

The Mystery of the Silver Dagger

By Randall Parrish

Author of "The Strange Case of Cavendish"

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A MILLION.

Synopsis.—In a New York jewelry store Philip Severn, United States consular agent, notices a small box which attracts him. He purchases it. Later he discovers in a secret compartment a writing giving a clue to a revolutionary movement in this country seeking to overthrow the Chilean government. The writing mentions a rendezvous, and Severn decides to investigate. Finding the place mentioned in the writing apparently deserted, Severn visits a saloon in the vicinity. A woman in the place is met by a man, seemingly by appointment, and Severn, his suspicions aroused, follows them. They go to the designated meeting place, an abandoned iron foundry. At the rendezvous Severn is accepted as one of the conspirators and admitted. He meets a stranger who addresses him as Harry Daly. The incident plays into Severn's hands and he accepts it. His new acquaintance is a notorious thief, "Gentleman George" Harris. Concealed, Severn hears the girl address the conspirators. She urges them to hasten the work of revolution. The girl discovers Severn listening. She accepts his explanation of his presence and asks him to meet her next day. He tells her his name is Daly. She is "Miss Conrad."

CHAPTER V—Continued

I began to think Harris had gone away with the others, and left me there alone. I heard voices speaking earnestly in the distance, but without venturing forth from my hiding place. Then he appeared suddenly, bringing in his arms a bottle and a box of cigars.

"Touch a match to the gas-jet, Daly," he said, feeling for the table in the dark. "That's better. I hung around until the gang all got out, so as to be sure we were safely alone. Have a drink, and light up, old man. We are as secure here as we would be at the bottom of the sea. This is Alva's whisky, but good—I sampled it before."

He sat on the table, nursing his knee, rather pleased with himself. I thought, a cigar thrust between his lips, the blue smoke curling up before his face. I ignored the invitation to drink, but helped myself to a weed, waiting for him to open conversation.

"Well," he said finally, "everything is going according to Hoyle, but there is a knot or two yet to be untied before we squeeze that million. Did you hear what was said in there?"

"No; you told me to stick here."

"Still in a way you're on—Waldron must have spilled part of the scheme to you, that's what got your foot in the mess. H—I! I know Ivan Waldron, the d-d Russian Jew; he'd double-cross his best friend. What was it he told you?"

"Not very much," I said, wondering how far I had better go, yet feeling it necessary to relate enough to convince him that I was really conversant with the situation, and endeavoring to imitate his style of speech. "According to his story there was a gang of conspirators here—birds from South America mostly—who had been rounded up by this fellow Alva to pull off some frightfulness, or other. I didn't catch on to just what it was, and perhaps Waldron himself didn't know, or care. Some revolution, I took it to be. Waldron explained how he got



"There is a Knot or Two Yet to Be Untied."

hold of the scheme. It seems he's in with the bunch to some extent; that is, they use him whenever they need to, and occasionally hand him a bunch of money—it's never too dirty for him to touch. Anyhow, he knew enough to put me wise to this dump, gave me the pass-word, and all that. It looked as though there might be something in it, so I blew over here tonight just to take a look. I was merely prowling around when I ran into you."

"I see," he muttered, as I came to an end, chewing savagely on his cigar.

"Did the Russian say anything about me?"

"Not a whisper. I supposed I had a clear run for the money, except his rakeoff."

"The dirty dog. Because I didn't show up on the dot, he was ready to ditch me. Now listen, and I'll tell you the straight story. I'm going to need you, and we'll divide fifty-fifty, leaving this guy to suck his thumbs. Is that a go?"

"He's sure nothing to me—shoot."

Harris poured out a stiff drink, and put it down; then touched a match to the extinguished cigar.

"Waldron sent me a cable in England about a month ago," he explained briefly. "He didn't make the thing very clear, only that he had a big deal on, and wanted me in on it. I had made enough to get back on, and took a second-class passage on the Vulcan. It was not a big boat, and, to escape close inspection, I went aboard at Queenstown. At that time I had no more notion what was up than a blind rat. I was just desperate enough to take a chance."

He paused and relit his stub, with an oath at finding it again useless.

"Then things began to happen. I was room-mate with a bird named Horner, who claimed to live in Detroit. He must have cottoned to me, for we got a bit chummy, and in that way I picked odds and ends out of him which set me thinking. He was quite a foxy bird—one of these tall, raw-boned, secretive cusses, who talk a lot, but never say nothing, and he came near getting my goat. I went through his baggage, of course, but that was just ordinary stuff—he only had one grip, which he left unlocked; but I did get onto a pocket belt the fellow wore around his waist. He never let that get away from him night or day. I studied every d-n way I could think up to get a peep at it, but nothing gave me a chance. I came near going bugs over the thing."

