

# THE TEETH OF THE TIGER

BY  
MAURICE LEBLANC

TRANSLATED BY  
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CHAPTER FOURTEEN. (Continued.)

"We have to do with an automatic distributor that delivers the incriminating letters which it contains by clockwork, releasing them only between this hour and that on such and such a night fixed in advance and only at times when the electric light is off. You have the apparatus before you. No doubt the experts will admire its ingenuity and confirm my assertions. But, given the fact that it was found in the ceiling of this room, given the fact that it contained letters written by M. Fauville, am I not entitled to say that it was constructed by M. Fauville, the electrical engineer?"

Once more the name of M. Fauville returned, like an obsession; and each time the name stood more clearly defined. It was M. Fauville; then M. Fauville, the engineer; then M. Fauville, the electrical engineer. And thus the picture of the "hater," as Don Luis said, appeared in its accurate outlines, giving those men, used though they were to the strangest criminal monstrosities, a thrill of terror. The truth was now no longer prowling around them. They were already fighting with it, as you fight with an adversary whom you do not see but who clutches you by the throat and brings you to the ground.

And the prefect of police, summing up all his impressions, said, in a strained voice:

"So M. Fauville wrote those letters in order to ruin his wife and the man who was in love with her?"

"Yes."

"In that case—"

"What?"

"Knowing, at the same time that he was threatened with death, he wished, if ever the threat was realized, that his death should be laid to the charge of his wife and her friend?"

"Yes."

"And, in order to avenge himself on their love for each other and to gratify his hatred of them both, he wanted the whole set of facts to point to them as guilty of the murder of which he would be the victim?"

"Yes."

"So that—so that M. Fauville, in one part of his accursed work, was—what shall I say?—the accomplice of his own murder. He dreaded death. He struggled against it. But he arranged that his hatred should gain by it. That's it isn't it? That's how it is?"

"Almost, Monsieur le Prefet. You are following the same stages by which I travelled and, like myself, you are hesitating before the last truth before the truth which gives the tragedy its sinister character and deprives it of all human proportions."

The prefect struck the table with his two fists and, in a sudden fit of revolt, cried:

"It's ridiculous! It's a perfectly preposterous theory! M. Fauville threatened with death and contriving his wife's ruin with that Machiavellian perseverance! Absurd! The man who came to my office, the man whom you saw, was thinking of only one thing: how to escape dying! He was obsessed by one dread alone, the dread of death."

"It is not at such moments," the prefect emphasized, "that a man fits up clockwork and lays traps, especially when those traps cannot take effect unless he dies by foul play. Can you see M. Fauville working at his automatic machine, putting in with his own hands letters which he has taken the pains to write to a friend three months before and intercept, arranging events so that his wife shall appear guilty and saying, 'There! If I die murdered, I'm easy in my mind: the person to be arrested will be Marie!'"

"No you must confess, men don't take these gruesome precautions. Or, if they do—if they do, it means that they're sure of being murdered. It means that they agree to be murdered. It means that they are at one with the murderer, so to speak, and meet him halfway. In short, it means—"

He interrupted, himself, as if

the sentences which he had spoken had surprised him. And the others seemed equally disconcerted. And all of them unconsciously drew from those sentences the conclusions which they implied, and which they themselves did not yet fully perceive.

Don Luis did not remove his eyes from the prefect, and awaited the inevitable words.

M. Desmaliens muttered:

"Come, come, you are not going to suggest that he had agreed—"

"I suggest nothing, Monsieur le Prefet," said Don Luis. "So far, you have followed the logical and natural trend of your thoughts; and that brings you to your present position."

"Yes, yes, I know, but I am showing you the absurdity of your theory. It can't be correct, and we can't believe in Marie Fauville's innocence unless we are prepared to suppose an unheard-of thing, that M. Fauville took part in his own murder. Why, it's laughable!"

And he gave a laugh; but it was a forced laugh and did not ring true.

"For, after all," he added, "you can't deny that that is where we stand."

"I don't deny it."

"Well?"

"Well, M. Fauville, as you say, took part in his own murder."

This was said in the quietest possible fashion, but with an air of such certainty that no one dreamed of protesting. After the work of deduction and supposition which Don Luis had compelled his hearers to undertake, they found themselves in a corner which it was impossible for them to leave without stumbling against unanswerable objections.

There was no longer any doubt about M. Fauville's share in his own death. But of what did that share consist? What part had he played in the tragedy of hatred and murder? Had he played that part, which ended in the sacrifice of his life, voluntarily or under compulsion? Who, when all was said and done, had served as his accomplice or his executioner?

