THE KENNEL MURDER CASE

By

S. S. Van Dine

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WNU Service

(Continued from last week)

CHAPTER XII

The Startling Truth

When Liang had gone out, Vance sent Gamble for Hilda Lake. As soon as she entered the library, Vance informed her that Wrede was dead.

She looked at him a moment, lifted her eyebrows, shrugged slightly, and said: "It is no great loss to the world."

"Furthermore," Vance went on, "I believe that Mr. Wrede murdered your uncles and attempted the life of Mr. Grassi."

"I would not be in the least surprised," the young woman commented coldly. "I have suspected all along that he murdered Uncle Archer—but I could not quite see how he accomplished it. Have you learned his modus operandi?"

Vance shook his head.

"No, Miss Lake," he admitted. "That's a part of the problem still to be solved."

"But why," she asked, "should he kill Uncle Brisbane? Uncle Brisbane was his ally."

"That's another phase of the problem that must be worked out. There was an error—a miscalculation—somewhere."

"I can understand," Hilda Lake remarked, "why he should attempt Mr. Grassi's life. Mr. Wrede was intensely jealous of Mr. Grassi."

"All clever, scheming men with a sense of their own inferiority," said Vance, "are inclined toward intense jealously. . . . But there's a particular thought that has entered my mind this evening, and I shall ask you about it.—Tell me, Miss Lake, what reason would Brisbane have had for killing Archer?"

Vance's question amazed me, and when I glanced at Markham and Heath, I saw that they, too, were startled. But Hilda Lake accepted it as if it had been the most casual and conventional of queries.

"Oh, various reasons," she answered calmly. "There was a deep antagonism between the two. Uncle Brisbane had many ideas and many ambitions, but he was always handicapped by the fact that Uncle Archer controlled all the money. There was, therefore, the money motive. Again, Uncle Brisbane did not feel that Uncle Archer had treated me fairly, and he was quite anxious for me to marry Mr. Wrede. Uncle Archer, as you know, was violently opposed to the marriage."

"And you, Miss Lake?"

"Oh," she returned offhandedly, "I thought the marriage might be rather a good thing. Mr. Wrede was a comforting kind of soul who wouldn't have bothered me in the slightest—and I was tremendously desirous of escaping from this queer household. I knew all his faults, but as long as they didn't interfere with me—"

"Perhaps," suggested Vance, "the arrival of Mr. Grassi changed your mind a bit?"

For the first time during my acquaintance with Hilda Lake, I noticed a soft, feminine expression come into her eyes. She glanced down as if embarrassed.

"Perhaps, as you say," she replied in a low voice, "the arrival of Mr. Grassi changed my mind."

Vance stood up.

"I hope, Miss Lake," he said, "that you will both be very happy."

We dined at Vance's apartment that night. Both Vance and Markham were troubled, for the case had not had a satisfactory ending—there were many things that had been left unexplained; there were many links in the chain of evidence which had not been found. But before the night was over there were no longer any mysteries: Each step in this monstrous crime, and each perplexing and contradictory factor, had been clarified.

The final elucidation of the mystery came in a most unexpected manner. We were sitting in Vance's library, talking, after dinner. Vance smoked in doleful silence for a while.

"It's dashed mystifyin'," he muttered. "What I can't understand is how Archer got upstairs after he had been stabbed in the library. There's little doubt, after Liang's story, that the bloody work was done downstairs."

"I'm not so sure you're right about that, Vance," submitted Markham. "If your theory is correct, you must logically admit the proposition that a dead man walked upstairs."

Vance inclined his head.

"I realize that," he said thoughtfully. Then he leapt to his feet and stood before Markham, tense and animated. "A dead man walked upstairs," he repeated in a strained, hushed voice. "That's it! That's the answer to everything. . . . Yes, Markham,"—he nodded with curious significance—"a dead man walked upstairs!"

Markham looked up at him with benevolent concern.

"Come, come, Vance," he said, in a kindly, paternal tone. "This case has upset you. Take a good stiff nightcap and go to bed—"

"No, no, Markham," Vance cut in, his eyes staring straight ahead. "That's just what happened the other night. Archer Coe—already a dead man—walked upstairs. And—what is even more terrible, Markham—he didn't know he was dead!"

