TEETH OF THE TIGER

MAURICE LEBLANC

TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER TEXEIRA DE MATTOS

CHAPTER FIVE. (Continued.)

"And in this case?" "In this case, Mazeraux, a man is at once struck by those three let- and tomorrow morningters, 'B. R. W.' and especially by the 'W.,' a foreign letter, an Eng- flown?' lish letter. So that in my mind's eye, instantly, as in a flash, I saw the three letters in their logical place as initials at the head of the words for which they stand. I saw the 'B' of 'boulevard,' and the 'R' and the English 'W' of Richardmilk in the cocoanut.' Mazeroux seemed a little doubt-

"And what do you think,

chief?'

Listen-

He pushed Mazeroux into a dark the slamming of a door.

the outer gate grated. Some one appeared, and the light of a street lamp fell full on his face.

"Dash it all," muttered Mazeroux, "it's he!

"I believe you're right."

"It's he, chief. Look at the quickly as he could. black stick and the bright handle. And did you see the eye glassesare, chief!"

"Calm yourself and let's go

his stick. He lit a cigaret.

At the end of the Boulevard and entered Paris. The railway Boulevard Richard Wallace. station of the outer circle was "What about our man?" followed by the others, stepped But we're only just in time.' Into a train that took them to Auteuil.

"He's doing exactly what he did a fortnight ago. This is where he was seen.

The man now went along the the house and will let us in.' fortifications. In a quarter of an hour he reached the Boulevard dered.

his face to the front of the house, time reading and working. Then continuing his road he went to La Muette and plunged into the dusk of the Bois de Boulogne.

"To work and boldly!" said Don Luis, quickening his pace. Mazeroux stopped him.

"What do you mean, chief?" "Well, eatch him by the throat. There are two of us; we couldn't hope for a better moment.'

'What! Why, it's impossible!' "Impossible? Are you afraid? cide!" Very well, I'll do it by myself.'

Look here, chief, you're not serious! Why shouldn't I be serious?

without a reason.'

more do you want?"

something that I haven't got.

What's that?'

A warrant. I haven't a war- however.

Don Luis Perenna as so comical, that he burst out laughing.

'You have no warrant? Poor you if I need a warrant!"

You'll show me nothing," amount of pluck, cried Mazeroux, hanging on to his companion's arm. "You shan't enna asked. touch the man.

"One would think he was your They're calling me. Whatever you

mother!" "Come, chief."

agrily, "if we let this opportunity

slip shall we ever find another?" enced the "Easily. He's going home. I'll tensely. like myself, who knows Neuilly inform the commissary of police.

"I have no warrant."

one, idiot?"

He felt that all his arguments made of plates or lathes fastened chairs, an armchair, and a table would be shattered to pieces one to the other, but formed of a covered with big books. against the sergeant's obstinacy, solid slab, massive, firm, and Wallace. And so I came to the and that, if necessary, Mazeroux strong, and covered with the sheen Boulevard Richard-Wallace. And would go to the length of defend- of time darkened here and there that, my dear sir, explains the ing the enemy against him. He with patches of rust. On either

of asses; and there are as many row groove which covered them as though he were trying to unasses as there are people who try hermetically. to do police work with bits of pa-"I think nothing. I am looking per, signatures, warrants, and other gammon. Police work, my on the first basis to offers a lad, in done with one's fists. When lad, in done with one's fists when lad, in done with one's fists. When lad, in done with one's fists. When lad, in done with one's fists when lad, in done with one's fists. When lad, in done with one's fists when lad, in done with one's fists. probable theory. And say to myyou come upon the enemy, hit him.
self * * I say to myself * * * Otherwise, you stand a chaince of room—and surely she could not pees of expression behind his self • • I say to myself • • Otherwise, you stand a chaince of hitting the air. With that, good this is a devilish mysterious little hitting the air. With that, good night. I'm going to bed. Telehole and that this house -Hush! phone to me when the job is She was bound to hear it. She strength.

