CHAPTER IX-Continued -11-

A change came over the girl. She stairs and says he'd like to see you, relaxed, as if from a sudden at- if convenient, before he goes." her eyes from Vance, and appeared | ment and frowned. to be appraising him and deciding what course to follow.

tweed top-coat over his arm. He sage?" cocked an eyebrow at Vance and nodded triumphantly.

"I take it, Sergeant," Vance plained: "Sergeant Heath has been searching for the gun that fired the second shot."

The girl became suddenly animated and leaned forward attentive-

"After going over the roof and the hanging in the hall closet," said ever since Doc Siefert arrived." Heath. "The gun was in the pocket of this." He threw the coat on the davenport and took a .38 gun-metal revolver from his pocket. He broke it and showed it to Vance and Markham. "Full of blanks-and one of 'em has been discharged."

"Very good, Sergeant," Vance complimented him. "Whose coat is this, by the by?"

"I don't know yet, Mr. Vance; but I'm going to find out pronto." Zalia Graem had risen and come

forward. "I can tell you whose coat that is." she said. "It belongs to Miss Beeton, the nurse. I saw her wear-

ing it yesterday." "Thanks awfully for the identification," returned Vance, his eyes

resting dreamily on her. She focused her gaze on Vance again. "Lemmy Merhorsy aristocracy that infests our eyelids that he was disturbed. eastern seaboard, asked me to drive out to Sands Point with him for the polo game tomorrow. I thought I might dig up some more exciting engagement and told him to call me here this afternoon at half-past three for a final yes or no. I pur- ly as he imagines." posely stipulated that time, so I wouldn't miss the running of the Handicap. As you know, he didn't call till after four, with excuses about not having been able to get to a telephone. I tried to get rid the hall itself isn't very spacious of him in a hurry, but he was persistent - the only virtue he possesses, so far as I know. I left him dangling on the wire when I came out to listen to the race, and then went back for a farewell and havea-nice-time-without-me. Just as I hung up I heard what sounded like a shot and came to the door, to find everyone hurrying along the hall.

That's everything." Vance rose and bowed.

"Thanks for your ultimate candor, Miss Graem. I'm deuced sorry I had to torture you to obtain it. And please ignore the nightmares you accused me of manufacturing." The girl frowned as her intense

gaze rested on Vance. "I wonder if you don't really know

more about this affair than you pretend."

"My dear Miss Graem! I do not pretend to know anything about it." Vance went to the door and held it open for her. "You may go now, but we shall probably want to see you again tomorrow, and I just ask for your promise that you will stay at home where you will be available."

"Don't worry, I'll be at home." As she went out, Miss Beeton was coming up the passageway toward the study. The two women passed each other without speaking.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, Mr. Vance," the nurse apologized, "but Doctor Siefert has just arrived and and asked me to inform you that he wished very much to see you as soon as possible. Mr. Garden," she added, "has told him about Mr. Swift's death."

At the moment her gaze fell on the tweed coat, and a slight puzzled frown lined her forehead. Before she could speak Vance said:

"The sergeant brought your coat up here. He didn't know whose it was. We were looking for something." Then he added quickly: "Please tell Doctor Siefert that I will be very glad to see him at once. And ask him if he will be good here today already." Vance went is that when I went to tell Doctor a dragon's claw holding a ball or enough to come here to the study." Miss Beeton nodded and went out.

CHAPTER X

There was a soft knock, and Vance turned from the window. He ing for a summons.

"Sorry, Vance," Garden apologized, "but Doc Siefert is down-

tack of weakness. She did not take | Vance looked at the man a mo-

"Miss Beeton informed me of the fact a few minutes ago. I asked Before she managed to speak her to tell the doctor I would be Heath stamped up the passageway glad to see him at once. I can't and opened the study door. He car- understand his sending you also. ried a woman's black-and-white Didn't the nurse give him the mes-

"I'm afraid not. I know Siefert sent Miss Beeton up here, and I assumed, as I imagine Siefert did, drawled, "your quest has been suc- that you had detained her." He cessful. You may speak out." He looked round the room with a puzturned to Zalia Graem and ex- zled expression. "The fact, is I thought she was still up here."

