thought I detected a tinkling sound like broken china. Then another silence. A few moments later I heard some one pass stealthily through the kitchen, and go out the rear door. I waited in my bedroom for perhaps fifteen minutes, asking myself if I should interfere with matters which did not concern me, and then I decided that, in loyalty to my employer, I should investigate the situation.

taking Mr. Coe's breakfast to him. "So I came forth and looked in the library here. The room was empty, but the small table in front of the davenport was upset. I put it on its fet; then returned to the kitchen and read for perhaps an hour. But something seemed to trouble me-I did not like the fact that Mr. Wrede had not gone out the front door, but went out so stealthily through the kitchen. I went upstairs to Mr. Coe's bedroom and knocked on the door. There was no answer. I tried the door. It was unbolted; and when I opened it, I saw Mr. Coe seated in his chair, apparently asleep. But I did not like the color of his face. I went to him and touched him, but he did not move-and I knew he was dead, . . . I came out of the room, closed the door, and returned to the kitchen.

"I asked myself what was best for me to do, and decided that since no one knew I had returned to the house I would go away and come back much later that night. So I went-to some friends of mine. When I returned at about midnight, I made unnecessary noise, so that anyone in the house would hear me returning. After a while I came it took a clever man to grasp the again into this library and looked error." round very carefully, for I could not understand what had happened | ment. that night. I found the poker lying on the hearth, and there was blood on it. I also found the dagger in you pretending to work in the Grassi changed my mind." the large Yung Cheng Ting yao kitchen at three o'clock yesterday vase on the table there. I had a morning, after the attack on Mr. definite feeling that both of these Grassi?" articles were left here for some special purpose, and it occurred to ly. "Pretending?" me that if a murder had been com-

Liang's ascetic mouth.

on the kitchen table."

A slow smile again spread over

"I was afraid, afterward," he said. "that you might have noticed that. . . The fact is, Mr. Vance, I was standing guard. At about half-past two that morning, I was awakened by a slight sound, I sleep lightlyand I am sensitive to sounds. I listened, and some one opened the door and passed through the kitchen into the butler's pantry and the dining room, and on into the library-"

"You recognized the footsteps?" "Oh, yes. The person who came in so softly was Mr. Wrede. . . . I naturally did not trust him, knowing what I did, and I hoped that I could trap him in some way. So I rose, dressed, turned on all the lights in the kitchen, and took my post at the table-as if I were mitted that night, it was I who was heard Mr. Wrede come back softly stairs." "You are quite right, Mr. Liang. into the butler's pantry and then I think that both weapons were left retreat again toward this room, I knew that he had seen the lights "I did not quite understand the in the kitchen and was afraid to situation," the Chinaman continenter. I did not hear the front door | and animated. "A dead man walked ued. "But I felt that it might be open-which is the only other means of egress except the windows-and I decided to stand my could see the possibilities of a case ground. being built up against me, if the "A little later I heard Mr. Grassi weapons were found in the library,

call out, and then I heard the butler telephoning. Even so, I thought it best to remain in the kitchen, for it occurred to me that Mr. Wrede might still be hiding in the house, waiting for a chance to escape through the rear door. When you came into the kitchen and informed me of the attack on Mr. Grassi, I suggested the den window. I could not see how else Mr. W ede could have gone out of the house."

Liang looked up sadly. "I am sorry my efforts were not more successful, but at least I made it difficult for Mr. Wrede."

next morning. Perhaps if I had realized how serious the situation "You've helped us no end," he said. "You've clarified many things. complications, I might have acted We are most grateful."

He walked to Liang and held out his hand. The Chinaman took it and bowed.

CHAPTER XII

The Startling Truth. WHEN Liang had gone out, Vance sent Gamble for Hilda

Lake. As soon as she entered the library, Vance informed her that Wrede was dead.

She looked at him a moment, liftand said: "It is no great loss to the world."

"Furthermore," Vance went on, "I believe that Mr. Wrede murdered your uncles and attempted the life of Mr. Grassi."

"I would not be in the least surprised," the young woman commented coldly. "I have suspected all along that he murdered Uncle Archer, but I could not quite see how he accomplished it. Have you learned his modus operandi?"

Vance shook his head. "No. Miss Lake," he admitted. "That's a part of the problem still to be solved."

"But why," she asked, "should he kill Uncle Brisbane? Uncle Brisbane was his ally."

"That's another phase of the problem that must be worked out. There was an error-a miscalculation-somewhere."

"I can understand," Hilda Lake remarked, "why he should attempt Mr. Grassi's life. Mr. Wrede was intensely jealous of Mr. Grassi."

