

# THE TEETH OF THE TIGER

BY MAURICE LEBLANC

TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS

## CHAPTER EIGHT. (Continued.)

He was standing near a large, half ruined barn, built against a very tall bank. Its worm eaten doors seemed merely balanced on their hinges. He went up and looked through a crack in the wood. Inside the windowless barn was in semidarkness, for but little light came through the openings stopped up with straw, especially as the day was beginning to wane. He was able to distinguish a heap of barrels, broken wine presses, old ploughs, and scrap iron of all kinds.

"This is certainly not where my fair stroller turned her steps," thought Don Luis. "Let's look somewhere else."

Nevertheless, he did not move. He had noticed a noise in the barn.

He listened and heard nothing. But as he wanted to get to the bottom of things he forced out a couple of planks with his shoulder and stepped in.

The breach which he had thus contrived admitted a little light. He could see enough to make his way between two casks, over some broken window frame, to an empty space on the far side.

His eyes grew accustomed to the darkness as he went on. For all that, he knocked his head against something which he had not perceived, something hanging up above, something rather hard which, when set in motion, swung to and fro with a curious grating sound.

It was too dark to see. Don Luis took an electric lantern from his pocket and pressed the spring.

"Damn it all!" he swore, falling back agast.

Above him hung a skeleton.

And the next moment he uttered another oath. A second skeleton hung beside the first!

They were both fastened by stout ropes to rings fixed in the rafters of the barn. Their heads dangled from the slip knots. The one against which Perenna had struck was still moving slightly and the bones clicked together with a gruesome sound.

He dragged forward a rickety table, propped it up as best he could, and climbed onto it to examine the two skeletons more closely. They were turned toward each other, face to face. The first was considerably bigger than the second. They were obviously the skeletons of a man and a woman. Even when they were not moved by a jolt of any kind, the wind blowing through the crevices in the barn set them lightly swinging to and fro, in a sort of very slow, rhythmical dance.

But what perhaps was most impressive in this ghastly spectacle was the fact that each of the skeleton, though deprived of every rag of clothing, still wore a gold ring, too wide now that the flesh had disappeared, but held, as in hooks, by the bent joints of the fingers.

He slipped off the rings with a shiver of disgust, and found that they were wedding rings. Each bore a date inside, the same date, 12 August, 1887, and two names: "Alfred—Victorine."

"Husband and wife," he murmured. "Is it double suicide? Or a murder? But how is it possible that the two skeletons have not yet been discovered? Can one conceive that they have been here since the death of old Langer-nault, since the government has taken possession of the estate and made it impossible for anybody to walk in?"

He paused to reflect.

"Anybody I don't know about that, considering that I saw foot-prints in the garden, and that a woman has been there this very day!"

The thought of the unknown visitor engrossed him once more, and he got down from the table. In spite of the noise which he had heard, it was hardly to be supposed that she had entered the barn. And, after a few minutes' search, he was about to go out, when there came, from the left, a clash of things falling about and some hoops dropped to the ground not far from where he stood.

They came from above, from a

loft likewise crammed with various objects and implements and reached by a ladder. Was he to believe that the visitor, surprised by his arrival, had taken refuge in that hiding place and made a movement that caused the fall of the hoops?

Don Luis placed his electric lantern on a cask in such a way as to send the light right up to the loft. Seeing nothing suspicious, nothing but an arsenal of old pickaxes, rakes and disused scythes, he attributed what had happened to some animal, to some stray cat; and, to make sure, he walked quickly to the ladder and went up.

Suddenly, at the very moment when he reached the level of the floor, there was a fresh noise, a fresh clatter of things falling; and a form rose from the heap of rubbish with a terrible gesture.

It was swift as lightning. Don Luis saw the great blade of a scythe cleaving the air at the height of his head. Had he hesitated for a second, for the tenth of a second, the awful weapon would have beheaded him. As it was, he just had time to flatten himself against the ladder. The scythe whistled past him, grazing his jacket. He slid down to the floor below.

But he had seen. He had seen the dreadful face of Gaston Sauverand, and behind the man of the ebony walking stick, wan and livid in the rays of the electric light, the distorted features of Florence Levasseur!

