

The Mystery of the Silver Dagger

By RANDALL PARRISH

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Illustrations by A. Weil

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"What other money?"

"That which is sent from across the water for the cause."

"Oh, I see; there is more coming then."

"Coming, yes; maybe some is here already."

"How much did you owe the bank, Wine?"

"Between eight and nine thousand; it is overdue three months; now I promise to pay it all up tomorrow."

"Oh, you did, hey! out of that stuff, I suppose?"

"Were else I get it, you think? Mein Gott, I have no more."

"Say," burst out Waldron suspiciously, "that's all right, but what bothers me is why this girl should hit you for it at just this particular time. Kraptz must have sent her, but what made them think you had money now? It ain't very likely they was just takin' a chance is it? I believe that is all a d—n lie; they haven't got any more coming. Only I do think they imagined you might have some on hand."

"How they imagine that?"

"Search me, Wine; only I happen to know there is a h—l of a lot going on under the surface. It don't look good to me, they jumping you just at this time."

"What you mean? You have not spilled nothing?"

"Me!" he laughed roughly. "D—n it, I'm not the spilling kind. There's been plenty of fellers afore the dope, let me tell you, but I've let 'em hunt. Say, I've had to laugh sometimes the way they've been fooled. You know that guy who called himself Horner?"

"Sure—a smart fellow."

"You bet he is; a d—n sight smarter than you think. He ain't Horner at all, if you ask me; his right name was Harris, as slick a crook as ever lived."

"Harris? a crook? What was it I saw in the paper? Wasn't he the same guy what was croaked last night?"

"You bet he was; that's what I'm telling you about; that's why I come up here to get this off my chest. He bluffed this fellow Horner coming over, blew in with all his papers, an' started negotiatin' with Krantz and Alva. He an' Alva got awful thick."

"I know; what was the game?"

"To get that check into cash, of course. He hung around for that purpose for weeks, an' then missed out."

"An' you knew him, an' never said a word?"

"Sure I know him, first time I got eyes on the bloater; but what was it to me? I'm not in this business for my health. Wine, I never gave a d—n who got hands on that stuff, so I had my grab at it. Harris an' I had it framed; that's why I was out there, waitin' for a signal from him. But when you beat him to it, I'd just as soon be your running mate as his."

"Hush! don't talk so loud! And now you say Harris is dead?"

"As a mackerel; he couldn't be no deader. But that was my house where he was croaked, an' so I got to get out o' town. The police ain't wise so far, but they might tumble if I hang around."

"That why you come here?"

"Exactly; I've got to have some rino right away, and it's up to you to see that I'm healed. You know where the stuff is, and how to get it quick."

"I wouldn't dare use that money yet; I haven't even opened the bag."

"The h—l you wouldn't! You are goin' to slip off enough to pay that note tomorrow, ain't you?" "That's what you promised the girl. Well, I'm just as important as she is, I reckon, and I'm goin' to have my share, you bet, or else I'll make it hot for you—I'll say that."

"You haven't nothing but your own word."

"Ain't I! Say, Wine, don't be a fool; there are others beside us that's got a nose in this affair. There's a saloonkeeper down on Sixth avenue, named Costigan, who's got all o' Harris' dope, an' he's got all o' Harris' trail. Then there's another fellow who's liable to raise h—l, I ain't got him exactly placed yet, but he's the guy that led up to Harris being killed. I'm the only one what knows that, an' I ain't talked before."

"Who is he—a detective?"

"Maybe; Harris called him Severn. They got the guy down into Costigan's and the three of us slugged him. They patched him up, and then locked him into a back room over in my place. The next morning they was goin' to give him the third degree. Then with him safe, Harris went after this girl, thinking she would be made to talk. I didn't want to trouble with Harris, ner Costigan either for the matter of that—they're both of 'em bad actors."

"Well, then, what happened?"

"That's mostly guess-work. They had this guy Severn locked in upstairs,

He was unconscious when we dumped him there, and later, when my wife got this girl to come over—they was raised in the same town—Harris he turned the key on her. They was aiming to bring them together the next morning, but somehow Severn must have woke up, an' got out o' the room, for the next thing I know'd he was fightin' Harris out in the hall, an' after that I found the girl had skipped out durin' the fracas."

"They both got away?"

"Clean, leaving Harris behind with his skull busted; deader than a door-nail when I got to him."

"And you don't know who this Severn is or what he is up to?"

"No, I don't, Wine, but he's sure got some game on, an' he's got my goat. He's in with the girl all right, and knows too d—n much. That's what makes me leery about her being here pumpin' you."

"She didn't pump me."

"You mean to say the two of you didn't talk about Alva?"