All these questions came crowding upon the minds of M. Desmaliens and the others. They thought of nothing but of how to solve them, and Don Luis could feel certain that his solution was accepted beforehand. From that moment he had but to tell his story of what had happened without fear of contradiction. He did so briefly, after the manner of a succinct report limited to essentials.

"Three months before the crime, M. Fauville wrote a series of letters to one of his friends, M. Langernault, who, as Sergeant Mazeroux will have told you, Monsieur le Prefet, had been dead for several years, a fact of which M. Fauville cannot have been ignorant. These letters were posted, but were intercepted by some means which it is not necessary that we should know for the moment. M. Fauville erased the post marks and the addresses and inserted the letters in a machine constructed for the purpose, of which he regulated the works so that the first letter should be delivered a fortnight after his death and the others at intervals of 10 days."

"At this moment it is certain that his plan was concerted down to the smallest detail. Knowing that Sauverand was in love with his wife, watching Sauverand's movements, he must obviously have noticed that his detested rival used to pass under the windows of the house every Wednesday and that Marie Fauville would go to her window."

"This is a fact of the first importance, one which was exceedingly valuable to me; and it will impress you as being equal to a material proof. Every Wednesday evening, I repeat, Sauverand used to wander round the house. Now note this: first, the crime prepared by M. Fauville was committed on a Wednesday evening; secondly, it was at her husband's express request that Mme. Fauville went out that evening to go to the opera and to Mme. d'Ersinger's."

Don Luis stopped for a few seconds and then continued:

"Consequently, on the morning of that Wednesday, everything was ready, the fatal clock was wound up, the incriminating machinery was working to perfection, and the proofs to come would confirm the immediate proofs which M. Fauville held in reserve. Better still, Monsieur le Prefet, you had received from him a letter in which he told you of the plot hatched against him, and he implored your assistance for the morning of the next day—that is to say, after his death!"

"Everything, in short, led him to think that things would go according to the 'hater's' wishes, when something occurred that nearly upset his schemes; the appearance of Inspector Verot, who had been sent by you, Monsieur le Prefet, to collect particulars about the Mornington heirs. What happened between the two men? Probably no one will ever know. Both are dead; and their secret will not come to life again. But we can at least say for certain that Inspector Verot was here and took away with him the cake of chocolate on which the teeth of the tiger were seen for the first time, and also that Inspector Verot succeeded, thanks to circumstances with which we are unacquainted, in discovering M. Fauville's projects."

"This we know," explained Don Luis, "because Inspector Verot said so in his own agonizing words; because it was through him that we learned that the crime was to take place on the following night; and because he had set down his discoveries in a letter which was stolen from him."

"And Fauville knew it also, because, to get rid of the formidable enemy who was thwarting his designs, he poisoned him; because, when the poison was slow in acting, he had the audacity, under a disguise which made him look like Sauverand and which was one day to turn suspicion against Sauverand, he had the audacity and the presence of mind to follow Inspector Verot to the Cafe du Pont-Neuf, to purloin the letter of explanation which Inspector Verot wrote you, to substitute a blank sheet of paper for it, and then to ask a passerby, who might become a witness against Sauverand, the way to the nearest underground station for Neuilly, where Sauverand lived! There's your man, Monsieur le Prefet."

Don Luis spoke with increasing force, with the ardour that springs from conviction; and his logical and closely argued speech seemed to conjure up the actual truth.

"There's your man, Monsieur le Prefet," he repeated. "There's your scoundrel. And the situation in which he found himself was such, the fear inspired by Inspector Verot's possible revelations was such, that, before putting into execution the horrible deed which he had planned, he came to the police office to make sure that his victim was no longer alive and had not been able to denounce him."

"You remember the scene, Monsieur le Prefet, the fellow's agitation and fright: 'Tomorrow evening,' he said. 'Yes, it was for the morrow that he asked for your help, because he knew that everything would be over that same evening, and that next day the police would be confronted with a murder, with the two culprits against whom he himself had heaped up the charges, with Marie Fauville, whom he had, so to speak, accused in advance.'"

"That was why Sergeant Mazeroux's visit and mine to his house at 9 o'clock in the evening, embarrassed him so obviously. Who were those intruders? Would they not succeed in shattering his plan? Reflection reassured him, even as we, by our insistence, compelled him to give way."

"After all, what did he care?" asked Perenna.

