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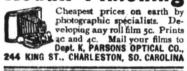
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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER XIII .- (Continued.)

have run the car up just outside the

the completion of our mission to the

with us." said Louise in a sweetly

plaintive tone that made me long to

"I wish Mr. Kent was coming back

"I need him here," said the in-

"And that comes first for all of us,

sight and then turned back into the

cottage, where I found the constable

stretched on the floor, already fast

asleep. Davis, sitting on the floor be-

Floor Beside Him.

ness, I sprang to my feet, only to get

a new surprise as, in tones as courte-

ous as his others had been rude, he

said: "If I were you, Harding, I'd fol-

questioned, I smothered back the many

sleep, but to ponder. As I reviewed

the amazing events of today, of yester-

day, of the day before, it seemed as

if ages and ages—grim, mystifying, terrifying ages—had passed since that

hour when I left my office light-heart-

And the morning-the inspector had

What new terror could tomorrow

said-was to bring a hard day for both

ed to call on Louise Farrish.

open fireplace, seemed wrapped

I entered.

think?"

of us.

hold?

watched the automobile out of

inspector and Mr. Kent."

spector almost roughly.

gratify her wish.

she said bravely.

As if in corroboration of my words

CHAPTER XIV.

The Inspector Explains.

Thump, thump, thump! I had not thought slumber possible for me, and yet I must have slept. My bewildered senses, dazed by a sudden recall to activity, took subconscious cognizance of a regular, persistent pounding and eventually succeeded in stirring me to attention. I suddenly sat up and looked about me. I found myself in the deserted cottage, the drug slave still motionless on his couch and the logs still smoldering in the fireplace

That thumping-I quickly saw where it came from. Davis was standing over the sleeping form of Dodds, the constable, engaged in the work of awak ening him by the park policeman's method-kicking him on the soles of lils shoes.

The process was successful. The constable snorted, drew up his legs, rubbed his eyes and sprang to his feet.

Harding Kent calls on Louise Farrish to propose marriage and finds the house in great excitement over the attempted suicide of her sister Katharine. Kent starts an investigation and finds that Hugh Crandall, suitor for Katharine, who had been forbidden the house by General Farrish, had talked with Katharine over the telephone just before she shot herself. A torn piece of yellow paper is found, at sight of which General Farrish, as the stricken with paralysis. Kent discovers that Crandall has left town hurriedly. Andrew Elser, an aged banker, commits suicide about the same time as Katharine attempted her life. A yellow enverge is found in Elser's room. Post Office Inspector Davis, Kent's friend, takes up the case. Kent is convinced that Crandall is at the bottom of the mystery. Katharine's strange outery puzzles the detectives. Kent and Davis search Crandall's room and find an address. Lock Box 17. Ardway. N. J. Kent goes to Ardway to Investigate and becomes suspicious of a "Henry Cook." A woman commits suicide at the Ardway Hotel. A yellow letter also figures in this case. Kent calls Louise on the long distance telephone and finds that she had just been called by Crandall-from the same booth. "Cook." disappears. The Ardway postmaster is missing. Inspector Davis arrives at Ardway and takes up investigation. He discovers that the dead woman is Sarah Sacket of Bridgoport. Louise telephones Kent imploring him to Mrow York to get an explanation from Louise, He finds the body of a woman in Central Park and more yellow letters and more yellow letters and my her recognizes as "Cook." enter tife Farrish home. Louise again implores Kent to drop the investigation. Kent returns to Ardway. Davis announces that he has iplanned to arrest the missing postmaster and also the master criminal. While seeking the remaining the criminal, kent comes across Louise and Crandall. Pursued by Davis the postmaster jumps off a precipice and tendinal had come to get papers from Young which gave him a strange hold over General Farrish. "It will be daylight in half an hour," heard Davis tell him. "I want you to go and get the buckboard and drive around to where Rouser's body lies. Bring me any papers you find in his pockets. Leave his money and his watch and keys, so as not to arouse any suspicion of robbery. As soon as you have done that I want you to drive back and pick up the body be fore anyone else finds it. Drive with it to Millervale and leave it there Don't talk too much. Tell everybody that you found the body at the foot of the precipice and impress on them that it must have been an accident in the dark. As soon as you can conveniently get away, come back here. Make

sure, though, that nobody follows you. As soon as the constable had gone the three of them, Crandall, Davis and Davis lit a cigarette, turned up his coat collar and took a seat on a the constable, returned just at this rough bench just outside the door.

