

A KLONDIKE TO THE REAL FARMER

A Western Canada Crop Estimated at \$12,000, Makes \$19,000.

Messrs. Harris, formerly of Audubon, Iowa, wrote the "Audubon Advocate," expressing their satisfaction of things in Western Canada. They located at Makepeace, Alberta. They say there are those who make good, and those who fail. The former are those that land agents refer to when advertising their land. "But," continues the letter, "A great many of the farmers in this vicinity pay for their land with their first crop. A man near here bought a section of land in the year 1915 for \$23 per acre. He broke 300 acres of the land during the summer of 1915. In the fall of 1916 he threshed 16,000 bushels of wheat, which paid for his land, all expenses and had a balance of \$4,000. In the fall of 1917 he threshed nearly as much of the other half of the section. At the present time he would not take \$50 per acre for his land.

"We have had five crops in Alberta. The two dry years (1914-1917) our wheat made 20 and 30 bushels to the acre respectively. In 1916 we raised 50 bushels of wheat to the acre on summer fallow. The best results are obtained by plowing or breaking in the summer, working it down in the fall so that it will retain the moisture. Thus farming one-half your ground each year.

"Persons owning land here and still living in the States should, if they don't feel themselves able to come up here and finance themselves until they can't get their first crop, get some of their land broken and worked down in the fall before they come. The next spring they could come and put in the crop, fence and put up their buildings. This way they have to wait only one summer for their first crop.

"It is not advisable for a person to come here in the spring, break out land and put it in crop the first year, because the moisture is not in the ground and a failure is almost certain unless it is an exceptionally wet year.

"One of the boys from that locality, Mr. Peder M. Jensen came to Alberta last spring. He bought a 30-00 Rumely Oil-Pull engine on the 8th day of June, 1917. After that date he broke 1,100 acres of prairie sod for which he received an average of \$5.00 per acre.

"Mr. Hansen from your community, was up here last fall with several prospective land buyers from that neighborhood. At that time he inquired the value of the crop on the section we were farming. We told him that it would probably make in the neighborhood of \$12,000. This same crop when sold brought nearly \$19,000. The most of it being sold when prices were low for the year."—Advertisement.

Sir Robert Walpole. Flowery oratory he despised. He ascribed to the interested views of themselves or their relatives the declarations of pretending patriots, of whom he said: "All these men have their price."—Memoirs of Walpole.

A wise man doesn't try to scare a cow into standing still while being milked.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days. Druggists refund money if PAIN EXTINGUISH fails to cure itching, blind, bleeding or protruding piles. First application gives relief. See.

Sin and misery always go together, but sin comes first.

Keep Yourself Fit

You can't afford to be laid up with sore, aching kidneys in these days of high prices. Some occupations bring kidney troubles; almost any work makes weak kidneys worse. If you feel tired all the time, and suffer with lame back, sharp pains, dizzy spells, headaches and disordered kidney action, use Doan's Kidney Pills. It may save an attack of rheumatism, dropsy, or Bright's disease. Doan's have helped thousands back to health.

An Iowa Case

Sever Olson, blacksmith, Maple Ave., Decorah, Ia., says: "Many years of hard work as a blacksmith weakened my kidneys and brought on attacks of backache. When I stooped, sharp pains caught me in the small of my back. The kidney secretions were in bad shape, too. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they fixed me up in fine shape. Whenever I have taken them since, they have done good work."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Boys and Girls Clear the Skin with Cuticura Soap and Ointment 25¢ each Everywhere

COUGHING annoys others and hurts you. Relieve throat irritation and tickling, and get rid of coughs, colds and hoarseness by taking at once

PISO'S

THE TEETH OF THE TIGER

BY MAURICE LEBLANC
TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS

CHAPTER TWO. (Continued.)

"What did you do with the will until the evening, until you locked it away in your safe?"

"I probably put it in the drawer of my desk."

"And the drawer was not forced?"

Maitre Lepertuis seemed taken aback and made no reply.

"Well?" asked Perenna.

"Well, yes, I remember . . . there was something that day . . . that same Friday."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. When I came in from lunch I noticed that the drawer was not locked, although I had locked it beyond the least doubt. At the time I attached comparatively little importance to the incident. To-day, I understand, I understand—"

Thus, little by little, were all the suppositions conceived by Don Luis verified; suppositions resting, it is true, upon just one or two clues, but yet containing an amount of intuition, of divination, that was really surprising in a man who had been present at none of the events between which he traced the connection so skillfully.

"We will lose no time, monsieur," said the prefect of police, "in checking your statements, which you will confess to be a little venturesome, by the more positive evidence of one of my detectives who has the case in charge . . . and who ought to be here by now."