"His measures were so well taken that no amount of watching could destroy them or even make the watchers aware of them. What was to happen would happen in our presence and unknown to us. Death, summoned by him, would do its work. \* \* \* And the comedy, the tragedy, rather, ran its course. Mme. Fauville, whom he was sending to the opera, came to say good night. Then his servant brought him something to eat, including a dish of apples. Then followed a fit of rage, the agony of the man who is about to die and who fears death and a whole scene of deceit, in which he showed us his safe and the drab cloth diary which was supposed to contain the story of the plot. \* \* \* That ended matters."

"Mazeroux and I retired to the hall passage, closing the door after us; and M. Fauville remained alone and free to act."

Nothing now could prevent the fulfilment of his wishes. At 11 o'clock in the evening, Mme. Fauville—to whom no doubt, in the course of the day, imitating Sauverand's handwriting, he had sent a letter—one of those letters which are always torn up at once, in which Sauverand entreated the poor woman to grant him an interview at the Ranelagh—Mme. Fauville would leave the opera, and, before going to Mme. d'Ersinger's party, would spend an hour not far from the house."

"On the other hand, Sauverand would be performing his usual Wednesday pilgrimage less than half a mile away, in the opposite direction. During this time the crime would be committed."

"Both of them would come under the notice of the police, either by M. Fauville's allusions or by the incident at the Cafe du Pont-Neuf; both of them, moreover, would be incapable either of proving an alibi or of explaining their presence so near the house; were not both of them bound to be accused and convicted of the crime? \* \* \* In the most unlikely event that some chance should protect them, there was an undeniable proof lying ready to hand in the shape of the apple containing the very marks of Marie Fauville's teeth! And then, a few weeks later, the last and decisive trick, the mysterious arrival at intervals of 10 days, of the letters denouncing the pair. So everything was settled."

"The smallest details were foreseen with infernal clearness. You remember, Monsieur le Prefet, that turquoise which dropped out of my ring and was found in the safe? There were only four persons who could have seen it and I picked it up. M. Fauville was one of them. Well, he was just the one, whom we all excepted; and yet it was he who, to cast suspicion upon me and to forestall an interference which he felt would be dangerous, seized the opportunity and placed the turquoise in the safe! \* \* \*"

"This time the work was completed. Fate was about to be fulfilled. Between the 'hater' and his victims there was but the distance of one act. The act was performed. M. Fauville died."

Don Luis ceased. His words were followed by a long silence; and he felt certain that the extraordinary story which he had just finished telling met with the absolute approval of his hearers. They did not discuss, they believed. And yet it was the most incredible truth that he was asking them to believe.

M. Desmaliens asked one last question.

"You were in that passage with Sergeant Mazeroux. There were detectives outside the house. Admitting that M. Fauville knew that he was to be killed that night and at that very hour of the night who can have killed him and who can have killed his son? There was no one within these four walls."

"There was M. Fauville."

A sudden clamor of protests arose. The veil was promptly torn; and the spectacle revealed by Don Luis provoked, in addition to horror, an unforeseen outburst of incredulity and a sort of revolt against the too kindly attention which had been accorded to those explanations. The prefect of police expressed the general feeling by exclaiming:

"Enough of words! Enough of theories! However logical they may seem, they lead to absurd conclusions."

"Absurd in appearance, Monsieur le Prefet; but how do we know that M. Fauville's unheard-of conduct is not explained by very natural reasons? Of course, no one dies with a light heart for the mere pleasure of revenge. But how do we know that M. Fauville, whose extreme emaciation and pallor you must have noted as I did, was not stricken by some mortal illness and that, knowing himself doomed—"

"I repeat, enough of words!" cried the prefect. "You go only by suppositions. What I want is proofs, a proof, only one. And we are still waiting for it."

"Monsieur le Prefet, when I removed the chandelier from the plaster that supported it, I found, outside the upper surface of the metal box, a sealed envelope. As the chandelier was placed under the attic occupied by M. Fauville's son, it is evident that M. Fauville was able, by lifting the boards of the floor in his son's room, to reach the top of the machine which he had contrived. This was how, during that last night, he placed this sealed envelope in position, after writing on it the date of the murder, '31 March, 11 p.m.', and his signature, 'Hippolyte Fauville.'"

"Continued Next Week."

## CONCENTRATE.

From the Washington Times.

All the education that all the colleges of the world could give you would not equal in value the education that you can give yourself by compelling your mind to work steadily and your will to keep pointing in one direction.

