

THE TEETH OF THE TIGER

BY MAURICE LEBLANC

TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS

CHAPTER THIRTEEN. (Continued.)

"That will do, I say!" repeated the Prefect harshly. "If you're afraid, you can take advantage of the order which I gave you and go off after Don Luis."

Mazeroux clicked his heels together and, old soldier that he was, saluted:

"I shall stay here, Monsieur le Prefet."

And he turned and went back to his place at a distance.

Silence followed. M. Desmalions began to walk up and down the room, with his hands behind his back. Then, addressing the chief detective and the secretary general:

"You are of my opinion, I hope?" he said.

"Why, yes, Monsieur le Prefet."

"Well, of course! To begin with, that supposition is based on nothing serious. And, besides, we are guarded, aren't we? Bombs don't come tumbling on one's head like that. It takes some one to throw them. Well, how are they to come? By what way?"

"Same way as the letters," the secretary general ventured to suggest.

"What's that? Then you admit—?"

The secretary general did not reply and M. Desmalions did not complete his sentence. He himself, like the others, experienced that same feeling of uneasiness which gradually, as the seconds sped past, was becoming almost intolerably painful.

Three o'clock in the morning! . . . The words kept on recurring to his mind. Twice he looked at his watch. There was 12 minutes left. There was 10 minutes. Was the house really going to be blown up, by the mere effect of an infernal and all-powerful will?

"It's senseless, absolutely senseless!" he cried, stamping his foot.

But, on looking at his companions, he was amazed to see how drawn their faces were; and he felt his courage sink in a strange way. He was certainly not afraid; and the others were no more afraid than he. But all of them, from the chiefs to the simple detectives, were under the influence of that Don Luis Perenna whom they had seen accomplishing such extraordinary feats, and who had shown such wonderful ability throughout this mysterious adventure.

Consciously or unconsciously, whether they wished it or no, they looked upon him as an exceptional being endowed with special faculties, a being of whom they could not think without conjuring up the image of the amazing Arsene Lupin, with his legend of daring, genius, and superhuman insight.

And Lupin was telling them to fly. Pursued and hunted as he was, he voluntarily gave himself up to warn them of their danger. And the danger was immediate. Seven minutes more, six minutes more—and the house would be blown up.

With great simplicity, Mazeroux went on his knees, made the sign of the cross, and said his prayers in a low voice. The action was so impressive that the secretary general and the chief detective made a movement as though to go toward the Prefect of Police.

M. Desmalions turned away his head and continued his walk up and down the room. But his anguish increased; and the words which he had heard over the telephone rang in his ears; and all Perenna's authority, his ardent entreaties, his frenzied conviction—all this upset him. He had seen Perenna at work. He felt it borne in upon him that he had no right, in the present circumstances, to neglect the man's warning.

"Let's go," he said.

The words were spoken in the calmest manner; and it really seemed as if those who heard them regarded them merely as the sensible conclusion of a very ordinary state of affairs. They went away without hurry or disorder, not as fugitives, but as men deliberately obeying the dictates of prudence.

They stood back at the door to let the Prefect go first.

"No," he said, "go on; I'll fol-

low you."

He was the last out, leaving the electric light full on.

In the hall he asked the chief detective to blow his whistle. When all the plain clothes men had assembled, he sent them out of the house together with the porter, and shut the door behind him. Then, calling the detectives who were watching the boulevard, he said:

"Let everybody stand a good distance away; push the crowd as far back as you can; and be quick about it. We shall enter the house again in half an hour."

"And you, Monsieur le Prefet?" whispered Mazeroux. "You won't remain here, I hope?"

"No, that I shan't!" he said laughing. "If I take our friend Perenna's advice at all, I may as well take it thoroughly!"

"There is only two minutes left."

"Our friend Perenna spoke of 3 o'clock, not of two minutes to 3. So—"

He crossed the boulevard, accompanied by his secretary general, the chief detective, and Mazeroux, and clambered up the slope of the fortifications opposite the house.

"Perhaps we ought to stoop down," suggested Mazeroux.

"Let's stoop, by all means," said the prefect, still in a good humor. "But, honestly, if there's no explosion, I shall send a bullet through my head. I could not go on living after making myself look so ridiculous."

"There will be an explosion, Monsieur le Prefet," declared Mazeroux.