"You mean she hasn't returned downstairs?" Vance asked.

"No, she hasn't come down yet." Vance took a step forward.

"Are you sure of that, Garden?" "Yes, very sure." Garden nodstairs and the hall of the apartment, ded vigorously. "I've been in the I thought I'd look through the wraps front hall, near the foot of the stairs,

"Did you see any of the others come down?"

"Why, yes," Garden told him. 'Kroon came down and went out. And then Madge Weatherby. And shortly after the nurse had gone up with Siefert's message to you, Zalia came down and hurried away. But that's all. And, as I say, I've been down there in the front hall all the time.

"What about Hammle?"

"Hammle? No, I haven't seen anything of him. I thought he was still here with you."

"That's deuced queer." Vance moved slowly to a chair and sat down with a perplexed frown. "It's possible you missed him. However, the type of medical man Vance had you." it doesn't matter. Ask the doctor to come up, will you?"

When Garden had left us Vance sat smoking and staring at the ceil- bearing studiously dignified and turned Vance. "But perhaps I can rit, one of the various scions of the ing. I knew from the droop of his self-sufficient.

muttered

again. "For Heaven's sake, Vance," Markham commented irritably. "It's entirely possible Garden wasn't watching the stairs as close-

"Yes. Oh, yes." Vance nodded vaguely. "Everyone worried. None her," he said, as he moved one end on the alert. Normal mechanisms not functioning. Still, the stairs are the cool breeze from the rivvisible half way up the hall, and er. "How are you feeling, Vance?"

"It's quite possible Hammle went | twice and smiled faintly. down the main stairs from the terrace, wishing, perhaps, to avoid the others."

"He hadn't his hat up here with him," Vance returned without looking up. "He would have had to enter the front hall and pass Garden to An idea went through my head that get it. No point in such silly mamaybe Woody had shot himself- neuvers . . . But it isn't Hammle that's why I went mid-Victorian and I'm thinking of. It's Miss Beeton, almost passed out when I saw him. I don't like it . . ." He got up



slowly and took out another cigarette. "She's not the kind of girl that would neglect taking my message hoping that you could tell us about to Siefert immediately, unless for it yourself." a very good reason."

happened-" "Yes, of course. That's just it.

search-immediately."

knowing what was on his mind and the fact that inside the yault there with no anticipation of what was was a frightful suffocating smell." to follow. Vance peered out through back, shaking his head.

We would have been able to see." His eyes moved inquiringly up and back of your head. That too might down the hall, and after a moment have been worse, but the starched a strange, startled look came into band of your cap probably saved them. "It could be!" he exclaimed. you from more serious injury." 'Oh, my aunt! Damnable things are happening here. Wait a second."

He rapidly retraced his steps to jed herself against Vance. the vault door. Grasping the knob, he rattled it violently; but the door was now locked. Taking the key have you to thank-haven't I?" from its nail, he inserted it hurriedly into the lock. As he opened the heavy door a crack, a pungent, penetrating odor assailed my nostrils. Vance quickly drew back.

"Out into the air!" he called over his shoulder, in our direction. "All of you!"

Instinctively we made for the door to the garden.

Vance held one hand over his nose and mouth and pushed the vault door further inward. Heavy ambercolored fumes drifted out into the hall, and I felt a stifling, choking sensation. Vance staggered back a step, but kept his hand on the door-

"Miss Beeton! Miss Beeton!" he called. There was no response and I saw Vance put his head down and move forward into the dense fumes that were emanating from the open door. He sank to his knees on the threshold and leaned forward into the vault. The next moment he had straightened up and was dragging the limp body of the nurse out into the passageway.

As soon as the girl was out of the vault, Vance took her up in his arms and carried her unsteadily out into the garden, where he placed her gently on the wicker settee. His face was deathly pale; his eyes were watering; and he had difficulty with his breathing. When he had released the girl, he leaned heavily against one of the iron posts which supported the awning. He opened his mouth wide and sucked the fresh air into his lungs.

