The Yellow Letter

by William Johnston

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SYNOPSIS.

Harding Kent calls on Louise Farrish to discuss marriage and finds the house in great excitement over the attempted suicide of her sister Katharine. Kent starts an investigation and finds that Hugh Crandall, suitor for Katherine, who had been forbidden the house by General Farrish, had talked with Katharine over the telephone just before she shot herself. A torn piece of yellow paper is found, at sight of which General Farrish is stricken with paralysis. Kent discovers that Crandall has left town hurriedly. Andrew Elser, an aged banker, commits suicide about the same time as Katharine attempted her life. A yellow envelope is found in Elser's room. Post Office Inspector Davis, Kent's friend, takes up the case. Kent is convinced that Crandall is at the bottom of the mystery. Katharine's strange outcry puzzles the detectives. Kent and Davis search Crandall's room and find an address, Lock Box 11, Ardway, N. J. Kent goes to Ardway to investigate and becomes suspicious of a "Henry Cook." A woman commits suicide at the Ardway Hotel. A yellow letter also figures in this case. Kent calls Louise on the long distance telephone and finds that she had just been called by Crandall from the same booth. "Cook" disappears. The Ardway postmaster is missing. Inspector Davis arrives at Ardway and takes up the investigation. He discovers that the dead woman is Sarah Backet of Bridgeport. Louise telephones Kent imploring him to drop the investigation. Kent returns to New York to get an explanation from Louise. He finds the body of a woman in Central Park and more yellow letters.

CHAPTER IX—(Continued).

I was puzzled beyond expression. Why should Louise refuse to see me? I was conscious of having done nothing to offend her. If only I could see her for just a minute to find out what was the matter! I felt that I must reach her. For an instant I was tempted to brush past the maid and force my way in. Surely Louise of her own accord would not treat me thus. She must be beside herself with grief. Perhaps she was under the same malign influence that so distressed her sister. Yet even in the depths of despair we observe the conventionalities.

"Will you ask Miss Louise when she can see me?" I found myself saying in calm tones to the maid.

Again she closed the door in my face. Again I waited.

"Miss Louise says that she will see you if you will return in an hour," was the message that was brought me.

I left the Farrish door and stumbled blindly up the street. The plight in which I found myself seemed inexplicable, maddening. I was sure Louise loved me. Had she not turned to me in the first hour of her distress? Had she not telephoned to me when her sister shot herself? Had she not permitted me to take her in my arms? Had she not commissioned me to solve the mystery of the yellow letter? Yet why had she bade me discontinue my search? Why had she shut her door to me? What could be her motive? What could have influenced her against me?

Torn by a hundred conflicting emotions, I traversed street after street, not knowing or caring whither my feet were taking me. I must have retraced my steps, for I found myself in the block where the Farrishs lived. I looked at my watch and saw it was still half an hour before the time I had been told to return. I turned away from the house and wandered aimlessly on. There was some mystery in Louise's conduct I could not fathom. She refused to see me, yet just ahead of me some one else had been admitted to the house. A wave of jealousy swept over me. Who was this other man? I racked my brain, striving to recall his appearance, trying to remember what there was that was familiar about him.

All at once it came to me. A wild rage filled me. I knew now who he was. A picture of the office in that little hotel in New Jersey came to my mind, as it looked when I stood by the stove drying my clothes. A man had come to the desk and got his key and had walked past me as he went to his room. I knew now where I had seen that man who was admitted to the Farrish home. It was the man called Cook.

It was Hugh Crandall.

CHAPTER X.

Who Was the Thief?

An unbidden and unwelcome guest, jealousy came and sat by the altar of my heart, stirring the fires of my love for Louise into furious darts of flame that scarred my soul. That Crandall—for I was positive now that the visitor who had entered the Farrish home had been he—should have been admitted to the house with so many things pointed to his guilt, while I, an accepted lover, and certainly Louise's faithful servitor, had been barred with such scant courtesy, filled me with chaos, unreasoning rage. I felt that all claims of friendship and of service, even disregarding the still stronger claims of honest love, entitled me to far different treatment.

Yet even in the burst of anger that overwhelmed me there was not a single thought of harshness toward Louise. I felt that if I could but see her she would explain everything satisfactorily. It was toward Crandall that all my wrath was directed. Feeling as I did, sure that he was responsible for Katharine's attempted suicide and for her poor father's plight, I feared that his visit to the house boded ill for Louise. Undoubtedly his malign influence had persuaded her to bid me drop my efforts to solve the mystery. He must have realized that I was close on his trail, so dangerously close that with the effrontery of the daring criminal he had ventured to come to the house in one last effort to thwart my plans for his exposure.