"We talked about him, of course; we couldn't help it, but she never hinted at nothing, and she didn't ask no questions. Only it seems they've found out one thing that ain't been reported by the police—she knew what he was killed with."

"What's that! She told you what stuck him?"

"You bet she did; she had one of 'em herself, an' took it out of her hat, and put it right down here on the desk. I thought for a second I was going to keel over, but she didn't notice, just went on talkin'. How do yer suppose she ever found that out?"

"Severn told her, that's how. It was dropped there in the dark. That feller got it some way, and hid it in his valise. That was what made Harris so sure he was in on the job, because he raided the room at some hotel and found the thing."

"You don't imagine the girl is playin' us?"

"I don't imagine nuthin', but I'm playin' safe. I don't know what the h—l either of them are up to, but I figure they know too d—n much, an' I ain't goin' to take any chances hangin' round till they nose out the rest. That's my idea, to skip out while there's some chance to get away. So pony up my share, Wine, an' then you can do whatever you darn please with what's comin' to you. What do you say?"

I could hear the other tramping nervously back and forth across the room. His failure to answer must



"Hush! Don't Talk So Loud!"

have angered the Russian, for, after a minute, he burst out with an oath: "D—n it, why don't yet say something? Part o' this hoodie's mine, ain't it?"

"Y—yes—of course."

"Well, then, cough it up! Where did you plant the stuff?"

"It's put away in a safety vault."

Wine explained, his voice almost falling him. "Honest, Waldron, I can't get it tonight, it's too late. The bank is locked, and I haven't opened it."

"You're a liar! You never dared to lug the thing around! You wouldn't be seen with it in your hand in daylight. I know you, you sneaking cur. You brought the stuff straight to this office that night, and by God, I believe it is here yet. What do you want me to do—kill you, and then hunt? That is what's goin' to happen, unless you come across, too. I'll shake the gizzard out of you, you little sneak, if you try any trick on me."

He must have gripped the other, for there was a struggle. Wine whimpering as though half choked.

"Speak up, you cur! This thing divides fifty-fifty. Where is it now? What's that—behind those books? H—l, I wouldn't believe you under oath. Go get it out from there; let's have a look at the stuff."

He must have flung the other clear across the room, for he came down sprawling, his body striking against the door of the closet, behind which I crouched. The catch broke under the impact, and, before I could draw back, I was in full view of both men.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Death of a Murderer.

Wine, outstretched on the floor at my very feet, stared up at me, so startled by my sudden appearance as to be speechless. Waldron, oblivious of all else but the money, now almost in his possession, was upon his knees before a bookcase, dragging out the heavy volumes from the low-

er shelf, dumping them on the floor. From behind these he had already drawn forth into view a black leather valise, when Wine found voice, uttering a strange cry of terror, which caused him to glance about. He leaped to his feet instantly, his eyes glaring into mine, one hand flung back as though in search of a weapon.

I gave him no time. I leaped straight at him, striking so hard even as we grappled that the blow sent him reeling back against the bookcase. He knew me then, and the recognition brought with it a fury which transformed the Russian into a wild beast. Coward as I felt him to be, now that he was cornered, with the spoils of victory in his very grasp, he became a demon, a mad dog, whose only desire was to kill.

"You're fighting a man, this time, yer h—l-hound; not a whiffet like Harris, I'll blow a hole clear through yer! Sneaked in, did yer? Well, ye'll never sneak out again! Say, how do yer like the taste of that?" He struck with a knee in the stomach, grinning as I loosened my grip on his beard, and tried to butt into me with lowered head. I caught him instantly, with a free fist, rocking his head back and cutting a gash in his cheek from which blood spurted. If he possessed any self-control before, he lost it then, crazed with hate and the desire to kill. He was a barroom fighter, bound by no rules, capable of any ferocity—biting, gouging, using hands and feet, a ruthless savage. It was this which defeated him, for while I was neither cool nor clear of mind, I kept my head sufficiently to remember my training and accept every advantage that presented itself; more than that, the very threats with which he tried to goad me were guides to his own action, giving me the swift hint needed for defense.

Realizing Wine was back of me, I managed to whirl the big bulk of the battling Russian about so as to block any surprise attack from the rear. This movement gave me the support of the wall, and, using it as a defense, I resorted to the same tactics adopted by Waldron, assaulting him with feet as well as hands, breaking his strangle hold on my throat and forcing him backward, so that a swift kick sent the fellow stumbling over a pile of books, clawing at the empty air for support. He would have gone sprawling upon his back if Wine had not been directly in the way. As it was, he struck the other, the force of his big body hurling the smaller man heavily against the ledge of the outer window. As the fellow struck, the glass shattered and crashed into a thousand pieces, but before Waldron could regain firm footing, or realize what had happened, I was again upon him, breaking through his dazed guard and driving my fists straight into his face.

