

# THE TEETH OF THE TIGER

BY MAURICE LEBLANC

TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS

## CHAPTER NINE, (Continued.)

"She was away yesterday, wasn't she?"

"Yes, sir, she received a telegram asking her to go to the country to see a relation who was ill. She came back last night."

"I want to speak to her. Send her to me. At once."

"In the study, sir?"

"No, upstairs, in the boudoir next to my bedroom."

This was a small room on the second floor which had once been a lady's boudoir, and he preferred it to his study since the attempt at murder of which he had been the object. He was quieter up there, farther away; and he kept his important papers there. He always carried the key with him: a special key with three grooves to it and an inner spring.

Mazeroux had followed him into the courtyard and was keeping close behind him, apparently unobserved by Perenna, who having so far appeared not to notice it. He now, however, took the sergeant by the arm and led him to the front steps.

"All is going well. I was afraid that Florence, suspected something, might not have come back. But she probably doesn't know that I saw her yesterday. She can't escape us now."

They went across the hall and up the stairs to the first floor. Mazeroux rubbed his hands.

"So you've come to your senses, chief?"

"At any rate I've made up my mind. I will not, do you hear, I will not have Mme. Fauville kill herself; and, as there is no other way of preventing that catastrophe, I shall sacrifice Florence."

"Without regret?"

"Without remorse."

"Then you forgive me?"

"I thank you."

And he struck him a clean, powerful blow under the chin. Mazeroux fell without a moan, in a dead faint on the steps of the second flight.

Halfway up the stairs was a dark recess that served as a lumber room where the servants kept their pails and brooms and the soiled household linen. Don Luis carried Mazeroux to it, and, seating him comfortably on the floor, with his back to a housemaid's box, he stuffed his handkerchief into his mouth, gagged him with a towel, and bound his wrists and ankles with two tablecloths. The other ends of these he fastened to a couple of strong nails.

As Mazeroux was slowly coming to himself, Don Luis said:

"I think you have all you want. Tablecloths—napkins—something in your mouth in case you're hungry. Eat at your ease. And then take a little nap, and you'll wake up as fresh as paint."

He locked him in and glanced at his watch.

"I have an hour before me. Capital!"

At that moment his intention was to insult Florence, to throw up all her scandalous crimes in her face, and, in this way, to force a written and signed confession from her. Afterward, when Marie Fauville's safety was insured, he would see. Perhaps he would put Florence in his motor and carry her off to some refuge from which, with the girl for a hostage, he would be able to influence the police. Perhaps—But he did not seek to anticipate events. What he wanted was an immediate, violent explanation.

He ran up to his bedroom on the second floor and dipped his face into cold water. Never had he experienced such a stimulation of his whole being, such an unbridling of his blind instincts.

"It's she!" he spluttered. "I hear her! She is at the bottom of the stairs. At last! Oh, the joy of having her in front of me! Face to face! She and I alone!"

He returned to the landing outside the boudoir. He took the key from his pocket. The door opened.

He uttered a great shout: Gaston Sauverand was there! In that locked room Gaston Sauverand was waiting for him, standing with folded arms.

## CHAPTER X.

### GASTON SAUVERAND EXPLAINS.

Gaston Sauverand!

Instinctively, Don Luis took a step back, drew his revolver, and aimed it at the criminal:

"Hands up!" he commanded.

"Hands up, or I fire!"

Sauverand did not appear to be put out. He nodded toward two revolvers which he had laid on a table beyond his reach and said:

"There are my arms. I have come here not to fight, but to talk."

"How did you get in?" roared Don Luis, exasperated by this display of calmness. "A false key, I suppose? But how did you get hold of the key? How did you manage it?"

The other did not reply. Don Luis stamped his foot:

"Speak, will you? Speak! If not—"

But Florence ran into the room. She passed him by without his trying to stop her, flung herself upon Gaston Sauverand, and, taking no heed of Perenna's presence, said:

"Why did you come? You promised me that you wouldn't. You swore it to me. Go!"

Sauverand released himself and forced her into a chair.

"Let me be, Florence. I promised only so as to reassure you. Let me be."

"No, I will not!" exclaimed the girl eagerly. "It's madness! I won't have you say a single word. Oh, please, please stop!"

He bent over her and smoothed her forehead, separating her mass of golden hair.

"Let me do things my own way, Florence," he said softly.

She was silent, as though disarmed by the gentleness of his voice; and he whispered more words which Don Luis could not hear and which seemed to convince her.

