

THE TIGER TRAIL

by Edison Marshall Illustrations by PAUL FREHM

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

Dr. Long is visiting Southley Downs, to which he is conducted by Ahmad Das an Oriental. There he meets Mr. Southley, whom a detective friend, Alexander Pierce, had told him to watch, and his son Ernest. Southley, Mr. Hayward and his son Vilas, and then Josephine Southley, whom he had seen faint on the train. Josephine tells him the story of Southley Downs and its ghost, which is not the ghost of a human being but of a tiger.

Dr. Long has a quarrel with Vilas Hayward over Josephine, and finds that the Haywards have a strange authority over the Southleys. He is ordered to leave Southley Downs. The rain prevents him leaving at once. Dr. Long and Ernest go out on the road in the rain looking for the tracks of a tiger that Ernest says are there.

They find the tracks. Later Ernest and Dr. Long see a prowling creature in the hall of Southley Downs. This frightens the elder Hayward, who also sees it. Ernest begins to feel that Ahmad Das is perpetrating some devilry.

The elder Hayward is later found dead, his neck broken as if by a giant's blow.

The corner and police arrive in order to investigate.

Because of the murder, Dr. Long must remain at Southley Downs. All the persons there are questioned by Inspector Freeman.

Dr. Long becomes jealous of the love he believes to exist between Vilas Hayward and Josephine. During the course of investigations of the crime Dr. Long becomes suspicious of a man named Robin. He determines to watch him.

Robin turns out to be Alexander Pierce, the detective.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"But it seems you trusted every one else." I glanced toward Southley and his daughter.

"Naturally Mr. Southley knew it. I came at his invitation—and your own, of course, too, Long. Miss Southley learned the truth just this evening, and I consider it a distinct reflection on the ability of her father and myself to judge character that we walked so long in making her an ally. But I will say—his mother her father's fault than mine."

"You must remember that my acquaintance with my daughter was somewhat slight," Southley explained. "She has been away to school so much—only here a few weeks. Besides—she did know a few things. I'm sorry I didn't tell her more."

Father and daughter exchanged smiles. Josephine herself seemed changed. It was curious that I had not noticed it the moment I stepped into the room. There was a new light in her eyes, a rising of the delicious color that played ever in her cheeks. Again I saw the smile that I had marveled at that night in the drawing-room long ago. Evidently there had been developments in the mystery of which I was not aware.

"Remember, we will need your son, too," Alexander told my host. Alexander and I walked together into the drawing-room, and we had a minute's talk at the foot of the stairs.

"I'm going to my room now," he explained. "It's a maid's room on the third floor, but it fits my purpose perfectly. I have a few chemical experiments to make."

"Of course it was you who destroyed the evidence on the white stone."

"Not destroyed it. Merely gathered it up. I wanted to make some blood tests. And it pained me to cause you and the Inspector so much disappointment."

"I imagined it would!" Then we had a little laugh together. It was all too plain that a deep professional jealousy existed between such free-lance experts as Alexander and staff detectives like Inspector Freeman.

"But why in the world did you tear the piece from Ahmad's shirt?" I asked.

Alexander laughed again—a boyish, joyous sound that died quickly in the silence of the room.

"I'm afraid that is evidence of my quixotic nature," he said. "But I had to have a sample of the blood-stains; and I knew it would break Freeman's heart if I took the whole shirt. So I just tore out the piece."

He sobered and became very businesslike. That was one of the marvels of the man. One minute he was the best of comrades—boyish, laughing, irresponsible. The next, he was the cool-headed, tireless sleuth with every nerve and muscle alert.

"There's work for tomorrow," he went on swiftly. "You'll have your part to do. So will Southley have his part, and his two children. Tomorrow I'm going to take the boat on a little expedition—over to the plateau. You can have the inspector with you if you like. Southley and his daughter will be close about, and they will know their parts. The hour to strike is almost here."

"And Vilas? What about him? And Ahmad?"

"Ahmad is the suspected murderer. I'm afraid Vilas won't do."

"But Josephine Southley would think otherwise," I told him with some bitterness. "You must know—that they are allies. You couldn't have missed that point."

"Allies?" he echoed coldly. "What do you mean?"

"She's going to marry him—that's what I mean. And she's bitterly against me. Thinking that her lover might be accused of the murder of his father, she told the detective things that implicated me and got him to hold me here."

He turned and started up the stairs.

"Sometimes, Dr. Long," he told me slowly, "your mental grasp is quite astonishing—for its perfect and abounding aptitude to make a fool of yourself."

And he left me to ponder in the halls below.

