

# The Green Cloak

By  
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## CHAPTER X—Continued

We went downstairs and out of the house in silence, and as we moved down the path we were instantly challenged by Mallory, who came running up to us.

"Where's Wilkins," he asked. "What have you done with him?"

"Lost him," said Ashton sourly. "But he can't have got out of the house," protested Mallory. "I'm sure nobody has got out of the house."

"We've lost him, I tell you," said Ashton. "Can't you understand plain English?"

We all halted just then, and started, a little expectant. A man's footsteps were approaching, and the next moment he halted, rather undecidedly, at the front gate. But seeing us, he turned in and came promptly toward us.

"Where's the car, gentleman?" he asked. "What have you done with the car?"

"What's that?" Ashton roared. "The car—the automobile that I drove you out in! Where is it?"

For a moment there was no answer to that but silence. But the silence and the dismayed astonishment on our faces, gave the man his answer.

"So you went to the fire, did you?" said the doctor grimly.

"Not for more than five minutes," the man protested. "I thought I'd see if I could be of any help—"

The man's explanation trailed off volubly—protesting, incoherent, but we paid very little attention to it. We knew what had happened, all too well.

"Well," said the doctor, "if Wilkins only appreciated the fact, he owes us a large debt of gratitude. We told him about the map; and then we brought the girl out to him, and left her, together with an automobile for him to disappear in."

"He's better not try to thank me," said Ashton grimly, "until the score is settled. I'll get him yet."

"No," said the doctor, "I don't believe you will. Wilkins is playing in luck, perfectly unmerited good luck. And when you combine luck with the more solid and reliable qualities which Wilkins possesses, you get a result that is almost sure to be successful."

Ashton turned away impatiently. "But the car!" the chauffeur cried. "I'm responsible for it. What am I to do?"

Ashton told him what he might do, in three or four short, explosive words.

## CHAPTER XI

The doctor's prediction regarding the escape of Wilkins and the girl came true. It was all of twenty-four hours before the wires were working again; and the search, which could not fairly begin until that time, proved absolutely futile. The automobile was found next day, very early in the morning, standing in front of the Western station, the very place where we had started in it on our ride to Oak Ridge. But the oddly assorted pair, who must have driven back to town in it that night, disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed them up.

It was a long while before Ashton would admit the probability, or even the possibility, that he had lost them. Their escape must have rankled, for he never, voluntarily, spoke of the Oak Ridge affair, and he treated all reference to it, however indirect, in a manner which did not encourage discussion.

I think that, in his heart, Doctor McAllister found it impossible to be sorry that Wilkins had got off. It is one thing to know, as a matter of fact, that a man is a knave and that he richly deserves to be hung; but it is another thing to wish, devoutly, for such a consummation. We had liked Wilkins, and the strange, uncanny revelations regarding his past, which the doctor's merciless instruments had betrayed to us, were not strong enough to change that liking.

What we regretted most, in our discussions over the affair, was our fragmentary knowledge of it. One thing certain about it all seemed to be that we should never know.

But in that conclusion, strangely enough we were wrong. Only a few days ago (and it is now more than two years since the events I have here chronicled took place) the doctor came into my office waving a letter.

"Look at the handwriting first," he said, "and see if you can guess who it's from."

I took the thing in my hand, and frowned over it for a moment in complete perplexity. It was familiar, almost as familiar as my own, and yet I could not place it.

But as I gazed, some vague suggestion of delicate French potages and entrees came into my mind. I started, and dropped the letter on my desk.

"Not—not Wilkins!" I cried.

The doctor smiled broadly. "Read what he's got to say."

I needed no second invitation. "Doctor McAllister.

"Respected Sir: I have long intended to write to you to tell you how Jane Perkins and I are getting along, thinking you might be interested. I have taken up the white man's burden, as the poet says, and I find that it takes up most of my time, even though this island of mine is small (about ten square miles) and the population not numerous.