He went home, furious, sick of the alarm, and rescue him. corner. They had heard a noise, an adventure in which he had not had elbow room, and in which he reply. His voice died away against ing; I can hear him. Have you Footsteps crossed the courtyard had had to submit to the will, or, the walls and ceiling of the box in searched the man's pockets? Any

> woke up his longing to see the po- rooms, staircases, and passageslice lay hold of the man with the remained deaf to his appeal. ebony stick, and especially the feeling that his assistance would Mile. Levasseurbe of use, impelled him to dress as

"If I don't come to the rescue," equal to a contest of this kind."

turning into the Boulevard Mail- first floor, in a dark recess that ruthlessly. lot. He was walking pretty fast, communicated only with his study, with his head up, gaily twirling and switched on the electric light.

"Is that you, Alexandre?"
"Yes, chief. I'm speaking from Maillot, the man passed the octroi a wine shop near the house on the

close by. He went to it and, still "The bird's still in the nest "Really?"

"Yes, he's packed his trunk. 'That's funny,' said Mazeroux. He's going away this morning.' "How do they know?"

"Through the woman who manages for him. She's just come to

"Does he live alone?" "Yes, the woman cooks his Suchet and almost immediately meals and goes away in the eveafterward the house in which M. ning. No one ever calls except a Fauville and his son had been mur- veiled lady who has paid him three pretext for delaying the work. visits since he's been here. The He climbed the fortifications op- housekeeper was not able to see posite the house and stayed there what she was like. As for him, she for some minutes, motionless, with says he's a scholar, who spends his

"And have you a warrant?" "Yes, we're going to use it." "I'll come at once.

"You can't! We've got Weber at our head. Oh, by the way, have you heard the news about Mme. Fauville?'

"About Mme. Fauville?" "Yes, she tried to commit sui-

eide last night." "What! Tried to commit sui-

mation of astonishment and was very much surprised to hear, al- getting restive? They're afraid of most at the same time, another cry, this sportsman. There's only one "Because one can't arrest a man like an echo, at his elbow. Without way, which is to set them on him letting go the receiver, he turned as if he were a wild beast. Besides, Without a reason? A scoun- round and saw that Mile. Laves- the business must be finished by he spoke. drel like this? A murderer? What seur was in the study a few yards the time prefect comes. away from him, standing with a "In the absence of compulsion, distorted and livid face. Their of catching him in the act, I want eyes met. He was on the point of for himself. The whole affair inaway, without leaving the room, ward! Are you ready, men? I'm

"What the devil was she listenconviction, and the answer struck "And why that look of dismay?" opened the gate. Meanwhile, Mazeroux contin-

little chap! Well, I'll soon show wouldn try to kill herself. But which he inspired was so intense fortnight for you to know of it." it must have taken a goodish that there was a general rush; and "I never read a newspaper,

do, chief, don't come.'

in the background.

and turned on his heel to leave the roared: telephone box. The next moment, "Stop! Hands up! Are you he had flung himself against the Hubert Lautier?" and escape being struck by an iron said: curtain which fell in front of him with a terrible thud.

Another second and the huge mass would have crushed him. He law, with a warrant for your arcould feel it whizzing by his head. rest. And he had never before experienced the anguish of danger so in-

and the neighborhood of the Bois, He will telephone to headquarters; fright, in which he stood as After a moment of genuine Boulevard Richard-Wallace. petrified, with his brain in a whirl, man. "It's incredible! What does 'And suppose the bird has he recovered his coolness and it mean? What for?' threw himself upon the obstacle. But it at once appeared to him "Do you want me to sign you that the obstacle was unsurmount- sistance, pushed him into a fairly able.

simply said in a sententious tone: side and at the top and bottom the the two detectives held him by the odder as and you make a pair edges of the panel fitted in a nor-collar, he seemed to be reflecting,

He was a prisoner. In a sudden arrest for which he was totally unwould be sure to come back, give

He listened. He shouted. No in front of the house. The lock of rather, to the weakness of others. which he was shut up, and he felt weapons?' But the next morning when he that the whole house-drawing

And yet * * * and yet * *

"What does it mean? he muttered. "What can it all mean?" And motionless now and silent, And did you see the eye glasses— he thought, "they'll let themselves he thought once more of the girl's and the beard? What a oner you be done in the eye. They're not strange attitude, of her distraught face, of her haggard eyes. And he Just then Mazeroux rang up and also began to wonder what acciasked to speak to him. He rushed dent had released the mechanism The man had crossed the Boule- to a little telephone box which his which had hurled the formidable vard Richard-Wallace and was predecessor had fitted up on the iron curtain upon him, craftily and no resistance?"