Perenna had not moved. He stood opposite them with his arm outstretched and his finger on the trigger, aiming at the enemy. When Sauverand addressed Florence by her Christian name, he started from head to foot and his finger trembled. What miracle kept him from shooting? By what supreme effort of will did he stifle the jealous hatred that burnt him like fire? And here was Sauverand daring to stroke Florence's hair!

He lowered his arm. He would kill them later, do with them what he pleased, since they were in his power, and since nothing henceforth could snatch them from his vengeance.

He took Sauverand's two revolvers and laid them in a drawer. Then he went back to the door, intending to lock it. But hearing a sound on the first floor landing, he leaned over the balusters. The butler was coming upstairs with a tray in his hand.

"What is it now?"

"An urgent letter, sir, for Sergeant Mazeroux."

"Sergeant Mazeroux is with me. Give me the letter and don't let me be disturbed again."

He tore open the envelope. The letter, hurriedly written in pencil and signed by one of the inspectors on duty outside the house, contained these words:

Look out, sergeant. Gaston Sauverand is in the house. Two people living opposite say that the girl who is known hereabouts as the lady housekeeper came in at half-past one, before we took up our posts. She was next seen at the window of her lodge.

A few moments after, a small, low door, used for the cellars and situated under the lodge, was opened, evidently by her. Almost at the same time a man entered the square, came along the wall, and slipped in through the cellar door. According to the description it was Gaston Sauverand. So look out, sergeant. At the least alarm, at the first signal from you, we shall come in.

Don Luis reflected. He now understood how the scoundrel had access to his house, and how, hidden in the safest of retreats, he was able to escape every attempt to find him. He was living under the roof of the very man who had declared himself his most formidable adversary.

"Come on," he said to himself. "The fellow's score is settled—and so is his young lady's. They can choose between the bullets in my revolver and the handcuffs of the police."

He had ceased to think of his motor standing ready below. He no longer dreamed of flight with Florence. If he did not kill the two of them, the law would lay its hand upon them, the hand that does not let go. And perhaps it was better so, that society itself should punish the two criminals whom he was about to hand over to it.

He shut the door, pushed the bolt, faced his two prisoners again and, taking a chair, said to Sauverand:

"Let us talk."

Owing to the narrow dimensions of the room they were all so close together that Don Luis felt as if he were almost touching the man whom he loathed from the very bottom of his heart. Their two chairs were hardly a yard asunder. A long table, covered with books, stood between them and the windows, which, hollowed out of the very wall, formed a recess, as is usual in old houses.

Florence had turned her chair away from the light, and Don Luis could not see her face clearly. But he looked straight into Gaston Sauverand's face and watched it with eager curiosity; and his anger was heightened by the sight of the still youthful features, the expressive mouth, and the intelligent eyes, which were fine in spite of their hardness.

"Well? Speak!" said Don Luis, in a commanding tone. "I have agreed to a truce, but a momentary truce, just long enough to say what is necessary. Are you afraid now that the time has arrived? Do you regret the step which you have taken?"

The man smiled calmly and said:

"I am afraid of nothing, and I do not regret coming, for I have a very strong intuition that we can, that we are bound to, come to an understanding."

"An understanding!" protested Don Luis with a start.

"Why not?"

"A compact! An alliance between you and me!"

"Why not? It is a thought which I had already entertained more than once, which took a more precise shape in the magistrates' corridor, and which finally decided me when I read the announcement which you caused to be made in the special edition of this paper: 'Sensational declaration by Don Luis Perenna. Mme. Fauville is innocent!'"

Gaston Sauverand half rose from his chair and, carefully picking his words, emphasizing them with sharp gestures, he whispered:

"Everything lies, monsieur, in those four words. Do those four words which you have written, which you have uttered publicly and solemnly—'Mme. Fauville is innocent'—do they express your real mind? Do you now absolutely believe in Marie Fauville's innocence?"

Don Luis shrugged his shoulders.

"Mme. Gauville's innocence has nothing to do with the case. It is a question not of her, but of you, of you two and myself. So come straight to the point and as quickly as you can. It is to your interest even more than to mine."

"To our interest?"

"You forget the third heading to the article," cried Don Luis. "I did more than proclaim Marie Fauville's innocence. I also announced—read for yourself—the imminent arrest of the criminals."

Sauverand and Florence rose together, with the same unguarded movement.

"And, in your view, the criminals are—?" asked Sauverand.