"Perkins and I (or Fanenna as she is called by her own people) are married and living very happy. Now that I am, in a sort, king here—trusting that you will pardon the liberty, sir—and obliged to make all the laws as well as enforce them, I am filled with regret for my former irregularities, though I may say that they have turned out well in the end.

"I did not murder Henry Morgan. Fanenna did, although she does not know it, and I would not tell her so for worlds. Perhaps I had better tell my story in order.

"Morgan was a villain and he deserved exactly what he got—if I may be allowed that opinion, sir. Circumstances may have justified him in killing Captain Franklin; indeed, there is no doubt that it had to be one or the other of them; and in robbing him of his money and his map, he only did what others, perhaps, would have done in his place. But he did an inexcusable thing, when he lodged an information with the authorities against the rest of us. The act was not necessary to his escape, for he could have got off scot-free anyway. But he wanted Franklin's treasure all to himself, and he thought if he could get us all hanged there would be none to dispute it with him. I found out in time what he had done, and I escaped; but the other poor fellows were caught and paid the penalty of their faith in a traitor.

"I went to America, but not in pursuit of Morgan. I did not know that he had gone there, and I wanted nothing more to do with him anyway, as I had decided to settle down and lead

a respectable life. It pays just as well as the other and it's much more comfortable. This may surprise you, but it's true—I do not refer to the tips I earned as head waiter at The Meredith. That was not my trade so much as it was my recreation. In my youth I made the acquaintance of a palm reader and spiritualist, and this was the profession I took upon coming to your city. It was not long before I was able to organize this industry and to hire others to do the actual work. I supervised it all, and as head waiter at The Meredith, I was able to learn much about our smart people, which could be told to them again by palmists and mediums, with very good effect.

"It was in this connection that I became acquainted with Jane Perkins. A medium I employed, whose apartment was not far from The Meredith, discovered her, and was using her trance states very effectively as a control. I got the greatest surprise of my life the first time I ever heard her talking Maori, a language which I understand and speak, as I suspect that you do also. From her talk I discovered that she was my old captain's daughter, and that she had inherited his secret. This was coming rather too close to home for comfort, as you will well understand, so I took her out of the spiritualist business, much as I regretted to do so, for she was very valuable, and got her employed as chambermaid at The Meredith.

"We were out walking together one day when her subjective state came over her without warning. She darted ahead of me, and I saw that she was tracking some one through the streets, by the scent. I followed her. Luckily it was dark, and we were not molested. She traveled very fast and overtook the person she was following, just as he was entering the Western station. I caught one look at him and saw that he was Henry Morgan.

"I succeeded in rousing her out of her state, for I did not want anything to happen just then and there. But I was determined to find where he lived and to get his map away from him. It did him no good, as there was neither latitude and longitude marked upon it, and this was the secret which Fanenna had told me.

"On the night when the unfortunate incident occurred which caused you



"The Map Which I Found in Old Morgan's House Was Worth All the Trouble It Cost Me to Get It."

and Mr. Ashton to interest yourselves in the case, we had gone out to Oak Ridge to make an attempt to secure the map. Nothing more than that, I assure you, sir. I had hypnotized her in order that she might lead me, by means of her extraordinary sense of smell, to the house where he lived, but she ran on ahead too fast for me to follow her. The crime was already committed, if you can call it a crime, before I reached the house.

"I tried to get her to go home with me, making no attempt to find the map at that time, but she was greatly excited and dangerous. So I was obliged to go away without her. I was unable to find her from that time, until she came back to The Meredith of her own accord, the day after she made her second visit to the Morgan house at the time when you were there.

"It was during my absence from the hotel, and without my knowledge, that she answered the advertisement for the cloak, indeed, I did not know that she had done so, until you spoke to me concerning it that night at dinner. At that time it seemed safer to permit you to make the examination which you wished to make, than to try to prevent the examination from taking place, for she was now Jane Perkins, perfectly ignorant of everything connected with the affair.