CHAPTER VI.

THE MAN WITH THE EBONY WALKING STICK.

A group consisting of Deputy Chief Detective Weber, Chief In. stand the inexplicable events of spector Ancenis, Sergeant Maze. the last few minutes. Nevertheless. roux, three inspectors, and the when he realized that the new-Neuilly commissary of police stood comer was none other than the outside the gate of No. 8 Boulevard Richard-Wallace.

Mazeroux was watching the avenue de Madrid, by which Don Luis would have to come, and began to wonder what had happened; for sume?' half an hour had passed since they telephoned to each other, and Mazeroux could find no further

"It's time to make a move, said Weber. "The housekeeper is making signals to us from the window: the joker's dressing.'

"Why not nab him when he comes out?" objected Mazeroux. 'We shall capture him in a moment."

"And if he cuts off by another outlet which we don't know of?' said the deputy chief. "You have to be careful with these beggars. mond. No. let's beard him in his den. It's more certain.

"Still---Mazeroux?" asked the deputy his dismay was supremely strange, Perenna had uttered an excla- chief, taking him on one side. his question, trying to make them Don't you see that our men are believe in his ignorance, supremely

"Is he coming?" "Yes. He wants to see things

speaking to her, but she moved terests him enormously. So, forgoing to ring.

The bell sounded, and the house-Mazeroux's accent was so full of ing for?" Don Luis wondered, keeper at once came and half shows that you knew him inti-

Although the orders were to observe great quiet, so as not to been mentioned often enough in "She said, you know, that she alarm the enemy too soon, the fear the newspapers during the last all the detectives crowded into the Monsieur le Prefet." "But how did she do it?" Per- courtyard, ready for the fight. But a window opened and some me-"I'll tell you another time, one cried from the second floor:

"What's happening?" The deputy chief did not reply.

that it was I who found the scent. remained in the courtyard and But don't be afraid. I shall keep made any attempt at flight impossible.

"Then hurry, chief. We're delivering the attack in 10 minutes."

"I'll be with you before that."

"I'll be with you before that." He quickly hung up the receiver on his head; and the deputy chief

farther wall. Just as he was about | The man seemed disconcerted. to pass out he had heard something Five revolvers were levelled at click above his head and he but him. And yet no sign of fear barely had the time to leap back showed in his face; and he simply

"What do you want, monsieur? What are you here for?" "We are here in the name of the

'A warrant for my arrest?''

"A warrant for the arrest of Hubert Lautier, residing at 8 "But it's absurd!" said the

They took him by both arms, without his offering the least re-

large room containing no furni-But Don Luis mastered his rage. It was a heavy metal panel, not ture but three rush bottomed "There," said the deputy chief. 'Don't stir. If you attempt to

move, so much the worse for you. The man made no protest. While derstand the secret causes of an

"Shall we tie his wrists?" Maze-

roux asked the deputy chief. "One second. The prefect's com-

"No flask, no phial? Nothing suspicious?"

"No, nothing." M. Desmalions arrived and, while watching the prisoner's face, talked in a low voice with the deputy chief and received the particu-

lars of the arrest. "This is good business," he said. We wanted this. Now that both accomplices are in custody, they will have to speak; and everything will be cleared up. So there was

"None at all, Monsieur le Prefet.'

"No matter, we will remain on our guard.' The prisoner had not uttered a word, but still wore a thoughtful look, as though trying to underprefect of police, he raised his head and looked at M. Desmalions,

who asked him: "It is unnecessary to tell you the cause of your arrest, I pre-

He replied, in a deferential

tone: "Excuse me, Monsier le Prefet, but I must ask you, on the contrary, to inform me. I have not the least idea of the reason. Your detectives have made a grave mistake which a word, no doubt, will be enough to set right. That word I wish for, I insist upon-

The prefect shrugged his shoul-

ders and said: "You are suspected of taking part in the murder of Fauville, the

civil engineer, and his son Ed-"Is Hippolyte dead?" The cry was spontaneous, almost unconscious; a bewildered "What's the matter with you, to the depths of his being. And

> unexpected. 'Is Hippolyte dead?" He repeated the question in a hoarse voice, trembling all over as

"Is Hippolyte dead? What are you saying? Is it possible that he can be dead? And how? Murdered? Edmond, too?"