Vance turned quickly and went to a set of thick quarto volumes on the lower shelf of one of his bookcases. He ran his finger along the books until he came to volume "E." He turned the pages and found what he was looking for. Then he glanced down the column of fine type.

"Listen, Markham," he said. "Here's a historical case of a dead person walking." He read from the encyclopedia: "'Elizabeth (Amelia Eugenie), 1837—1897, consort of Francis Joseph, emperor of Austria, a daughter of Duke Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria and Louisa Wilhelmina, was born on the 24th of December, 1837, at Lake Starnberg. . . .'" He turned the page. "But here's the passage regarding her death: 'Elizabeth spent much of her time traveling through Europe and at the palace she had built in Corfu. On the 10th of September, 1898, she was walking through the streets of Geneva with her entourage, from her hotel to the teamer, when an anarchist, named Luigi Luccheni, ran suddenly into the roadway and stabbed her in the back, with a shoemaker's awl. The police immediately pounced upon the man and were about to drag him away, when the empress stayed them and gave the order that they should release him. "He has not injured me," she said, "and I wish, on this occasion, to forgive him." She continued her walk to the steamer, which was more than half a mile distant, and made a farewell speech to her subjects from the deck. She then retired to her cabin and lay down. Several hours later she was found dead. Luccheni had actually stabbed her without her being aware of it, and she had died hours later of an internal hemorrhage. This crime was the final misfortune which came to the Austrian emperor, and all Europe was aroused to a state of intense indignation.'"

Vance closed the book and threw it to one side.

"Now do you see what I mean, Markham?" he asked. "A dead person often does strange things without knowing he is dead. Do you recall what Doctor Doremus said? 'An internal hemorrhage'! That's the whole story—that's the key to everything. That's how Archer could have been killed in the library and still have walked upstairs."

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*. Unbelievable!"

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 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."

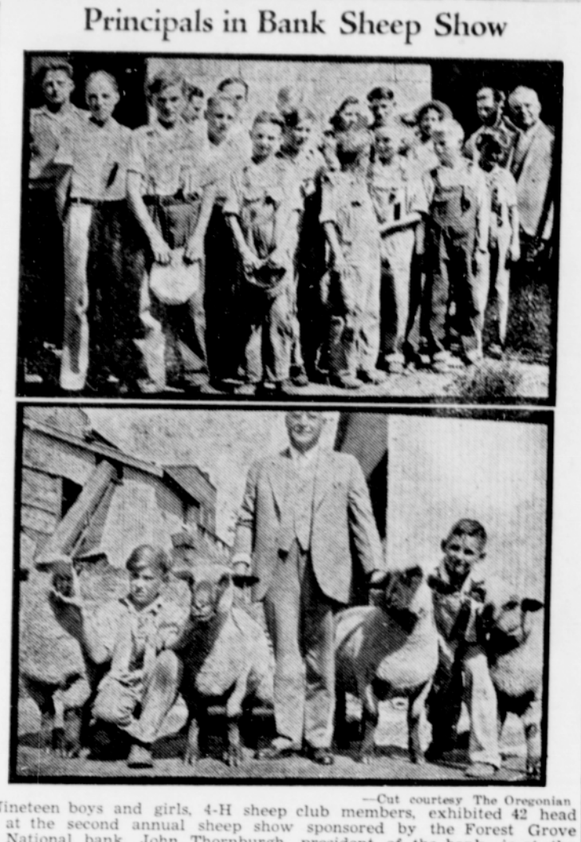
He lay back in his chair and stretched his legs. He took several puffs on his cigarette and half closed his eyes.

"I think, Markham, I can reconstruct the amazin' and contradict'ry occurrences that took place in the Coe domicile last Wednesday night. . . . I doubt if Wrede actually planned to murder Archer Coe that night. The idea had no doubt been in his mind for a long time, for he had obviously taken the precaution of securing a duplicate key to the spring lock on the rear door. 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 that night and tried to convince him that he would be the perfect mate for Hilda Lake. Archer disagreed—and disagreed violently. That was no doubt the argument that Liang overheard. I imagine that the debate reached the point where blows were struck. The poker was quite handy, don't y' know, and Wrede, with his tremendous sense of personal inferiority, would naturally reach for some outside agent to help him over the top. He snatched the poker and struck Archer over the head.