"How you found out her true connection with it, as well as mine, I have no idea. I did not know you had done so, until I tore open the envelope in the hall and found it empty. Then I knew that it was time to act.

"There is one thing more, before I close, which you may think wants an explanation. I said just now that Fanenna did not know that she had killed old Morgan, and yet she is Fanenna rather than Jane Perkins, although she is not exactly either one of them. She is no longer subject to those trance states of hers, and her character seems to be a mixture of the two distinct persons which she was before that night when you took her out to Oak Ridge with you. Her memories of all her past are, I am thankful to say, extremely vague, though she remembers some things out of both of them. She can talk both Maori and English as well as I, and she says it is because when she was a Maori girl she heard a voice speaking to her in English, and ordering her to understand it. This seems great nonsense to me, but it may be that you will see some meaning in it.

"I will close by saying that the map which I found in old Morgan's house that night was worth all the trouble it cost me to get it, for it has made us very comfortable and well-to-do, and has made it possible for me to make many improvements on this island of mine. It is a very beautiful place, and with the comforts of civilization, which I have been able to add to its natural attractions, is a very good place to live.

"Fanenna wishes to be remembered to you and Mr. Phelps, and also to Mr. Ashton, whom she used to admire very greatly when she was chambermaid at The Meredith.

"I should enjoy a visit from you very much, but I fear it will be impossible, for reasons which you will doubtless understand, for me even to suggest such a thing. But please believe me, sir,

"Yours most gratefully and respectfully,

"WILKINS,  
"Rona Island."

"P. S. You have seen a map of this island, or a part of it, and above is the name I have given it; but I must imitate the wisdom and discretion of my old chief, and omit to mention latitude and longitude."

The doctor met my eye as I laid the paper down. "You don't happen to know the latitude and longitude, do you, Phelps?" he asked, laughing.

"Do you?" I exclaimed, with a rather startled look into his twinkling gray eyes.

"Do you remember those queer syllables that Fanenna repeated to us that night when she told us her story, the syllables that neither she nor I understood?"

Then, mimicking her strange guttural voice (and I will admit that even now the mere sound of it made me shiver a little), he said, "Ouan feef, ti oues. Ten south."

Over and over he repeated them, his smile growing broader and more tantalizing, as I still failed to understand. Then, all at once, I got it. "One fifty west. Ten south!" I shouted.

"Not so loud," he said in mock alarm. "Ashton might hear you. And, on the whole," he added, smiling thoughtfully, but still half-seriously, "on the whole, I'd rather Ashton didn't know."

"You can show him the letter, at any rate," said I.

There came a knock at the door just then, a knock we knew.

"Come in," called the doctor. "Come in, Ashton. Here's a letter that may interest you."

[THE END.]

**More Worth While**

The man who with a microscope tries to discover in his fellow's blemishes and imperfections is engaged in very unprofitable business. He would be far better employed if he used a telescope to find in them beauty and substantiality of character.—Grit.

**Giant Only in Intellect**

Biographies of Napoleon show that his height reckoned in English measure was a little over 5 feet 6 inches.

**Adaptability**

Facts are stubborn, but statistics are more pliable.

# POULTRY

COSTS A QUARTER TO SECURE EGGS

Those economists and farmers who say that eggs can be produced in North Carolina for as low as 13 to 15 cents a dozen, don't know what they are talking about, according to Dr. B. F. Kaupp, head of the poultry department of the North Carolina State college.

Doctor Kaupp states that it will cost nearly 25 cents a dozen if all feed costs and overhead costs are added to the totals. He bases his statement on some experiments that he has been conducting with a flock of 750 White Leghorn hens at one of the branch station farms of the North Carolina experiment station.