The prefect once more shrugged his shoulders. "The mere fact of your calling

M. Fauville by his Christian name mately. And, even if you were not concerned in his murder, it has

"What! You mean to tel!

(Continued Next Week.)

A Russian inventor living in Michi-"Yes," he replied, firmly, "I'm Two detectives, the chief inspection of coming. After all, the least I can be moved around the content of the commissary, and himself car so that it can be moved around the content of the commissary. The commissary is an analysis of the chief inspection. The commissary is an analysis of the chief inspection of the commissary, and himself car so that it can be moved around the content of the chief inspection.

THE OLD FARM.

From the Columbus Dispatch.
The old farm's for sale. It is advertised in the county papers. Two hundred good acres of land, and household articles too numerous to mention-and a few horses, and some cows, and a number of sheep and hogs and the agricultural im-plements. To be sold to the highest bidder. All sums under \$5 cash in hand. On all sums over \$5, a credit of 12 months will be given,

with approved security.
Years and years ago the old farm -which wasn't old then-became the bome of a certain couple. A family was brought up on the farm family was brought up on the farm
—several girls and boys. The girls
have married; the sons have farms
of their own in other sections of
the county—all except one, the
youngest. He is in the army.
That's why the old farm's for sale.
There is no one left to operate it,
and some of the children want their
notion of the children want their portion of the estate; even before mother or father passes away. So the old farm's for sale,

It will be sold to a stranger. For a few years it will be known by the name of the people who now own it. Then, gradually, the name will give way to the name of the new owner-and the last trace of the old family will have disappeared from the neighborhood. The farm, for the younger boy would soon have left it any way. But, came the war, and the old farm's for saie.

The Change in Austria.

From Land and Water, London A change of considerable importance has long been effected in the Austro-Hungarian service. A complete study of it has recently appeared on the continent. and its effects will be interesting to note in the fighting of this war. Even allowing for the large number of Slav prisoners which that service has lost, the majority of its recruitment is still neither German

or its recruitment is still neither German nor Magyar in race, but Slav, with a certain small proportion of Rumanian (about 7 per cent of the whole).

In the first part of the war, when recruitment was local and fairly homogeneous, these subject and discontented elements all mustered together in the same unity gave active envertunities for same unity, gave active opportunities for revolt and organized disaffection, as also or general surrenders—especially to the Russians. In the latter part of the war nearly every non-German or Magyar unit has been thoroughly leavened with German or Magyar clements, while Slavs have been dispersed into many units of non-Slav origin. This policy has been non-Siav origin. This policy has been pursued even in the case of the officers. The result is that actively organized opposition or mutiny is more difficult to produce and has almost disappeared. produce and has almost disappeared. Moreover, the defeat of Russia has helped

the process.
On the other hand, the best units have lost their old quality under his policy, and there is a sort of dilution affecting and there is a sort of dilution affecting the whole army, and lessening its vigor and driving power. Some special corpsfor instance, the mountaineers from the Tyrol, have remained untouched. But these are exceptions. The mass of the forces have suffered the process, described. It has given political, though very shortlived, advantages, at the expense of purely military considerations. pense of purely military considerations.

Why Spiders Fight.

From the Los Angeles Times. When two or more spiders fight there is usually a good reason for the furious attack and vigorous defense that always follow.

a certain time has elapsed spiders be-come incapable of spinning a web through lack of sufficient material. The glutinous substance from which spider spins its slender web is limited; therefore, spiders cannot keep up the construction of new snares for their prey when the old are destroyed. Very often when the web material is

It is not generally known that after

selves of the web-producing powers of their younger or more fortunate neigh-bers, and this they do without any scruple whatsoever. As soon as a spider's web-construct-ing material has become exhausted and its last web destroyed, it usually sets out in search of another home, and,

unless it should find that is unoccupied, a battle usually ensues, which ends only with the retreat or death of the invader or defender.
Such a struggle is intensely interesting, and will reveal some wonderful tactics and skill in spider warfare. The Invader usually comes of victorious, although in some cases the defender offers such a stiff fight that it is able

to hold its own in spite of the attack of the intruder, which is in desperate straits. One curious fact is that the web material will increase after so long a period, and the spider will spin a net in which to snare its many varieties of

prey in the form of different species of insects. Spiders that are very successful in capturing food are often set upon by other spiders which have for some reanot been as successful as their

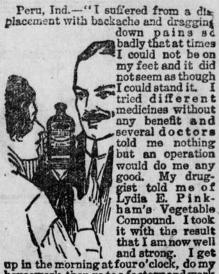
Art in American Hotels.