The revolver in Wine's hand was discharged, the bullet whistling past me, but even as the report cracked, the pressure of the Jew's body forced the smaller man relentlessly backward over the sill. He gave utterance to one wild yell of fright, releasing the gun and gripping desperately at Waldron's collar for support, then toppled over backward and went down.

We both heard the crash as the splinters of glass gave way, and the dull, dead thud of the body as it struck somewhere far below. The Russian seemed paralyzed with terror, unable to quite comprehend what had occurred behind him. But I had seen the tragedy, and my mind worked like a flash. He made one weak effort to spring aside, forgetful of his own danger, his guard dropped, and I let him have it—straight in the jaw. The clenched fist crunched into his whiskers, and, with arms flung up, he went over as if shot, his head striking an edge of the overturned bookcase as he fell, and lay there motionless, a trickle of blood slowly oozing out upon the floor.

I stepped back and leaned out through the broken window; three stories below, on a gravelled roof, lay something black, huddled up grotesquely, which I knew was a human body, crushed helpless, its bones broken. I drew back from the gruesome sight, so sickened I reeled dizzily, clutching at the sill for support. As I clung there, uncertain, dazed, my mind for the moment a blank, some one began rattling and pounding against the door leading into the corridor.

I crossed the room, my limbs trembling so I could scarcely walk, my breath coming in gasps. They were kicking against the wood and pounding with fists, seeking to break in the lock. The sight sobered me, brought back my self-control and I threw the door open and faced them almost coolly. There were four policemen—the first a gray-mustached sergeant, revolver in hand, and behind these a jam of excited individuals of both sexes, peering over shoulders to gain view within. The sergeant gripped me by the collar. "Now, you; what's up here? Have you killed somebody?"

"No," I answered, making no effort to break away, still breathing hard, but able to express myself clearly. "There is a man dead, but he fell from a window. I have nothing to conceal, sergeant. My name is Severn, and I am connected with the United States consular service. Give me a chance and I'll hand you my card."

He must have been impressed by the way I acted and spoke, for he released his grasp and accepted the card I fished out of a vest pocket, holding it up to the light in order to read the script.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Plant parsley seed in one of your house jardiniere. It will make an attractive plant for the window when grown can be used for the table.

BEAUTY AND BECOMINGNESS IN HATS FOR WINTER



OF ALL the charming things about fall hats, the most charming is their unflinching becomingness. It is easy to meet the demand of the old millinery adage which says that one should look better with a hat on than without it, for creators of millinery styles have studied shapes and the development of hats from the standpoint of lines. In many new models the shapes are so managed that the finished hat may follow it exactly without being severe because the frame maker has kept in mind that the frame itself must be becoming.

So far hats are mostly medium in size, with brims growing wider. Few of them can be classed as simple either in shape or making, for they are the work of professionals who are seen to be striving to show just how well they can do. Plain and panne velvet, hatter's plush, duvetyne and combinations of these materials are in universal demand for daytime hats.

A little study of the five hats pictured here will disclose one repre-

sentative from five distinctly different styles and the predominance of black in autumn millinery. The hat at the upper left of the group has a wide brim turning up at the front and a soft crown and is made of black velvet with a drapery of fine lace about the brim. A single large flower—milliner made, possibly—of ribbon is posed against the crown at the right side.

The beautiful fuchsia shades are represented in the softly draped velvet hat in purple at the right. Two-toned quills of satin ribbon in purple and fuchsia red provide its trimming.

A good hat for service appears at the left made of castor duvetyne and loops of satin ribbon with a big steel pin thrust through the front. Next is a Napoleon in black panne with bead and lace trimming and another all-black hat features a wide bow of moire ribbon and a jet coronet across the front. Its brim is split at the right side where it widens.

COATS LOOK THE PART IN COMFORT AND STYLE



FASHION made up her mind at the beginning of the season to be tolerant in the matter of coat styles and to include in them several types. Starting out by approving the same fabrics that have been used for several seasons, designers also approved ample lines, large sleeves and collars and much fur. Retaining embroidery, they added fringes to available trimmings. They have made coats for utility and for dressier wear that look the part of comfort and are unusually stylish. One may pick-out a model that hangs in straight lines, or flares or ripples. It may have huge bell sleeves, or sleeves that simulate a cape, or occasionally those that recall the dolman variety. Coats that reach to the shoe tops, those that end at the knees and shorter box coats are all equally good style and coats may be belted or not, as you choose. Under such easy-going dictatorialship every one ought to be suited.