"Does his evidence bear upon Cosmo Mornington's heirs?" asked the solicitor.

"Upon the heirs principally, because two days ago he telephoned me that he had collected all the particulars, and also upon the very points which—But wait: I remember that he spoke to my secretary of a murder committed a month ago today . . . Now it's a month today since Mr. Cosmo Mornington—"

M. Desmalions pressed hard on a bell. His private secretary at once appeared.

"Inspector Verot?" asked the prefect sharply.

"He's not back yet."

"Have him fetched! Have him brought here! He must be found at all costs and without delay."

He turned to Don Luis Perenna.

"Inspector Verot was here an hour ago, feeling rather unwell, very much excited, it seems, and declaring that he was being watched and followed. He said he wanted to make a most important statement to me about the Mornington case and to warn the police of two murders which are to be committed tonight . . . and which would be a consequence of the murder of Cosmo Mornington."

"And he was unwell, you say?"

"Yes, ill at ease and even very queer and imagining things. By the way of being prudent, he left a detailed report on the case for me. Well, the report is simply a blank sheet of letter paper."

"Here is the paper and the envelope in which I found it, and here is a cardboard box which he also left behind him. It contains a cake of chocolate with the marks of teeth on it."

"May I look at the two things you have mentioned, Monsieur le Prefet?"

"Yes, but they won't tell you anything."

"Perhaps so—"

Don Luis examined at length the cardboard box and the yellow envelope, on which were printed the words, "Cafe du Point-Neuf." The others awaited his words as though they were bound to shed an unexpected light. He merely said:

"The handwriting is not the same on the envelope and the box. The writing on the envelope is less plain, a little shaky, obviously imitated."

"Which proves—?"

"Which proves, Monsieur le Prefet, that this yellow envelope does not come from your detective. I presume that, after writing his report at a table in the Cafe du Point-Neuf and closing it, he had a moment of inattention during which somebody substituted for his envelope another with the same address, but containing a blank sheet of paper."

"That's a supposition!" said the prefect.

"Perhaps, but what is certain, Monsieur le Prefet, is that your inspector's presentiments are well grounded, that he is being closely watched, that the discoveries about the Mornington inheritance which he has succeeded in making are interfering with criminal designs, and that he is in terrible danger."

"Come, come!"

"He must be rescued, Monsieur le Prefet. Ever since the commencement of this meeting I have felt persuaded that we are up against an attempt which has already begun. I hope that it is not too late and that your inspector has not been the first victim."

"My dear sir," exclaimed the prefect of police, "you declare all this with a conviction which rouses my admiration, but which is not enough to establish the fact that your fears are justified. Inspector Verot's return will be the best proof."

"Inspector Verot will not return."

"But why not?"

"Because he has returned already. The messenger saw him return."

"The messenger was dreaming. If you have no proof but that man's evident—"

"I have another proof, Monsieur le Prefet, which Inspector Verot himself has left in his presence here; these few, almost illegible letters which he scribbled on this memorandum pad, which your secretary did not see him write and which have just caught my eye. Look at them. Are they not a proof, a definite proof that he came back?"

The prefect did not conceal his perturbation. The others all seemed impressed. The secretary's return but increased their apprehensions; nobody had seen Inspector Verot.

"Monsieur le Prefet," said Don Luis, "I earnestly beg you to have the office messenger in."

And, as soon as the messenger was there, he asked him, without even waiting for M. Desmalions to speak:

"Are you sure that Inspector Verot entered this room a second time?"

"Absolutely sure."

"And that he did not go out again?"

"Absolutely sure."

"And your attention was not distracted for a moment?"

"Not for a moment."

"There, monsieur, you see!" cried the prefect. "If Inspector Verot were here, we should know it."

"He is here, Monsieur le Prefet."

"What!"

"Excuse my obstinacy, Monsieur le Prefet, but I say that, when some one enters a room and does not go out again, he is still in that room."

"Hiding?" said M. Desmalions, who was growing more and more irritated.

"No, but fainting, ill—dead, perhaps."

"But where, hang it all!"

"Behind that screen."

"There's nothing behind that screen, nothing but a door."

"And that door—?"

"Leads to a dressing room."

"Well, Monsieur le Prefet, Inspector Verot, tottering, losing his head, imagining himself to be going from our office to your secretary's room, fell into your dressing room."

M. Desmalions ran to the door, but, at the moment of opening it, shrank back. Was it apprehension, the wish to withdraw himself from the influence of that astonishing man, who gave his orders with such authority and who seemed to command events themselves?