"Archer fell forward against the table, upsetting it and fracturing his rib. Wrede was in a quand'ry. But again his sense of inferiority invaded him. He looked round the room quickly, saw the dagger in the cabinet, took it out and, as Archer lay on the floor, drove it into his back. . . . The deed was done. He had vindicated himself in a physical way, and had removed all obstacles from his path. He believed he was alone in the house with Archer; but still there was the question of a suspect. Into his shrewd brain flashed the thought of Liang, whom he had always suspected of being more than a servant. 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 dagger and placed it in the other vase on the table. Then he gathered up the fragments of the Ting yao, carried 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 apartment house, and went to his rooms."

(Concluded next week)

Principals in Bank Sheep Show



—Cut courtesy The Oregonian

Nineteen boys and girls, 4-H sheep club members, exhibited 42 head at the second annual sheep show sponsored by the Forest Grove National bank. John Thornburgh, president of the bank, is at the right in the group of exhibitors above. Those exhibiting their pets included Ray Knepper, Billy Kelly, Evelyn Kelly, Mildred Mead and Neil Knepper, route 1, Banks; Adelbert, Robert, Francis, Willis, Peter and Ignatius Evers, all route 2, Forest Grove; Marvin Heynderickx, route 1, Cornelius; Merle Pennington, Tualatin; Jim Davidson, route 1, Hillsboro; Nolan VanDomelen, Mountaindale; Billy Cyrus, Hillsboro; Raymond Dierickx, route 1, Forest Grove; Donald and Walter Hergert, route 1, Banks. Below are Marvin Heynderickx (left) with his three blue-ribbon winners; Mr. Thornburgh and Billy Cyrus with the other winner of the blue, his entry.

License as Pilot Granted Grove Man

First federal private pilot license issued to a resident of Washington county goes to Norman "Bud" Ralston of Forest Grove. Friday, before Federal Inspector Glen W. Neel, he passed all flying and technical tests with a practically perfect record.

Ralston took his instruction at the Long Air Service school at Cornelius under the instruction of pilot Edward J. Ball. He plans to continue his training until he is licensed to pilot the transcontinental airliners, and now has more than 60 hours solo flying to his credit.

Mountaindale Folk Go to Yellowstone

(By Miss Margaret Mathiesen)

A group of four including Mrs. M. D. Hughes of Portland and the Misses Myra Wiedewitsch, Leila Peters and Opal Stewart left Monday morning for Yellowstone park. They plan on being gone for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Ervin of San Francisco visited at the Gabe Essner home Sunday. Their son, Billy Ervin, who has spent the past month visiting Mr. and Mrs. Essner, returned home with his folks.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ghent and family of Thatcher visited Mr. and Mrs. Joe Baker and family Sunday.

Sunday dinner party guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Connolly were Mr. and Mrs. Chester Bates and children Billy and Vera, Helen Hollenbeck, Mildred Hergert, Kenneth Keenon and Sydney Connolly.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Wescott and family of Hillsboro visited Mr. and Mrs. Archie Thompson and family Sunday.

Dinner party guests Sunday at the James Mathiesen home were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Reisner of Salem, Miss Virginia Davolt of Kelso, Wash., and Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Jensen of Hillsboro.

Home from School

Walter Mathiesen, who attended summer school at Oregon State college, returned to his home Sunday.

Sydney Connolly of Willamina visited relatives and friends here several days last week.

Mrs. Thor Gronbeck of Vernonia and Hulgar Pihl of Portland visited at the James Mathiesen home Wednesday.

Miss Mahala Corey visited her aunt, Miss Louise Maurer, in Hillsboro last week.

Harold Pieren of Portland spent last week with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Corey.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Peters, Leila Peters, Homer What, accompanied by Mrs. L. H. Harvey of Portland and Mr. and Mrs. Lee Schaffer of Hillsboro, spent last week at Netarts and Depoe Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wendt and family of Leisyville visited with Adolph Erdman and family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Brandenburg of Orenco visited J. C. Raffety and daughter Marie Sunday.

