



CHAPTER VIII—Continued

"I'll confess that when she first came into this room my belief in her physical identity with the woman I had seen in Henry Morgan's study was shaken for an instant, for her whole appearance, not only of face, but the articulation and poise of body was strikingly different. But with the second look, the resemblance began to shape itself. When I saw the tattoo mark on her arm, that, of course, reduced the case to a certainty.

"It took only a dozen questions to convince me that in the person of Jane Perkins she was totally ignorant of the crime, which was exactly what I expected. I then hypnotized her, and succeeded in fishing up her other personality, from whom I got not only the admission that she had strangled Henry Morgan, but a considerable part of the story which I have just been telling you of the events which led up to the commission of the crime. She did not recover the personality of Jane Perkins until I called her out from the inner room to begin the examination."

By that time Ashton began to come out of his daze, had recovered again the powers of speech and motion, which the astounding nature of the doctor's revelation had temporarily deprived him of.

"She mustn't be at large another minute," he said.

He walked across the room toward the telephone.

"Wait," commanded the doctor. "There's plenty of time. You haven't got the whole story yet, and you may spoil everything if you move without it. The girl's part of the crime is only half of it, and the least important part at that. She was hardly more than a passive instrument. The party you want, the important one to get, is the man who sent her on that fatal errand to the lonely house in Oak Ridge that night. The man you want is Josiah Haines."

At that a smoldering spark of incredulity in Ashton's mind was fanned into a flame.

"Come," he said; "you have told me that the wild South Sea island girl of this story is really Jane Perkins; but you aren't going to tell me that Josiah Haines is a submerged and secondary consciousness beneath the urbane exterior of our friend Wilkins. That would be drawing it a bit too strong, wouldn't it?"

Without making any answer, the doctor turned back to his instrument, replaced upon it the megaphone which had been there during the conduct of the examination, and made some trifling adjustments in the instrument. And then, once more, addressed the attorney.

"You thought I was joking," he said, "when I told Wilkins that this instrument was a phonopneumophysymograph. The name, perhaps, is a bit clumsy. It is rather a description of the instrument, rather than a handy name for it. It is three instruments in one. A phonograph first, by which sounds are recorded upon a moving cylinder in such manner that they can be reproduced. In exactly the same manner the pulse of a person on whose wrist this little instrument is strapped is recorded in the wax of the cylinder. So it is also, a recording sphygmograph. And thirdly, and last of all, the elastic strap which I fastened around Wilkins' chest and its two ends connected by a little instrument which registered, very scientifically and very truly, every movement of his respiration. Everything, from the slightest, most faintly drawn breath to a gasp, will be indicated by that little instrument and recorded along with a pulse beat on the same cylinder which records the sounds. The long thin tube there that looks like a thermometer will show, when I start this instrument going, exactly how the man I was examining breathed; when he held his breath, when he caught it, when he expelled it. And the bulb which you see, half filled with the red liquid, will show you the way his heart was beating."

Ashton turned away. "It's hideous," he said; "it's inhuman. I can't look at it;" and as he spoke, he walked away to the other side of the room.

But he came back and stood beside us when the phonograph began again reporting the questions the doctor had asked the girl about Will Harvey, and her answers to them.

"What's this part of the examination for?" Ashton asked. "You know all about it; and you'd sprang your mine on Wilkins."

"There's another mine of a different sort a little further along," said the doctor. "I wanted to give him time to recover his self-possession, to persuade himself that that, too, was all a false alarm; that my mention of the names of Haines and Franklin was just a coincidence.

"You see," he concluded, "I had two

people to reckon with—himself and you."

"Me?" Ashton questioned.

"Yes, you and your incredulity. I knew that if I concluded the examination there, that long before I could make this demonstration to you, Wilkins would have made good his escape; and a man like that, once he got away, is cunning enough to be hard to find. So I wanted not only to calm his fears, but to provide him with a positive incentive for staying around."

Ashton would have spoken, but at that moment, with a suddenly upraised hand, the doctor motioned him to silence and to renewed attention.

I had had my eye upon the instrument all the time the doctor had been talking, and had seen that by now the doctor's questions concerning Harvey had had the effect he wanted. Wilkins' pulse and respiration were back almost to normal again.

"—would ever take us very close to old Henry Morgan with his maps and his mysteries."

The word "map" caused a throb and a flutter both in the tube and the bulb, much as the word "New Zealand" had done at the beginning of the examination. The recovery was immediate, however, and during the silence



He Walked Across the Room to the Telephone.

which followed, the condition in the tube and the bulb became more nearly normal than it had been since the beginning of the examination.