The nurse was gasping stertorously and clutching her throat. Although her breast was rising and falling convulsively, her whole body was limp and lifeless.

stepped through the garden door, a returned downstairs. But at first it had all the outward appearance of serious could have happened to described to us the night before. He was about sixty, conservatively the girl said with a bewildered air. but modishly attired, and with a

With a great effort Vance drew himself erect.

bromin gas."

comfortable position and opened the collar of her uniform.

"Nothing but the air can help inches long. of the settee around so that it faced

Vance was dabbing his eyes with a handkerchief. He blinked once or "I'm quite all right." He went

to the settee and looked down at the girl for a moment. "A close call," he murmured Siefert inclined his head gravely. At this moment Hammle came strutting up briskly from a remote corner of the garden.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. 'What's the matter?"

Vance turned to the man in angry

"Well, well," he greeted him. tell you later what's the matter. telltale marks on it. However . . .' Or perhaps you will be able to tell me. Wait over there." And he ierked his head in the direction of a flashing. chair nearby.

to Long Island," Hammle muttered. | feeling now, Miss Beeton?" "It might have been better, don't v'know," murmured Vance, turning away from him.

The nurse's strangled coughing had abated somewhat. Her breathing was deeper and more regular. and the gasping had partly subsided. Before long she struggled to sit up. Siefert helped her.

"Breathe as deeply and rapidly as you can," he said. "It's air you need."

The girl made an effort to follow instructions, one hand braced against the back of the settee, and the other resting on Vance's arm. A few minutes later she was able

to speak, but with considerable dif-

ficulty. "I feel-better now. Except for the burning - in my nose and throat."

"What happened?" she asked. "We don't know yet." Vance returned her gaze with obvious distress. "We only know that you were poisoned with bromin gas in the vault where Swift was shot. We were

She shook her head vaguely, and "A number of things might have there was a dazed look in her eyes.

"I'm afraid I can't tell you very much. It all happened so unexpectedly-so suddenly. All I know "Oh, my word! I wonder . . . Come the passageway and into the vault. of George III.

"Yes. Not a pleasant experience. the garden door. Then he turned But it could have been much SPROUTED OATS worse." Vance spoke in a low voice "No, it couldn't have been there. and smiled gravely down at the girl. "There's a bad bruise on the

stood swaying a little as she stead-

"I really feel all right now." She looked at Vance wistfully. "And I

Siefert spoke gruffly. "A few more minutes of that bromin gas would have proved fatal. Whoever found you and got you out here did so just in time."

"How did you happen to find me so soon?" she asked him.

"Belated reasoning," he answered. "I should have found you several minutes before-the mo-



At that moment Doctor Siefert ment I learned that you had not look of amazement on his face. He was difficult to realize that anything the Dorking, an English breed. The

> "I can't understand it even now." "Neither can I - entirely," relearn something more."

Going quickly to a pitcher of water Heath had brought, he dipped "Hurry, doctor," he called. "It's his handkerchief into it. Pressing the handkerchief against his face, Siefert came rapidly forward, he disappeared into the passageway. moved the girl's body into a more A minute or so later he returned. In plumage with about 1 feather in 2 his hand he held a jagged piece of to 1 feather in 10 tipped with posithin curved glass, about three tive white, depending on the section

still clinging to it was a small paper | in all sections of both sexes is dull label on which was printed the symbol "Br."

"I found this on the tiled floor, in the far corner of the vault. It was just beneath one of the racks which holds Professor Garden's as- terpart of the mottled in type and sortment of chemicals. There's an has pure white plumage. The ear empty space in the rack, but this lobes are red. The beak, shanks, vial of bromin couldn't have fallen and toes are pinkish white. to the floor accidentally. It could only have been taken out deliberately and broken at the right moment." He handed the fragment of glass to Heath.

"Take this, Sergeant, and have it gone over carefully for finger- plenty of them. Some of the experiprints. But if, as I suspect, the ment stations, notes a writer in the same person that killed Swift han- Rural New-Yorker, in states where "The roll call is complete. I'll dled it. I doubt if there will be any poultry is a large industry have re-

"I wish I'd taken the earlier train Swift's murder . . . How are you act causes, so that prevention, vac-

with a weak smile. "But nothing tered capsules are available for more." She was leaning against one

end of the settee. "Then we'll carry on, what?" "Of course," she returned in a low

voice. the hallway at this moment. He

coughed. "What's this beastly odor in the ment. hall?" he asked. "It's gotten downstairs. Is anything wrong?"

