

shrewd brain flashed the thought of

Liang, whom he had always sus-

pected of being more than a serv-

ant. He figured that if he left the

Chinese dagger where it would be

found in the library. Liang would

be the logical suspect. He threw

the dagger into the Ting yao vase.

But he threw it in too hard. It broke

the vase-and again Wrede was in

a quand'ry. He picked up the dag-

ger and placed it in the other vase

on the table. Then he gathered up

the fragments of the Ting yao, car-

ried them through the kitchen and

placed them in the garbage pail

on the rear porch. The poker he

had thrown back on the hearth.

And he left the house through the

rear entrance, passed behind the

hedge in the vacant lot, unlatched

the gate at the rear of his apart-

ment house, and went to his rooms,"

'But what of Brisbane?"

"So far, so good," said Markham.

"Brisbane? Ah, yes. He was an

unexpected element. But Wrede

knew nothing about it. . . . As I

see it, Markham, Brisbane had

planned to get rid of Archer that

same night. His trip to Chicago

was merely a blind. With his

knowledge of criminology and his

brother and having the crime ap-

chose Wednesday night when he

plan was to go back to the house

excellent idea, and it was almost

detection proof. And he did come

tions, and Brisbane, instead of cre-

he himself had conceived. . . ."

realizing that he had also been

haps, of the blow Wrede had struck

horror of it," breathed Markham.

Vance inhaled several times on

Vance moved in his chair.

"Still, I don't see-"

Archer.

CHAPTER XII-Continued

-18-

"Here's a rare book, Markham. There's a passage in it I want to read to you. As I remember, it was in the chapter on Rye." He turned the pages. "The passage relates, as I recall, to the duke of Cumberland's visit to Rye, when he made an inspection of the defenses of the neighborhood and was entertained by Mr. Lamb, who was still mayor. . . . Ah, here it is-I hope I don't bore you: 'These particulars have been kindly given me by almost the only living representative of the Lamb-Grebell families -which have otherwise died out in Rye. In regard to the Grebell murder, my informant gave me some particulars, unknown to the local chroniclers, in part at least, that are physiologically interesting. Mr. Grebell had been supping with his brother-in-law Lamb, and having some business in the town, borrowed his scarlet overcoat. On returning late through the churchyard, he felt some one push heavily as he thought against him, and merely remarking "Get away, you drunken hound," passed on to Lamb house, quite unconcerned. He duly reported the incident, but as the family were going to bed, said he felt so tired that, instead of going home, he would have a sleep in the armchair by the fire. In the pear as a suicide. Naturally he morning he was found dead, with a stab in the back, which caused internal bleeding. . .

Markham stood up and walked back and forth across the room. "Good G-d!" His words were scarcely audible. "So that's the explanation! No wonder we couldn't understand the things that happened there that night. Unbeliev-

Vance had sunk back into his chair, relaxed. He took a deep inspiration, like a man who had suddenly found a friendly settlement in the midst of a hostile jungle.

"Really, Markham," he said with a slight upward glance, taking out his cigarette case, "I'll never forgive you for this-never! It was you who guessed the solution. And I knew it all the time, but I couldn't correlate my knowledge."

Markham came to a sudden halt. "What do you mean by saying

that I guessed the solution?" "Didn't you say," asked Vance mildly, "that the only way one could explain the circumstances was by the assumption that a dead man walked upstairs? . . . No. Markham, I am sure I shall never forgive you."

Markham sat down and muttered a disgusted oath. He smoked a while in silence.

"The internal hemorrhage explains many things," he admitted to feel tired-perhaps the blood had finally. "But I still don't understand Brisbane's death, and the bolted door."

"And yet, d' ye see," returned Vance, "it all fits in perfectly, now that we have the key.'

He lay back in his chair and dressing gown, buttoned it, and tied stretched his legs. He took sev- the belt around him. He walked eral puffs on his cigarette and half to the windows and pulled down closed his eyes.

