

Another Royal Suggestion
MUFFINS and COFFEE CAKE
 From the NEW ROYAL COOK BOOK

BREAKFAST is too often eaten as a duty rather than a joy. The Royal Educational Department presents here some breakfast dishes that will stimulate the most critical appetite.

Muffins

- 2 cups flour
 - 2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
 - 1 tablespoon sugar
 - 1/2 teaspoon salt
 - 1 cup milk
 - 2 eggs
 - 1 tablespoon shortening
- Sift together, flour, baking powder, sugar and salt; add milk, well-beaten eggs and melted shortening; mix well. Grease muffin tin and put two tablespoons of batter into each. Bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes.

Coffee Cake

- 2 cups flour
 - 1/2 teaspoon salt
 - 3 tablespoons sugar
 - 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
 - 2 tablespoons shortening
 - 5/8 cup milk
- Mix and sift dry ingredients; add melted shortening and enough milk to make very stiff batter. Spread 1/2-inch thick in greased pan; add top mixture. Bake about 30 minutes in moderate oven.

Top Mixture

- 2 tablespoons flour
 - 1 tablespoon cinnamon
 - 2 tablespoons sugar
 - 2 tablespoons shortening
- Mix dry ingredients; rub in shortening and spread thickly over top of dough before baking.

Its Nature.

"This bacon is neither very good nor very bad."
 "How could you expect it to be either when it is just midding?"

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Dye right! Don't risk your material in a poor dye. Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can diamond-dye a new, rich, fadeless color into old garments, draperies, coverings, everything, whether wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods.
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 Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Feltch*
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THE MARK OF CAIN

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At last Judge Hoyt spoke rather sharply to him.

"Brace up, Stryker," he said. "If you can do a good turn for a master who was always kind to you, don't spoil your chance by acting like a baby. If your betters can control themselves, surely you can."

With an effort Stryker stopped shuffling about and a few more sniffs ended his emotional outburst.

"I'm 60 years old," he said, apologetically, and, apparently, to all present, "and I've been in this same employ for 15 years. It's natural as to how I should feel bad, ain't it, now, Mr. Coroner?"

"Yes, my man, but it's also natural that you should try to control your grief. As Judge Hoyt says, you may render assistance to your late master by your testimony. Now, tell us all you know of Mr. Trowbridge's callers of late, or any little thing that might come to your notice as a butler. Sometimes you servants have opportunities of observation not known upstairs."

"That we have, sir," and Stryker nodded his head thoughtfully. "Yes, that we have. But I know nothing, sir, nothing at all, as has a bearing on the death of the master,—no, sir, not anything."

"Methinks the fellow doth protest too much," Pinckney murmured to himself. The reporter sat, with sharpened pencils, but so far he felt he had not much to work on in the way of clues. As to getting a story for his paper, he was more than satisfied. The elements of the fashionable household, a divided interest between the two women, the mysterious death of the millionaire, and now, the uncertain evidence of the old butler, all these would give him enough for a front page spread. But Pinckney wanted more than that. He wanted food for his detective instinct. He wanted clues and evidence of a tangible nature, or at least of an indicative trend. And he had found little so far. Still, he had found some, and he had tucked away in his mind several speeches and looks, that, though not emphasized by the coroner, seemed to him to point somewhere, even if he had no idea where.

Further questions brought nothing definite from Stryker, and he was succeeded by two of the maids. These frightened creatures were even less communicative, and it was with a sigh of relief that Coroner Berg gave up all attempt to learn anything from the household, and called on Judge Hoyt, feeling sure now he would, at least, get intelligent testimony.

The Judge was too well known to be questioned as to his identity and the coroner proceeded to ask concerning his relations with the deceased.

"Lifelong friends, almost," replied Hoyt. "We were at college together and have been more or less associated ever since. Unfortunately, I was out of town yesterday, or I might know more of Mr. Trowbridge's movements. For I had expected to see him at his office, but was prevented by an unexpected call to Philadelphia. I wrote Mr. Trowbridge that I could not see him until evening, and as the Philadelphia matter was connected with his business, I telegraphed from there that I would call at his house last evening, and give him my report."

"And then Miss Trowbridge telephoned you?" observed the coroner, who had heard this before.

"Yes, and I came right up here, and was here when the police telephoned of their discovery."

"Then as you can tell us nothing of yesterday's events, can you throw any light on the case by anything you know of Mr. Trowbridge's affairs in general? Had he any enemies, or any quarrel of importance?"

"No, I am sure he had no quarrel with any one who would go so far as to kill him. It seems to me it must have been the work of some of those Camorra societies."

"Why would they attack him?"

"Only for purposes of robbery, I should say. But the dagger implies or may imply an Italian, for American citizens do not

go around with such weapons."

"That is true. And there may have been robbery of some value that we do not know of. But do you think, Judge Hoyt, that the Camorra is such a desperate menace? Are not fears of it exaggerated and unfounded?"