"Not now. No," Vance returned. "A little bromin gas a few minutes ago; but the air will be clear in a little while. No casualties. Every to see me?"

on the roof with a puzzled air.

"Awfully sorry to interrupt you, Vance; but the fact is, I came for the doctor." His eyes rested on Siefert, and he smiled dryly. "It's the usual thing, doc," he said. "The mater seems almost in a state of collapse—she assured me that she hadn't an ounce of strength left." (TO BE CONTINUED)

Claw and Ball Foot Furniture

Claw and ball foot furniture originated from the Oriental design of was struck on the head from behind, on early Chinese bronzes. It suc-"As you say, Markham." His voice unconscious, but it stunned me so decorative use being in what was opened the study door without wait- an ash tray and turned on his heel. turned about, and forced back up dale to the beginning of the reign

GOOD WINTER DIET

Tender Plants Should Be Free From Mold.

By J. C. Taylor, Extension Poultryman, New Jersey College of Agriculture. WNU Service.

Green food for winter feeding of poultry can easily be obtained by sprouting oats. Oats to be sprouted should be good seed oats and free from any must or smut, and a homemade oat sprouter, consisting of trays two feet square and four or five inches deep with fine hardware cloth for the bottom, is satisfactory equipment.

Soak the oats in warm water overnight and then spread them on the trays about an inch thick. Keep the temperature of the room in which the oats are placed between 60 and 70 degrees Fahrenheit and water the oats once a day. When the sprouts are three or four inches long, they are ready to be fed to the birds at the rate of one square inch of oats to each bird daily.

The most serious trouble in sprouting is mold. Great care is needed to avoid its appearance and no oats should be fed which have any trace of mold. Careful washing of trays and tubs used in sprouting oats in a five per cent solution of formalin is a good practice to follow. If this fails to control the mold, use one teaspoon of formalin to every six quarts of water and allow the oats to soak in this solution for 12

Houdans a French Breed,

Takes Name From Village The Houdan is a French breed, taking its name from the village of Houdan. It is a rather popular breed in France and is kept to a certain extent in the United States for the production of table poultry. It is a bird of good substance with good length and depth of body, making it well adapted for the production of meat. The back is long and of good breadth, sloping slightly toward the tail. In many respects the Houdan somewhat resembles standard weights in pounds are: Cock, 7: hen, 61/2; cockerel, 61/2;

and pullet, 5. A characteristic feature of the Houdan is the presence of a fifth four toes. The Houdan also has a well-developed crest and a beard. The comb is V shaped.

The Mottled Houdan has black of plumage. The fluff is black, It was part of a broken vial, and tipped with gray. The under-color black. The ear lobes are white. The color of the beak is dark horn; the shanks and toes are pinkish white, mottled with black.

The White Houdan is the coun-

Problems of Disease

With the increase in poultry population, and local concentration, have come problems of diseasesearch laboratories comparable to "This was a dastardly thing, those of the great hospitals. Germ Vance," Siefert burst out, his eyes and parasite infestation, bodily defects, nutritional deficiencies and "Yes. All of that, doctor. So was disorders are studied to find the excination or medical treatment may "A little shaky," she answered be recommended. Easily adminismany poultry troubles, such as intestinal parasites. We all realize that disease prevention through sanitary measures is of prime importance, but many poultry disorders Floyd Garden stepped out from do yield to modern treatment so that it is not necessary to chop off a hen's head at the first sign of ail-

Hatching Eggs

When we hatch eggs from a pullet, not much can be known about her ability to live. If, on the othone doing well . . . Did you want er hand, eggs from her are hatched when she is two or three years old. Garden looked round at the group she has then demonstrated her ability to endure heavy laying and to resist disease and adequately assimilate large amounts of feed. Regardless of the cause of the high mortality, it would seem logical to breed more from hens time you listened to me. I don't that have lived long and produced