"Why, you know as well as I do: they are the man with the ebony walking stick, who at any rate cannot deny having murdered Chief Inspector Aencenis, and the woman who is his accomplice in all his crimes. Both of them must remember their attempts to assassinate me; the revolver shot on the Boulevard Suchet; the motor smash causing the death of my chauffeur; and yesterday again, in the barn—you know where—the barn with the two skeletons hanging from the rafters: yesterday—you remember—the scythe, the relentless scythe, which nearly beheaded me."

"And then?"

"Well, then, the game is lost. You must pay up; and all the more so as you have foolishly put your heads into the lion's mouth."

"I don't understand. What does all this mean?"

"It simply means that they

know Florence Levasseur, that they know you are both here, that the house is surrounded, and that Weber, the deputy chief detective, is on his way."

Sauverand appeared disconcerted by this unexpected threat. Florence, standing beside him, had turned livid. A mad anguish distorted her features. She stammered:

"Oh, it is awful! No, no, I can't endure it!"

And, rushing at Don Luis:

"Coward! Coward! It's you who are betraying us; Coward! Oh, I knew that you were capable of the meanest treachery! There you stand like an executioner! Oh, you villain, you coward!"

She fell into her chair, exhausted and sobbing, with her hand to her face.

Don Luis turned away. Strange to say, he experienced no sense of pity; and Florence's tears affected him no more than her insults had done, no more than if he had never loved the girl. He was glad of this release. The horror with which she filled him had killed his love.

But, when he once more stood in front of them after taking a few steps across the room, he saw that they were holding each other's hands, like two friends in distress, trying to give each other courage; and, again yielding to a sudden impulse of hatred, for a moment beside himself, he gripped the man's arm:

"I forbid you—By what right—? Is she your wife? Your mistress? Then—"

His voice became perplexed. He himself felt the strangeness of that fit of anger which suddenly revealed, in all its force and all its blindness, a passion which he thought dead. And he blushed, for Gaston Sauverand was looking at him in amazement; and he did not doubt that the enemy had penetrated his secret.

A long pause followed, during which he met Florence's eyes, hostile eyes, full of rebellion and disdain. Had she, too, guessed?

He dared not speak another word. He waited for Sauverand's explanation. And, while waiting, he gave not a thought to the coming relations, nor to the tremendous problems of which he was at last about to know the solution, nor to the tragic events at hand.

He thought of one thing only, thought of it with the fevered throbbing of his whole being, thought of what he was on the point of learning about Florence, about the girl's affections, about her past, about her love for Sauverand. That alone interested him.

"Very well," said Sauverand. "I am caught in a trap. Fate must take its course. Nevertheless, can I speak to you? It is the only wish that remains to me."

"Speak," replied Don Luis. "The door is locked. I shall not open it until I think fit. Speak."

"I shall be brief," said Gaston Sauverand. "For one thing, what I can tell you is not much. I do not ask you to believe it, but to listen to it as if I were possibly telling the truth, the whole truth."

And he expressed himself in the following words:

"I never met Hippolyte and Marie Fauville, though I used to correspond with them—you will remember that we were all cousins—until five years ago, when chance brought us together at Palermo. They were passing the winter there while their new house on the Boulevard Suchet was being built.

"We spent five months at Palermo, seeing one another daily. Hippolyte and Marie were not on the best of terms. One evening after they had been quarrelling more violently than usual I found her crying. Her tears upset me and I could no longer conceal my secret. I had loved Marie from the first moment when we met. I was to love her always and to love her more and more."

"You lie!" cried Don Luis, losing his self-restraint. "I saw the two of you yesterday in the train that brought you back from Alencen—"

Gaston Sauverand looked at Florence. She sat silent, with her hands to her face and her elbows on her knees. Without replying to Don Luis' exclamation, he went on:

"Marie also loved me. She admitted it, but made me swear that I would never try to obtain from her more than the purest friendship would allow. I kept my oath. We enjoyed a few weeks of incomparable happiness. Hippolyte Fauville, who had become enamoured of a music hall singer, was often away."

"(Continued Next Week.)"

Two hundred and fifty million dollars has been saved by United States chemists in making articles formerly made in Germany.

## "DOLLAR-A-YEAR" MAN WINS BRIDE



Miss Kathryn Adams Peoples. In spite of the high cost of living "dollar a year" men are proving popular as bridegrooms at the national capital. Among the more recent engagement announcements is that of Miss Kathryn Adams Peoples, of Johnson City, Tenn., one of the war workers at national headquarters of the American Red Cross.

Miss Peoples is prominent in social and musical circles in her native state and recently took the leading part in a big Red Cross benefit performance of "The Japanese Girl." She made a number of friends in Washington at the confederate reunion last year, when she was maid of honor for the First Tennessee.