Don Luis stood waiting imperturbably, in a deferential attitude.

"I cannot believe—" said M. Desmalions.

"Monsieur le Prefet, I would remind you that Inspector Verot's revelations may save the lives of two persons who are doomed to die tonight. Every minute lost is irreparable."

M. Desmalions shrugged his shoulders. But that man mastered him with the power of his conviction; and the prefect opened the

door. He did not make a movement, did not utter a cry. He simply muttered:

"Oh, is it possible!—"

By the pale gleam of light that entered through a ground glass window they saw the body of a man lying on the floor.

"The inspector! Inspector Verot!" gasped the office messenger, running forward.

He and the secretary raised the body and placed it in an armchair in the prefect's office.

Inspector Verot was still alive, but so little alive that they could scarcely hear the beating of his heart. A drop of saliva trickled from the corner of his mouth. His eyes were devoid of all expression. However, certain muscles of the face kept moving, perhaps with the effort of a will that seemed to linger almost beyond life.

Don Luis muttered:

"Look, Monsieur le Prefet—the brown patches!"

The same dread unnerved all. They began to ring bells and open doors and call for help.

"Send for the doctor!" ordered M. Desmalions. "Tell them to bring a doctor, the first that comes—and a priest. We can't let the poor man—"

Don Luis raised his arm to demand silence.

"There is nothing more to be done," he said. "We shall do better to make the most of these last moments. Have I your permission, Monsieur le Prefet?"

He bent over the dying man, laid the swaying head against the back of the chair, and, in a very gentle voice, whispered:

"Verot, it's Monsieur le Prefet speaking to you. We should like a few particulars about what is to take place tonight. Do you hear me, Verot? If you hear me, close your eyelids!"

The eyelids were lowered. But was it not merely chance? Don Luis went on.

"You have found the heirs of the Roussel sisters, that much we know; and it is two of those heirs who are threatened with death. The double murder is to be committed tonight. But what we do not know is the name of those heirs, who are doubtless not called Roussel. You must tell us the name."

"Listen to me: you wrote on a memorandum pad three letters which seem to form the syllable Fau . . . Am I right? Is this the first syllable of a name? Which is the next letter after those three? Close your eyes when I mention the right letter. Is it 'b'? Is it 'c'?"

But there was now not a flicker in the inspector's palid face. The head dropped heavily on the chest. Verot gave two or three sighs, his frame shook with one great shiver, and he moved no more.

He was dead.

The tragic scene had been enacted so swiftly that the men who were its shuddering spectators remained for a moment confounded. The solicitor made the sign of the cross and went down on his knees. The prefect murmured:

"Poor Verot! . . . He was a good man, who thought only of the service, of his duty. Instead of going and getting himself seen to—and who knows? Perhaps he might have been saved—he came back here in the hope of communicating his secret. Poor Verot!"

"Was he married? Are there any children?" asked Don Luis.

"He leaves a wife and three children," replied the prefect.

"I will look after them," said Don Luis simply.

Then, when they brought a doctor and when M. Desmalions gave orders for the corpse to be carried to another room, Don Luis took the doctor aside and said:

"There is no doubt that Inspector Verot was poisoned. Look at his wrist: you will see the mark of a puncture with a ring of inflammation round it."

"Then he was pricked in that place?"

"Yes, with a pin or the point of a pen; and not as violently as they may have wished, because death did not ensue until some hours later."

The messengers removed the corpse; and soon there was no one left in the office except the five people whom the prefect had originally sent for. The American secretary of embassy and the Peruvian attache, considering their continued presence unnecessary, went away, after warmly complimenting Don Luis Perenna on his powers of penetration.

Next came the turn of Major d'Astrigne, who shook his former subordinate by the hand with obvious affection. And Maitre Lepertuis and Perenna, having fixed an appointment for the payment of the legacy, were themselves on the point of leaving, when M. Desmalions entered briskly.

"Ah, so you're still here, Don

Luis Perenna! I'm glad of that. I have an idea: those three letters which you say you made out on the writing table, are you sure they form the syllable Fau?"

"I think so, Monsieur le Prefet. See for yourself: are not there an 'F,' an 'A' and a 'U'? And observe that the 'F' is a capital, which made me suspect that the letters are the first syllable of a proper name."

"Just so, just so," said M. Desmalions. "Well, curiously enough, that syllable happens to be—But wait, we'll verify our facts—"

M. Desmalions searched hurriedly among the letters which his secretary had handed him on his arrival and which lay on a corner of the table.