"There is a great deal of the real thing, Mr. Berg. When you consider that there are 1,500,000 Italians in America and 600,000 of them are in New York City, it is not surprising that many of their secret societies are represented here. Therefore, it seems to me, that circumstances point to a crime of this sort, whether for robbery or whether at the hire of some superior criminal."

"It is certainly possible that if Mr. Trowbridge was desired dead by some enemy in his own rank of life, the actual deed might have been committed by a hired crook, whether of an Italian society or of a New York gang. And the fact of the information first coming from an Italian woman, gives plausibility to the foreign theory."

"It may be, and if so, it may prove a very difficult matter to discover the truth."

"You are right, Judge, and so far we have but the slightest shreds of evidence to work on. The articles found in the pockets of Mr. Trowbridge give absolutely no clues toward detection."

At this, Pinckney pricked up his ears. Surely there must be a hint here, if one were but bright enough to see it.

CHAPTER V.

The Swede.

All the others present, as well as the young reporter, looked on with eager interest at the contents of the pockets were exhibited.

There were a great many articles, but all were just what might be looked for in the pockets of a well-to-do business man.

Several letters, cards, memoranda and telegrams. The usual knife, bunch of keys, pencil, watch and money. Also a small pair of folding scissors and a couple of handkerchiefs.

In a gold locket was a portrait of Mrs. Black, but there was no other jewelry.

"Perhaps some jewelry was taken," suggested a jurymen, but both Avice and Mrs. Black were sure that Mr. Trowbridge had on none.

He was wearing a bow tie, and a soft shirt with its own buttons, the report informed them, so there was no occasion for studs or pin.

The letters were read, as of possible interest. There were two or three bills for personal matters. There was the letter Judge Hoyt himself had told of sending to announce his trip to Philadelphia. There was also a telegram from the Judge in Philadelphia saying:
 "Peddie agrees. Everything O. K. See you tonight."

Hoyt.
 All of these roused little or no interest. Judge Hoyt explained that Peddie was the man with whom he was making a deal with a real estate corporation for Mr. Trowbridge, and that the matter had been successfully put through to a conclusion.

But next was shown a letter so old that it was in worn creases and fairly dropping apart. It had evidently been carried in the pocket for years. Gierly unfolding it, Coroner Berg read a note from Professor Meredith that was angry, even vituperative. The bone of contention was the classification of a certain kind of beetle, and the letter implied that Mr. Trowbridge was ignorant and stubborn in his opinions and his method of expressing them. There was no threat of any sort, merely a scathing diatribe of less than a page in length. But it was quite evident that it had hurt Rowland Trowbridge severely, as its date proved that he had carried it around for two years.

And there was another old letter. This was from Justice Greter and was a blast on some old political matter. Here again, a strong enmity was shown, but nothing that could be construed as an intimation of revenge or even retaliation.

Still there were two letters from decided enemies, and they

must be looked into.

Avice, in her own heart, was sure they meant nothing serious. Her uncle had held these two grudges a long time, but she didn't think any recent or desperate matter had ensued.

Some newspaper clippings, most of them concerning natural history, and a few elaborate recipes for cooking, completed the collection found in the pockets.

"Nothing in the least indicative, unless it might be those two old letters," commented the coroner.

Pinckney was disappointed. He had hoped for some clue that he could trace. Like Avice, he thought little of the old letters. Those two eminent citizens were most unlikely to murder a colleague, or even to employ a rogue to do it for them. To his mind, there was nothing enlightening in all the inquest so far. Indeed, he had almost no use for the Black Hand theory. It didn't seem convincing to him. He thought something would yet come out to give them a direction in which to look, or else the truth would never be discovered.

And then there was a commotion in the hall, and an officer came in bringing with him a big, husky-looking Swede, and a pale blue-eyed little woman.

"This is Clem Sandstrom," the officer informed the coroner. "And this is his wife. You can get their stories best from them."

The big foreigner was very ill at ease. He shuffled about, and when told where to sit, he dropped into the chair with his stolid countenance expressing an awed fear.

The woman was more composed, but seemed overwhelmed at the unaccustomed splendor of her surroundings. She gazed at the pictures and statues with round, wide eyes, and glanced timidly at Avice, as if the girl might resent her presence there.

"What is your name?" asked Berg of the big Swede.

"Clem Sanstrom, Ay bane a Swede, but Ay bane by America already two years."

"Where do you live and what do you do?"

"Ay live up in the Bronnix, and Ay work at the digging."

"Digging? Where?"

"Any digging Ay can get. Ay bane good digger."

"Well, never mind the quality of your digging. What do you know of this murder of Mr. Trowbridge?"

"Last night, Ay bane goon home, though Van Courtlandt Park wood, and Ay heard a man groan like he was dying. Ay went to him, and Ay lift his head, but he was nigh about gone then. Ay try to hold up his head, but it drop back and he say, a few words and he fall back dead."