Loss From Red Mites Red mites and body lice frequent-

ly cause serious loss in egg production. Deaths also may follow a bad infestation among both young and old stock, and considerable time and care may be required to bring the flock back into condition after the trouble has been overcome. Carelessness or insanitary conditions are usually responsible for the presence of these pests. They thrive on dirty hens and multiply rapidly in filth if it is allowed to accumulate in the henhouse

The Sun Rises

By WILLIAM R. GRECO McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

HE ENTERED the room and closed the door behind him. For a moment he leaned heavily against the door. Outside the sounds of the jubilant crowds drifted dimly to his ears. He shook his head as if to rid his brain of the noise and turmoil.

Dragging his big body across the room, he sank into an easy chair. He covered his face with his hands, still red from the Arctic ice and wind. His head ached from thinking. All that long trip he had spent torturing his mind in vain efforts to drive the mist from his brain.

When he had received word of his wife's death, he seemed to lose the power to think clearly. All he could say over and over again, was: "Binnie's dead . . . Binnie's dead."

He dug the palms of his hands deep into his eyes. "It's going to be hard, Binnie." The door to his room opened quiet-

ly. His head came up slowly, wearily, and he saw that it was Effle, the housekeeper. Her thin voice came softly. "I'm

so sorry, Mr. Caffrey." Caffrey stared at the blurred wall before him. "There's something I must know, Effie," he said, his voice hoarse and tired. "Yes. sir?"

His brown eyes, dark with suffering, bored into those of the housekeeper. "Could I have . . . if in some way I had managed to come . .

The housekeeper shook her head. "Oh, no, sir. There wasn't time for that. Besides, she wouldn't hear of it. She was so happy that you had been chosen to go on the expedition. She wanted you to finish your job. And all the while, sir, she knew."

He lapsed into silence. Then: "How was it, Effie? I mean-" "I know, sir," Effle said. "It was beautiful, sir, and peaceful. She seemed so gay those last few days planning a surprise for you. It's in the bedroom.'

"You've explained to Junior?" The old eyes of the housekeeper moistened. "As best you can tell a little fellow like him, sir." He nodded. "I know, Effie. You

can go now. And thanks-for everything. You've been kind." Steeling himself, he entered the room-their room-Binnie's and his. He looked about. Everything was in States? order. Beside the bed he saw a phonograph machine. Binnie had toe, practically all other breeds and loved music. On the dresser, tied in varieties of chickens having but a neat, circular bundle he saw a package. His neart gave a qu jerk as he grasped it eagerly. He struggled with the cord. A phonograph record rolled out of his hands, onto the bed. His breath came in swift gasps as he leaned over the machine, fumbled a moment with the mechanisms, then waited, ex-

> "Hello, Bill." The voice came low, natural-Binnie's voice. For a crazy moment his whole body racked with renewed agony. He called softly: "Binnie...

pectantly.

Binnie." "Listen Bill," Binnie's voice said. softly. "I'm so sorry, dear, I couldn't be there to greet you. You're a hero now, aren't you, my Bill? I know you will have something to say, so now and then I'll pause and let you talk to me. I'll hear you, Bill."

Caffrey sat stiff and silent on the bed's edge. Then the voice came again. "Dear Bill, I know how you must feel. But I had to say good-by to you."

All the loneliness left him as he listened. Binnie was talking to him-Binnie!

Again the voice: "Perhaps you wonder why I'm repeating your name so often. It's been a long time since I've talked to you. I want to say it over and over. Just Bill . . Bill. I-" Her voice stopped short in a

choked cry. Caffrey clenched his fists. "Binnie!" "I'm so sorry, Bill," her voice continued. "A little pain. So sorry.