"All clever, scheming men with a sense of their own inferiority," said Vance, "are inclined toward inphoning-while you were preparing tense jealousy. . . . But there's a particular thought that has entered my mind this evening, and I shall ment, a puzzled expression in his ask you about it.—Tell me, Miss eyes. Then a faint smile appeared Lake, what reason would Brisbane have had for killing Archer?"

Vance's question amazed me, and when I glanced at Markham and Heath, I saw that they, too, were startled. But Hilda Lake accepted it as if it had been the most casual and conventional of queries.

"Oh, various reasons," she answered calmly. "There was a deep antagonism between the two. Uncle Brisbane had many ideas and many ambitions, but he was always handicapped by the fact that Uncle Archer controlled all the money. There was, therefore, the money motive. Again, Uncle Brisbane did not feel that Uncle Archer had treated me fairly, and he was quite anxious for me to marry Mr. Wrede. Uncle Archer, as you know, was violently opposed to the marriage."

"And you, Miss Lake?" "Oh." she returned offhandedly, "I thought the marriage might be rather a good thing. Mr. Wrede was a comforting kind of soul who wouldn't have bothered me in the slightest-and I was tremendously desirous of escaping from this queer household. I knew all his faults, but as long as they didn't interfere with me-"

"Perhaps," suggested Vance, "the arrival of Mr. Grassi changed your mind a bit?"

For the first time during my acquaintance with Hilda Lake, I nodown as if embarrassed.

"Perhaps, as you say," she replied er question, Mr. Liang. Why were in a low voice, "the arrival of Mr.

Vance stood up. "I hope, Miss Lake," he said, 'that you will both be very happy." ham were troubled, for the case pal harbor,

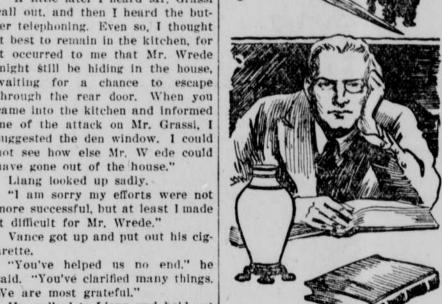
papers you had so neatly arranged | had not had a satisfactory endingthere were many things that had been left unexplained; there were many links in the chain of evidence which had not been found. But before the night was over there were no longer any mysteries: each ster in this monstrous crime, and each perplexing and contradictory factor had been clarified.

The final elucidation of the mystery came in a most unexpected manner. We were sitting in Vance's library, talking, after dinner.

"It's dashed mystifyin'," he muttered. "What I can't understand is how Archer got upstairs after he had been stabbed in the library. There's little doubt, after Liang's story, that the bloody work was done downstairs."

"I'm not so sure you're right about that, Vance," submitted Markham. "If your theory is correct, you must logically admit the proposiworking. Fifteen minutes later, I tion that a dead man walked up-

> Vance inclined his head. "I realize that," he said thoughtfully. Then he leapt to his feet and stood before Markham, tense



'A Dead Person Often Does Strange Things Without Knowing He Is Dead.

upstairs," he repeated in a strained, hushed voice. "That's it! That's the answer to everything. . . . Yes, Markham,"-he nodded with curious significance -- "a dead man walked upstairs:

"That's what happened the other night. Archer Coe-already a ed her eyebrows, shrugged slightly, | dead man-walked upstairs, Andwhat is even more terrible, Markham-he didn't know he was dead!"

Vance turned quickly and went to a set of thick quarto volumes on the lower shelf of one of his bookcases. He ran his finger along the books until he came to volume "E." He turned the pages and found what he was looking for. Then he glanced down the column of fine

"Listen, Markham," he said. "Here's a historical case of a dead person walking." He read from the encyclopedia: "'Elizabeth (Amelie Eugenie), 1837-1898, consort of Francis Joseph, emperor of Austria, a daughter of Duke Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria and Louisa Wilhelmina, was born on the 24th of December, 1837, at Lake Starnberg. . . . " He turned the page. "But

here's the passage regarding her death: 'Elizabeth spent much of her time traveling through Europe and at the palace she had built in Corfu. On the 10th of September, 1898, she was walking through the streets of Geneva with her entourage from her hotel to the steamer, when an anarchist, named Luigi Luccheni, ran suddenly into the roadway and stabbed her in the back, with a shoemaker's awl. The police immediately pounced upon the man and were about to drag him away, when the empress stayed them and gave the order that they should release him. "He has not injured me," she said, "and I wish, on this occasion, to forgive him," She continued her walk to the steamer, which was more than half a mile distant, and made a farewell speech to her subjects from the deck. She then retired to her cabin and lay down. Several hours later she was found dead. Luccheni had actually stabbed her without her being aware of it, and she had died hours later of an internal hemorrhage." Vance closed the book and threw

it to one side.