"I think, Markham, I can re- tically all of his remaining vitality. construct the amazin' and contra- He started to get his bedroom slipin the Coe domicile last Wednesday was drifting in upon him. He of the attack-to report him to the night. . . . I doubt if Wrede actu- thought it fatigue—the result perally planned to murder Archer Coe that night. The idea had no doubt him over the head. He sat down in been in his mind for a long time, his easy chair. But he never got up, for he had obviously taken the precaution of securing a duplicate key to the spring lock on the rear door. evitable fog stifled him! . . ." But I have a feelin' that he wished only to argue various matters out with Archer last Wednesday night before actually resorting to murder. It's obvious that he called on Archer clearly indicated. . . . But think that night and tried to convince him that he would be the perfect mate | mind when he looked out of his winfor Hilda Lake. Archer disagreed- dow and saw the man he had murand disagreed violently. That was dered moving about the room upno doubt the argument that Liang stairs, arranging the papers on his bate reached the point where blows about his affairs as if nothing whatwere struck. The poker was quite ever had happened!" handy, don't y' know, and Wrede, with his tremendous sense of personal inferiority, would naturally into a small tray beside him. reach for some outside agent to help him over the top. He snatched imagine Wrede's emotions? the poker and struck Archer over killed a man; and yet he could look

"Archer fell forward against the dead man acting as if nothing had table, upsetting it and fracturing happened. Wrede had to start all his rib. Wrede was in a quand'ry But again his sense of inferiority terrible situation. He knew that he room quickly, saw the dagger in Archer Coe's body. But Archer was the cabinet, took it out and, as still alive-and retribution must in-Archer lay on the floor, drove it evitably follow. And don't forget into his back. . . . The deed was that the lights did not go out in the man was in a panic-and with in a physical way, and had removed doubt, frantically asked himself a switch off the lights in the library. all obstacles from his path. He be- thousand times what was going on The whole thing was amazing. He lieved he was alone in the house behind those drawn shades. He went home through the rear door, with Archer; but still there was not only feared the incalculable thinking that he had left Archer's the question of a suspect. Into his mystery of the situation, but, I am dead body in the coat closet. Then,

most by his speculation concerning the things he could not see. . . . I wouldn't care to put in the two

eight o'clock and ten that night. He realized that some decision must be made-that some action must be taken. But he had nothing whatever to go on: his imagination was his only guide. . . ."

"And he came back!" said Markham huskily.

"Yes," nodded Vance, "he came back. He had to come back! But in that interim of his indecision something unforeseen and horrible had taken place. Brisbane had returned to the house-he had returned stealthily, letting himself in with his own key. He had returned to kill his brother! He looked into the library: the lights were on, but Archer was not there. He went to the drawer of the table and took out the revolver. Then he went upstairs. Perhaps he saw the light through Archer's bedroom door. He opened the door. . . ."

Vance paused. "Y' know, Markham, I am inclined to think that Brisbane was prepared for any emergency. He had worked out a scheme for killing Archer, placing him in his bedroom with the revolver in his hand, and then bolting the door from the hall, so as to make it appear as suicide, And when he saw Archer sitting in his easy chair, apparently asleep, he no doubt felt that the fates were with him, that his road had been made easy. I can see him tiptoeing across the room to the easy chair where the other sat. I can see him place the revolver against Archer's right temple and pull the trigger,the impact of the bullet drove Archer's head to the left. Then I can see Brisbane place the revolver in Archer's hand and return to the door, where he carefully put in operation the mechanism he had worked out for bolting the door from the hall, . . . My word, Markham, what a situation !- Brisbane shooting a dead man, and then elaborately setting the stage to