"What confidence you must have in our friend Don Luis!"

"You have just the same confidence, Monsieur le Prefet."

They were silent, irritated by the wait, and struggling with the absurd anxiety that oppressed them. They counted the seconds singly, by the beating of their hearts. It was interminable.

Three o'clock sounded from somewhere.

"You see," grinned M. Desmalions, in an altered voice, "you see! There's nothing, thank goodness!"

And he growled:

"It's idiotic, perfectly idiotic! How could any one imagine such nonsense!"

Another clock struck, farther away. Then the hour also rang from the roof of a neighboring building.

Before the third stroke had sounded they heard a kind of cracking, and, the next moment, came the terrible blast, complete, but so brief that they had only, so to speak, a vision of an immense sheaf of flames and smoke shooting forth enormous stones and pieces of wall, something like the grand finale of a fireworks display. And it was all over. The volcano had erupted.

"Look sharp!" shouted the prefect of police, darting forward.

"Telephone for the engine, quick in case of fire!"

He caught Mazeroux by the arm.

"Run to my motor; you'll see it 100 yards down the boulevard. Tell the man to drive you to Don Luis, and, if you find him, release him and bring him here."

"Under arrest, Monsieur le Prefet!"

"Under arrest? You're mad!"

"But, if the deputy chief—"

"The deputy chief will keep his mouth shut. I'll see to that. Be off!"

Mazeroux fulfilled his mission, not with greater speed than if he had been sent to arrest Don Luis, for Mazeroux was a conscientious man, but with extraordinary pleasure. The fight which he had been obliged to wage against the man whom he still called "the chief" had often distressed him to the point of tears. This time he was coming to help him, perhaps to save his life.

That afternoon the deputy chief had teased his search of the house, by M. Desmalions' orders, as Don Luis' escape seemed certain, and left only three men on duty. Mazeroux found them in a room on the ground floor, where

they were sitting up in turns. In reply to his questions, they declared that they had not heard a sound.

He went upstairs alone, so as to have no witnesses to his interview with the governor, passed through the drawing room and entered the study.

Here he was overcome with anxiety, for, after turning on the light, the first glance revealed nothing to his eyes.

"Chief!" he cried repeatedly. "Where are you, chief?"

No answer.

"And yet," thought Mazeroux, "as he telephoned, he can't be far away."

In fact, he saw from where he stood that the receiver was hanging from its cord; and, going on to the telephone box, he stumbled over bits of brick and plaster that strewn the carpet. He then switched on the light in the box as well and saw a hand and arm hanging from the ceiling above him. The ceiling was broken up all around that arm. But the shoulder had not been able to pass through; and Mazeroux could not see the captive's head.

He sprang on to a chair and reached the hand. He felt it and was reassured by the warmth of its touch.

"Is that you, Mazeroux?" asked a voice that seemed to the sergeant to come from very far away.

"Yes, it's I. You're not wounded, are you? Nothing serious?"

"No, only stunned—and a bit faint—from hunger. . . . Listen to me."

"I'm listening."

"Open the second drawer on the left in my writing desk. . . . You'll find—"

"Yes, chief?"

"An old stick of chocolate."

"But—"

"Do as I tell you, Alexandre; I'm famished."

Indeed, Don Luis recovered after a moment or two and said, in a gayer voice:

"That's better. I can wait now. Go to the kitchen and fetch me some bread and some water."

"I'll be back at once, chief."

"Not this way. Come back by Florence Levasseur's room and the secret passage to the ladder which leads to the trapdoor at the top."

And he told him how to make the stone swing out and how to enter the hollow in which he had expected to meet with such a tragic end.

The thing was done in 10 minutes. Mazeroux cleared the opening, caught hold of Don Luis by the legs and pulled him out of his hole.

"Oh, dear, oh dear!" he moaned, in a voice full of pity.

"What a position, chief! How did you manage it all? Yes, I see; you must have dug down, where you lay, and gone on digging—for more than a yard! And it took some pluck, I expect, on an empty stomach!"