"Some of the data that I have seen says that it costs the southern farmer only about 13 to 15 cents a dozen to produce eggs," says Doctor Kaupp. "We know that when hens have been bred for high egg production, the cost per dozen eggs is lower, and for that reason it will certainly cost the average farmer more to produce eggs than it will the commercial poultry farmer where the hens are bred for highest production. This commercial man also gives closer attention to his management and feeding than will the average farmer. We have many farmers who are making money with poultry but they are not considering their eggs to cost only 15 cents a dozen to produce."

Doctor Kaupp used the regular North Carolina ration in feeding his test flock of 750 hens. He kept a careful and accurate record of each cent spent for feed, the cost of litter, grit, depreciation of the flock, interest on the investment, the labor, taxes and other charges. Then there were some miscellaneous charges such as for medicines, egg cases, leg bands and the like. He credited the hens for all eggs, for all manure, and for the poultry sold. Each hen returned a net profit above all costs of \$2.40 for the year and the eggs were produced at a cost just a fraction under 25 cents. He found, too, that it took six pounds of feed to produce each dozen eggs.

**Early-Hatched Pullets Are Most Profitable**

The early-hatched pullets that start to lay in October or November are the ones to keep for profitable egg production. The fall and winter months are the season of high-egg prices and birds that do not come into production until the season has passed will not pay as well as they ought to. It is the early-hatcher and well-matured pullet, with plenty of body weight to give her endurance, that will produce the eggs during this high priced period.

The early-hatched pullets should be distinguished from the early-maturing pullets. One was hatched early grew normally, obtaining normal body weight and coming into production at a time when her system was ready for sustained production. The rapidly maturing bird probably was hatched later, but made such rapid sexual development that she is ready to start laying before her body is equipped for sustained production.

Such birds, in direct contrast with the former, are light in weight, are very often poor feeders, and will very likely go into a partial or complete molt before they have produced very many eggs.

**Late Molting Hens Take Short Time to Idle**

Some hens take fully four times as long a vacation as others to regrow their feathers and prepare for another season of egg-laying. A recent study at the Missouri agricultural experiment station showed that hens censured to lay in July took 182 days' vacation and laid 109 eggs during the year. Those quitting in August took 151 days off to grow new feathers, laying 134 eggs. September quitters lost 147 days and laid 137 eggs. October molters were idle 94 days and laid 152 eggs. Birds laying up to November lost 69 days for molting and laid 171 eggs, while December molters lost only 45 days and laid 174 eggs during the year.

**Poultry Notes**

Egg-laying demonstrations show that it pays to educate hens.

Delays in making repairs on the poultry houses usually prove expensive.

Damp floors should not be tolerated. Poorly ventilated poultry houses are damp.

Feeding space for all hens at all times is the rule that should be kept in mind in building a poultry feed hopper.

Red mites may be controlled by thoroughly painting the house with carbolium. Spraying with coal tar dip is also effective.

One should feed comparatively little grain feed in the morning. Probably 3 pounds for 100 hens will be sufficient. There should be kept before the hens all the time a dry mash.

# DAIRY FACTS

KEEP COWS CLEAN AND COMFORTABLE

Maintenance so far as possible of summer conditions for dairy cows in winter calls for a good snug barn in which the dairy stock will be comfortable the coldest days. "It is not necessary that the temperature of the barn be kept anything like that of a human dwelling," says Dr. C. H. Eckles, chief of dairying of the University of Minnesota, "but on the other hand a barn so cold that the manure freezes every night will have a bad effect on milk production and will therefore be the means of losing money for the cow owner.

"Ventilation is important. Fresh air for the cow is as great a necessity as feed and is cheap to supply. If a barn is thoroughly wind proof and has a good roof, the cows will not suffer much from cold. In the northern states the barn should be insulated by being boarded up on the inside. If frost gathers on inside walls of a barn in cold weather, causing them to drip moisture as the temperature rises, the ventilation is poor. But ventilation alone in a cold climate will not prevent frosty walls; proper insulation is needed.