shrewd technical brain, he had prove that it was suicide!" worked out a perfectly logical "Good G-d!" breathed Markham. means of doing away with his "But during this tragic farce," Vance went on, "Wrede had arrived at a decision. He had decided to come back to Archer Coe and finknew Archer would be alone in the ish, for all time, the crime which He established his alibi by apparently he had only started. He having Gamble make reservations bethought himself of the Ting yao on the 5:15 train to Chicago. His vase he had broken, and perhaps fearing its absence would be noted, and take a later train. It was an he picked out a superficially similar vase from his own small collection and carried it back to the Coe back to the house, Markham, with house. The hour, I should say, was the definite intention of killing around ten o'clock. . . . Wrede opened the gate of the rear yard, and left it ajar; and it was then "Oh, it's all quite simple," Vance that the Scottie followed him on went on, "But before Brisbane rehis dark errand. He went in the turned that night, strange and unrear door of the Coe house, leaving canny things happened. The plot it open-and the Scottie followed. became cluttered with complica-Everything was black and still. He went through the dining room into ating a perfect crime, walked into a the library, and placed his own inplot more diabolical than the one ferior vase on the teakwood base where the Ting yao vase had stood. He took the dagger from the vase "This is what had happened in in which he had hidden it, and the meantime: Archer, recovering moved toward the hall. . . ." from the blow of the poker, and not

stabbed, went upstairs to his bed-"And when he reached the door, room. The shades were up, and Markham, he saw a figure coming Wrede, from his own apartment, down the stairs from the second could see him across the vacant floor. There was a light in the lilot, . . . No one will ever know brary, but it was not sufficient to what thoughts went on in Coe's make possible an absolute recognimind at this time. But obviously tion of the figure on the stairs. To he was incensed at Wrede, and he Wrede that figure was Archer. probably sat down to write him a letter forbidding him ever to put (Archer and Brisbane, you'll recall, foot in the house again. He began were of the same height and general build, and they did not look dissimilar). Wrede stood behind commenced to choke his lungs. The the portieres at the library door, pen fell from his fingers. He made the dagger grasped in his hand, and an effort to prepare himself for waited till his opportunity came. bed. He took off his coat and waist-The shadowy figure came down the coat and hung them carefully in the closet. Then he put on his stairs and walked toward the closet door at the end of the hall,-Brisbane was no doubt going back for the overcoat and hat which he had the shades. That act took pracleft there on coming in. But Wrede. with his inflamed imagination, assumed that Archer was preparing dict'ry occurrences that took place pers, but the black mist of death to leave the house to tell some one

police, perhaps He couldn't be sure:

he only knew that it spelled dan-

ger for himself. And he was more

Vance raised himself a little in

his chair.

thoroughly determined than ever to put an end to Archer. . . . Markham. He never changed his "Brisbane, as I now see it, had shoes. As he sat there the final injust placed the strings, which he "Good G-d, Vance! I see the had used for bolting Archer's door, in the pocket of his top-coat, when Wrede came silently upon him from "All these steps in that sinister behind and thrust the dagger into situation," Vance continued, "are his back. He collapsed immediately, and Wrede pushed the body, what must have gone on in Wrede's which he thought was Archer's, entirely into the closet and closed the door. He went back to the library: and it was at this time that he proboverheard. I imagine that the de- desk, changing his clothes, going ably stumbled over the Scottie, which had followed him in. He decided that it was safest to get rid of her immediately. She may even have barked, or made some sound his cigarette and broke the ashes when he stumbled over her; and he "My word, Markham! Can you was in no frame of mind at that He moment to meet new emergencies logically. He dropped the dagger back into the vase and picked up the poker. Then he struck the Scottie over the head,-it was the simover again. It was a delicate and plest and most direct way of dealing with an unexpected circuminvaded him. He looked round the had thrust a deadly dagger into stance when there was no time for thought. The presence of the dog

done. He had vindicated himself Archer Coe's room Wrede, no sufficient reason. He did not even

was unexpected, incalculable,

inclined to think, he was perturbed when Gamble summoned him the following morning, he found that Archer was still in his bedroom, behind a bolted door! The man must heurs that Wrede spent between | have felt that the whole world had gone insane. I imagine he rushed to the hall closet, when Gamble wasn't looking, to check his sanity, so to speak; and then he saw the dead body of Brisbane. Some of the truth, at least, must have dawned upon him. He had killed his friend -his ally-by accident. What mental torture he must have suffered! And there was also in his mind the terrible problem of Archer's death. . . . I wonder the man stood up so well when we arrived. The cold desperation of the final necessity, I suppose. . . ."