But honestly, Bill, it wasn't much of a pain. There never has been very much pain except when I thought of you and Junior." There was a silence. When her

ity of tone she had assumed. "Now, Bill, before I go . . when this is over . . . when I stop talking . . . promise me you'll break the record."

was quieter, lacking the brave lev-

Caffrey was silent a moment. "I can't Binnie, I can't," he said. Miraculously, but then Binnie knew him so well, her voice said: "Oh. Bill, promise. You see, if you didn't break the record, then it would only mean suffering every want to keep coming back to you. It isn't fair to you or Junior to

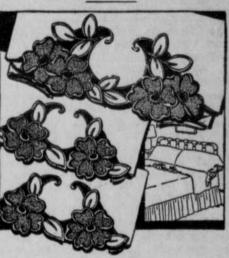
ise, Bill." He didn't say anything. He waited for Binnie to speak. She said:

keep me, even on a record. Prom-

"Good-by, Bill dear. Good-by." And that was all. His body loosened; his hands lay opened and nerveless in his lap. He reached out a hand and picked up the record. For a brief moment he held it in his hands, carefully. Then, deliberately, he let it drop to the hardwood floor. He stared, his face grave and motionless, at the broken

Then he arose and went to his son.

Striking Wild Rose Design in Cutwork



Pattern 1337

Simplicity of design-simplicity of needlework combine to make these wild roses effective in cutwork. Do the flowers in applique, too - it's very easy to combine with cutwork. Use these designs on sheets and pillow cases - on scarfs and towels - on a chair back. Dress up your own home or make them as gifts. Pattern 1337 contains a transfer pattern of a motif 61/2 by 20 inches, two motifs 5 by 1434 incnes and pattern pieces for the applique patches; illustrations of all stitches used; material requirements; color suggestions.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave, New York,

Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

Ask Me Another A General Ouiz

@ Bell Syndicate.-WNU Service. ******************

What is an incantation? What is an antitoxin? 3. On what island was the lab-

yrinth of the Minataur? 4. What is a locomotive's pilot sometimes called?

5. Does Holy week come before or after Easter? 6. Is Japan north or south of the Philippines?

7. What does "irascible" mean? 8. Who was the first emperor of modern Germany? 9. What was the latest territorial acquisition of the United

wrote "Old Wives" 10. Who Tale"? Answers

1. A formula for magical words. 2. A substance neutralizing poison.

Crete. The cow-catcher. Before.

from Denmark).

10. Arnold Bennett.

6. North. Prone to anger. Wilhelm I.

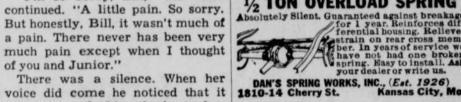
9. The Virgin Islands (bought



new woman now Why suffer with muscular pains of rheuma neuralgia, lumbago, or chest cold? Thousands say Hamlins Wizard Oil brings quick relief to aching legs, arms, chest, neck, back. Just rub it on—rub it in. Makes the skin glow with warmth —muscles feel soothed—relief comes quick.
Pleasant odor. Will not stain clothes. At al



DAN-D-FORD V-8 PICK UP 1/2 TON OVERLOAD SPRING





Its surprising how many have heart burn. Hurried eating, overeating, heavy smoking, excessive drinking all lead to heartburn. When it comes, heed the warning. Your stomach is on a strike.



TAKE MILNESIAS

Milnesia, the original milk of magnesia in wafer form, taken after indulgence, relieves heartburn. Crunchy and tasty. Each wafer equals 4 teaspoonfuls milk of magnesia. 20c, 35c & 60c packages.

I Heard What Sounded Like a Shot.

Too many things have happened to the north window and looked out | Siefert he might come upstairs, I | pearl which was frequently found into the garden. Then he returned to the center of the room and stood just as I passed the garden door. | ceeded the club foot as a terminal for a moment in tense meditation. The blow didn't render me entirely in English furniture, its greatest was barely audible. "Something that I was unaware of anything or called the Transition period of the may have happened. . . ." Sud- anybody around me. Then I felt early Georgian era, which continued was confronted by Garden, who had denly he threw his cigarette into myself being caught from behind, through the early work of Chippen-

Sergeant. We'll have to make a I have a faint recollection of the He opened the door quickly and I wasn't sufficiently rational to prostarted down the hall. We followed test or even to realize what had

door being shut upon me, although him with vague apprehension, not happened. But I was conscious of

The girl had got to her feet and

The girl had not taken her eyes from Vance.



It Was Part of a Broken Vial.