Scientifically Packed

"SALADA" TEA

T58

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Alias the Lone Wolf

by Louis Joseph Vance

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BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

The reformed cracksman, Michael Lanyard, knowns to the police as the Lone Wolf, is attempting to recover the stolen jewels of Eve de Montalais, the woman he loves. Lanyard, who met Eve in southern France, where he rescued her from robbery at the hands of the brutal Parisian Apache, Dupont, suspects a motoring party consisting of the American, Whitaker Monk; his secretary, Phinuit; the latter's brother, Jules, and the Count and Countess de Lorgnes. De Lorgnes is murdered by Dupont. Lanyard, searching Paris, finds the countess. She is introduced as Liane Delorme. Lanyard uses the name of Paul Martin.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

Liane Delorme! Those syllables were like a spoken spell to break the power of dark enchantment which had hampered Lanyard's memory ever since first sight of this woman in the Cafe de l'Univers at Nant. A great light began to flood his understanding, but he was denied time to advantage himself immediately of its illumination: Liane Delorme was quick to parry and riposte.

"How strange monsieur should think he had ever known me by a name . . . But no matter! For now I look more closely, I myself cannot get over the impression that I have known Monsieur—Martin, did you say?—somewhere, sometime . . But Paul Martin? Not unless monsieur has more than one name."

"Then it would seem that mademoiselle and I are both in error. The loss is mine."

While the waiter fetched additional chairs, the woman made her escorts known: Messieurs Benouville et Le Brun, two extravagantly insignificant young men.

Champagne frothed into fresh glasses. As soon as the band struck up another dance, Athenais drifted away in the arms of Monsieur Le Brun. Liane gazed round the room, acknowledged the salutations of several friends, and issued peremptory orders to Benouville.

"Ask Angele to dance with you. I desire to afflict Monsieur Martin with my confidences."

With the utmost docility Benouville effaced himself.

"Eh, bien, Monsieur Duchemin!"

"Eh bien, madame la comtesse?

Liane sipped at her champagne, making impudent eyes at Lanyard over the brim of her glass.

"By what appears, you have at last torn yourself away from the charming society of the Chateau de Montalais."

"As you see."

"That was a long visit you made at the chateau, my old one?"

"One had the misfortune to fall foul of an assassin." Lanyard took the trouble to explain.

"And you were wounded?"

Lanyard assented. The lady made a shocked face and uttered appropriate noises. "As you know," Lanyard added.

"What an experience! Still—" Liane again buried her nose in her glass and regarded Lanyard with a look of mysterious understanding. Re-emerging, she resumed: "Still, not without its compensations, eh, mon ami?"

"Indeed," Lanyard agreed with his most winning manner: "For instance, I recovered speedily enough to be in Paris to-night and meet mademoiselle without losing time."

"And where is that good Monsieur Monk to-night?" he asked.

"Ah, monsieur! but I am desolated. He has returned to his barbarous America, with his kind heart, and all his millions!"

"And the excellent Phinuit?"

"That one as well."

Lanyard compassionately fished a bottle out of the cooler and refilled her glass.

"Accept, mademoiselle, every assurance of my profound sympathy."

"I will repay sympathy with sympathy. I have already forgotten that I ever visited the Chateau de Montalais. So how should I remember I met monsieur there under the name of . . . but I forget."

"The name of Duchemin?"

"I never knew there was such a name—I swear!—before I saw it in type to-day."

"In type?"

"It appeared in Le Matin to-day, this quaint name Duchemin, in a dispatch from Millau stating that a person of that name, a guest of the Chateau de Montalais, had disappeared without taking formal leave of his hosts."

"One gathers that he took something else?"

"Nothing less than the world-known Anstruther collection of jewels, the

"You have torn yourself away from the charming society."

property of Madame de Montalais nee Anstruther"

"But I am recently from the Chateau de Montalais, and in a position to assure madmoiselle that this poor fellow, Duchemin, is unjustly accused."

"Oh, ho, ho!"

He heard again that laugh of broad derision which had seemed so out of character with a great lady when he had heard it first, that night now nearly a month old.

"Mademoiselle does not believe?"

"I have a suspicion that this Monsieur Duchemin was guilty in intention; but when it came to put his intention into execution, he found he had been anticipated."

"Mademoiselle is too clever for me. Now I should never have thought of that."

"He would have been wiser to stay and fight it out. How sad for him! A chance meeting with one who is not his friend, a whispered word to the police, and within an hour he finds himself in the Sante."

"Poor chap!" said Lanyard with a doleful shake of the head.

"I, too, pity him," the woman declared. "Monsieur: against my prejudice, your faith in Duchemin has persuaded me. I am convinced that he is innocent."

"How good you are!"

"It makes me glad I have so well forgotten ever meeting him."

"Ah!" said Lanyard—"but about Madame la Comtesse de Lorgnes . ."