"Now do you see what I mean, Markham?" he asked. "A dead person often does strange things without knowing he is dead."

"Do you recall what Doctor Doremus said? 'An internal hemorrhage'! That's the whole storythat's the key to everything. That's how Archer could have been killed in the library and still have walked upstairs."

He went to another bookcase. and, after a moment's search, pulled out a black, gold-lettered volume, (TO BE CONTINUED)

Discovery of Newfoundland

Although the Icelandic sages relate that Lief Ericson and his crew discovered Newfoundland about 1000 ticed a soft, feminine expression A. D., the first authentic discovery come into her eyes. She glanced is accredited to John Cabot. In 1497, Cabot, a Genoese mariner, obtained a charter from King Henry VII of England to seek new territory in the New world which Columbus had discovered five years earlier. Cabot reached a port in the "New Founde Land" on the feast We dined at Vance's apartment day of St. John, and the name of that night. Both Vance and Mark- St. Johns was given to the princi-

BRISBANE THIS WEEK

A Long Swim Money Flows West \$5 for \$3.39 Not So Barren

The new year, 1935, latest contribution of Father Time to the long chain of beads called "eternity," is here, and we are in it.

We shall continue to read opinions and rumors, plans and criticism of plans, in our slow progress to prosperity's shore. It is a long swim when you are thrown overboard in the middle of Lake Superior. This country was thrown overboard in another lake of superior prosperity and unlimited expectations back in

Farmers, newspapers devoted to the farmers' interest, big bankers in the East, are interested in the fact that the money tide that for so long flowed from producers in the West to accumulators in the East, is now flowing in the other direc-

The money tide goes out toward the farms of wheat raisers and stock, in the West and Middle West, and to the cotton farmers in the South. It is as though the Great Lakes, had been tilted upward at the eastern end, and the waters sent rushing toward the Rocky mountains.

The tide will not flow long in that western direction, probably. Men that have the mortgages and collect the interest accumulate the money, in the lorg run.

Long ago, a man wagered that he would stand on London bridge offering genuine gold sovereigns for a shilling each and find few takers. The gold sovereigns were genuine, but nobody would buy. Mel Smith, a circus official called "Lucky" Smith, bet that Los Angeles citizens would refuse to buy genuine \$5 bills for \$3.39. Hundreds walked by, looked at the genuine bills. Some cried "Fake!" Only two purchased. "Lucky" Smith won a \$100 wager.

Many Americans wish they had been as skeptical about certain stock back in 1929.

The distinguished George W. Russell of Ireland, who signs his writings "AE," says, "I am always struck by the terrible barrenness of rural life in America." He thinks we must "find some way to enrich it," and if we don't, "then the dis ease which destroyed ancient Italy will eat into America. You will no longer feed yourselves, and you will be struck with palsy of bread and circuses."

Mr. Russell may find greater richness in Irish farmhouses, but it is a richness of the character and of the mind, not the surroundings. There is little barrenness about, other than intellectual, in our rural life with its automobile, radio, moving pictures within easy reach, rural delivery, porcelain bath tubs, mail order catalogues, prayer meetings, revivals, annual circus, the public library, soon reached by automobile.

Next summer our ships of war, venturing almost to Oriental waters," will engage in far-flung war games covering more than 5,000,000 square miles of the Pacific ocean.

How interesting that will be, and how rapidly those ships would come running home to hide away in port if a few large bombing planes should sail out from Asia, from Tokyo or Russia's Vladivostok, over those 5,000,000 square miles of the Pacific, and drop explosive bombs and poison gas bombs on the battleships!

Geological explorers from the Byrd expedition, near the South pole, report important veins of mineral quartz, discovered in mountains along the coast of Marie Byrd Land. If the geologists should bring

back actual samples rich in gold, how quickly men would find a way to reach those mountains, how indifferent to death they would be in the effort to get there!

In Kansas a terrific dust storm,

hiding the sun, suggests that the Agricultural department help farmers by developing some temporary covercrop that could be sown on wheat and corn fields when the crops come off, a nitrogen-fixing plant if possible. It would protect dusty surfaces from high winds and be plowed under, contributing humus, before the next planting.