At the end of the silence, the phonograph began reporting the doctor's apparently irrelevant aside to Ashton, in which he had told him of the discovery of the one queer map which the detectives had overlooked, a large scale map which showed neither latitude nor longitude. As he began to talk about it, both pulse and breathing, as the instrument revealed them, began to tell another story, not a story of terror this time, but of excitement. The pulse quickened, but it grew stronger, too, steadily stronger, and steadily more rapid, until it was leaping like the heart of a man who, in the midst of battle, catches a gleam of victory. And the column of liquid in the respiration tube rose clear to the top of it, and then fell to the bottom. The man had been drawing great long, steady breaths of triumph.

"—and I brought it here with me this morning," the phonograph was saying in the doctor's voice, "and I'll show it to you directly if you care to look at it."

There was a little silence after that, and then, still from the megaphone of the instrument, there came another voice, a voice which it had not recorded before, the voice of Wilkins, the polite, imperturbable, the obsequious.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

City Life Tending to Wipe Out Sex Lines

City life is rapidly making women masculine and men feminine, contends a writer in Liberty. "Male and female created He them," the writer points out, "but the cities have altered His plan and more and more are wiping out sex lines.

"The male and female work at the same tasks," the writer explains, "ride the same subways, drive the same cars, play the same games, see the same shows. More and more, therefore, they think the same thoughts and have the same feelings.

"Man is as adaptable to his environment as a chameleon is. The unsexing of men and women through city life is natural. City life softens men, makes them shrink from discomforts, standardizes their lives and thoughts."

"I beg your pardon, sir. I wonder if you could spare me now. I'm supposed to be in the dining room at this hour."

"He'll be back," said the doctor grimly. "That map has been the focal point of his life for a good many years. He would run a bigger risk than he could possibly think lay in breaking into this apartment, to get it. He's on duty in the dining room until twelve, and I imagine he'll stay there, but as far as we're concerned, it's only a question of putting out our lights and waiting."

Ashton nodded. "By the way," he said, "I'd like to see that map. It must be something of a curiosity."

"If you'll come out to Oak Ridge with me tomorrow," said the doctor, "I'll take pleasure in showing it to you. There's nothing in the envelope. It was only necessary to make Wilkins think there was."

"But where's the envelope itself?" Ashton asked. "Didn't you say it was here on the table? I don't see it."

The doctor whirled round as if something had stung him. Never before, I think, in all the years I have known him had I seen him so completely taken aback as he was at that moment.

"It must be somewhere," said I. "It was lying in plain sight when the doctor spoke to you about it."

But it was all in vain that we rummaged among the littered papers upon the table top. The big manila envelope was gone.

CHAPTER IX

For a moment we stood gazing blankly into each other's faces, stupidly trying to realize, to the full, what the disappearance of that big, empty manila envelope meant. Ashton was the first to recover himself. He shot a quick question at me.

"Do you remember, Phelps, whether or not, when Wilkins spoke of the ventilator being foul, you glanced in the direction of it?"

"Yes," I admitted I did.

"You?" questioned Ashton, turning to the doctor.

"Oh, yes," said Doctor McAllister. "There's no fool like an old fool."

"Well, I did, too," said Ashton, "and that's when Wilkins took the envelope."

He pulled out his watch, frowned at it, snapped it shut and put it back into his pocket.

"I didn't realize this demonstration had taken so long," said he. "He's had nearly an hour. He probably ripped open the envelope the moment he closed the door behind him, and, finding it empty, would know, of course, that the thing had been merely a trap to catch him."

"And it's my fault, Ashton," said the doctor contritely. "I was guilty of an absurd piece of over-confidence. I knew he'd want the map, and no other way of his getting it occurred to me, than that he should come back here when he supposed we were all asleep, and let himself in with a pass key and steal it."

But the man he spoke to was already the other side of the room, standing before the telephone and shaking up and down the little hook which supports the receiver.

"Give me the dining room, please," we heard him say. "The dining room? This is Mr. Ashton. I'd like to speak with Wilkins."

It was easy to guess the nature of the reply he got to that request, from the question or two which he interjected into it and from his attitude as he turned away and hung up the receiver.

"It's as I thought. He's not been in the dining room since he went off duty after the dinner hour. They wondered what had become of him, and sent a messenger up to his room in the servant's quarters. The messenger reports the room locked and dark."

"He has an hour's clear start," exclaimed the doctor, "thanks to my stupidity."

"Well," said Ashton, "he hasn't got off yet, by any means. It's a straight police case now, and I think they're likely to get him—if not in this city, at least before he can leave the country, which is undoubtedly what he will try to do."