When Don Luis was seated in his bedroom and had swallowed a few bits of bread and drunk what he wanted, he told his story:

"Yes, it took the devil's own pluck, old man. By Jingo! when a chap's ideas are whirling in his head and he can't use his brain, upon my word, all he asks is to die! And then there was no air, you see. I couldn't breathe. I went on digging, however, as you saw, went on digging while I was half asleep, in a sort of nightmare. Just look: my fingers are in a jelly. But there, I was thinking of that counfounded business of the explosion and I wanted to warn you at all costs, and dug away at my tunnel. What a job! And then, oof! I felt space at last!"

"I got my hand through and next my arm. Where was I? Why, over the telephone, of course!"

"Then it took me quite half an hour to get hold of the instrument. I couldn't reach it with my arm."

"I managed at last with a piece of string and a slip knot to fish up the receiver and hold it near my mouth, or, say, at 10 inches from my mouth. And then I shouted and roared to make my voice carry; and, all the time, I was in pain. And then, at last, my string broke. . . . And then—and then—I hadn't an ounce of strength left in my body. Besides, you fellows had been warned; and it was for you to get yourselves out of the mess."

He looked at Mazeroux and asked him, as though certain of the reply:

"The explosion took place, didn't it?"

"Yes, chief."

"At 3 o'clock exactly?"

"Yes."

"And of course M. Desmalions had the house cleared?"

"Yes."

"At the last minute?"

"At the last minute."

Don Luis laughed and said: "I knew he would wait about and not give way until the crucial moment. You must have had a bad time of it, my poor Mazeroux, for of course you agreed with me from the start."

He kept on eating while he talked; and each mouthful seemed to bring back a little of his usual animation.

"Funny thing, hunger!" he said. "Makes you feel so light headed. I must practise getting used to it, however."

"At any rate, chief, no one would believe that you have been fasting for nearly 48 hours."

"Ah, that comes of having a sound constitution, with something to fall back upon! I shall be a different man in half an hour. Just give me time to shave and have a bath."

When he had finished dressing, he sat down to the breakfast of eggs and cold meat which Mazeroux had prepared for him; and then, getting up, said:

"Now, let's be off."

"But there's no hurry, chief. Why don't you lie down for a few hours? The prefect can wait."

"You're mad! What about Marie Fauville?"

"Marie Fauville?"

"Why, of course! Do you think I'm going to leave her in prison or Sauverand, either? There's not a second to lose, old chap."

Mazeroux thought to himself that the chief had not quite recovered his wits yet. What? Release Marie Fauville and Sauverand, one, two, three, just like that! No, no, it was going a bit too far.

However, he took down to the prefect's car a new Perenna, merry, brisk, and as fresh as though he had just got out of bed.

"Very flattering to my pride," said Don Luis to Mazeroux, "most flattering, that hesitation of the prefect's, after I had warned him over the telephone, followed by his submission at the decisive moment. What a hold I must have on all those jokers, to make them sit up at a sign from little me!"

"Beware, gentlemen! I telephone to them from the bottomless pit. 'Beware! At 3 o'clock, a bomb! 'Nonsense!' say they. 'Not a bit of it!' say I. 'How do you know?' Because I do. 'But what proof have you?' 'What proof? That I say so.' 'Oh, well, of course, if you say so!' And at five minutes to 3, out they march. Ah, if I wasn't built up of modesty—"

They came to the Boulevard Suchet, where the crowd was so dense that they had to alight from the car. Mazeroux passed through the cordon of police protecting the approaches to the house and took Don Luis to the slope across the road.

"Wait for me here, chief. I'll tell the prefect of police."

One the other side of the boulevard, under the pale morning sky in which a few black clouds still lingered, Don Luis saw the havoc wrought by the explosion. It was apparently not so great as he had expected. Some of the ceilings had fallen in and their rubbish showed through the yawning cavities of the windows; but the house remained standing. Even Fauville's built out annex had not suffered overmuch, and, strange to say, the electric light, which the prefect had left burning on his departure, had not gone out. The garden and the road were covered with stacks of furniture, over which a number of soldiers and police kept watch.

"Come with me, chief," said Mazeroux, as he fetched Don Luis and led him toward the engineer's workshop.

A part of the floor was demolished. The outer walls on the left, near the passage, were cracked; and two workmen were fixing up beams, brought from the nearest timber yard; to support the ceiling. But, of the whole, the explosion had not had the results which the man who prepared it must have anticipated.

M. Desmalions was there, together with all the men who had spent the night in the room and several important persons from the public prosecutor's office. Weber, the deputy chief detective, alone had gone, refusing to meet the enemy.