"Come, Miss Farrish," said Crandall, "Come on out here, Harding, and "I think it time I was starting home watch the sun rise," he called to me. with you, if you feel able to travel. I I rose hastily from where I had been sitting gazing stupidly about me cottage. I think we can safely leave and joined him on the bench.

"There was something you wanted to ask me, wasn't there?" he said pleasantly.

There were so many things I want ed to ask him I hardly knew where to begin, but the first thing I blurted out

"Is Hugh Crandall guilty?"

"He is guilty only of being in love with Katharine Farrish against her father's wishes," he replied.

"But surely," I said doggedly, "he has some connection with the crime the yellow letters. He knew Young. He knew where to find him. fore some smoldering logs that had There are many things about his acbeen placed in a rudely-constructed tions that to my mind call for expla

"Did you notice his eyes?" asked Davis. It was still too dark for me to see the inspector's face, but I felt sure that he was laughing at me. He made me feel that way all too often. "I didn't." I answered rather cross-

"but what's that got to do with

"I'm afraid, Kent, as I have said beore, you will never make a good de ective. You are entirely too unob servant of important details Do you ecall my asking early in our investigation whether or not Crandall had blue eyes

"Yes," I grudgingly admitted, "I recall it."

"As soon as I discovered that Crandall had blue eyes that eliminated him as the probable criminal."

'I don't see your logic." "I've told you before," said Davis, after a pause long enough to permit him to light another cigarette, there are classes of crime and types of criminals, each strongly marked Nevertheless, I Seated Myself on the after its own sort. I saw right at the start that this crime was of the hidden sort, of the kind that includes conspiracy, blackmail, secret plotting—the kind that requires a skilful sneak, thought and did not even look up when You never in your life found a blue-Nevertheless, I seated myself on the floor beside him and, placing my hand eyed sneak. There are lots of blue eyed desperadoes and burglars. Most on his shoulder. I said once more: of the notorious bad men of the west "And now I want to know all about were blue-eyed, but you don't find a "Shut up," he said, savagely shaking man with blue eyes shooting or staboff my hand. "Can't you see I want to bing a man in the back or kidnapping a child or writing blackmailing let Rebuffed and amazed by his rude-

While I was not at all convinced by his argument, I felt that it would be useless for me to dispute it, for I would be invading comparatively unlow the constable's example and try to known territory, whereas he undoubt get some sleep. You and I have a edly had dozens of cases at his finger tips ready to illustrate his theory. tips ready to illustrate his theory. Seeing that he was in no mood to be decided to change the subject.

"I recall, too," I said, things I wanted to ask him and asked if Crandall was left-handed. So stretched myself on the floor, not to far as I saw, he is not. What of that? Is that another proof of Crandall's innocence?"

"No," said Davis, "that didn't prove Crandall's inoocence. It proved Rou-ser's guilt. In fact, it was the lefthanded-clue that put me on the right track and eventually led me to this very cottage."

"For Heaven's sake," said I impatiently, "don't talk in riddles. Go on and explain it."

"You're not to blame," he continued | theory."

calmly, "for not having seen the lefthanded clue. You lack the education. Only a person who had seen hundreds and hundreds of envelopes and had studied them closely would have oberved it. You remember that a policeman brought me part of a yellow envelope that had been found in old Andrew Elser's room. On it was a stamp and part of the postmark. Th first thing that I noticed was that the stamp was put on crooked. This might mean much or nothing. A lefthanded person stamping a letter invariably gets the stamp on crooked. It ordinarily is put in the upper right hand corner of the envelope. A right-handed person stamping a letter has the two edges of the envelope as a guide. Try putting on a stamp with your left hand and you will see that your hand comes in such a position that the edges of the envelope are hidden and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the stamp is out of

"I still fail to see," I said stubborn "why you did not suspect Cran-There were many things that seemed to point to him-his telephon-ing to Katharine just before she shot herself, his sudden disappearance, the finding of the morphine syringe in his rooms, the Ardway address in his notebook, compled with the fact that General Farrish had forbidden him the house. I do not see how you could help suspecting him."