## CHAPTER IX.

### LUPIN'S ANGER.

He remained for one moment motionless and speechless. Above was a perfect clatter of things being pushed about, as though the besieged were building themselves a barricade. But to the right of the electric rays, diffused daylight entered through an opening that was suddenly exposed; and he saw, in front of this opening, first one form and then another stooping in order to escape over the roofs.

He levelled his revolver and fired, but badly, for he was thinking of Florence and his hand trembled. Three more shots rang out. The bullets rattled against the old scrap iron in the loft. The fifth shot was followed by a cry of pain. Don Luis once more rushed up the ladder.

Slowly making his way through the tangle of farm implements and over some cases of dried rape seed forming a regular rampart, he at last, after bruising and barking his shins, succeeded in reaching the opening, and was greatly surprised, on passing through it, to find himself on level ground. It was the top of the sloping bank against which the barn stood.

He descended the slope at haphazard, to the left of the barn, and passed in front of the building, but saw nobody. He then went up again on the right; and although the flat part was very narrow, he searched it carefully for, in the growing darkness of the twilight, he had every reason to fear renewed attacks from the enemy.

He now became aware of something which he had not perceived before. The bank ran along the top of the wall, which at this spot was quite 16 feet high. Gaston Sauverand and Florence had, beyond a doubt, escaped this way.

Perenna followed the wall, which was fairly wide, till he came to a lower part, and here he jumped into a ploughed field skirting a little wood toward which the fugitives must have run. He started exploring it, but realizing its denseness, he at once saw that it was waste of time to linger in pursuit.

He therefore returned to the village, while thinking over this, his latest exploit. Once again Florence and her accomplice had tried to get rid of him. Once again Florence figured prominently in this network of criminal plots.

At the moment when chance informed Don Luis that old Langer-

nault had probably died by foul play, at the moment when chance, by leading him to Hanged Man's barn, as he christened it, brought him into the presence of two skeletons, Florence appeared as a murderous vision, as an evil genius who was seen wherever death had passed with its trail of blood and corpses.

"Oh, the loathsome creature!" he muttered, with a shudder. "How can she have so fair a face, and eyes of such haunting beauty, so grave, sincere, and almost goitrous!"

In the church square, outside the inn, Mazeroux, who had returned, was filling the petrol tank of the motor and lighting the lamps. Don Luis saw the mayor of Wamigni crossing the square. He took him aside.

"By the way, Monsieur le Maire, did you ever hear any talk in the district, perhaps two years ago, of the disappearance of a couple 40 or 50 years of age? The husband's name was Alfred—"

"And the wife's Victorine, eh?" the mayor broke in. "I should think so! The affair created some stir. They lived at Alencon on a small, private income; they disappeared between one day and the next; and no one has since discovered what became of them, any more than a little hoard, some 20,000 francs or so, which they had realized the day before by the sale of their house. I remember them well. Dedessuslamare their name was."

"Thank you, Monsieur le Maire," said Perenna, who had learned all that he wanted to know.

The car was ready. A minute after he was rushing toward Alencon with Mazeroux.

"Where are we going, chief?" asked the sergeant.

"To the station. I have every reason to believe, first, that Sauverand was informed this morning—in what way remains to be seen—of the revelations made last night by Mme. Fauville relating to old Langer-nault; and, secondly, that he has been prowling around and inside old Langer-nault's property today for reasons that also remain to be seen. And I presume that he came by train and that he will go back by train."

Perenna's supposition was confirmed without delay. He was told at the railway station that a gentleman and a lady had arrived from Paris at 2 o'clock, that they had hired a trap at the hotel next door, and that, having finished their business, they had gone back a few minutes ago, by the 7:40 express. The description of the lady and gentleman corresponded exactly with that of Florence and Sauverand.

"Off we go!" said Perenna, after consulting the time table. "We are an hour behind. We may catch up with the scoundrel at Le Mans."

"We'll do that, chief, and we'll collar him, I swear: him and his lady, since there are two of them."

"There are two of them, as you say. Only—"

"Only what?"

Don Luis waited to reply until they were seated and the engine started, when he said:

"Only, my boy, you will keep your hands off the lady."