"My friend, you must forget that name as utterly as I have forgotten another."

"He was really a count?"

"Who knows? It was the style by which he had always passed with us."

"Alas!" sighed Lanyard, and bent a sombre gaze upon his glass.

"What is this?" she asked sharply. "You know something about de Lorgnes?"

"Had you not heard?" he countered, looking up in surprise.

"Heard—?"

He saw her eyes stabbed by fear, and knew himself justified of his surmises. All day she had been expecting de Lorgnes. One could imagine the strain of care and foreboding. She was on the rack.

But there was no pity in Lanyard's heart. He knew her of old, what she was, what evil she had done.

And purposely he delayed his answer till her patience gave way and she was clutching his arm with frantic hands.

"What is the matter? Why do you look at me like that? Why don't you tell me—if there is anything to tell—?"

"It is in all the evening newspapers—the murder mystery of the Lyons express."

"De Lorgnes—?"

Lanyard inclined his head. The woman breathed an invocation to the Deity and sank back against the wall, her face ghastly beneath its paint.

Liane Delorme made an effort to speak, but only her breath rustled harshly on her dry lips. All the muscles of her face relaxed and her years peered out through the mask of artifice which alone preserved for her the illusion and repute of beauty.

Liane Delorme stirred abruptly.

"The assassin?" she demanded—"is there any clue?"

Briefly, Lanyard told her of seeing the Comte de Lorgnes in Lyons and the tragic sequel.

"Ah!" she mused bitterly—"if only we knew the name of that sale cochon!"

"We do."

"We do."

"We—monsieur?"

"I, at least. Albert Dupont," he announced abruptly.

Unquestionably the name meant nothing to the woman. She curled a lip: "But that is any name!" Then thoughtfully:

"What had Dupont to do with de Lorgnes?"

"If you will tell me that, there will be no more mystery in this sad affair."

The woman brooded heavily for a moment. "But if it had been you he was after, I might understand . . ."

He caught the sidelong glimmer of her eye upon him, dark with an unuttered question.

But the waltz was at an end. Athenais and Le Brun were threading their way through the intervening tables.

The interruption could not have been better timed; Lanyard was keen to get away.

Now Athenais was pausing beside the table, and saying with a smile as weary as it was charming:

"Come, Monsieur Paul, if you please, and take me home! I've danced till I'm ready to drop."

"But tell me about Liane, if it isn't a secret?" asked Athenais as the two taxied to her apartment. "You have met her before to-night."

"Oh! that was so long ago and such a trifling thing, one wonders at remembering it at all . . . I happened, one night, to be where I had no right to be. That was rather a habit of mine, I'm afraid. And so I discovered, in another man's apartment, a young woman, hardly more than a child, trying to commit suicide. You may believe I put a stop to that. . . . Later, for in those days I had some little influence in certain quarters, I got her a place in the chorus at the Varietes. She made up a name for the stage: Liane Delorme. And that is all. You see, it was very simple."

"And she was grateful?"

"Not oppressively. She was quite normal about it all."

(To be continued.)

Cap of Light for Motorist.

One of the most recent aids to the motorist is a cap of specially tinted rubber to be slipped over the headlights when driving through fog. The covering has the effect of diffusing the beam and the orange glow through the shield helps the vision.

The spider crab of Japan has such long claws that it measures thirty feet from tip to tip.

Minard's Liniment soothes tired feet.

Story-Telling Names.

It sometimes gives an added interest to a favorite fruit to know what its name means. Take the apricot, for instance. The word has the same derivation as our familiar word precocious, and for an excellent reason. In its native climate the apricot tree buds very early in the spring and has flowers before it has leaves. The fruit follows rapidly, and, in this early and rapid development, it carries out the full force of its name: "early ripe."

The familiar green plum, so well liked for preserving purposes, has a practical reason for being called "greengage." It could not very well be named a green plum, as that would imply an unripe fruit, so, as an Englishman by the name of Gage first brought this variety of plum into England, it was very appropriately named for him, the descriptive color being used as the first syllable of this specially coined word.

The coconut (often spelled cocoanut) is a confusing name for many persons who think it must have some connection with the cocoa bean, because of the similarity in spelling. It is claimed that the fruit of the coco palm was always spelled coco nut until the time of Dr. Johnson's famous dictionarry, when, probably through mistake, the confusing letter "a" was introduced into the spelling of the word. This has been retained to a great extent ever since. "Coco" is the Portuguese word for mask, and there is also a species of monkey known as the "Macoco" from its mask-like face. At the end of each coconut, on its brown fibrous coating, are three marks bearing a grotesque resemblance to a face. Hence the name coconut, mask-nut.

Cows that had a craving for rusty wire and nails, which showed an incomplete ration, were cured by giving them a well-compounded mineral mixture.

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