"Ah, here we are!" he exclaimed, glancing at the signature of one of the letters. "Here we are! It's as I thought: 'Fauville.' . . . The first syllable is the same, . . . Look, 'Fauville,' just like that, without Christian name or initials. The letter must have been written in a feverish moment: there is no date nor address. . . . The writing is shaky—"

And M. Desmalions read out:

Monsieur le Prefet—A great danger is hanging over my head and over the head of my son. Death is approaching apace. I shall have tonight, or tomorrow morning at the latest, the proofs of the abominable plot that threatens us. I ask leave to bring them to you in the course of the morning. I am in need of protection and I call for your assistance.

Permit me to be, etc.

Fauville.

"No other designation?" asked Perenna. "No letter heading?"

"None. But there is no mistake. Inspector Verot's declarations agree too evidently with this despairing appeal. It is clearly M. Fauville and his son who are to be murdered tonight. And the terrible thing is that, as this name of Fauville is a very common one, it is impossible for our inquiries to succeed in time."

"What, Monsieur le Prefet? Surely, by straining every nerve—"

"Certainly, we will strain every nerve; and I shall set all my men to work. But observe that we have not the slightest clue."

"Oh, it would be awful!" cried Don Luis. "These two creatures doomed to death; and we unable to save them! Monsieur le Prefet, I ask you to authorize me—"

He had not finished speaking when the prefect's private secretary entered with a visiting card in his hand.

"Monsieur le Prefet, this caller was so persistent. . . . I hesitated—"

M. Desmalions took the card and uttered an exclamation of mingled surprise and joy.

"Look monsieur," he said to Perenna.

And he handed him the card.

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: Hippolyte Fauville, :

: Civil Engineer, :

: 14 bis Boulevard Suchet, :

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"Come said M. Desmalions, 'chance is favoring us. If this M. Fauville is one of the Roussel heirs our task becomes very much easier.'"

"In any case, Monsieur le Prefet," the solicitor interposed, "I must remind you that one of the clauses of the will stipulates that it shall not be read until 48 hours have elapsed. M. Fauville, therefore, must not be informed—"

The door was pushed open and a man hustled the messenger aside and rushed in.

"Inspector . . . Inspector Verot?" he spluttered. "He's dead, isn't he? I was told—"

"Yes, monsieur, he is dead."

"Too late! I'm too late!" he stammered.

And he sank into a chair, clasping his hands and sobbing:

"Oh, the scoundrels! the scoundrels!"

He was a pale, hollow checked, sickly looking man of about 50. His head was bald, above a forehead lined with deep wrinkles. A nervous twitching affected his chin and lobes of his ears. Tears stood in his eyes.

The prefect asked:

"Whom do you mean, monsieur, Inspector Verot's murderers? Are you able to name them, to assist our inquiry?"

Hippolyte Fauville shook his head.

"No, no, it would be useless, for the moment. . . . My proofs would not be sufficient. . . . No, really not."

He had already risen from his chair and stood apologizing:

"Monsieur le Prefet, I have disturbed you unnecessarily, but I wanted to know. . . . I was hoping that Inspector Verot might have escaped. . . . His evidence, joined to mine, would have been invaluable. But perhaps he was able to tell you?"

(Continued Next Week.)

HERE'S "RECIPE" FOR TRENCH CAP KNITTING

Following a recent request sent out from Red Cross headquarters for more trench caps instead of sweaters and mufflers, a large number of Sioux City women have besieged the central work rooms with questions as to what the trench caps are and how they are made.

The trench caps are knitted caps which are worn under the steel helmets by the soldiers in the trenches. Because of their warmth and comfort they are at present needed far more than sweaters and mufflers as there seems to be a fairly large supply of these latter articles.

For the benefit of all knitters who desire to work on trench caps the following "recipe" is given which the women are asked to cut out and paste in their bonnets:

Trench Cap.

No. 3 amber needles pointed, or No. 10 steel.

Set up 120 stitches, 40 on each needle; knit 2, pur 2 for 8 1/2 inches; knit one row plain. Diminish by knitting 6 plain then 2 together for one row. Knit 5 plain rows. Knit 5 plain then 2 together for one row, then five plain rows. Repeat 4, 3, 1, until at least 100 stitches remain on each needle. Draw your wool through the stitches and pull up.

1917's Lynching Record.

From the New York Evening Post.

To the Editor of the Evening Post: I send you the following, relative to lynchings for the year 1917. I find from the records kept by the division of records and research of Tuskegee Institute, Monroe, N. C. Work in charge, that there were 38 persons lynched in 1917, of whom 26 were negroes and two were whites. Thirty-seven were males and one female. Twenty or a little less than one-third, of those out to death were charged with attacking women or attempted attack.