"Why should I?"

"Do you know who she is? Have you a warrant against her?"

"No."

"Then shut up."

"One word more, Alexandre, and I'll set you down beside the road. Then you can make as many arrests as you please."

Mazeroux did not breathe another word. For that matter the speed at which they at once began to go hardly left him time to raise a protest. Not a little anxious, he thought only of watching the horizon and keeping a lookout for obstacles.

The trees vanished on either side almost unseen. Their foliage overhead made a rhythmical sound as of moaning waves. Night insects dashed themselves to death against the lamps.

at the station the train was whistling.

Don Luis jumped out, rushed through the waiting room, found the doors shut, jostled the railway officials who tried to stop him, and reached the platform.

A train was about to start on the farther line. The last door was banged to. He ran along the carriages, holding on to the brass rails.

"Your ticket, sir! Where's your ticket?" shouted an angry collector.

Don Luis continued to fly along the footboards, giving a swift glance through the panes, thrusting aside the persons whose presence at the windows prevented him from seeing, prepared at any moment to burst into the compartment containing the two accomplices.

He did not see them in the end carriages. The train started and suddenly he gave a shout: they were there, the two of them, by themselves! He had seen them! They were there: Florence, lying on the seat, with her head on Sauverand's shoulder, and he, leaning over her, with his arms around her!

Mad with rage he flung back the bottom latch and seized the handle of the carriage door. At the same moment he lost his balance and was pulled off by the furious ticket collector and by Mazeroux, who bellowed:

"Why, you're mad, Chief! you will kill yourself!"

"Let go, you ass!" roared Don Luis. "It's they! Let me be, can't you!"

The carriages filed past. He tried to jump on to another footboard. But the two men were clinging to him, some railway porters came to their assistance, the station master ran up. The train moved out of the station.

"Idiot!" he shouted. "Boobies! Pack of asses that you are, couldn't you leave me alone? Oh I swear to Heaven—!"

With a blow of his left fist he knocked the ticket collector down; with a blow of his right he sent Mazeroux spinning; and shaking off the porters and the station master, he rushed along the platform to the luggage room, where he took flying leaps over several batches of trunks, packing cases, and portmanteaux.

"Oh, the perfect fool!" he mumbled, on seeing that Mazeroux had let the power down in the car.

"Trust him, if there's any blunder going!"

Don Luis had driven his car at a fine rate during the day; but that night the pace became vertiginous. A very motor flashed through the suburbs of Le Mans and hurled itself along the highroad. Perenna had but one thought in his head: to reach the next station, which was Chartres, before the two accomplices, and to fly at Sauverand's throat. He saw nothing but that: the savage grip of his two hands that would set Florence Levasseur's lover gasping in his agony.

"Her lover! Her lover!" he muttered, gnashing his teeth.

"Why, of course, that explains everything! They have combined against their accomplice, Marie Fauville; and it is she alone, poor devil, who will pay for the horrible series of crimes!"

"Is she their accomplice even?" he wondered. "Who knows! Who knows if that pair of demons are not capable, after killing Hippolyte and his son, of having plotted the ruin of Marie Fauville, the last obstacle that stood between them and the Mornington inheritance?"

"Doesn't everything point to that conclusion? Didn't I find the list of dates in a book belonging to Florence? Don't the facts prove that the letters were communicated by Florence?"

"Those letters accuse Gaston Sauverand as well. But how does that affect things? He no longer loves Marie, but Florence. And Florence loves him. She is his accomplice, his counsellor, the woman who will live by his side and benefit by his fortune."

"True, she sometimes pretends to be defending Marie Fauville. Play acting! Or perhaps remorse, fright at the thought of all that she has done against her rival, and of the fate that awaits the unhappy woman!"

"But she is in love with Sauverand. And she continues to carry on the struggle without pity and without respite. And that is why she wanted to kill me, the inter-loper whose insight she dreaded. And she hates me and loathes me—"

(Continued Next Week.)

About 13,000 Chinese laborers have been shipped to France according to the Shun Tien Shih Pao, a Chinese daily newspaper. Their wages are from \$30 to \$40 a month. Thirty thousand more men are needed, and will be recruited by French agents in Shanghai, China and other northern provinces.