Don Luis' arrival caused great excitement. The prefect at once came up to him and said:

"All our thanks, monsieur. Your insight is above praise. You have saved our lives; and these gentlemen and I wish to tell you so most emphatically. In my case, it is the second time that I have to thank you."

(Continued Next Week.)

A resolution was presented recently in the English house of commons to draft all unmarried women between 18 and 20 years for war work.

PROVIDE WORK FOR CRIPPLED SOLDIERS

Are to Be Given Every Opportunity in Addition to Insurance and Pension.

New York—American soldiers and sailors crippled in the war are to be given every opportunity, in addition to war risk insurance indemnity and pensions, to learn new trades or professions in order that they may resume their place of usefulness in civil life without the handicaps that ordinarily surround a man deprived of arms, legs, sight or hearing.

One of the most interesting institutions that has been established here as a result of the war, is the Red Cross institute for crippled and disabled men at 311, Fourth avenue, where four schools, the nuclei of others that are to be organized in Chicago, St. Louis and other places, are now under way teaching cripples the manufacture of artificial limbs, linotype and monotype operating, mechanical drafting and oxyacetylene welding. These four schools have a teaching capacity for 300 men.

The recent passage by congress of the Smith-Sears bill, providing an appropriation of \$2,000,000 to be used in the discretion of the federal board of vocational education contemplated, it is said, the elaboration of the plan which are now being worked out in this city. Soon, it is thought, there will be additional schools in many other parts of the United States and other studies and trades will be added to the list. The new law authorizes the commandeering of private and public institutions for the reeducation of crippled soldiers and sailors and, where necessary, the building of new schools.

Learn Good Trade.

Four trades were selected for the New York school because they were in fields that were not overcrowded. A soldier or sailor, for instance, instead of having to pay \$150 to \$200 for an artificial limb may procure one for \$30 and, if he desires, be taught to make it himself, at the same time acquiring a trade that will pay him \$4 to \$8 a day.

Frank R. Bigler, a cripple for 13 years after a leg and an arm were amputated by an industrial accident, is the industrial agent of the institute which was founded about a year ago by Jeremiah Milbank with an initial endowment of \$50,000 and a building in which to carry on its work. Mr. Bigler came from Kansas City, Mo., his services being loaned by an industrial corporation there to instill optimism and good cheer into the minds of all returning war cripples.

Douglas C. McMurtrie, director of the institution, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and in charge of the department of planning at Columbia University, has made a study of the social and economic reconstruction of cripples for more than eight years. Mr. McMurtrie made it clear that while the institute has no official arrangement with the government authorities, the relative utilization of its facilities in the rehabilitation of war cripples, that department being in charge of Surgeon Gen. William C. Gorgas, when soldiers and sailors are discharged from army and navy hospitals then the institute will offer them every chance to "come back." Positions will be found for the men, and where they are unable to pay expenses while learning their new trade, funds will be advanced them as a loan to enable them to continue their training until competent to take a job.

The institute, however, is a national activity of the American Red Cross, responsible to the war council through the director general of military relief, Jesse H. Jones. It is the only non-commercial institution of the kind in the United States, says Mr. McMurtrie, and its purpose is broadly humanitarian, taking in civilian as well as military cripples. It is not a charitable institution, but intended to be self-supporting. "Already the national authorities have gone on record," said Mr. McMurtrie, "as accepting without reservation responsibility for the after-care of men injured in the service. The surgeon general's office of the war department is now preparing to provide for wounded men, not only medical and surgical care, but also the curative advances afforded by the simpler forms of occupation. The government is further inaugurating vocational training, having as its object rehabilitation for self support. The government, however, is disposed to meet the needs of such private assistance as may be offered and found of value."

Protect Olive Trees.

From Food Conservation Bulletin. A decree published at Rome, March 20, which prohibits also the cutting of the principal branches of such trees except when pruning. It is provided that the regulations may be extended to mulberry trees and fruit trees by ministerial decree. The present decree is effective until the end of the agricultural year following that in which peace is established.

More Than Skeptical.

From the Boston Transcript. "Well, Dick, how's business?" said one traveling salesman meeting another. "Rotten!" was the answer. "How is it with you?"

"Fine! Simply fine! On my last trip I sold one man a \$5,000 bill and another one \$5,000."