"Any changes in the barn that will improve the sanitary conditions, or that will make it easier to keep the cows clean, should be made now. Let it be remembered that the barn is a place to prepare human food and that the health and even lives of the children of the country depend to a goodly extent upon conditions in the stable where milk is produced. To produce clean milk requires clean cows. A good floor, a gutter of proper depth and width, and especially a platform of the right length for the animals, are the first things necessary to keep cows clean in the ordinary barn.

"Imitate summer conditions both as to feed and comfort of the animals, and winter production will be as satisfactory as early summer, with the price generally better."

**Preventable Separator Losses Total Large Sum**

What is the annual loss to dairymen from faulty separation of cream from the milk? Unless the dairyman is one who feels that a certain amount of whole milk should be fed to the hogs or chickens, how much butterfat can be considered wasted because it is fed along with the skim milk to these farm animals?

During a single month Iowa cow testers reported that the preventable losses through poor separation in 79 associations totaled \$493.30. The fact that this loss is preventable is reason enough for being interested in the matter, disregarding the fact that the loss amounts to approximately \$6,000 annually to members of the Iowa cow testing associations.

Temporary mishaps in separator operation may cause a slight preventable loss, but, on the whole, the fault usually rests with the separator. A clean separator that is set level, is properly oiled and run at the correct and uniform speed will get the butterfat from the milk as it should and will not contribute to this annual waste.

**Winter Protection for Dairy Cows Important**

When the cold rains, sleet and snows of winter bother the dairyman, barn roofs prove to be cheaper shelters for dairy cows than the backs of animals. Some classes of stock can be wintered very satisfactorily out of doors in stormy weather, but exposure to such weather will immediately cause the dairy cow to decrease her milk flow. In addition to a decreased milk flow the cow will be required to consume more feed in order to maintain her body heat, both resulting in increased feed consumption in proportion to the amount of milk received.

**Dairy Notes**

Cow-testing associations have proved beyond a question that with the silo, cheaper milk can be produced.

The feeding of well-cured hay will do more to keep up the health of the dairy herd than any other single factor.

Acids of silage serve as a tonic and aid digestion and assimilation. Silage in the ration, therefore, not only is a food, but a tonic and a stimulating influence for production and growth.

No risk should be taken with a dairy-bred bull in any way that would give him a chance to get his killing instinct started.

Temperature of barns will remain more uniform, stock will be healthier, and the frost nuisance will be practically eliminated by good ventilation.

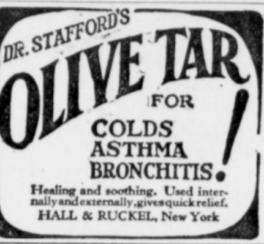
Corn silage contains vitamins which are essential elements in the growth and development of the animal body. This is one of the secrets of the success of the silo.

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**Squash Him Gently**

"So you are using balloon tires now."

"Yes, they are easier on the pedestrian."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

# The BABY



No mother in this enlightened age would give her baby something she did not know was perfectly harmless, especially when a few drops of plain Castoria will right a baby's stomach and end almost any little ailment. Fretfulness and fever, too; it seems no time until everything is serene.

That's the beauty of Castoria; its gentle influence seems just what is needed. It does all that castor oil might accomplish, without shock to the system. Without the evil taste. It's delicious! Being purely vegetable, you can give it as often as there's a sign of colic; constipation; diarrhea; or need to aid sound, natural sleep.

Just one warning: It is genuine Fletcher's Castoria that physicians recommend. Other preparations may be just as free from all doubtful drugs, but no child of this writer's is going to test them! Besides, the book on care and feeding of babies that comes with Fletcher's Castoria is worth its weight in gold.

**Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA**

**Must Have Been Saturday**

"Is this the weather bureau?"

"Yes, sir."

"How about a shower tonight?"

"It's all right with me. Take it if you need it."—Boston News Bureau.

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