Markham moved about the room restlessly.

"I see it all," he muttered, as if to himself. He stopped and swung round. "But what of Wrede's attempted murder of Grassi?"

"That was logical and in keeping with his character," said Vance. "Miss Lake explained it-intense jealousy of his lucky rival. Wrede thought he had successfully pulled the wool over our eyes, and the fact gave him confidence. He knew exactly where the dagger was; he knew the domestic arrangements of the Coe house; he had a key to the rear door; and he doubtless knew of the broken lock on Grassi's door. He had probably brooded over his loss of a wealthy bride until he could no longer resist the urge to follow up his-as he thought-successful murder of Archer by the murder of Grassi, He would thus have won a complete victory over the forces that had temporarily defeated him. His frustrated ego again. And had it not been for Liang's perspicacity-which Wrede underestimated-and the shift of Grassi's arm, he would have succeeded "

"But what," asked Markham, first gave you the idea that Wrede had committed the murders?"

"The Scottle, Markham," an swered Vance, "After having found she belonged to Higginbottom, I ascertained that he had given her to his inamorata who lived in the Belle Maison, And once I had followed the Scottie's trail and knew that she belonged next door, I made a bit of an investigation. I learned from a perfectly honest Irish maid that both Higginbottom and his lady fair-a Miss Delafield-had been having a farewell dinner at the time Coe was murdered. Y' see, I had thought perhaps that some blond lady with a Duplaix lipstick had admitted the Scottie into the Coe house earlier in the evening. But although Miss Delafield used Duplaix lipstick and had undoubtedly called on Archer Coe before halfpast seven, it was not she who had let the Scottie in; for the little dog was in the Delafield apartment after nine o'clock that night, and had disappeared some time between then and half-past ten, at which hour the maid instituted a search for her. Moreover, I learned that the Scottle could have entered the Coe house only if some one had unlocked the gate between the Belle Maison and the vacant lot next to the Coe residence. And I further learned that there was no way for the Scottie to escape from the Belle Maison, except into the rear yard. Only some one who had unlocked the gate and opened the rear door of the Coe residence would have given her the opportunity of entering the house. And Wrede was the only

person who could have done this." The following year Hilda Lake and Grassi were married, and the alliance seems to have been highly successful. Vance became the own- that bed. Above her was a huge er of Miss MacTavish. He had become attached to her during the days he had nursed her back to health, and the romance (if one may call it that) between Higginbottom and Doris Delafield ran on the rocks shortly after the lady's return from Europe. After her break with the major she showed little interest in the dog; and Higginbottom, in appreciation of some nebulous favor which he considered Vance had done him, made him a present of the bitch. Vance placed her in his kennels, but she did not seem to be happy there; and he finally took her into his apartment. He still has her, and she has been "pensioned" for life. Sometimes I think that Vance would rather part with one of his treasured Cazannes than with little Miss MacTavish. [THE END.]

The Seeing Eye The seeing eye is important as a first aid to growing knowledge. Children usually have it and some grown people. For example, two people or children may look at the same twig. One will see-a twig. The other will see that strange freak of nature-a walking stick. One will see a criss-cross of branches. The other will see the little nest of a kinglet or the flattened form of a red squirrel on the tree trunk.

Alcohol by Fermentation

The bureau of industrial alcohol says that 18 per cent alcohol by volume is the highest that can be obtained by fermentation and this only under most favorable conditions. The alcohol when it reaches 18 per cent prevents the yeast from producing additional alcohol, or in other words, destroys or kills the

Bacteria Multiply Fast There are bacteria that can multiply a million times in ten hours.

## TRUE GHOST **STORIES**

By Famous People

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By GUY KIBBEE Actor.

"O NE of the most gruesome experiences I ever had," related Guy Kibbee, motion-picture and stage star, "was when I was with the Alpine Stock company, then playing in Vermont.