## AMERICA BECOMES WORLD SILK CENTER

Washington (special).—The United States has become the silk manufacturing center of the world as a result of the war, which has stimulated the manufacture of silk here and in the Far East at the expense of Europe.

A study of the silk industry, the first official inquiry of the kind, has just been completed by the tariff commission.

Japan continues to lead the world in the production of silk, while the United States, first among the nations in its manufacture, does not produce a single pound of the material. France continues the chief European manufacturer of silk and the principal source of American imports, Japan ranking second.

The annual requirements of the American silk industry are 20,000 tons of silk and silk waste, 10,000 tons of cotton and other yarns, and 1,000 tons of metallic tin for weighing. Most striking of all the developments due to the war has been the expansion of the spun silk industry. The government is requiring vast amounts of coarse silk cloth, made from silk noil, for making powder bags for the big guns.

Many finer varieties of silk manufactures are not made in this country or else are manufactured in very small quantities. Switzerland supplies practically all of the silk bolting cloth needed by the flour millers of the world. Hatter's plush, from which is made men's silk hats, comes from France. Silk lace, silk netting, silk embroideries, veils and veillings, ribbons and handkerchief material largely are imported. In all other branches of the industry, even fine wearing apparel and velvets, the imports are relatively small compared to the total consumption.

Bahutae, of which silk handkerchiefs are made, a soft smooth plain-woven fabric of pure silk, is the largest single item of silk brought from abroad. It has been a Japanese specialty for more than 1,000 years.

Artificial horse hair is made of silk in coarse single filaments. Artificial silk is made in fine filaments, which must be combined before use.

Some silk filament is so fine that it measures 3,000,000 yards, or about 1,700 miles to the pound.

## MODERN METHODS USED IN BUILDING BOATS

Detroit.—Quantity production is to be the watchword of the great Ford shipbuilding yard which is being erected here for the construction of the United States navy "Eagles", the little vessels which, it is hoped will help rid the seas of German U-boats.

The assembling plan has been greatly elaborated and will be applied to the building of the "Eagles". The raw material will enter one end of the plant to emerge at the other end a completed fighting craft. Each of the little vessels will be passed along by powerful machinery from one group of workmen to another and, as it passes each group will add something to the boat.

When the last rivet has been driven in the steel hull, the boat will be picked up bodily by a powerful hydraulic lift and deposited further down the ways where skilled workmen will install the motor equipment.

Three ways have been constructed, each to hold seven of the submarine chasers. It is generally understood that the plant will be able to produce the water one completed "Eagle" a day and some estimates have placed the number as high as three for each 24 hours.

There will be no champagne christenings nor elaborate launching ceremonies. No efforts are being made to give the boats any touch of artificial beauty, the sole effort being to turn out with as great speed as possible an efficient weapon against German ruthlessness on the seas. Government secrecy shrouds the major details of construction.

"If these boats will hasten the end of the frightful carnage and bring a lasting peace, there will be no occasion to worry over the cost," said Henry Ford in discussing the project. "This is your war and my war, and although I do not make it, we must see it through to a successful conclusion."

Sixty days ago the land on which the plant is being erected was a desolate marsh, a vast acreage of mud through which wandered aimlessly a sluggish river. Now it is a network of railroad tracks with locomotives running between great buildings of steel, tile and glass.

What engineers here say is one of the largest buildings on the world will be used to house at one time score of the little vessels. It is 1,700 feet long, 300 feet wide. The building where the boats are to be assembled is fully half a mile from the Rouge river. The launching basin adjoining this building and thence a channel is being excavated to the river.

Music. From Thoreau's Journal, as Quoted by F. B. Sanborn.

What a fine and beautiful communication is music, from age to age, of the fairest and noblest thoughts—the aspirations of ancient men preserved—even such as were never communicated by speech. It is the flower of language—thought colored and curved, tinged and wreathed—fluent and flexible; its crystal fountain tinged with the sun's rays, and its purring ripples reflecting the green grass and the red clouds.

