

# THE TIGER TRAIL

by Edison Marshall Illustrations by PAUL FREEMAN

**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 coroner 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.  
 Alexander Pierce and Inspector Freeman discuss the crime. Dr. Long feels that his visit at Southley Downs is coming to an end, and regrets leaving the habitat of the tiger for whom he feels he has a hopeless love.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.**  
 It was after nine when I saw the flash of a lantern across the water. Thin clouds were in the sky, and the moon had not yet risen. The whole wilderness world was blotted out by the shadow, and the soft light over the water brought a queer flood of thoughts. I welcomed its approach. At the moment it seemed the only reminder that life still existed about this great, bleak estate of the Southleys. Without it, it might have seemed a realm of death, where human beings never came. And besides, the great Alexander Pierce was returning from his expedition, and I did not know but that this gleam across the wastes was the breaking of the light of truth in the darkness.  
 I heard a step behind me. It was Inspector Freeman.  
 "I see he's coming just at the time he promised," he said with a note of wonder.  
 The boat drew up to the shore, and the colored men got out to make it fast. The lantern light was dim, and I could not see plainly. It seemed to me that something was huddled in the bottom of the boat—something rather large—but I couldn't see what it was because a rubber tarpaulin had been thrown over it. But I did see Alexander's face. He held the lantern up to look at us, and it showed his features plainly. He seemed curiously intent.  
 We walked up the path, and three shadows made black streaks across the light that the lantern threw. They were of the three Southleys, who had come out of the house to meet us. They also seemed grave, determined. Something gleamed in the old man's hand. As Alexander held the lantern high, I saw what it was. It was a pistol.  
 "What's this?" Alexander asked.  
 "Vilas pistol," Southley replied.  
 "You told me to get it."  
 "How did you do it without arousing suspicion?"  
 "Took it from the drawer in the library table. He keeps it there in the daytime. Usually carries it at night. Ernest and I left him with the excuse that we had to talk to some of the colored laborers at their cottages. Josephine just slipped away."  
 Alexander turned to Ernest. "How about the candles?"  
 "Two burning in the library. All the others have been misplaced, as you directed."  
 "And the servants?"  
 "No one in the house but Ahmad."  
 The inspector suddenly gasped. "But I tell you that isn't so," he cried. "He'll get away. Alexander, you promised to keep watch out for him. He'll be gone when we get to the house."  
 "I promised I'd see that he didn't run away," Alexander answered wearily. "He'll be there when we come. Don't fear, inspector." He turned to the others. "Then everything is ready. Miss Southley—if you will go with Inspector Freeman. His arm is strong and his aim sure. Southley, you and Ernest can take the south windows. You,

Long, will be an unprejudiced witness. But you've got to know how to walk silently."  
 "I know how, I've stalked deer in the West."  
 "Good. Then you'll come with me. Now—out goes the light."  
 He lifted the lantern and turned down the wick. Then he blew out the flame. Of course I understood. In our present position at the base of the hill, it would not be visible from the windows of the house. It would be visible as we approached the house.  
 And just as the shadows fell a hand touched mine. It was a warm hand, and soft, and the fingers rested a single fluttering instant in my palm. It was a little hand, too, and I had in a single instant of never-to-be-forgotten knowledge of its power to soothe and hold, and a tenderness beyond all reckoning. And I knew whose hand it was.  
 "Maybe you can understand after this," she whispered. "Perhaps you won't condemn me so."  
 Then like a squad deploying in battle, we started climbing up the slope of the hill.

We soon left the others in the darkness. Alexander and I crept to the postern door.  
 "One sound will spoil the play," he whispered to me in the instant that we waited at its threshold. "Keep your ears and eyes open."  
 Then we crept through into the little hall. The door into the library was open, but scarcely any light came through. So deep was the shadow that Alexander was at once invisible.  
 We lay down on the opposite sides of the hall, so that we could look through into the library. But we left the passage open, as Alexander had instructed. The reason was simply that he thought the man we had come to watch might want to make an escape through the doorway, and it would have spoiled the plan for him to see us on the way out. Lying close to the walls, it was likely he wouldn't pass us by. But after one glance through the