The wedding will take place June 22 at the home of the bride.

### Proves Authorship of Hymns.

From a Bulletin of the Committee on Public Information. Since the beginning of the war Prussia has boasted often that Great Britain and the United States owe their national anthems to German Kultur, the one directly and the other at a remove of one step. Capt. Perry Belmont, United States Army, has not only punctured this claim, but has clearly proved that the Teutonic sneer is based on a flagrant case of plagiarism in the Eighteenth century. He has submitted his findings to the British embassy at Washington.

Captain Belmont has the backing of many authorities to show that Lully, the famous French composer of the time of Louis XIV, originated the music, that Mme. de Brinon wrote the words, and that Handel, the German composer, who has been generally credited with the authorship of the anthem, really appropriated it.

Perhaps the most convincing link in the chain of evidence which Captain Belmont has produced appears in the memoirs of Mme. de Crequy, which cover a greater part of the Eighteenth century, the period in which the tune was composed. The author speaks of the deep impression the anthem made upon her when in 1714 she heard it sung in the chapel of that institution. She further adds that if her grandson, to whom the memoirs are addressed, desires to obtain the words and music he may easily do so, as Handel, a German composer, during a visit to Paris obtained permission to copy both.

Various authorities tell how Handel dedicated the composition to George, elector of Hanover, who became king of England in 1714, and to whom the German composer was chapelmeister in Hanover.

If further proof of the authorship were needed it is to be found in the souvenirs De la Marquise de Crequy in the form of a statement signed by four nuns of Saint Cyr. They fully confirm her assertions regarding the associations of both Lully and Handel with the anthem.

The original words contained in the Crequy memoirs are distinctly applicable to such a "glorious" and "victorious" king as Louis XIV, in whose honor they were written by Lully, but not to King George the First, to whom they were dedicated by Handel. Translated literally from French into English they follow:

Great God, Save the King!  
Great God, Avenge the King!  
Long live the Kings.  
Always the glorious,  
Louis victorious.  
Scatter his enemies  
And make them fall.  
Great God, Save the King!  
Great God, Avenge the King!  
Long live the King.

Some years after England accepted the tune as its national anthem, Prussia and various German states also adopted it.

"My Country 'Tis of Thee," written by the Rev. S. S. Smith and undoubtedly derived from "God Save the King" was first sung at the Park Street church in Boston, July 4, 1832.

### Wilhelmstrasse Beaten.

From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. The superiority of the United States secret service over that of Germany was the subject of which Clarence L. Reames, assistant United States attorney general, addressed a Seattle audience the other day.

"The United States secret service has checked Germany at every turn," declared the prosecutor. "When Von Bernstorff was attempting his sneaking, underhand trickery, while he was still at Washington, he never made a move that the secret service did not know of. The only reason the German secret service is credited with so much superiority is because it advertises."

"One of the greatest feats in the history of any secret service was the capture of a young secret service officer of the German note to Mexico, in which that country was promised Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and California. The name of that man is not known to anyone except his superior officer, and never will be known. The capture of the Argentine note was another conspicuous example of the completeness of our service."

### Boish Prejudices.

From the Washington Star.

"Why did you name your boy 'Reginald Clarence'?"

"Because I wanted him to be a fighter. I figured that in our neighborhood a boy named 'Reginald Clarence' has got to fight."

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### Not Feasible.

Hippopotamus meat is said to be as good as pork, but the chances are that a lot of hippopotami running about would muck up a back yard almost as much as chickens.—Marion Star.

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### Modernizing China.

That China is being modernized faster than most of us may think is indicated by the increased use of the telephone in that vast country. It also is worthy of note that although practically the whole equipment comes from abroad and is to a considerable extent operated by foreigners, the prices for service are much below those to which we are accustomed in this land of high prices.

### Bullets Never Touch Him.

England has one army man who appears to have a charmed life. He is Capt. George C. Foulds, who is now lecturing in this country. Foulds went to the Flanders front in 1915 and has gone through every battle of the war without a scratch.

### Boll Worm Came From India.

The pink boll worm, the worst enemy known to the cotton crop of India, probably originated there. Later it was found in Burma, Ceylon, Egypt and in almost every other cotton district on the globe.

### Sanitary Spoon.

Among sanitary appliances for eating places is a spoon pressed from paper that can be thrown away after using.

A frame has been invented to enable one man to operate a two-man saw.

The hand of fortune often looks like four aces.



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