He laughed, exhibiting a row of rather ugly teeth behind his thin lips.

"Then the devil must have helped me. One night—five days out, for we were a slow boat—we ran into a h-l of a storm. We both of us tumbled out, and began hustling on our duds. He was trying to get a shoe on, and went plunging head-on into the side of the ship. I reckon it nearly brained him, but, to make things sure, I handed him one to the jaw before he got his senses, and he went out for the count. Then, believe me, I didn't lose no time in frisking the guy—and, say, what do you think I found?"

I shook my head, unwilling to interrupt, fascinated with his description.

"The fellow was a revolutionary agent. I didn't get onto all of it then—I didn't have time, but I found a letter of credit for a million dollars, and a memorandum of how it was to be delivered. The d-n thing wasn't any good to me—it was to be paid to this fellow by a banker in New York named Krantz—but it sure made my mouth water just to see it—a million dollars, good old U. S. currency. Can you beat it?"

"Looked easy—you had it, and you didn't have it."

"You said it, Daly. I didn't dare keep the thing, and it wouldn't have done me any good if I had; there was no way of my cashing the paper. What the h-l could I do? If I denounced him, the game was all off; if I held on to the stuff he'd report his loss soon as he landed in New York, and that letter of credit wouldn't be worth the paper it was written on. . . . Say, I was in some boat; but, believe me, I had no notion of giving up that million—it looked darned good."

"I should say yes," and I leaned forward to show my interest. "And from what I know of you, Harris, that guy had no show on earth. Did you croak him?"

He grinned, evidently pleased at the note of admiration in my voice, and tossed down another drink.

"That never ain't been in my line. Of course I was tempted to—a cool million would tempt any guy. But I just shoved everything back exactly where it came from, and fetched the steward. Between us we hoisted Horner back into the bunk and doused him with water till he came to. First thing he did was to feel for that belt, and he never got wise that it had ever been touched. Anyhow, he never let on to no suspicion."

CHAPTER VI.

The Deserted Automobile. I was impatient for him to continue, but he sat there chuckling to himself, and toying with a fresh cigar.

"Well, what did you do?"

"Played it safe and sure. I'm too old a bird to be caught napping. I put in most of that night holding wet cloths to Horner's head, and thinking out some plan of action. Before morning he thought I was the best fellow he ever knew, and I had the guy where I wanted him. For one of his breed, he was rather a friendly cuss. This was how I mapped it out. That letter of credit had to be turned into currency before it could do me any good, and the only way that might be done was through this guy Alva. I

must get to him somehow in a way that would put me next his scheme, so I'd know when he had the cash. Once I got these details attended to in little old New York, the swag was as good as my own. I knew a dozen guys that would bump Horner off for a hundred if it came to that—so the price wasn't high. A million! Oh, man; and it had dropped right into my lap. But to do this it was necessary that I should be Horner. That was as plain as the nose on my face; as Horner, coming with credentials, and a letter of credit, Alva would be bound to receive me with open arms—see! After that I figured it would be easy enough. But how was I to become Horner?"

"You couldn't divvy with him?"

"I should say not; he was a square guy. It didn't take me five days to find that out. So there wasn't but one way out of it—I had to put Horner out of commission, and cop his belt. It was either that, or lose a million."

I looked at him, with a sickening feeling of horror I found hard to suppress, but he went on indifferently in the same cool, calm voice.

"There's no use going into details, Daly. We landed good friends, and Horner was in a strange land. You



"He Jotted Down an Address on a Bit of Paper."

know New York pretty well, and I lost him the first afternoon down on the East side. I never did know just what became of the fellow, but the next morning I was alone in a back room in Greenwich, and had his belt with me." He chuckled grimly. "There wasn't much in it, except the letter of credit and a notation as to where and when Krantz could be seen privately. It was the next night Harris was to call on the banker up in Le Compté street."

"Le Compté? What number?"

"247 Le Compté. Do you know anybody there?"

"No; only Le Compté is an old stamping ground of mine. Go on; you went there, of course."

"Sure. Krantz didn't know me from Adam, not even my name. I was just 108' to him, but he was mighty nervous, just the same, and anxious to get away. I could see that. I don't think it was his house either; just an ordinary-looking shack, brick, three stories and a basement."