"So? Well, I think I ought to get a commission on those sales."

"Whaddya mean, you ought to get a commission on those sales?"

"Sure I ought to. I've hadn't met me you would not have made 'em."

The Real Question.

From the St. Louis Times. For some reason the Sunday school class had become interested in Methuselah. At their urgent request the teacher related all the authentic information recorded in the bible about the amazing man, also various anecdotes gleaned from less reliable resources. In conclusion she said:

"Now, is that all? Are there any further questions you would like to ask about Methuselah?"

"I'd like to know," said the most interested youngster of the lot, "where all his birthday presents are buried?"

Josh Comes Back.

From the Buffalo News. One June day a city man went to the country to see about securing summer board with Uncle Josh, and, arriving about dinner time, he was invited to take a place at the table. This he did, and afterward sauntered out on the veranda and lit a cigar.

"Let's get down to business, Mr. Jones," said he to the farmer. "I want to say that I enjoyed that meal very much."

"Ye did, eh?" returned Uncle Josh, gazing far over the green fields.

"Yes," responded the city man, "and if that is a fair sample of the meals you serve I think we can easily come to terms."

"Yes, a minute," interposed Josh, with a thoughtful expression. "Fust of all, I would like to know if that was a fair sample of your appollita."

MOTHERS TO BE

Should Read Mrs. Monahan's Letter Published by Her Permission.

Mitchell, Ind.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me so much during the time I was looking forward to the coming of my little one that I am recommending it to other expectant mothers. Before taking it, some days I suffered with neuralgia so badly that I thought I could not live, but after taking three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was able to go around and do all my housework. My baby when seven months old weighed 19 pounds and I feel better than I have for a long time. I never had any medicine do me so much good."—Mrs. FEARL MONAHAN, Mitchell, Ind.

Good health during maternity is a most important factor to both mother and child, and many letters have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., telling of health restored during this trying period by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The Cause is Dandruff and Itching; The Remedy Your Hair Cuticura

All druggists; Soap, 25c; Ointment, 25c; Talcum, 25c. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. 2, Boston."

Kill All Fleas! THEY SPREAD DISEASE

Found anywhere, Doley Fly Killer extracts and kills all fleas. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient and cheap.

Keeps all seasons. Made up in small, convenient packages. Doley Fly Killer kills all fleas, ticks, lice, and all other insects. Doley Fly Killer sold by druggists, 25c per bottle, 50c per dozen, 10c per box. Sample each free of "Doley Fly Killer, Dept. 2, Boston."

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

JOOMED TO OUTER DARKNESS

Forgetful Youngster Could Only Stand at School Gate and Mourn His Hard Position.

One of the Western towns where there is a large per cent of foreign population considerable difficulty was experienced in getting the registration of alien women. An instructor in the playground in the foreign district offered her assistance, and in order to gain a better knowledge of the community gave out printed slips to the children on which they were to write their names, ages and places of birth, and the same of their fathers and mothers. She told all the youngsters explicitly that they must bring the papers back with them in the afternoon.

When the children returned one little fellow stood forlornly at the gate. To all invitations to enter he shook his head stubbornly. One of the assistants finally went to him. "Come on in," she coaxed. "We are going to learn a wonderful new game this afternoon. Don't you want to help us?"

"No, ma'am, teacher," he said, and big tears rolled down his cheeks. "No, ma'am, I dassent even come in, 'cause I ain't got my excuse for being borned."

She Was a Fighter.

Everyone knew that Lieutenant Thorleigh and his pretty young wife had failed to agree during the few years of married life, but no one quite liked to ask him where she was living during his last months of training in this country. So when an innocent newcomer inquired point-blank where she was, there was a rather intense moment before he said, calmly:

"My wife is in France."

"What is she doing?" was demanded further.

"Fighting," he answered calmly.

"Fighting?" everyone exclaimed.

"Well," he replied, "perhaps she isn't actually fighting, but I'm sure she's quarreling."—Harper's Magazine.

Unique.

"I hear she's going to marry a famous aviator."

"Yes. First time a queen ever took an ace."

Sadness and gladness succeed each other.

A Cool Breakfast for warm weather

No fussing round a hot stove if you eat

POST TOASTIES

(MADE OF CORN)—Bobby