From the Yale Review The fact that art has been the prerogative of the wealtny has been responsible for the importance assumed by the hotel in modern decoration. The opening of each important new caravansary in New York has marked a period of architectural style. After the Ritz we had an epoch of Adam; after the Biltmore an era of Sloane. Nothing has fostered the American love of new paint and varnish so much as the hotel. In this the architecture of the 20th century has sunk even lower than that of the 19th. Compared with our modern hotels, the mediaeval exteriors and wholl; evil interiors of Richardson appear models of refinement and even of intellectuality and the influence of the pseudo-Roman esque was certainly less baneful.

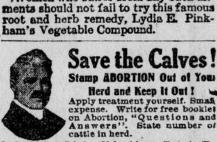
The Weary World.

The war is breaking the world and making it sicker than an owl; the making it stoker than an owl; the farthest nations are short of rations, and putting up a howl. I've just been readin' how poor old Sweden is one big snarl and kink; the kaiser's war way has busted Norway, and Denmark's on the blink. No land so humble, it does not eramble; no country's mark's on the blink. No land so humble, it does not grumble; no country's so remote it isn't reeling, and madly feeling that it will lose its goat. In every dwelling some gent is yelling that war's a frightful frost; in mountain cottage the peasant's pottage costs twice what it once cost. The lone Nganzas, as well as Kanas, have felt the deadly chill; in Chinese Canton they get a slant on a vastly bigger bill. The shepherd lonely whose task is only to gu_rd his wooly bunch, feels Wilhelm hitting when he's sitting down to eat his frugal when he's sitting down to eat his frugal lunch. The Arctic hunter, whose spear is blunter than any spear should be, is blunter than any spear should be, thinks war costs trying when he goes buying a brand new snickersnee. There is no tavern, no hole or cavern, no jungl dense and dark, no river dismal, no jungle dense and dark, no river dismal, no gulf abysmal, where war's not left

Marvelous Story of Woman's Change from Weakness to Strength by Taking Druggist's Advice.



usework, then go to a factory and work housework, then go to a factory and work all day, come home and get supper and feel good. I don't know how many of my friends I have told what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. ANNA METERIANO, 86 West 10th St., 'eru, Ind., Womon who sutter from any such ail-



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Her Good Taste. "Say, listen!" uttered Claudine of the rapid-fire restaurant. "The for tune teller told me last night that I was going to be married next month." "Gee!" breathed Heloise of the

same establishment. "Who to?" "Aw, I didn't think it was just ex actly proper to ask his name. You see I ain't got my divorce from Silver yet." -Kansas City Star.

HOW TO MAKE A CREAMY LEMON BEAUTY LOTION AT HOME FOR A FEW CENTS.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply you with three ounces of orchard white for a few cents. Squeeze the juice of two fresh lemons into a bottle, then put in the orchard white and shake well. This makes a quarter pint of the very best lemon skin whitener and complex ion beautifier known. Massage this fragrant, creamy lotion daily into the face neck, arms and hands and just see how !reckles, tan, sallowness, redness and roughness disappear and how smooth, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless, and the beautiful results will surprise you.-Adv.

Expert Advice.

"My bushand always makes a fusa then I tell him I need a little money. "Your system is all wrong. Tell im you need a lot of money. Then ne'll be glad to compromise on a lit 'le."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP

Why use ordinary cough remedies, when Boschee's German Syrup has been used so successfully for fifty-one rears in all parts of the United states for coughs, bronchitis, colds settled in the throat, especially lung roubles. It gives the patient a good right's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning. rives nature a chance to soothe the nflamed parts, throw off the disease. selping the patient to regain his health. Made in America and sold for more than helf a century.-Adv. ;

Defined.

"Her moistened eyes were fairly dazing ut me with rage.' "I see! an attack of liquid fire."

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