

THE KENNEL MURDER CASE

By S. S. Van Dine

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THE STORY

CHAPTER I—Phil Vance, expert in solving crime... we found him in a room securely and powerfully bolted on the inside.

CHAPTER II—Hilda Lake, Coe's niece, says Coe deserved death... "Just a moment, Doctor," Markham's voice halted her.

"What?" Doremus wheeled in surprise... "Not a chance. That bird was stabbed in the back."

"You'd better notify the boys... Sergeant. Get the fingerprint men and the photographer. We're in for it."

"I hope, sir," Heath said a bit pleadingly to Markham... "I'm going to Doctor Blamey," he announced.

"No, Sergeant," Markham assured him... "I shall remain and do all I can. There must be some explanation, and we're sure to find it sooner or later."

"Yes, Markham," he spoke languidly... "there's some explanation, but I doubt if it will prove to be a simple one."

"What about Miss Lake?" Markham asked him... "I don't know yet. Vance sank into a chair and took out his cigarette case."

"I don't know yet," Vance sank into a chair... "I have a feeling that this is our opening wedge."

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NAPOLEON AND UNCLE ELBY By CLIFFORD McBRIDE



Arthur J. Lafave, Cleveland, Ohio

though on the surface polite, was or was present in the house shortly afterward.

Heath was piqued. "Does it belong to anyone in the house?"

"Oh, no, sir!" the man assured him. "That's why I was so startled."

"There's a dog in the house?" Markham asked.

"Oh, no, sir!" the man assured him. "That's why I was so startled."

"As he held back the portiere, we could see the small, prone shape of the dog lying on its side with its four short legs stretched out."

"The floor was a black stain of blood. The eye beneath the wound was swollen shut, but the other eye, dark hazel and oval, looked up at us with an expression of tragic appeal."

"Vance took the dog tenderly in his arms. "What street's this?" he asked of no one in particular.

"Seventy-first?" "Open that door, Gamble."

"The butler, apparently as much surprised as the rest of us, hurried to obey."

"Vance stepped into the vestibule, the dog held gently against his breast."

"I'm going to Doctor Blamey," he announced. "He's just up the street. I'll be back presently. And he hurried down the stairs."

"This new development left us all even more puzzled than before. Vance's animated response to Gamble's announcement regarding the dog, and his cryptic remark as he hurried downstairs, added another element of almost outlandish mystery to a situation already incredibly complicated."

"Markham was staring at the front door through which Vance had just passed, chewing his cigar nervously. Presently he fixed Gamble with an angry look."

"You never saw that dog before?"

"No, sir. The butler had become oily again. "Never, sir. It's most mysterious. I can't imagine how it got in the house."

"Wrede and Grassi had come to the drawing room door, and stood looking out curiously into the hall. Markham, seeing them, addressed himself to Wrede."

"Do you, Mr. Wrede, know anything about a small black shaggy dog that might have found access to this house?"

"Wrede looked puzzled. "Why, no," he answered, after a slight hesitation. "No one here cared for dogs. I happen to know that both Archer and Brisbane detested pets."

"What about Miss Lake?"

"She has no use for dogs. She likes cats."

"Markham frowned. "Well, a dog has just been found here in the hall—back of those curtains."

"That's most remarkable," Wrede seemed genuinely astonished. "I can't imagine where it came from. It must have followed some one in without being seen."

"Markham did not answer, and Heath, taking his cigar from his mouth, stepped forward belligerently, and thrust out his jaw."

"But you like dogs, don't you?"

"He shot forth, in his best third-degree manner. "I'm fond of them. I've always kept one till I moved into the apartment next door."

"What kind of a dog?" demanded Heath, without relaxing his bellicose manner.

"A Doberman Pinscher," Wrede told him, and turned to Markham. "I don't exactly understand this man's questions."

"Were all a little on edge," Markham apologized. "Some peculiar things went on in this house last night. Coe did not commit suicide—he was murdered."

"Wrede did not appear surprised. "Ah," he murmured. "I was afraid of that."

"Grassi now gave a guttural exclamation, and stepped into the hall."

"Murdered?" he repeated. "Mr. Coe was murdered? I understand he had taken his own life with a revolver."

"He was stabbed in the back," Markham informed him. "The bullet did not enter his head till after death."

"Again the Italian gave a curious guttural exclamation and leaned heavily against the casing of the drawing room door. Heath was watching him like a tiger, and at this point he moved deliberately forward until his face was within six inches of Grassi's."

"Stabbed with a dagger!" he spat out. "In the back. Wop stuff. What d'ye know about it?"

"The Italian drew himself together, and stood erect with great dignity, looking Heath steadily in the eyes. "I know nothing about it, sir," he said with quiet suavity. "I am not of the police. Perhaps you know a great deal about it." His tone, Get on the scales today and see how much you weigh—then get an 85-cent bottle of Kruschen Salts which will last you four weeks. Take one-half teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning and when you have finished the contents of this first bottle weigh yourself again.

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Leading druggists America over sell Kruschen Salts.—Adv.

Hall Improved at Kansas City

Young Folks Hold Party at Hall Saturday Night

(By Wilma Marr)

KANSAS CITY—Kansas City Woman's club is having some much needed improvements done in the basement of their hall.

A week-end visitor at the V. Lewis home was Mrs. Bertha Demin of Blooming.