He turned back to the telephone and called up police headquarters, attempted to, rather, listened a moment to something that was being said to him, and then turned away with a very wry face.

"Well, our friend Wilkins is playing in luck all right," he said. "The local operator tells me that we have no outside connection at all. Both the telephone and the local station here of the Western Union are out of commission on account of this confounded sleet."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

City Life Tending to Wipe Out Sex Lines

City life hardens women. The first ride in a crowded subway train is a shock to the natural modesty of a girl. "Cities are necessary in this complicated modern world. The country is the great restorer. Our dandified clerks and office workers, restored to the farm, quickly revert to shaving every other day or once a week, wearing old clothes, and stabbing across the table with a fork. In war the counter-jumpers begin to sing bass in a few months and revert to cave-man tactics."

The general-purpose American breeds are considered the best breeds for capons—Wyandottes, Plymouth Rocks, Rhode Island Reds and Orpingtons.

There's nothing a hen, with her simple tastes, enjoys more than a wallow in dust. It's her own remedy for body lice.

Capons will stand confinement very well, will grow quicker, put on weight faster, and will not consume much more feed than the average roaster.

Poultry keepers who have or can get bright third-cutting alfalfa hay or clean, bright alfalfa meal have a good winter substitute for green feed for the laying flock.

FARM POULTRY

HATCHABILITY OF EGG INCREASED

Feeding and housing are the most important factors affecting hatchability of eggs but they are by no means the only ones, according to G. T. Klein, poultry specialist at the Kansas State Agricultural college. Hens or pullets that have been in long production do not give as high hatchability as birds that are increasing in production. The most desirable pullet breeders are those that have been hatched early and that have taken a rest period for a neck molt.

Alternating the male birds in breeding pens is often very conducive to better fertility. The poultry specialist advises from 15 to 20 females to one male in the light breeds and eight to ten females in the heavier breeds.

During cold weather it is best to gather eggs frequently. Temperature variations that occur in a heated room where the eggs may be kept are very injurious and in many cases the only reason for a poor hatch. A constant temperature of approximately 40 degrees Fahrenheit should be maintained.

Klein says it is not necessary to turn eggs while they are being held for hatching if they are placed in an egg case with the small end down. Hatchability decreases rapidly after the eggs have been kept ten days. Washing is injurious because it removes the "bloom" and causes a rapid evaporation during incubation. It will pay to candle the eggs before setting.

Breeding up a flock is not a difficult matter, maintains Mr. Klein. A small breeding pen of the choicest hens should be kept each year to supply cockerels for the general flock. These hens should be the best producers in the flock and those conforming most closely to standard type and color.

Whole Corn Superior to Cracked for Winter

Many poultrymen are becoming very much interested in the use of whole corn, rather than cracked corn for winter feeding. There seems to be considerable evidence that the loss of corn hearts and corn oil through cracking and holding is a real factor in feeding. Pullets do not readily take to whole corn—unless they become accustomed to it when they are in the growing stage. It would be advisable to start with a small amount and gradually increase, so that practically the entire night feeding would be whole corn during late November, December and January—when the days are shortest and high egg production is most difficult to obtain.

Hens Earn More

Hens in the flocks of the 543 Ohio farmers who last year kept cost records in co-operation with the agricultural extension service of the Ohio State university, earned more for their owners in 1926 than in any years since the co-operative record keeping began. This report shows that the average hen in these 543 flocks paid its owner \$3.23 for labor and feed in 1926. In 1925 the labor income per bird was \$2.69; in 1924 it was \$2.50.

Poultry Items

It is best to treat pullets and place them in permanent quarters some time before they begin laying, to avoid checking egg production by handling them.

Lots of us neglect the two big little things, lime and gravel. Finely ground limestone or crushed oyster shell will supply the first, and the hen must have it to make egg shells. As for the gravel, that's the hen's teeth.

Pullets cannot be expected to lay many winter eggs unless they are kept free from lice and mites. The lice may be destroyed by dipping the chickens into warm water containing one ounce of sodium fluoride to each gallon of water.

Colony houses for winter use in the northern states should be banked with manure or cornstalks.

Well fed and sheltered, the Banded Plymouth Rocks fully deserve the reputation they have so long sustained as the ideal, all-round fowl for the farm home.

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The DAIRY

PURE-BRED BULLS VARY VERY MUCH

Figures recently compiled from records of the cow-testing associations of New Jersey and from the United States bureau of dairy industry, where a study is made of association records from all parts of the United States, indicate that a wide variation exists in the transmitting ability of pure-bred dairy bulls for milk production and butterfat test, announces the college of agriculture at New Brunswick.