"The leading lady, Evelyn Grey, then on her way to fame and success, was very ill. She had a very bad case of tuberculosis, yet was so ambitious and enjoyed her work so much that she would not stop long enough to get well. Many people in the theater are that way; they love their profession unto

"Every night after the show she would lie down in her dressing room for half an hour or so before

"On this particular occasion we were playing 'East Lynne,' in which she was taking the lead. In the last scene she wore a long white garment. After the show was over we all left for our hotels, except Evelyn, who stayed alone, as was her wish, for her rest.

"We all got up to the hotel, talked for an hour or more, then decided to play a bit of poker. The cards were back at the theater, and as actors made little or no money in those days, we went back after them instead of buying new ones.

"We entered the theater and saw a figure in white walking slowly down the aisle. We got a look at her face, and it looked like Evelyn, yet it was too pale and awful to be she. It was way past time for her to have left the theater. The apparition gave us the jitters, so we left without the cards. Evelyn never walked about the theater. It all seemed so unreal and ghostly that we went home and to bed. If the figure had been Evelyn, we felt sure she would have spoken

"Next morning we were all ready for rehearsal at ten o'clock. Evelyn did not appear. Some one went back to look in her dressing room and cause acidity in soils than the ma-She had died during the night, overcome the acidifying action.

. . . By JANE COWL

Actress. "H EAVEN knows we mortals can't guess the elaborate workings of the subconscious mind, nor of mental telepathy nor of psychic forces!" exclaimed Jane Cowl, the brilliant actress. "Every now and then we see an obvious example of their powers, but most of the time we are in complete darkness about their intricacies.

"When I was a child, I was early impressed with an example of psychic warning," continued Miss Cowl, as she scanned the rows of books of mystery in the book store which she was visiting.

"One day, while my Grandmother Julia, my mother's mother, was ill, I visited her. She lay in her great carved walnut bed, an invalid, helpless, bedridden. For years she had not been able to move from painting in a weighty carved frame. all parts of the massive, ugly decorative scheme of the day.

"Suddenly Grandmother Julia astonished us by jumping from her bed and running to the middle of the room.

"We asked what was the trouble the cause for her unexpected act. 'My sister called to me, my sister called me!' she exclaimed.

"Just then the weighty picture fell from the wall upon her bed, and its glass shattered into hundreds of pieces.

"If grandmother had been in her bed the heavy thing would have doubtless killed her.

"It would seem that the spirit of her sister, who was in another city at the time, warned her of her danger, and sustained her with unexpected strength to jump from her bed. Perhaps not, but it is plausible the spirits of our friends and relatives can visit us in other forms than physical," concluded Miss Cowl, as she discovered a book on criminology which she wanted to read, and to which she turned her strup, keen attention.

Vespucci's First Voyage Americus Vespucius, also known as Amerigo Vespucci, is said to have made his first voyage of discovery in 1497. It is believed that he landed in Honduras and was thus the first white man to set foot on the mainland of the western continent. He is the man who gave Venezuela its name. The word means "Little Venice."

Cars and Roads

The state of California has as many private cars as England and France combined. New York is the only American state which has more cars than California. There are more than a million miles of roads in the United States.

## Says Poison Best for Mice Control

Most Damage During Winter; Rodents Do Their Work Beneath Surface.

By H. R. Niswonger, Extension Horticul-turist, North Carolina State College, WNU Service.

Field mice are an orchard pest that most fruit growers are unaware of until it is too late to save their trees. Most of the mouse damage occurs during the winter months in orchards where a heavy sod covers the ground.

The mice work just beneath the surface and are not noticed until the trees begin to die or fail to bud in the spring. At first the damage may be slight, but eventually the mice eat away the bark from the trunk a few inches below the soil so as to completely girdle the tree.

The common meadow mouse migrates to the orchards when their food supply in the open fields becomes scarce. The short-tailed pine mouse is most destructive, doing worst damage to orchards growing near timbered areas.