Inspector Freeman—who had learned the truth at last—and I walked down to the shore with Pierce at eleven o'clock the next morning. The rowboat waited for my friend, and in it were two strong colored men to row. Alexander had put on hip-boots and was armed with a heavy rifle. And it was plain to see that Freeman was entirely contemptuous of the whole proceedings.

"You're a funny one, Pierce," he spoke jokingly—and at the same time meant every word he said.

"In the first place, coming with all that stage scenery on yourself. It takes one of you correspondence school detectives to do stunts like that. I suppose you thought that the murderer would recognize your determined face from your picture in the newspapers—and make himself scarce before you could get out the handcuffs."

"Rather a different reason, my dear inspector," Alexander answered him as he began to slip the great cartridges into the magazine of the heavy rifle. "It wasn't the murderer I was so frightened of. In the first place, I didn't want you to leave the scene in disgust, as you might have done upon recognizing me. You were doing too good work."

"You needn't have been afraid of that. The man was already in my hands. And I'm glad you appreciate the work I have done."

"Perfectly, Freeman, perfectly. It was particularly clever the way you found the shirt."

"Of course, you were in the hall all the time."

"Of course. I wondered what you and my good friend Long were going to do."

"I suppose you know that the shirt is going to put the noose about Ahmad's neck?"

"One can never tell, inspector."

"It's a piece of evidence that cannot be questioned—although I admit the final tests as to the authenticity of the stains has not yet been made."

"And besides, Freeman—there are other reasons why I thought it best that certain occupants of this house didn't recognize me," Alexander went on seriously. "It would help me out in the end. I confess I don't care for disguises as a rule. And now I must bid you good day, and go search yonder jungle for the murderer of Hayward."

Freeman laughed uproariously. "With a rifle, too!" he exulted. "I'd think you were going elephant hunting. Of all the quixotic enter-

prises! You can't believe that the murderer is still at large, when I have him under my constant supervision in the house! Pierce, I have every admiration for your qualities, but I assure you you are making the mistake of your career."

"Every one has to make mistakes sometimes, inspector," Alexander returned quietly. "Besides—I don't suppose you remember about the breaking of the levee—how the murderer would have time to cross the isthmus to the plateau, but couldn't possibly go farther?"

"I remember that perfectly. But the real murderer didn't try to cross at all. He came back into the house."

"Then there's the matter of the scratches—and the legend, and the rest of it. None of these things must be overlooked, Freeman. And I'll meet you both soon after dark."

We watched the negroes row away across the dark swamp water. He was gone all afternoon. Once it seemed to me that I heard the far-off echo of two rifle shots, but I couldn't be sure. Freeman continued his investigations. Vilas walked about on the green hillsides like a hunted man. The long afternoon waxed hot, the shadows lengthened, the sun cast its glamor over all the waste of the marshes. Twilight dropped like a white mist, and the stars began to crop out of the sky.

The night life of the marsh awakened—insect and wind and bird had their chorus.

I don't know where my thoughts were that long afternoon. I tried to read for a while. It wasn't a success. I knew that my stay at Southley Downs, so often threatened, was at its end at last. Tomorrow we would all cross the marsh to testify at the coroner's inquest; and I would never return to Southley Downs again. The mystery and the charm would go out of my life to stay, as the swamp-water glided beneath the boat.

(Continued next week.)

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.
Rev. Thomas J. Brady, Pastor.

Next Sunday, July 22nd, will be the eighth Sunday after Pentecost, and there will be mass in the Heppner Catholic church at 10 o'clock, with a first mass in Ione at 8 sharp. The mass in Ione will be said in the home of Mr. Paul O'Meara. Confessions will be heard before each mass.

On Sunday, July 22th, the first mass will be said in Heppner at 7:30 with confessions before the mass. There will be a second mass this same day in the Sands at 10 o'clock. The pastor makes this concession so as to permit parishioners to have an outing in the country. Should this involve any pretext to miss mass, the pastor will forthwith return to the established custom and hour for Sunday service. Whether this will be extended depends upon how attendance is affected; it is the duty of the pastor to see that Sunday does not degenerate into a

day solely for pleasure and amusement. Sunday is the Lord's Day and it must be scrupulously maintained such. On August 12th, the pastor will have an early mass in Heppner at 7:30, after which he will go to Boardman for a second mass in the home of Mr. Michael Marshall at 10:30.

The feast of St. Anne will be preceded by nine days of special preparation with daily mass at 7 in the morning and with novena devotions each evening at 7:30, the same to last twenty minutes. The feast comes on Thursday, July 26. The novena of masses and prayers will begin on July 17th.