The offenses charged against the whites lynched were: Attack and murder, one; fomenting strikes, one. The offenses charged against the negroes were: Attempted attack, five; attack, six; murder, three; killing of officer of the law, two; for not getting out of road and being insolent, two; attacking women, three; disrupting white men's work, two; entering woman's room, one; wounding officer of the law, one; stealing of property, one; intimacy with women, one; killing man in altercation, one; accidentally killing child by running motor car over it, one; vagrancy, one; wounding and robbing a man, one; attacking an officer of the law, one; opposition to war, one; attacking girls, one; writing insolent letter, one.

The states in which lynchings occurred and number in each state were as follows: Alabama, four; Arkansas, four; Arizona, one; Florida, one; Georgia, six; Kentucky, two; Louisiana, five; Mississippi, one; Montana, one; Oklahoma, one; South Carolina, one; Tennessee, three; Texas, six; Virginia, one; Wyoming, one.

R. E. Moton, Principal Tuskegee Institute.

The "German Emperor."

From the Kansas City Star.

In his book on his experiences in Germany, Ambassador Gerard remarks that his commission as ambassador accredited him to "Germany," a nation that had no existence. He should have been accredited to the "German empire," Deutsches Reich. Readers of Bismarck's memoirs will recall his discussion of the title of the emperor when the empire was proclaimed in the Franco-Prussian war. Objections were raised by "several of Germany," and the title finally agreed on was "German emperor."

In the title finally adopted concession was made to the local pride of the rulers of the smaller German states, who felt they would be less subordinating, if the head of the state were regarded as German emperor than if he were proclaimed emperor of their country.

Apparently their expectations did not work out. The German emperor has wielded all the authority an emperor of Germany could possibly have. For this authority he has claimed divine approval. The war is likely to do some revising in the substance, if not in the name of things. The allies are not particular about names, they are, however, suggesting rather pointedly that the German reichstag, representing the people, could get peace quite a bit sooner than a German emperor claiming to rule by divine right.

Wisconsin's Little Germany.

Samuel Hopkins Adams, in "Economy's."

The state with the heaviest European proportion of citizens in the country and yet the first state to organize a council of defense and one of the first to oversubscribe the initial Liberty loan has an acute problem of its own.

It is in the outlying districts of farms and small villages, that Tonitruum maintains the true stronghold. In some of the hamlets flourished, up to recent years, that sign so familiar in Berlin.

"English spoken here," "English city in these places is carried on through the medium of German."

In Sheboygan county is a small area claimed to be the "richest four miles of farming land in the world"—which it probably isn't. But rich it certainly is, and the farmers would be regarded in the east as agricultural magnates. Yet, strangely enough, when the Liberty bond salesmen made their rounds they encountered this identical response at every farm: "Keh gelt—No money!"

The men didn't want to argue. They had nothing to say about the war. "Keh gelt"—and there was an end of it. The whole community, German to the core, reading nothing but German, speaking nothing but German, thinking nothing but German, having none but German associations, singing in German, praying in German, was secretly but immovably in sympathy with Germany and against the United States. From that district there came to court as witness a shabby, swarthy, well-dressed native born youth of 21. He had to have an interpreter.

German Ships in Use.

From the Scientific American.

The following is a list of German ships which have been seized and refitted as army transports for conveying our troops to France. The original German and present American names are given, the latter in parentheses.

Vaterland (Levithan), 54,282 tons, 8,800 officers and men; George Washington, 15,570 tons, 4,570 officers and men; Amerika (America), 22,623 tons, 4,509 officers and men; Cecelia (Mount Newton), 19,551 tons, 5,230 officers and men; Kaiser Wilhelm II (Agamemnon), 19,281 tons, 5,230 officers and men; President Lincoln, 18,183 tons, 5,200 officers and men; President Grant, 18,072 tons, 5,200 officers and men; Cincinnati (Covington), 16,339 tons, 4,000 officers and men; Grosse Kurfurst (Aeolus), 13,104 tons, 3,175 officers and men; Barbarossa (Mercury), 10,984 tons, 2,620 officers and men; Prinzess Irene (Pocahontas), 10,938 tons, 2,540 officers and men; Friedrich der Grosse (Huron), 10,771 tons, 2,450 officers and men; Hamburg (Powhatan), 10,581 tons, 2,340 officers and men; Rhein (Susquehanna), 10,668 tons, 2,600 officers and men; Neckar (Antigone), 9,835 tons, 2,000 officers and men; Koenig Wilhelm II (Madawaska), 9,410 tons, 2,600 officers and men.

A Tip to Hoover.

From the Boston Transcript.

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