Orchardists are urged to examine the areas around their trees, looking for mice runways and injuries to the trees. If evidence of mice is found, they can be destroyed by putting out wheat balt which has been poisoned with strychnine.

As a supplementary control measure, digging up of grass and weeds under the trees is suggested. This breaks up the tunnels and runways and causes the mice to seek their food in areas farther from the trees.

Chemists Warn Farmers on Fertilizer Mixtures

Chemists of the United States Department of Agriculture have been making careful studies of chemical reactions in fertilizer mixtures to be able to warn farmers and manufacturers against undesirable combinations of materials. Some combinations cause loss of plant food while others render plant food unavailable to crops.

Knowledge of such reactions has become particularly desirable because of the increasing use of ammonium salts as sources of nitrogen in fertilizers in place of more expensive nitrates and organic ammoniates. Because these ammonium salts have a greater tendency to found her. She had on the same | terials they have displaced, liming white gown, and was lying on her materials are being added to fercouch in the dressing room dead. tilizers containing these salts to

When ordinary limestone is used for this purpose, only a limited quantity can be added; otherwise reaction between it and superphosphate in the fertilizer will render some of the phosphoric acid unavailable as plant food. Similarly the use of ordinary limestone in considerable quantity in fertilizer mixtures containing ammonium phosphate is likely to cause loss of ammonia if superphosphate is not present. But If dolomite, a kind of limestone in which half the lime is replaced by magnesium, is used, neither of these undesirable reactions take place.

The desirability of dolomite as a liming material for mixing with fertilizers is enhanced by the fact that it also supplies magnesia to soils some of which are deficient in this plant food.

Cause of Heaves

Heaves (emphysema of the lungs) is caused by overfeeding the horse hay, especially dusty timothy hay, or threshed clover hay, and working it immediately after a meal when the digestive organs are distended, declares a writer in Hoard's Dairyman, Indigestion results and irritates the pneumogastric nerve of the stomach and in time the branch of that nerve supplying the lungs also becomes affected. The lungs can then no longer perfectly expel air and the abdominal muscles have to be used to help expulsion. That causes the double bellows-like action of the flanks, and the gas expelled during the coughing spells is caused by the indigestion. The disease is incurable when estab-

Farm Topics

Erosion by wind and water is the major enemy of the soil.

Some 25,000,000 bushels of corn each year are used to make corn

Dairying is the most important occupation on Wisconsin's 181,767

An average o. \$16 per farm would be needed to pay the annual fire loss on farms.

The hoof-and-mouth disease has broken out among cattle and pigs in England.

Few branches of agriculture exist today in which success can be greater or failure more common than in mushroom growing.

About 5,000 Ohio 4-H club members continue their club activities throughout the winter months. This is 10 per cent of the total enrollPlan to Employ Robots in Arctic Exploration

To send up sounding balloons in the Far North and thus explore the atmosphere is all but a hopeless proceeding. In the icy wastes the chance is almost nil of recovering a balloon and its precious freight of featherweight instruments for recording temperature, pressure, moisture and the like at different altitudes. Therefore, the Soviet physicist, Professor Samolovitch, some years ago invented apparatus which would make it possible for a sounding balloon to send back to the station from which it was

Zeppelin. If the professor has his way, the same principle will be applied in exploring the more inaccessible regions of the Arctic. Instead of men trudging through snowdrifts, risking their lives among hummocks and killing dogs for food, we would have crewless vessels treading the icy wastes and reporting by radio the state of the weather.

launched wireless messages that tell

just what conditions it is encounter-

ing. The system was first used dur-

ing the polar voyage of the Graf

Considering the nature of the polar seas-the floes that block passage, the piling up of huge masses of ice under the action of the wind-the proposal seems wild. Nothing but the bare idea has reached the editor of this department from abroad. Samolovitch is so experienced an Arctic explorer that he must be very sure of overcoming the obvious difficulties .- New York Times.

"Debunkers?"

Historians are those who dare tell the truth about people after they are



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