"That banker was business all right, and he put me through the whole bundle of tricks before he'd even let me sit down. I had to lie, some, but mostly I was posted well enough so as to give him what he was looking for. Anyhow, I passed, and after that he was rather decent. Took me into a room and gave me a drink, besides asking me about affairs in Europe. H—I, I didn't know only what I'd seen in the papers—but I gave him an earful, and on the strength of his name I cussed England for all I was worth—which at that time was about a million bucks. Then I handed over the letter of credit, and he jammed it into his pocket like it was a scrap of paper. I don't remember that he even looked at it. After that he was for getting rid of me, the sooner the better. But I needed to know where Alva was, so I hung on, telling the old guy I had a private message that I had to deliver personally—straight from their financiers in London. So, after skirmishing a while, he jotted down an address on a bit of paper, and the next thing I knew I was out in the street, with that gripped in my mitt."

"That female is as smart as a steel trap."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Speedier Than Light. Electricity travels about 62,000 miles further in a second than does light.

SHAWL AND SCARF

Spanish Shoulder Decoration Bids for Popularity.

Summer Girl of 1921 May Find Apparel Useful and Distinctively Ornamental.

Off and on there have been rumors to the effect that shawls were lurking just around the corner ready to be introduced in high society. So they were—the gorgeous Spanish shawl variety, heavy with blazing colored silk embroidery, usually in floral design, although their use was naturally restricted to what was once known as candle light.

Women have worn these shawls to operas and theaters the past winter, just as last year they wore resplendent mandarin wraps; but it can hardly be truthfully stated that shawls are in vogue. They have their little part to play; but that is all.

One might easily imagine that the summer girl of 1921 might find such a shawl useful and distinctively ornamental, and one knows, of course, that scarfs are in again—attached usually



The Fringed Shawl. It seems so logical to dip a cape into a point at the back, for tunic and hem lines have a way of hinging up in the front and pointing at either side, or in the center of the back.

How About Skirts? The openings have declared that we are to wear the straight low-zigged frock with a skirt showing somewhat greater width either in the form of a circular flare or, more happily, in the form of overlapping panels of uneven length. The skirt is longer as a rule—about eight inches from the floor, with loose panels falling often to the heels. Many skirts, owing to this arrangement of drooping panels, are longer in effect in the back than in the front. Tailored skirts are often straight and narrow in effect, with overlapping panels or plaits lending greater width.

Good Housekeeping.

Skirts for Summer. While silk and cotton probably will remain the favorite materials for skirts for summer wear, there is said to be a notable increase in interest in flannel skirts. Some fashion experts are inclined to attribute this to the vogue for sports style, or mannish effects.

Untrimmed. It is well to remember when you buy your new lingerie that the plainest is the better it will set off your gown. Too much ornamented undergarments have been the ruin of more than one good-looking frock.

Fringe. There is an excellent opportunity for exploiting fringe in the new sleeves, which are most of them short but sport a trail of some sort which gives them a long effect.

Good Housekeeping.

COOL CURTAINS FOR SUMMER

Silk or Cotton Pongee, English Casement Cloth, Chambray, Gingham Suitable for Purpose.

For summer use, the more simple the curtains the more suitable and attractive they are. As a rule, since light and air are the paramount considerations at this season, only one set of curtains should be used. Rooms which are flooded with sunshine for several hours a day require curtains heavy enough to temper the glare while admitting sufficient light. Silk or cotton pongee, English casement cloth, chambray, gingham, crinkled Austrian cloth and the various lightweight sunfasts admirably fulfill this purpose.

In rooms with a cold exposure, and especially in those whose windows are inadequate in size or are shaded by trees or porches, the opposite method should be followed, and the curtains made of the most transparent fabrics which can be obtained.

Plain or figured marquisettes and dotted muslins and grenadines make charming curtains, and the most fascinating materials for this purpose may be found on the dress goods counters. These include all sorts of dimities, organdies, striped and figured voiles, calicoes and the colored swisses which are in vogue for summer frocks. Should they fade after a time, those in plain colors can easily have their beauty restored by the use of one of the modern dyes which do not require boiling.

The new sets, both plain and figured, are obtainable in great variety. Where there are no overdraperies, the

FROCK THAT IS STRIKING



The long, graceful lines of this frock are accentuated by its alternate stripes of sand and navy tricotine, the stripes of navy emboldered with a graceful design in sand-colored wool.