Nobody can teach you that but yourself. Here is a quotation from Lecky. You might paste it up on your little mirror, thus making sure that you will see it quite frequently what you study; your thoughtful face or your new necktie in the morning:

The discipline of thought; the establishment of an ascendancy of the will over our courses of thinking; the power of casting away morbid trails of reflection and turning resolutely to other subjects of aspects of life; the power of concentrating the mind vigorously on a serious subject and pursuing calmly and unflinchingly the best fruits of judicious self-education.

## Lend Money to Yourself.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

The men who make a living by manufacturing grievances for others would have to pay a heartbreaking excess profits tax this year if they were incorporated. Their industry is so prosperous that they are now delivering grievances by automobile instead of on foot. They are the foremost of our profiteers. They are the J. Rufus Wallingfords of economics, selling get-rich-quick theories of how to live without work and to take away the money of those who do work.

We have always had with us the fellows who complain that Shakespeare came along first and used up all the ideas, leaving nothing to write about; that the last generation settled down like a swarm of locusts on all the free land, leaving nothing to farm; and that big business has hogged all the loose dollars, leaving no spare change for the late comers. Now we have the man who says that in the future we must have no class except the laboring class, and that the capital accumulated during the past 100 years must be given them to blow in.

Shakespeare used old stuff. He was a success because he added himself to it. When we say that a man has got in his head that he is going to be a socialist, he is right when he argues that all raw material is valueless except for the labor that is added to it—if he means human raw material.

Today there is a chance to put more of yourself into your work than ever before—and to make more out of the investment. More money is being made in a year out of \$200 an acre land than the pioneer saw in a lifetime. The big business of 1900 is mere piking beside the big business of today and the bigger business that is coming tomorrow. The most successful farmers in the west were immigrants and hired hands 20 or 30 years ago; the most successful business men were laborers, clerks and salesmen; and practically all the writers whose names loom large in print were \$15 or \$20 a week reporters.

For the man with skilled or merely willing hands there are today more jobs, better jobs with higher pay and a wider margin for saving, with possibilities of quicker advancement, than at any time in the past 100 years. This is the era of big opportunity for the little fellow. If you have the will to work and the grit to save you are on the way up. A few hundred, \$1,000, \$5,000 laid by in War Savings stamps and Liberty bonds may mean a fortune later. It will certainly mean a step up.

Every time you stick a stamp in the War Savings book you are sending money to yourself—to be delivered on that day in the future when opportunity will stand ready to furnish the chance if you can find the cash. Every man who speeds up on production and slows down on spending is helping the country in its hour of need and making sure provision for his own.

## America Pays Damages.

From the European Edition of the New York Herald.

A cable from Washington reads: "President Wilson has asked congress to appropriate \$13,511 to be paid to Mme. Crignier, of Paris, for damages caused by the sinking of the French liner *Le Capitaine* in 1916 in searching for the body of Admiral John Paul Jones. Congress will make the appropriation."

The body of John Paul Jones, the "Father of the American navy," was on Thursday, July 8, 1935, formally delivered over by Gen. Horace Porter, ambassador extraordinary, to Francis B. Loomis and Admiral Sigbee, delegated to receive it by the president of the United States. The admiral's body had rested forgotten for 113 years in its grave. Five hundred American sailors and marines gathered in Paris to act as an escort and French soldiers paid the last honors. The body lay in state in the American church in the Avenue de l'Alma before being conveyed to Cherbourg.

The throngfare outside the church was lined with soldiers and crowded with spectators, while thousands of people waited along the Champs-Elysees, on the Pont Alexandre III and on the Esplanade des Invalides to see the cortege. A tribute has been erected in the Place des Invalides and here the casket was placed on a bier and covered with an American flag and with flowers.

With the body of the man who, as captain of the United States Ranger received from a French man-of-war the first salute ever given the American flag by a foreign power lying thus in state and surrounded by the ambassadors and ministers of nearly every civilized nation, the soldiers of France filed before the tribune twice, saluting as they marched past. At Cherbourg the coffin was placed on board Admiral Sigbee's flagship, the cruiser *Brooklyn*.

Monday, July 24, the body was taken ashore at Annapolis, Md., and placed in a simple brick vault awaiting the national reception. The French nation participated in this ceremony with a landing party from the cruiser *Jurien de La Graviere*.

## It Will End.

The captain and the colonel still bravely charge the foe; but nothing is eternal in this punk world below; some day when we are snooping around with spirits drooping, fair peace will come kerwhopping, and end the reign of a foreign power lying thus in state and surrounded by the ambassadors and ministers of nearly every civilized nation, the soldiers of France filed before the tribune twice, saluting as they marched past. At Cherbourg the coffin was placed on board Admiral Sigbee's flagship, the cruiser *Brooklyn*.