"How did you know he was dead?"

"Ay felt his heart to beat, and it was all still. Ay saw the blood on his clothes, and Ay know he bane stab. Ay think Italian Black Hand did it."

"And what did you do then?"

"Ay run away to my home. To my wife. Ay bane afraid the police think Ay did it."

"Did you see the police there?"

"Yes. Ay bane wait behind the bushes till they come. Ay bane afraid of everything."

"Oh, after the man died, you waited around there till the police came?"

"Yes. Ay thought Ay must do that. Then Ay saw all the police and the dead wagon, and Ay waited more till they took the man away. Then Ay ran fast to my home."

"What did you take from the body?" Coroner Berg spoke sternly and the already frightened man trembled in his chair.

"Ay take nothing. Ay would not rob a corp. Nay, that I wouldn't."

"And you took nothing away from the place?"

The Swede hesitated. He glanced at his wife, and like an accusing Nemesis, she nodded her head at him.

"Tell the truth, Clem," she cried shrilly. "Tell about the strange bottle."

"A bottle?" asked the coroner.

"Yes, but it was of no use," Sandstrom spoke sulkily now. "It was an old milk bottle."

"A milk bottle? Then it had nothing to do with the crime."

"That's what Ay think. But the wife says to tell. The milk bottle, a pint one, was much buried in the ground."

"How did it get in so deeply? Was it put there purposely?"

"Ay tank so. It had in it

"The man made a wry face, as at a recollection.

"Well, what?"

"Ay don't know. But it smelled something very very bad. And molasses too."

"Molasses in it?"

"Yes, a little down in the bottom of the bottle. Such a queer doings!"

"Have you the bottle?"

"At my home, yes. The wife make me empty the bad stuff out."

"Why?" and Berg turned to the Swedish woman.

"I thing it a poison. I think the bad man kill the good man with a poison."

"Well, I don't think so. I think you two people trumped up this bottle business yourselves. It's too ridiculous to be real evidence."

The jurymen were perplexed. If these Swedes were implicated in the murder, surely they would not come and give themselves up to justice voluntarily. Yet, some reasoned that if they were afraid of the police, they might think it better to come voluntarily than to seem to hide their connection with it. It is difficult to tell the workings of the uneducated foreign intellect, and at any rate the story must be investigated, and the Swedes kept watch of.

Under the coroner's scrutiny, Sandstrom became more restless than ever. He shuffled his big feet about and his countenance worked as if in agony. The woman watched him with solicitude. Apparently, her one thought was to have him say the right thing.

Once she went over and whispered to him, but he only shook his head.

"Why did you kill the man?" the coroner suddenly shot at the witness as if to trip him.

Sandstrom looked at him stolidly. "Ay didn't kill him. Ay bane got na goon."

"He wasn't shot, he was stabbed."

"Ay bane got na knife. And Ay na kill him. Ay heard his dyin' words." The Swede looked solemn.

"What were they?" asked the coroner, in the midst of a sudden silence.

"He said, 'Ay bane murdered! Cain kill me! Wifful murder!' and wi' them words he deed."

The simple narrative in the faulty English was dramatic and convincing. The countenance of the stolid foreigner was sad, and it might well be that he was telling the truth as he had seen and heard it.

Like an anti-climax, then, came an explosive "Gee!" from the back of the room.

People looked around annoyed, and the coroner rapped on the table in displeasure.

"You have heard this witness," he said pompously; "we have no real reason to disbelieve him. It is clear that Rowland Trowbridge was wilfully murdered by a dastardly hand, that he lived long enough to tell this, and to stigmatize as 'Cain' the murdered who struck him down."

"Gee!" came the explosive voice again; but this time in a discreet whisper.

"Silence!" roared the coroner; "another such disturbance and the culprit will be expelled from the room."

There was no further interruption and the inquiry proceeded.

Several employes of Mr. Trowbridge's office were called. Miss Wilkinson, the stenographer, was an important young person of the blonde variety, and made the most of her testimony, which amounted to nothing. She declared that Mr. Trowbridge had been at the office as usual the day before and that she had written the average number of letters for him, none of which were in any way bearing in this case or of any import, except the regular business of her employer. Mr. Trowbridge, she said, had left the office about 2 o'clock, telling her he would not return that day, and bidding her go home after she had finished her routine work.

This created a mild sensation. At least, it was established that Mr. Trowbridge had gone from his office earlier than usual, though this must have been pre-supposed, as his body was found miles away from the city at 5 o'clock. But nothing further or more definite could Miss Wilkinson tell, though she was loath to leave the witness stand.

(To be continued next week.)

One "economical" plan, said to be contemplated in congress, is to add \$5,000 a year to the salaries of congressmen, as it would "only" cost the country \$2,655,000.

The invasion of Holland by radicals and a widespread dread of bolshevism, is said to be influencing many of the best families of Holland to sell their homes and come to the United States.