doorway I felt sure that no such attempt would be made. The darkness of the hillside where Hayward had died would, in this man's mind, seem more terrible than the room itself.  
 The library at Southley Downs was tremendously long. It had rows of windows at one end, and the other opened into the hall. The tapestries and furnishings were rather dark, after the manner of Victorian libraries. At one side was built the great fireplace, now cheerless and cold. There were rather many curtains that waved when the wind blew. The wind was blowing now. We could feel it, damp and strange from the marsh, against our faces.  
 When I say that Vilas Hayward sat alone I do not mean that there were no other occupants in the room. There was one other, and it is true that at first I didn't see him at all. He kept at the very edge of the candlelight, and he moved so softly, so unobtrusively that it was very easy to ignore his presence. It was Ahmad Das.  
 A white face is always comparatively visible in dim light. That is why soldiers going on to No Man's Land at night darkened their faces with lamp-black. But Ahmad's face was naturally dark, and it blurred in my sight. Sometimes I saw the whites of his eyes when the candlelight shone on them. Vilas Hayward was not trying to read; and the fact that the light was too dim for easy reading had nothing really to do with it. He was watching Ahmad Das out of the corner of his eyes.  
 The lighting effect was one in which a great artist would have rejoiced. It was yellow and dim, of course; and perhaps it had a quality of unreality. The atmosphere of candles at any time is distinctly medieval. Then there was the gradation of shadows—dusky close to the fireplace, but shading off to a deep, intense black. The light from the two candles met at the very extremities, leaving a dusky path between. Vilas' head and shoulders

cast a distinct shadow on the wall, blurred, however, by the effect of a candle across the room. The shadow thrown by Ahmad was something gliding and dusky and dim against the curtains of the windows.  
 (Continued next week.)

**RATHER UNUSUAL**  
**Some Aim!**  
 New York, July 25.—(Autocaster)—Policeman David Lenahan, a rookie, shouted after a speeding car:  
 "Stop or I'll shoot!"  
 The auto sped on.  
 Lenahan drew his revolver and fired one shot. His aim was poor, and he wounded himself in the leg. An ambulance took him to the hospital.

**Real Yankee Chicken Puffs Cigarettes**  
 Winsted, Ct., July 25.—(Autocaster)—A white leghorn pullet owned by Louis Cordano, of Danbury Quarter, has taken to smoking after the modern feminine fashion.  
 When a lighted cigarette is thrown to the ground, this pullet rushes over, picks it up in her beak and proudly begins smoking it, strutting through the barnyard.  
 The pullet smokes all brands.  
 So far none of the companies have tried to get a testimonial from the pullet, but she has hope!

**Fish Lives in Log**  
 Owensboro, Ky., July 25.—(Autocaster)—A huge log was pulled from

Green River recently to be sawed. It was hollow and inhabited by a 30-inch, 33-pound catfish.

**Keeping Peace in the Family!**  
 Northampton, Mass., July 25.—(Autocaster)—A New York auto parked on Main street here was attracting considerable attention. It had a Hoover plate in the front and an Al Smith plate in the rear.  
 The man in the machine, asked why the plates were not for the same candidate, explained that he favored Hoover while his wife was a Smith booster.  
 So, to keep peace in the family, it had been agreed to have both candidates represented on the car.

**Boy of 12 Saves Fourth Life**  
 Washington, July 25.—(Autocaster)—Walter Johnson, 12, made his fourth rescue in three years when he saved a man from drowning in the Anacostia River.

**POULTRYMEN SEE FUTURE FAR MORE ENCOURAGING**  
 The largest crowd ever to attend the annual poultrymen's convention at Oregon State Agricultural college compared reports from Oregon and Washington and agreed that in both states the low point in the industry has been passed, though the day when slipshod methods or small volume of business will make money is also passed if it were ever here. Bad markets have squeezed out the "in and outers" leaving the situation better for the skilled breeders and egg men.  
 Market possibilities for large white light-yolked eggs are bright, but not for poorer grades. A total of 281 men and women registered, and stayed for two days of educational program, exhibits and demonstrations. M. S. Shrock, Milwaukee, was elected president and F. L. Knowlton, Corvallis, secretary-treasurer. A straw-vote taken on the national election turned out four to one for Hoover.

Johnny Kilbane, former world's featherweight boxing champion, has gone into politics. He's evidently tired of the gentle arts!  
 No careful reader of the big city newspapers can help concluding that Cupid has swapped his arrow for a revolver.

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oped at Mellon Institute of Industrial Research by Rex Fellowship.

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