The two coats shown in the picture are made for general wear and achieve a sense of elegance which ought to be a source of abiding joy to their owners. The model at the right is made of such cloth in a light tan col-

Julia Bottomley

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Remove Iodine Stain.

To remove iodine stain from cotton or linen make a thin paste of starch and cold water, put stained pieces in and soak overnight. It will then wash out easily with soap and water.

The Kitchen Cabinet

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Well read, deeply learned and thoroughly grounded in the hidden knowledge of all salads and all potherbs whatsoever.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

SEASONABLE IDEAS.

For the waffle lover this will be a piece de resistance, as every one knows how delicious a tender, crisp waffle is. Never serve a hot sirup with waffles, as it tends to soften and destroy their crispness.



Rich Waffles.—Add the yolks of three eggs to two cupfuls of cream, one-quarter of a cupful of sugar, two cupfuls of flour, sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. Stir to a smooth batter, then fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Cook on a hot, well greased waffle iron and sprinkle with powdered sugar before serving.

Butterscotch Sauce.—Melt two tablespoonfuls of browned flour, stir to a paste, then add three-quarters of a cupful of water and cook until smooth like an ordinary sauce. Lastly, add one-quarter of a cupful of molasses, one tablespoonful of vinegar and one cupful of brown sugar, and let boil up once.

Spiced Peaches.—Use seven pounds of fruit to five pounds of sugar, with an ounce each of cinnamon and cloves tied loosely in a small bag; add one pint of water and one pint of vinegar. When boiling hot drop in the peaches, a few at a time, and cook until they are thoroughly scalded. Pour the boiling hot sirup over them after the can is full. Seal as usual.

Preserved Figs.—Where the fresh, ripe fig is to be obtained they make a delicious preserve. Pour three quarts of boiling water over three quarts of figs, which have been sprinkled with one-half cupful of baking soda. Let stand ten minutes, then rinse the figs well with water running through them in a colander. Boil two pounds of sugar in three pints of water ten minutes, add the figs, cover closely and cook slowly until the figs are clear and tender. This may take two hours and the quantity of water should not be allowed to become too much reduced. When the figs are clear, boil down the sirup until heavy. Pour over and seal. The rind of two oranges added to the figs improves the flavor, some think. Spiced figs may be prepared as are spiced peaches.

The patter of rain on a cottage roof
Is a sound that I love full well—
And I love the break of an autumn day
And the woodland's leafy smok.

I love the turn of a pasture lane
Where asters mimic the mist,
And I love the orchard fruit that glows
To a blush where the sun has lissed.
—R. R. Greenwood.

EVERYDAY GOOD THINGS.

The following treatment of lamb stew is unusual but worth trying:

Mexican Lamb Stew.—Take a pound of the neck of lamb, cut in small pieces, roll in two tablespoonfuls of flour, brown in one tablespoonful of drippings with one chopped onion. Add three tomatoes, three green peppers; fry all together for a few minutes, then add two quarts of hot water, one tablespoonful of salt and one-fourth of a spoonful of pepper. Simmer one hour, then add one cupful each of green peas, green corn and one-half cupful of rice. Cook until the rice is done. When ready to serve put in the bottom of the serving dish one egg, one teaspoonful of salad oil and one-half teaspoonful of vinegar. Pour the stew over this.

Calves' Liver.—Fry one-fourth of a pound of bacon cut in thin slices until crisp, pouring off the fat occasionally. Remove to a hot platter. Pour hot water over the liver and let stand five minutes, then drain. Roll the liver in one-fourth of a cupful of flour and the same amount of cornmeal well mixed with one teaspoonful of salt. Fry until brown on both sides, using the bacon fat. Add one-fourth cupful of coffee infusion, boiling hot. Cover tightly for a few minutes and serve garnished with bacon.

Mock Venison.—Purchase a five-pound leg of lamb. Wipe it with a damp cloth and lay in a dish of vinegar, adding one onion, six cloves, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of ginger and ten peppercorns. Allow the lamb to remain in the vinegar one day, then turn and leave for the second day. Remove, cover with flour, season and roast in the usual manner. Use three in four cupfuls of vinegar.

Meat Balls.—Season two cupfuls of finely chopped cold meat with salt and pepper, minced onion, sage, thyme and lemon juice. Add one cupful of fine soft bread crumbs, one egg and water or stock to moisten. Shape into cakes and fry in beef drippings and lard until well browned on both sides.

Apples With Cinnamon Drops.—Wash and core good flavored apples. Fill the centers with the red cinnamon candies, basting during the baking.

Nellie Maxwell