Records show that of pure-bred dairy bulls, one-third increase herd production, one-third barely maintain it, and the other third lower it. In other words, the college explains, only one pure-bred sire out of three is really desirable. This is not presented as an argument against the use of pure-bred sires, but as an argument in favor of more careful selection of dairy sires and the retention of those sires until their daughters come into production.

"Unfortunately," says the college, "nearly all bulls are butchered after reaching the age of three or four years. Dairy men are beginning to see that this is a mistake. In order to prevent inbreeding, a plan is now being put into operation by a number of dairymen, whereby bulls are swapped after they are three years old. Two or three years later the animals are swapped back if the original owners want them. A bull having five daughters that excel their dams in production is known as a 'proved sire.'"

The college asserts that if proved sires are used for five or six generations, a dairyman can develop a herd of cows, everyone of which will be a heavy milker. All their daughters will be high producers and all their sons will transmit great production.

Fodder Corn Makes Good Feed for a Dairy Cow

Fodder corn makes very good feed for dairy cows when a silo is not available. It is a better milk-producing feed than timothy hay. The amount of waste that may occur in feeding fodder corn will depend to a considerable extent on how it has been grown and cured. If it is grown quite thickly so that the stalks are fine, most of it will be consumed and especially during the forepart of the season when it contains considerable juice.

Where the stalks are coarse, there may be as much as even 20 or 30 per cent waste in stalks that are left uneaten. When run through a cutter, it is practically all consumed.

With a silo there is practically no waste if the silo has been properly filled, except what is taken off the top when the silo is first opened. The waste in silage based on the entire amount put into the silo, need not exceed 5 per cent. Where the waste in fodder corn can be reduced to 10 per cent, it is very low.

Udder Diseases Caused by Germs Entering Teat

The last milk obtained from the udder at each milking is always the richest. Hence it is sound husbandry to collect it. Aside from its economic value, it is of hygienic importance.

Most udder diseases are caused by germs entering through the teat canal and the milk ejection. If milk is left in these passages or a drop of milk is permitted to remain on the tip of the teat the avenue for infection is left wide open. This is because milk is an excellent medium for germs to multiply in. They do so by the million, following the fluid to the interior of the udder, where they produce mischief. It is essential, therefore, to remove the last drop of milk obtainable.

Washing the teats after each milking is advisable to safeguard the highly developed udders of the better cows. It should be remembered that the better the udder, the more liable it is to infection, hence the precaution recommended.

Dairy Facts

Liberal feeding is one the prime factors in profitable dairying.

Frozen silage should not be fed to dairy cattle, but left until it thaws out.

Calves are particular and do not eat feed or hay that has been nosed over.

One of the greatest sources of sour milk and low-grade dairy products is the unsterilized utensil.

Cut down on your choring time by using a feed and litter carrier. Clean milk results from a clean barn; make it easy to keep your barn clean.

Milk which is not immediately removed from the barn is very apt to absorb the characteristic odors, no matter how sanitary the barn may be.

The butter should be reasonably well drained in the churn before salting. Then take one-half ounce of salt for each pound of butter, and sprinkle the salt over the butter.

Drink Water to Help Wash Out Kidney Poison

If Your Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers You, Begin Taking Salts

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salts which helps to remove the body's urinous waste and stimulates them to their normal activity. The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 500 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of good water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in the system so they are no longer a source of irritation, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, which everyone should take now and then to help keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this; also keep up the water drinking, and no doubt you will wonder what became of your kidney trouble and backache.

Unchanged

"Do you find Smith very much changed after all these years?"

"No, but he thinks he is."

"Well, he's always saying what an ass he used to be."—Vancouver Province.

Overnight End COLD

Stop a cold before it stops you. Take HILL'S Cascara - Bromide - Quinine. Stops the cold, checks the fever, opens the bowels, tones the system. Insist on HILL'S. Red box, 30c. All druggists.

HILL'S Cascara - Bromide - Quinine

Strengthening Home Ties

The movies, the motor car and the radio, far from loosening the home ties, tend rather to strengthen them, particularly on the farm. Young people have been more content with farm life since the motor car and the picture show brought amusement and recreation into their lives. The phonograph and the radio make it possible for every home to have music and lectures; every home now has its own amusement parlor.—Capper's Farmer.

How's Your Stomach?

Fresno, Calif.—"Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery gave me entire satisfaction as a blood purifier and stomach tonic, and I am only too glad of this opportunity to recommend it. It is my candid opinion that there is nothing better for a general debilitation of health than the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and I do not object to publication of this statement."

R. W. McLaren, 517 S. Angus St.

Obtain the "Discovery" in tablets or liquid from your dealer, or send 10c for trial pkg. to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and write for free medical advice.

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