About seventy young folks gathered at the Kansas City hall Saturday evening for a social time.

After an amusing program the rest of the evening was spent in singing and dancing.

Lanar Sandy and Stanley Ovesen of Vernonia called at the Ernest Marr home Saturday morning.

Mrs. A. C. Lyda was in Portland Wednesday visiting her sister, Mrs. Cobb.

Edna and Earl Easley were out of school this week with bad colds.

Mrs. Rose Woods is still seriously ill at the home of her sister, Mrs. J. H. Beaman.

Mr. and Mrs. Cobb and Mrs. Vols of Portland, sister and nephew of Mrs. Lyda, spent the weekend at the A. C. Lyda home.

Claude Eslinger, who has been ill for the past week, is recovering.

Mrs. A. C. Lyda visited with Mrs. Giltner and Mrs. Watkins of Forest Grove Friday afternoon.

Rollie Cox spent Sunday in Portland visiting his brother, Sam Cox, and also his father, C. C. Cox, who has been ill for some time.

Mrs. Thurst Pickett and children of Banks visited Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lewis, Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Marr, Wilma and Marjorie and Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Anderson and children of Hillsdale spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Sellers and daughter of Iowa Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Cooke of near Hillsboro visited at the Charles Hamilton home Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Inley of Banks spent Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hamilton. Mrs. Inley has been ill for some time but is much better now.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Lewis entertained a number of her friends and relatives with all day sailings two days last week.

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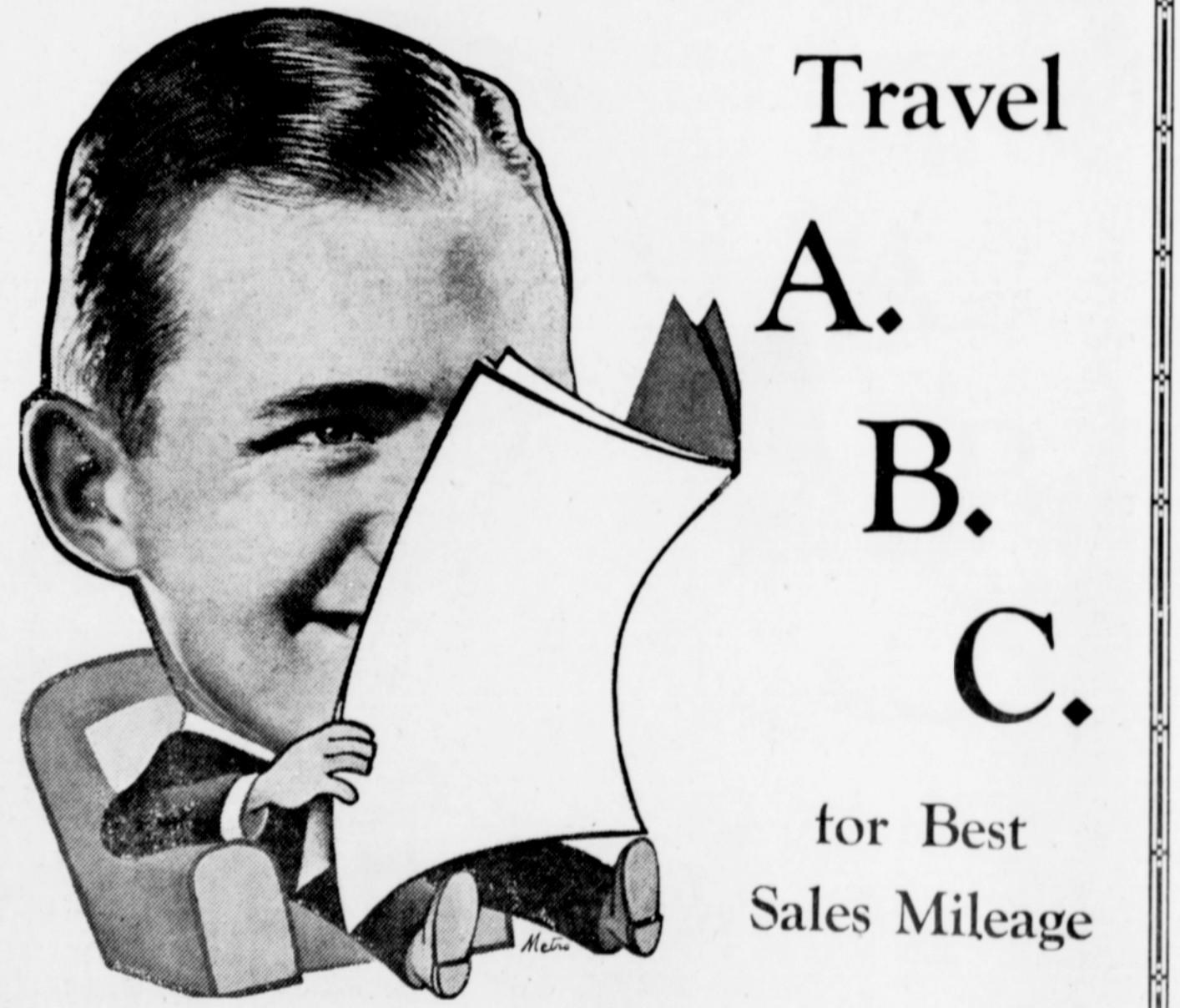
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