The brave man is the sole patron of music; he recognizes it for his mother tongue; a more mellifluous and articulate language than words; in comparison with which speech is recent and temporary. His language must have the same majestic movement and cadence that philosophy assigns to the heavenly bodies. The steady flux of his thought constitutes time in music. The universe falls in and keeps pace with it—which before proceeded singly and discordant.

There is as much music in the world as virtue. In a world of peace and love music would be the universal language; and men would greet each other in the fields in such accents as a Beethoven now utters at rare intervals, from a distance. A man's life should be a stately march to an unheard music; and when to his fellows it may seem irregular and inharmonious, he may be stepping to a livelier measure which only his nicer ear can detect.

Crown Prince Called Down. From the San Francisco Argonaut.

Some years before the war the German crown prince got a very neat call down from Miss Bernice Willard, a Philadelphia girl. It was during the emperor's regatta, and the two mentioned were sitting with others on the deck of a yacht. A whiff of smoke from the prince's cigar blowing into the young lady's face, a lieutenant near by remarked: "Smoke withers flowers."

## WESTERN CANADA'S CROPS

Got an Excellent Start. Big Yields Now Assured.

Never in the history of Western Canada did the seed enter the ground under more favorable conditions. The weather during the month of April was perfect for seeding operations, and from early morning until late at night the seeders were at work, and every acre that could be profitably sown was placed under requisition. Farmers entered heart and soul into the campaign of greater production. There was the time and the opportunity for careful preparation, and as a consequence with favorable weather from now on there will be a vastly increased yield. They realized it was a duty they owed to humanity to produce all that they could on the land, not only this year but next as well. In addition to the patriotic aspect, they are aware that the more they produce, the greater will be their own return in dollars and cents.

In many districts wheat seeding was completed by the 1st of May, after which date oats and barley on larger acreages than usual were planted.

As has been said, favorable weather conditions made possible excellent seed-bed preparation, and the seed has gone into the ground in unusually good shape. The available moisture in the soil has been added to by rains, which have not been so heavy, however, as to interfere long with the work in the fields. The grain is germinating readily, and on many fields the young green blades of the cereal are already showing.

An optimistic feeling prevails among farmers that Western Canada will reap a record harvest. If the season from now on is as favorable as it has begun, these hopes should be realized. Mr. J. D. McGregor of the Federal Food Board, who is also an old and successful farmer in Western Canada, asserted a few days ago at Calgary that crop conditions throughout the Prairie Provinces were excellent. "Speaking generally," he said, "the crops have never gone into the ground in better shape than this year, and with an even break of luck as far as the weather is concerned, there should be an enormous crop." His present duties in connection with the Food Control Board, taking him in all parts of the West, Mr. McGregor has exceptional opportunities of observing conditions all over the country.—Advertisement.

His Turn to Command.

"Stand easy dad!" was the unusual command received by a man at Grimsby, England, the other day. An elderly man, who is a corporal in the Lincolnshire regiment, and who has been on active service, returned home on leave. He was met by his son, who went straight into the force from Charterhouse school, and obtained a commission. The returned father gravely saluted the boy, and the latter smilingly retorted: "Stand easy, dad."

MAGIC! HAVE IT ON THE DRESSER

CORNS STOP HURTING THEM LIFT OFF WITH FINGERS.

Just drop a little Freezone on that touchy corn, instantly it stops aching then you lift that corn right off. No pain at all! Costs only a few cents.

Get a tiny bottle of Freezone for a few cents from any drug store. Keep it always handy to remove hard corns, soft corns, or corns between the toes, and the callouses, without soreness or irritation. You just try it!

Freezone is the sensational discovery of a Cincinnati genius.—Adv.

But She Made Fine Fudge.

Hobbe—I see we are now restricted to a two-ounce bread ration. How much is that?

Dobbs—Of my wife's bread a piece about two inches square.—Boston Transcript.

Dandruff and Itching.

To restore dry, falling hair and get rid of dandruff, rub Cuticura Ointment into scalp. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. For free samples address "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Love should never be treated lightly. That is probably the reason why the light is turned down so often.

Most particular women use Red Cross Ball Blue. American made. Sure to please. At all good grocers. Adv.

With plenty of ambition and hustle a man is equipped for wonder working.