The financial report of the parish since January first to July 29th, will be published and sent to each parishioner. The pastor will be highly

pleased to report every one in this statement.

VACATION SCHOOL IN CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.
All children of the parish who are seven years of age or over will be invited to attend a special course of study in Christian Doctrine lasting two weeks, and which will be conducted by the pastor on the parish house grounds. The school is intended for such boys and girls who have not yet made their first Holy Communion and who fall within the age limits announced.

Parents may secure board and lodging for their children at some relative's home or they may provide some other way. The children will assemble on the parish house grounds daily, beginning August 6, at 9 o'clock, and the different classes will go on until 4:30 in the afternoon, with one hour's intermission at noon. Classes will be conducted on the lawn, and there will be daily practice in hymn-singing. After this preparation, the children will make their first Holy Communion on Sunday, August 19th, at the mass. The pastor calls the attention of all parents in the county to this class in Christian Doctrine, and he urges all properly qualified boys and girls to attend without fail.

REV. THOMAS J. BRADY.

CATHOLIC OUTING IN TIMBER.
On the first Sunday of September, that is, September 2nd, the parish-

oners of St. Patrick's church will have a picnic in the mountains, the place to be determined later and announced. The pastor will celebrate mass on the grounds at 9 o'clock. It is expected that all Catholics in the county will participate in this out-door spiritual exercise gotten up especially to give sincere thanks unto God for His blessings upon the county and its people. Light refreshments will be served, but all parishioners are requested to bring their food and lunch baskets.

Sure-Fire Matches for Camping.
You can protect matches against dampness while camping if you dip the heads in paraffin. The wax melts when the match is struck and further assists the flame.

To Stiffen White Organdie.
In laundering the children's white organdie frocks, do not use starch for stiffening, but rinse cloth in a strong solution of salt water and iron while damp.

Saving Doesn't Mean Being "Tight"

Nor does saving mean niggardliness about money matters. Saving simply means that you are buying success on the time payment plan. It simply means that you are planning intelligently to get the things you want, when you want them and as you want them.

That answers the question of "Why save, after all?" But here are further answers to that question. A cash reserve gives you greater resourcefulness. It gives you the advantage of being able to purchase wisely. The opportunity to make valuable strategic moves in business—in making investments. The feeling of greater confidence—in everything you do—that puts new power into your efforts.

Come in and talk it over. We'll be glad to have you—and you'll find the visit profitable.

Farmers & Stockgrowers National Heppner Bank Oregon

Common Sense Facts---

A merchant doesn't invest his money for advertising merely to see his name in print.

He is too much of a business man to part with his dollars unless there is a good prospect of obtaining a legitimate return upon his investment.

He doesn't advertise goods that he can't recommend, because he knows he can't fool all the people all the time, and that such a policy would eventually put him out of business.

He doesn't gouge his customers, because he knows they would go elsewhere and buy for less money, and that would be the end of him.

It is reasonable to presume, then, that when he does advertise an article, that article is worth having and the price is within reason.

When you buy from a local merchant, that merchant's reputation for square dealing is behind the goods you buy.

Keep these common sense facts in mind when you go to buy and make the advertisements your guide, and you will make no mistake.

—Huntsville, Texas, Item.

Peerless Feed Grinder

No Burrs or Knives to give trouble. Will grind anything you can crack with a hammer. Will elevate its product 25 feet.

A number of Gilliam and Morrow county farmers have invested in this efficient farm feed grinder. It's the machine for you.

See or Write for Demonstration R. E. DUNCAN CEIL, OREGON



When you build, we are ready to serve you

WHEN you build it is always a comforting thing to know that the building materials you buy are going to be up to specifications. Cheap, flimsy construction usually goes hand in hand with poor quality materials.

Safeguard your building by letting us know what you require and we will work with you to see that your interests are well protected.

We are headquarters for all dependable building materials and can also help you select a good, reliable contractor.

Tell us what you plan to do—we can and will give you helpful advice.

TUM-A-LUM LUMBER COMPANY

Yards at Heppner, Lexington and Ione

TO HOLDERS OF Third Liberty Loan Bonds

The Treasury offers a new 3 1/2 per cent. 12-15 year Treasury bond in exchange for Third Liberty Loan Bonds.

The new bonds will bear interest from July 16, 1928. Interest on Third Liberty Loan Bonds surrendered for exchange will be paid in full to September 15, 1928.

Holders should consult their banks at once for further details of this offering.

Third Liberty Loan Bonds mature on September 15, 1928, and will cease to bear interest on that date.

A. W. MELLON, Secretary of the Treasury, Washington, July 5, 1928.