Mrs. C. Reimer, Mrs. W. Aldinger, Mrs. Harry Aldinger and daughter Marjorie of Hillsboro visited Mrs. Page Gardner Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Gunther of Portland visited Mr. and Mrs. Loel Hollenbeck Sunday.

Miss Marjorie Corey, who is employed in Portland, visited her folks here yesterday.

Royce Harris, who has been employed at Sublimity, has returned to his home here.

Climb Mt. Hood

A party of young people from here enjoyed a trip to Mt. Hood Saturday pight and Sunday. All of them climbed the mountain and reported it to be great sport. Those in the party were Effie Toates, Leora Williams, Shirley Toates, M. Slaviens, and Gordon Layton, Leslie Keenon, Frank Mast, Irwin Schlegel, Ed Keenon, Lloyd Willis, Russell Fox of Portland acted as guide for them.

Mrs. Loa Anderson and son Richard of Vancouver, Wash., visited Mr. and Mrs. Harold Reynolds Sunday evening.

Mrs. A. Hansen of St. Johns is spending several weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Page Gardner, and family.

Reedville Man Has Large Wheat Yield

(By Hazel Churchley)

REEDVILLE—Henry Hagg got 55 bushels of wheat per acre off of his 13-acre field this season.

Mrs. N. Johnson has gone to the coast to spend a few weeks.

Florence Uldrich of California visited Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Becker and family Sunday.

Mrs. John Kirkwood is slowly improving from her fall two weeks ago. She is still in the Good Samaritan hospital.

The Lowe family had a family reunion last Tuesday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. I. Lowe. Twelve children, two sons-in-law and two grandchildren were present.

Mrs. George Imlay and daughter Geneva are visiting relatives in California.

J. B. Imlay & Son are again running a night shift to clean grain.

Mary Nault of Aloha visited Mrs. Ted Nault Tuesday.

Miss Martha Yeo of Roseburg visited her sister, Florence Yeo, here last week. Florence and Martha Yeo visited their mother, Mrs. Lena Yeo, in Sheridan Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Ashpaugh of Portland visited Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Snipes last week.

Mrs. H. Trachsel Dies in Portland

ELMONICA—Mrs. Hulda Trachsel, widow of the late John D. Trachsel Jr., died at the Good Samaritan hospital Saturday at 11 p. m. after a two weeks' illness.

She was born on March 25, 1888, and died August 3, 1935. She was the daughter of the late Fred Stucki and Maria Berger. In 1908, September 5, she was married to the late John D. Trachsel Jr., son of John Trachsel Sr. Surviving are four sons, Dave, John, Anthony and George, and three daughters, Bernice and Esther, at home, and Mrs. L. C. Glaske of Orenco, and one grandchild, Darlene Glaske. Five sisters also survive as follows: Rose, Esther, Edna, Alma and Mrs. Ruth Kestik of Oswego, and one brother, Walter Stucki and a step-mother, Mrs. Elsie Stucki.

Funeral services were held Wednesday at the Bethany Baptist church in Bethany.

Ask your attorney to send your legal advertising to the Argus.

People Return from Meeting

Mountain Home Girl Wins in Name Contest

(By Mabel B. Allison)

MOUNTAIN HOME—Those who attended camp meeting at Jennings Lodge came back with fine reports of the interesting sessions there. The following people from here attended the meetings, most of them camping there for most of the period: Mrs. Roy Jaquith and daughter Miss Ellen Marie Jaquith; Harold Aebischer and family; Wilma Boulin, Mary Boulin, Peronice Ego, Mrs. Eugene Taylor and daughters Gladys and Shirley; Mrs. Harold Davis, Mrs. Arena Courtney, Mrs. John Schmeltzer and Miss Helen Schmeltzer, Mrs. Clarence Nelson and family, Rev. and Mrs. V. T. Speece and family, Warren Forsythe and Raymond Hornerbrook. Miss Ellen Marie Jaquith had the honor of having the name she submitted, "Newsettes," chosen as name for the camp paper.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Grazen and Mrs. R. Womer and children, all of Pedee, near Monmouth, were guests of Rev. and Mrs. V. T. Speece Sunday.