WAY OF MAKING HAND TUCKS

Crease and Run Through the Tucker on Machine Without Using Thread.

An easy way of making hand tucks in lingerie is to crease the first tuck as usual for machine tucking and adjust the tucker, but do not thread the machine; then run it through the tucker. The needle will leave a distinct line along which to run your hand sewing. The marker also leaves a line for the next tuck. It is best to sew each tuck as it comes from the tucker, since handling obliterates the marks. This method insures absolute accuracy, with the daintiness of hand sewing, and can be done in less than half the usual time.

For the Fastidious Woman.

Whoever decided to attach dainty lace vests to camisoles, equally as dainty, conferred a genuine favor on fair femininity. The camisole may be of matching fabric, and, of course, usually such an arrangement is best. The garment may be of sheer silk in any preferred color, net or organdie.

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MEANS BIG CROP

Wheat in Western Canada Has Excellent Start.

Germination, in the Rich Soil of That Country, is Speedy—Farmers on Road to Wealth.

It was on the 18th of May that the writer received a letter from a friend in Western Canada dated the 15th of the same month. Information was conveyed in the letter that its author had traveled over a considerable portion of Western Canada. He had covered most of the settled portions, and from those he had not covered he had secured information that amplified his own observations of conditions throughout all the vast area of that country. He found seeding of wheat practically completed, and placed in a bed of earth that was in a condition that warranted speedy and healthy germination. This was borne out by evidence that he was a witness of wheat that had been in the ground four days that was already breaking through, and that which had been seeded for a week was well above the ground, the field being as green as a new pasture plot. Everywhere this condition existed. It will be pleasing information for those who have friends in Western Canada—in any part of it, no matter where they may be—to learn that conditions have opened up in such a splendid way, and to be advised that the prospects were never brighter than now. When it becomes known that conditions are so satisfactory, many who were waiting, uncertain what to do in the matter of moving, will doubtless now come to a decision. With the opening of thousands of homesteads, which took place on the 1st of May, there was a rush to take advantage of the opportunity to secure 100 acres of excellent land free, within speaking distance of a railroad. The low railway rates granted by means of a certificate issued by Canadian government agents, located at different points in the States, make it possible to make a trip of inspection at small cost.

Out and barley farming are branches that add considerable to the wealth of the farmer who desires to make money quickly. That these grains can be grown so successfully, and easily, makes it possible to go into other branches of farming industry, that give stability to it, wherever they are carried on. They are dairying and cattle-raising. There is an excellent market for the product, and the climate aids materially in assisting it, while the native grasses, as well as cultivated varieties, bring the cost of production to a much lower figure than is possible on lands that are much higher in price, with no better yielding qualities. Then, again, it is amply shown that fodder corn can be grown with great success, and that sunflowers, which it has been fully proven are little behind, if any, in food quality, thrive wonderfully. In fact, these two fodders, in addition to which may be added that of alfalfa and sweet clover, in which Western Canada farmers are well space with growers elsewhere, have brought about a period of silo-building which promises to eclipse any effort in this line made anywhere on the continent. In Manitoba alone, one firm is building two hundred this year. In Saskatchewan, many orders have been placed; in one small district in Alberta, where fifty were erected last year, another fifty will be built this summer. That there will be a thousand silos erected in the three provinces this year seems to be a conservative estimate. To the farmer in the States, who knows the advantage of the silos, who is interested in the fodder to be grown to fill them, what does this mean?—Advertisement.

Little Julian had completed his first day at school and had climbed upon his father's lap to give dad his impressions thereof.

"Well," said dad, "how do you think you will like school?"

Whereupon the countenance of Julian took on a most serious expression.

"To tell you the honest truth, dad," he answered, "I believe I've started something I can't finish."

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher.

In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Couldn't Buy Him. Kenneth sat in the back seat with his aunt one Sunday evening while the choir, in which his father and mother sang, gave a musical program. Whenever the choir sang Kenneth also sang loudly, much to his aunt's distress.

"Kenneth," she whispered at last, "I'll give you anything you want if you'll stop singing."

"But I don't want anything," he answered calmly and went on singing.

Cuticura for Pimply Faces. To remove pimples and blackheads smear them with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Once clear keep your skin clear by using them for daily toilet purposes. Don't fail to include Cuticura Talcum.

Five Presidents of University. In its existence of more than a half century the University of Minnesota has had five presidents, and all of them are still living.