"I'll admit that on the surface these things all did look damaging, but against this was the one important fact that he was too well-balancedtoo sane, if I might put it that way I quickly learned that he was a reputable business man, that he was one of the governors in two clubs, and you yourself informed me that Katharine Farrish had thought highly of him. No well-balanced man commits crimes of this sort."

"Do you mean to tell me," I cried angrily, "that all criminals are in-

sane?" "Yes," said Davis thoughtfully, "I mean exactly that. The time will come when our courts will not be punitive but curative. Men are criminals because they can not help it. The great well-balanced majority of people see that in the observance of the laws the community has made for itself lies the only hope of a happy, regular life. The unbalanced few, the unhealthy product of unfit parents, in their poor misshapen brains are un-

"Yes," I grudgingly admitted as hastily reviewed them in my mind, "I suppose they could all be explained in that way."

"The question then came to m continued Davis, "how could Crandall have known of the hidden danger that threatened General Farrish? It was highly improbable that the general would confide a thing of this sort. either to his daughter or to her fiance. He must have come on it in some other way. I judged that when he revealed his knowledge to the general, the latter, in fear that his daughter might learn what he had been trying to keep from her, in rage ordered Crandall from the house.

"The only logical way for Crandall to be restored to favor was for him to clear up the mystery that was menacing the general. As he had been at work on it for some time, I felt sure that in his rooms we would find a clue to the address of the persons we were seeking. I was confident, too, that affairs were approaching a crisis. Cran apparently had taken Katharine into his confidence. It looked as if some plan they might have made bad failed and that this failure had driven Katharine to despair. With the lock box in Ardway as a clue, with the left handed stamp as evidence and with Crandall's movements to watch, I felt certain that we could quickly solve the whole mystery."

"But how about the morphine sy ringe?" I asked again.

"I hardly gave it a second thought. For all I knew, it may have come there by accident, yet Crandall quickly explained its presence in the talk that have just had with him. He kept this chap, Young, there in his rooms for two weeks, trying to worm out of him the secret with which Young had

been trying to blackmail the old gen-

When Young disappeared he

left the syringe behind him. "So," I exclaimed in excitement, "the mystery of the yellow letter was a blackmailing plot against General

Farrish." "No" said Davis, "I don't think the Farrish case had anything to do with the other chain of suicides, unless it was that both devilish plots originated in the drug-fevered, malevolent brain of the poor fellow in yonder. It is true that General Farrish got yellow letters. Once a week for months and months he has found one in his mail. each more threatening, more menacing than its predecessors. He has for .



"But How About the Morphine Syringe," I Asked Again.

come the rebels against authority, the long, long time been living in daily slaves of alcohol and narcotics, like dread that the anonymous writer of that poor devil in there. They can not help themselves. It's the fault of their parents, it's the shape of their heads, it's the diseased condition of their nerves. It's our fault for not taking the same care in breeding the human race that we would in breeding

horses or dogs."
"Oh, bosh," said I. "I ask you how you account for the hypodermic syringe in Crandall's rooms and I get a sermon.

"Lawyer though you are," retorted Davis, "I'm afraid that you are weak in logic. Having decided that Crandall had no criminal connection with the case, what then? I set up the theory that his connection was exactly the same as your own. You were in love with Louise and were deter mined to trace the hidden danger that was threatening her father. He was in love with Katharine and was try-ing to do the same thing. In fact, he had several weeks the start of you. Every one of his actions which you regarded as so suspicious and damnatory was perfectly explicable on this

these letters might at any moment carry out his threats and expose him to public shame, and disgrace him in the eyes of his beloved daughters. "But how did you learn all this?" asked.

"Young beasted to Crandall about the weekly letters. So sure did be feel that General Farrish would no dare openly to prosecute him that with flendish malignity he took delight in retailing to Crandall the dread-inspir ing phrases he had employed and in dilating on the terror they undoubtedly were causing the general. It is small wonder that the sight of you and Louise examining the scrap of one of the yellow letters, coming as it did right on top of Katharine's desperate act, brought on a stroke of paralysis."
"Poor old man," I said, "how he

must have suffered!" "Far more than we can imagine," said Davis. "I do not think any one but a half-crazed drug flend, either could have conceived such refineme of torture as of always using the same peculiar yellow stationery."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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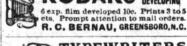
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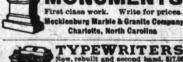
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