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## ASTHMADOR AVERTS - RELIEVES HAY FEVER ASTHMA Begin Treatment NOW All Druggists Guarantee

## JUDGE DECIDES STOMACH REMEDY A GREAT SUCCESS

Commissioner of Mediation and Conciliation Board Tries EATONIC, the Wonderful Stomach Remedy, and Endorses It.

Judge William L. Chambers, who uses EATONIC as a remedy for loss of appetite and indigestion, is a Commissioner of the U. S. Board of Mediation and Conciliation. It is natural for him to express himself in guarded language, yet there is no hesitation in his pronouncement regarding the value of EATONIC. Writing from Washington, D. C. to the Eatonic Remedy Co., he says:

"EATONIC promotes appetite and aids digestion. I have used it with beneficial results."

Office workers and others who sit much at their desks, and who are afflicted with indigestion, poor appetite, bloating, and impairment of general health. Are you, yourself, a sufferer? EATONIC will relieve you just as surely as it has benefited Judge Chambers and thousands of others.

Here's the secret: EATONIC drives the gas out of the food and restores the normal action of the stomach. It is guaranteed to bring relief or you get your money back! Costs only a cent or two a day to use it. Get a box today from your druggist.

## Every Woman Wants Partine ANTISEPTIC POWDER FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE Disinfects and relieves for douches stops pelvic catarrh, itching and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years. A healing wonder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical. Has extraordinary cleaning and germicidal power. Sample Free. 50c. All druggists, or postpaid by mail. The Paxton Toilet Company, Boston, Mass.

## NOT TOO GOOD FOR 'ENERY

Something of a Novelty in the Way of Funerals, but It Satisfied the Widow.

"Ow are yer terday, Mrs. Jones?" said Mrs. Muggins from the corner house. "I'm very sorry to 'ear of the death of your 'usband."

"Yes, dead and buried, 'e is, too," said the widow, drying her eyes with the corner of her apron. "Eh! bless 'im, I giv 'im a good funeral; 'e 'ad sixty followers."

"Ow did yer manage to feed all them?" gasped Mrs. Muggins.

"Well, ter tell yer the 'onest truth, Mrs. Muggins, I couldn't get food no 'ow, 'n I didn't like to seem mean, 'cos 'Enery, bless 'im, was well insured. When we come back to the cemetery I ups 'n tells 'em to go 'ome for their tea, and then come back 'ere. So to show 'em it wasn't meanness, I took 'em all to the 'Ippodrome and paid for 'em. Poor 'Enery, it was a grand funeral, but none too good for 'im, bless 'im!"—London Tit-Bits.

## TOO WEAK TO FIGHT

The "Come-back" man was really never down-and-out. His weakened condition because of overwork, lack of exercise, improper eating and drinking demands stimulation to satisfy the cry for a health-giving appetite and the refreshing sleep essential to strength. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules, the National Remedy of Holland, will do the work. They are wonderful. Three of these capsules each day will put a man's feet before he knows it; whether his trouble comes from uric acid poisoning, the kidneys, gravel or stone in the bladder, stomach derangement or other ailments that befell the over-zealous American. The best known, most reliable remedy for these troubles is GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. This remedy has stood the test for more than 200 years since its discovery in the ancient laboratories in Holland. It acts directly and gives relief at once. Don't wait until you are entirely down-and-out, but take them today. Your druggist will gladly refund your money if they do not help you. Accept no substitutes. Look for the name GOLD MEDAL on every box, three sizes. They are the pure, original, imported Haarlem Oil Capsules.—Adv.

## Exchange of Civilities.

"My friend," said the motorist, who had just bumped into a pedestrian, "I'm afraid you don't know how to take a joke."

"I concede that your car is a joke," replied the pedestrian in acid tones, "but I'm not in a receptive mood this morning for that kind of humor."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

## Why Bald So Young?

Dandruff and dry scalp usually the cause and Cuticura the remedy. Rub the Ointment into scalp. Follow with hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap. For free sample address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston. At druggists and by mail. Sat. p. 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

## Satire.

"Pa, what is satire?" "Satire, my boy, is where you say something bitter with a sweet smile."

## On the road to prosperity there are no barrel houses.

## Your Eyes

A Wholesome, Cleansing, Refreshing and Healing Lotion—Murine for Redness, Soreness, Granulation, Itching and Burning of the Eyes or Eyelids: "3 Drops" After the Movies, Motorists or Golf will win your confidence. Ask Your Druggist for Murine when your Eyes Need Care. M-11 Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago