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"SALADA" GREEN TEA 298

The SKELETON FINGER

by Headon Hall

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Sir Dudley Glenister is suspected of the murder of his cousin, James Glenister, when a crow drops a skeleton finger on the estate, and Kathleen Glenister, sister of the dead man, in her attempt to prove Sir Dudley guilty, calls upon Mr. Simon Trickey. While there Mrs. Trickey's husband dies suddenly, but before James Wragge, detective, can investigate, Dr. Wilson issues a straight death certificate but Wragge gets possession of a small book.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"Is Sir Dudley Glenister at home?" she asked, accentuating the mincing tone which she had made it her business to cultivate.

The old servitor's eyes ranged critically over the visitor's face and over her smart, brand-new mourning. But there was no sign of recognition in his survey.

"I think he came in a short time ago, madam."

The visitor produced a card, its black edge eloquent of the deepest woe.

"Will you give him that, please. You might say that it is very important. I bring him some news that will interest him."

With a gesture the butler invited "Miss Maud Blair" into the hall and begged her to wait while he ascertained if his master was visible.

He was gone some little time, but when he returned it was with the air of the servant whose master's friend is his friend.

"Sir Dudley will see you, madam," he announced.

The baronet was standing on the hearthrug with his back to a fire of logs. He held the card 'twixt finger and thumb and he wore a puzzled expression.

"I haven't the pleasure—" he was beginning lamely, when his visitor cut him short.

"No, you haven't," she chipped in briskly. "Unless you've seen me on the pictures. I always use my professional name out of doors, but in private life I am Mrs. Simon Trickey."

The baronets manner stiffened. "The devil you are!" was his exclamatory rejoinder. "And what, pray, do you want with me, rMs. Trickey? I should have kicked your husband out of this room the other day if he had not taken himself off in time."

"Well," replied the cinema actress sweetly, "you'll have to kick me now if you feel that way. I came to inform you that Simon is dead."

Sir Dudley shifted a leg. He failed to keep a most unholy joy from his countenance. "Most considerate of you," he murmured.

"I also came to ask you," the widow proceeded coolly, "if you intend to continue the allowance you have been making him. I earn good money at present, but you never know, you know."

Sir Dudley had no ready answer to the demand. He glared at the flashily attractive woman who was boarding him.

"Really," he choked at last, "your cheek is simply colossal. I paid your husband handsomely for the slight services he rendered. If he selects the time when he was enlarging his demands for leaving this world it is no affair of mine."

The visitor would much have preferred to be called "Miss Blair." In fact at that moment she was feeling the need of the camera man. How well she could have "registered" triumph on her impudent face.

"Would you be surprised to hear," she fired her shot, "that my poor Simon left, in the form of a diary, a written record of the services he rendered to you? It describes his two journeys to America on your behalf, with dates and all complete. Scotland Yard would like to see that diary, Sir Dudley. And my husband told me one or two little things he omitted, but which would be useful to the 'tec inquiring about that finger."

The owner of Beechwood Grange forced a laugh, but it was evident that he had received a nasty jolt.

"Then you had a better case than I thought you had," he said. "But it is a case for a bargain rather than for threats, Mrs. Trickey. Under no circumstances shall I continue the annuity your husband has enjoyed. But if you care to bring me this precious diary I will make you a fair offer for it—on its merits. I can only estimate its value to me by reading what Simon committed to paper."

"I've come for the diary you sneaked out of Simon's bureau the day he died."

The fair visitor raised no objection. On the contrary she received the proposal eagerly. She was of the class to whom a lump sum down has a far greater appeal than periodical payments.

"That will suit me all right," she replied. "Trickey was such a liar that I wouldn't believe it myself if every line of it didn't seem capable of proof. I have read it myself, you see. You would be wise to buy it, I think. When you have burned the thing, if I was fool enough to talk, you could have me locked up for libel or blackmail or something."

Sir Dudley bowed with mock politeness. "That point had not altogether escaped me," he rejoined. "Then I may expect you to bring me this interesting volume of reminiscences at an early date?"

He failed to keep a hint of eagerness from his voice as he added the question. The lady glanced through the windows across the park to the solitude of the silent woods beyond. A shudder shook the trained grace of her lissome body.

"Not much, I won't!" she made answer. "This place gives me the hump. I'll send you the diary by registered post."

Sir Dudley raised his eyebrows. "That implies great confidence in me," he declared. "What if I burn the thing and never give you a halfpenny?"

"You wouldn't dare," was the impudent rejoinder. "I shall take a copy before I post it. That would be enough to make it a trifle sultry for you, even if it wasn't sufficient to shove you in the dock."

"I shall watch for the postman," said Sir Dudley grimly.

Without any pretence at formal leave-taking, Mrs. Simon Trickey found herself outside the house, tramping to the railway station. A slow train brought her to London and in due course, tired but purposeful, she entered No. 16 Lipscombe Road, Brixton. She let herself in with her latch key.

Passing into the dining room where Mr. Trickey had so recently given up the ghost, she took a bunch of keys from her pocket and opened an imitation Sheraton bureau. A moment later she opened a drawer and found it—empty!

She got herself under control at last. "It's that—Ivy," she muttered. "That was a rotten excuse she made for coming back the day Simon turned up his toes. I'll go and wring it out of her—or wring her beastly neck."

A prowling taxi, rooted out of the Brixton Road, carried the wrathful young widow to Vectis Mansions. She rang the bell of Mrs. Coningsby's luxurious flat, and, brushing aside the servant who opened to her, burst into the drawing room. Mrs. Coningsby rose from a couch by the fire and eyed the intruder not altogether kindly.

"Whatever is the matter, Maud?" she exclaimed. "You might have a little consideration for my poor nerves."

"Matter?" shrilled the actress. "Nerves? What about my nerves, you artful cat? I've come for the diary you sneaked out of Simon's bureau the day he died."

"My dear Maud, you are raving. I wasn't aware he kept a diary and I certainly haven't sneaked one, as you so elegantly put it."

Miss Maud Blair's limited intelligence grappled with the problem of how much truth there was in this. She recognized that she might have been rash in preferring an accusation based only on the opportunity which her sister-in-law had had. She would have to beat a retreat with what grace she could.

"Sorry, dear," she said. "It must have been that beastly Gladys. No one else had a chance. I'll go home and tax her with it, as soon as the slut comes in."

After her vsitor's departure Mrs. Coningsby sank down on the couch and covered her face with her hands.

"I wish I could tell her where the diary is," she sighed.

CHAPTER XVI.

A GUILTY SECRET.

Mrs. Coningsby was a late riser.

It was therefore with annoyed surprise that she heard the warning tinkle of the bell a few minutes after the ornate French clock on her mantelpiece had struck noon.

A minute later her maid came to her and announced that Sir Dudley Glenister was in the drawing room. When she entered that apartment a few deft touches with sundry pigments and a moderate use of the powder-puff had thoroughly justified her visitor's remark:

"By jove, Ivy, how well you are looking!"

Mrs. Coningsby waved the baronet to a chair and subsided on to the recently vacated sofa.

"You didn't come here to flatter me," she said.

"Well, hardly," Sir Dudley laughed. "I came here to see if you really meant the promise you made me at Beechwood. You said if I got into a tight place you might be able to help."

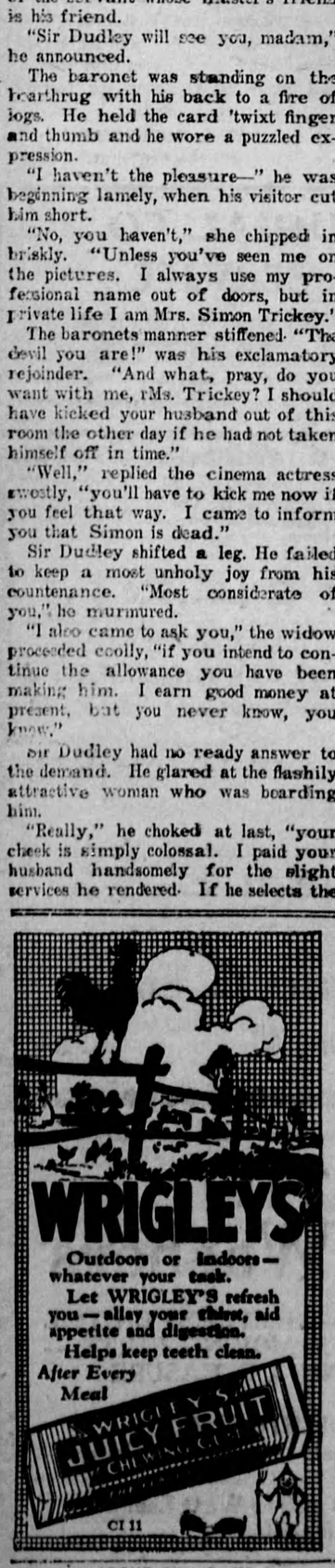
"Things have taken a wrong turn?"

"As yet not definitely, but I am getting the jumps. That vindictive little devil, Kathleen, is waiting her chance and she narrowly missed a knock-out. I will begin by repeating that I did not murder my cousin George."

Mrs. Coningsby's lip curled. "Go on, old boy," she said.

"I had in my office," Sir Dudley proceeded, "a confidential clerk who did odd jobs for me—"

(To be continued.)



ISSUE No. 9—'28

Scions of Sitting Bull Prepare for Scout Work

Rierre, S.D.—Descendants of Sitting Bull, Hump, Gall and other chiefs of the Sioux in the Dakotas are again preparing to do scout work, but not along the lines of their ancestors nor for the same purpose, but through the organization of a Boy Scout troop among the lads at the Government Indian School, located at this city.

The work will be under the supervision of the Kiwanis Club of Piere, which is financing the Boy Scout movement for the current year The troop wil be organized within a few days and a Scout leader will be appointed.

"What ist he strongest water power?" "Women's tears."

Keep Minard's in the Medicine Chest.

Wilson Publishing Company

Fashions

A FROCK OF YOUTHFUL CHARM

Of girlish simplicity is the chic frock shown here. In View A the scalloped skirt is attractively embroidered, and is shirred at the top to the bodice having a centre front closing, a V neck, long dart-fitted sleeves, and scalloped collar and cuffs, while View B shows the same frock with the sleeves and collar omitted, and having a chic bow of ribbon at the back of the V neck, and wide lace in place of the scallops around the lower edge. No. 1578 is for Misses and Small Women, and is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 yrs. Size 18 (36 bust) requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch, or 2½ yards 54-inch material, and ½ yard 39-inch contrasting for View A, while View B requires 2⅝ yard 39-inch material, and 2¼ yards 4½-inch lace. Price 20c the pattern.

Transfer Design No. 1142 is used to trim View A. Blue and Yellow. Price 25c the pattern.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

The Sun

The sun had been sending its rays down on bathers, pastures, cattle and babbling brooks and was very tired and hot and not in such a nice mood, for a large cloud had passed in front of him, cutting off his rays and making him very angry indeed. So, when 5 o'clock came, he was looking forward to a nice cool meal, adn as he sank, leaving the sky a beautiful red, he was thinking only of getting home.

As he went he met the moon on its way to lighten the sky so that ships on the sea would not go to destruction, and so that fairies and elves would not get confused and bang into each other while doing their midnight dances. They passed the time of day and went on. Soon he met the moon's helpers, the stars, all tripping along gaily in their silver sheen. He passed the time of day with them, also, and went on. Then he met the dew, its freshness made him very cool indeed, but Mr. Sun only bowed. He and the dew were not very good friends, for he dried up the dew and made it very warm and uncomfortable. He met the breezes and wished them good evening and passed on.

When he got home he ate his supper and then he sat on his front porch and talked. Soon he went to bed, for Mr. Sun had to be up at six o'clock in the morning, unless Mr. Rain sent him word that he was on duty and that his services would not be required.

Now you know the history of the sun; at least that is what I make of it.

Paris Speed Standards

Twenty-five miles an hour has been fixed as a sort of arbitrary "dangerous" automobile speed in downtown Paris. There is no legal limit for the driver of a car is responsible for his acts at all speeds.

The police, nevertheless, have decided that a common sense standard must be used so traffic officers can exercise control.

This limit is to be enforced only where there are cross streets. On the avenues a car may go as fast as traffic conditions and safety permit.

Even in olden times it was customary to anoint the head with oil, but not by ceremony of crawling under the car.

Edison Turns To Cactus in Rubber Quest

Analyzes Tissue of Florida Plants as Possible Source of Supply, Experiments With Varieties of Orchids

Botanist Describes Work

Possibilities of cacti plants as a source of crude rubber are being investigated by Thomas A. Edison, according to Dr. John K. Small, in information received at the New York Botanical Garden Dr. Small is the head curator of the museums and herbarium of the garden and is aiding Mr. Edison in his search for rubber producing plants in Florida.

If Mr. Edison's analysis of the tissue of catti reveals the presence of rubber, the natural vegetation of Florida may provide a prolific find, the resort says.

In addition to the cacti investigation, Mr. Edison and Dr. Small are experimenting with orchids. Some of these plants are so small they may be hidden under a half-dollar piece while others, Dr. Small reports, are so large they tax a man's strength to lift.

Dr. Small is enthusiastic over the developments along both lines.

"The explorations carried on in connection with the scientific work of the New York Botanical Garden by Dr. Small have brought to life a vast cactus growth not before known to exist in Florida, and now open to scientific study," he said.

"The Florida field work of the Garden has increased the known cactus flora by 300 per cent. In other words, whereas five general and seven species were known, we now have definite knowledge of forty species.

"The cactus growth of the Peninsular State is still quite varied, for one may find cactus trees up to thirty feet tall and cacus mats with little plants scarcely as large as the end of one's finger.

"Between these extremes are shrubs and vines of various sizes and habits, bearing flowers not much larger than the head of a pin to those over a foot long and a foot in diameter. Living specimens of all the cacti of Florida are thriving in the conservatories of the New York Botanical Garden."

Dr. Small, who recently reported that Mr. Edison was seeking rubber from ferns, was chosen to accompany the scientist because of his knowledge of the Florida flora. Mr. Edison passed some time at the Garden in Bronx Park last summer testing cacti and euphorbia plants of the spurge family for rubber.

Minard's Liniment kills warts.

An anxious father got wind of the rumour that his son was leading a rather convival life at college. But the son strenuously denied the charge in letters to his father. Still unsatisfied, the father made an unexpected visit to his son's lodging-place, and, giving the bell a pull, was met by a grim-faced landlady. "Does Mr. James Smith live here?" asked the father. "He does," replied the landlady; "bring him in."

Biggest Yet

Most Powerful Station in World Now Germany's With a New Transmitter at Zeesen Uses 120,000 Watts

With the formal opening of the new radio sending station at Zeesen, fifteen miles from Berlin, Germany, now possesses by far the most powerful station of the kind in the world.

It has the tremendous energy of 120 kilowatts, or six times that of Daventry, the most powerful English station, and about half more than Schenectady. The steel masts that bear the antennae are nearly 700 feet high.

In all northern, middle and a part of western Germany the Zeezen station can be heard with ordinary crystal sets and in the rest of Germany with the simplest one-tube sets. One important aim in erecting the new station was to stimulate interest in radio, which, now that the novelty has worn off, shows signs of slackening.

A long wave length—from two to three thousand meters—will be used.

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