Several from Laurel community attended Sunday evening church services here. More than eighty were out to services Sunday morning. The church board will hold a meeting at the parsonage this Thursday evening. Preaching services next Sunday evening here. Miss Mildred Nelson will give her report to the Sunday school on the camp meeting next Sunday morning immediately following the lesson period.

Patrick Ryan, who has been staying with his grandmother, Mrs. Harry Saunders, for the past several weeks, has returned to his home at Cascade Locks.

Miss Demaris Saunders left last Thursday evening for a brief vacation trip to Seattle and on to Vancouver, B. C.

Jack Linn of Cinibar, Wash., was a week-end guest at the T. C. and P. C. Hamilton homes. He is a brother of Mrs. T. C. Hamilton.

Couple Honored

The Double Trees S. S. class gave a surprise party honoring Mr. and Mrs. Howard Browning Monday evening. The affair consisted of a wiener roast and games. The Brownings are going to California and may locate there. They came here from Colorado and say they have no desire to return to that part of the country.

Mr. and Mrs. William Allen of Dundee visited at the Frank Bryan home Sunday.

THE SECOND DEATH

"Twenty sheep in the pasture and one jumper over the fence; how many have we left?" asked teacher.

"None," shouted Johnnie, and he was right. One sheep goes over and the whole flock follows. And we are just like that says the Bible—"All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned everyone to his own way"—Isaiah 53:6.

Adam, the father of all, sinned first and handed down to us his ruined nature. So in Adam all mankind fell. Since that day, in God's holy eyes, our life-page has shown only sin-sin-sin.

"The wages of sin is death"—says the Book. Of death there are two kinds: First—death of the body. Then to all who go out lost, comes the Second Death—eternal separation from God. One instant after you have breathed your last, you are either out in the glory with God and the saved or else you are out in the awful darkness. Out to be forever with the weeping, the wailing, the gnashing of teeth, out with the woe, heart-ache and anguish that never ends. This is the Second Death. When you called your brother a fool, God named you a murderer. He sees the anger in your heart, not the gun in your hand. "The heart is desperately wicked," he says. So springs all sin and for the lost a Christless grave and eternity without hope and without God.

But God is not willing to lose you, even though your life-time has been in the vilest sin. He so loved you that he gave his only begotten Son, that if you believe in Him, you should not perish but have eternal life. See John 3:16—George N. Taylor, Beaverton. Pd. ad.

Blooming Farm Union Plans Open Meeting

Blooming Farmers' Union local has announced an open meeting at Bunning's hall at Cornelius next Wednesday at 8:30 p. m. Cards will be played during the evening.

RHEUMATISM?

Here is good news for Rheumatics. If fevers or shooting, stabbing pains of Rheumatism, Neuritis, or Neuralgia are making life a misery, don't' give up! Get **quick relief** with Williams R. U. X. Compound, an effective analgesic and anti-pyretic compounded from a doctor's prescription.

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at 1 P. M. on the late John Sigrist farm ¼-mile north of Connell Station and about 8 miles N. E. of Hillsboro, Oregon, the following personal property:

Two horses; two cows; two heifers; McCormick-Deering manure spreader; McCormick mower; hay rake; John Deer disc; McCormick-Deering springtooth; iron wheel wagon; Oliver chilled plow; cultivator; weeder; about 8 tons hay; hay-fork and rope; 2 10-gallon milk cans; litter carrier and cable; set double harness; single harness; Singer sewing machine; 2 wheelbarrows; spray pump; 15-gallon iron kettle; household goods; and all small tools usually found on a farm.

TERMS—CASH.

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$39.50 DAVENPORT nd CHAIR $29.95
$29.00 CHAIR and OTTOMAN in rayon tapestry $22.50
$179.00 Westinghouse REFRIGERATOR $159.00
$206.00 Kelvinator REFRIGERATOR $180.00
$2.95 Part Wool DOUBLE BLANKETS $2.25
$59.50 PHILCO RADIO $49.50
$45.00 PHILCO RADIO $36.50
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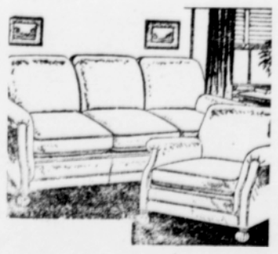

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