In the Northwest, farmers have used the "duckfoot" cultivator, which cuts a path 60 feet wide, going through the roots of weeds and not destroying the protection of the stubble from wind and the washing of heavy rains.

A wise motto of earlier days was: "When in doubt refrain."

In Russia and other countries where the will of one takes the place of slow decisions by the majority, the maxim reads: "When in doubt, shoot."

Moscow reports 14 more executed to avenge the killing of Sergei Kirov, making 117 lives taken to explate that one murder.

A King Features Syndicate, Inc.

TRUE GHOST **STORIES**

By Famous People

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By RITA WEIMAN Author.

R ITA Weiman is too strongstory," cautione i her husband.

"Beg your pardon," he added. 'Come to think of it she does have a ghost story, a very real one. She has a knack of foreseeing things. Tell about your 'voltage story,' Rita."

Simultaneously, the author, her husband and I drew our chairs closer to the fireplace, above which burned dim lights from Chinese furniture, which she favors,

"Seven years ago," she began, "I read an obscure notice in the newspaper, about John Hulbert of Auburn, N. Y., an electrician, resigning as executioner at Sing Sing, because he was being ostracized from society. At the same time he justified his job, saying he was only fulfilling his work as a servant of the state.

"I thought this was a grand idea for a story. I wrote a story about an electrician, who was ostracized by his family and friends, because they found out he was serving as an executioner and who eventually killed himself because of their actions, by seizing a high-voltage electric wire. I sold the story to a magazine.

"A few months later the editor called me to say that the owner of the magazine felt that my story was a plea against capital punishment and that he did not feel that his magazine should take issue on the subject. I should keep my check, but the story would not be published by them; I could resell it if I wished.

"I let the matter drift, although felt that I wanted to see the story published.

"One morning, two years later, my secretary handed me a paper. "'Look,' she said with amazement in her voice.

"'Joins in death the 140 men he slew,' said the headlines, 'John Hulbert, by suicide, answers the question all who knew him asked.' "How I rejoiced that my story

ad not been published! I would always have been haunted by the thought that Hulbert had read my story and brooded over it, and had eventually committed suicide. "In view of the strange finale of

events, the magazine then published the story, and I rejoiced that I had been saved from that ghost."

> . . . By PERCY CROSBY Cartoonist.

66 T WAS born in a haunted house," I related the comic artist, Percy Crosby.

"The first gleam of consciousness which I can remember in my life was seeing a colored mammy under the kitchen table, and hearing my mother say that the mammy was a ghost. All through my childhood I can remember my mother complaining to my father that our house was haunted, until, when I was three, we had to move from it.

"I can remember vividly that first experience-the only time I ever saw the ghost. It left an indelible impression on my mind.

"I had gone into the kitchen to get a cooky. Under the kitchen table I saw a negro mammy; a red bandanna was tied tightly around her head, her two hands were on the floor. She seemed to be backing away from me. I screamed in fright at the strange sight and ran to my mother.

"Mother grasped my hand, and took me back to the scene. The woman was still crouching there. "I saw my mother slap at her,

and her hand went right through her head and struck the wall; and the mammy disappeared. "'Ghost, ghost!' screamed my

mother. I screamed also, not knowing what the word meant, "Mother called witnesses who

agreed that there was no sign or hide or hair of the mammy in the room. I was with her to testify that she had been there, and that when mother struck her she disappeared. "After that experience my moth-

er grew more nervous and timid: but, like all small boys, the experience only gave me more courage. and more ideas for adventure. But I have never found a ghost since that time. No doubt since I was born in a haunted house, I'll probably die in one."

Horned Toads Bear Young Snakes are not the only members of the reptilian family which give

birth to living young. A small female horned toad captured by a ranger naturalist in the Petrified Forest National Monument, Arizona, recently, surprised her captor by giving birth to 19 young toads within three hours' time; 18 living |= and one dead. Within 30 to 60 seconds after seeing the light of day the horned toad youngsters were on their feet and sprinting around the

Housewife's Idea Box



Sour milk can be used just the same as sweet milk. Add one-third of a teaspoonful of baking soda for each cup of the sour milk you use. Then proceed to add exactly the same ingredients as if sweet milk were being used. Many housewives think it makes better biscuits than sweet milk. THE HOUSEWIFE.

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Point of View

Diversity of opinion proves that things are only what we think them!



FEEL TIRED, ACHY-"ALL WORN OUT?"

Get Rid of Poisons That Make You Ill

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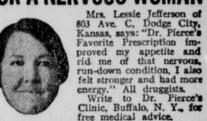
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