As I became calmer I resolved on a course of action. Louise's strange request to me over the telephone must have been made because she was dominated by some sort of influence. Her own volition, I am certain, that you are influenced by fear—fear lest some greater evil will befall, if my efforts to unmask the criminal are successful. Is it not so?"

"Don't ask me, Harding," she begged piteously. "I can't tell you. It is not my secret. I can't tell you nothing. Please don't ask me."

More than ever now I was convinced that fear of Crandall dominated her. Quickly following on his telephone message he had come to the house and had cast over her the same mysterious spell as had fallen on her sister. More than ever was I determined to follow the trail of mystery to its end, no matter where it lay or what it cost. What was life to me if the woman I loved was to be for ever under a shadow, in the power of some hidden criminal who might prey on her as he had done on the other members of her family? I felt it my duty toward her to go on and, if I could, compel her to divulge something of what she was holding back from me.

"Why did you want that bit of the yellow letter? What were you going to do with it?"

"I can't tell you. Please don't ask me."

"Why do you want me to stop my inquiries?"

"I can't tell you. Please don't ask."

"What was Hugh Crandall doing here this morning?"

The question, direct and blunt as I put it, had almost the same effect as if I had fired a bullet at her. She caught her breath quickly and her face turned pale. I thought that she was going to faint. With a great effort she recovered, and looking me straight in the eye, she answered softly: "Mr. Crandall was not here this morning. What made you think he was?"

I did not try to conceal the open-eyed amazement with which I stared at her as she gave me this unequivocal reply. What could it mean? I could not would not believe that this high principled, honorable girl would wilfully deceive me, yet I was as sure as that I was standing there that Hugh Crandall had been in the house that morning. Could it have been that he had entered without her knowledge? Was it possible that one of the maids in the Farrish home was in his pay and had permitted him to enter without Louise's knowledge? That might explain the rifling of the locked desk. The maid might know of Louise's habit of hiding the key in a vase. It began to look as if I had a solution of this new mystery. Yet it could hardly be possible for Crandall to have been in the house for fully half an hour without Louise knowing it. Furthermore, why had admittance been denied me when I first called?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sheltered by the Awning I Took My Stand to Wait Until Crandall Left the House.

Autograph Tells a Tale

Character of the Kaiser Revealed to Expert by Close Analysis of His Signature.

There is always a certain amount of interest attached to the deductions drawn by graphologists from the signatures of eminent men. Here, for example, is an illuminating description of the kaiser's autograph, supplied by an eminent Berlin graphologist:

"To begin with, there is a crochet, a sign of pertinacity, followed by a vertical dash, showing audacity, energy, regardless of any obstacle. Then there is an acute angle, a sign of firmness and aggressiveness. The first stroke of the 'W' indicates a feeling of superiority over the rest of the universe. The termination of the imperial 'W' suggests that the sovereign sometimes finds himself struggling with the multitude of his thoughts, or the power of his instincts.

"The other letters forming the signature show similar characteristics," the graphologist proceeds. "The final 'm' is indicative of great diplomacy, which the analyst suggests subtly. The letter also suggests the impossibility of the suppression of the 'ego.' The flourish which terminates the imperial autograph shows a suppleness of spirit, a desire to be loved.

"The two terminating points indicate defiance and generally the characteristics are those of an extraordinary imagination."

The Spider Cheat.

Many species of spiders are interesting on account of their physical construction or their habits, but the most curious specimens are probably to be found in the woods of Sumatra; and these naturalists call, not without reason, "spider cheats." This insect, in order to trap the flies, etc., on which it feeds, hides on a leaf and spins a web of neutral color, making an illusion so perfect that the prey not only does not fly, but seems attracted by the peculiar termination of the web on the edge of the leaf. This is a perfect knot in appearance and gives to the trap the general shape of a miniature palm-leaf fan with indented handle. — Harper's Weekly.

RAISING HOGS REQUIRES COMMON SENSE AND KNOWLEDGE OF DIFFERENT DISEASES

Whitewash and Disinfectants Must Be Used Freely About House and Yards Used for Swine—Animals Affected Must Be Separated and Watched Carefully.

(By PROF. R. A. CRAIG.)

It is very necessary that we recognize hog cholera and swine plague in the very early stages in order to prevent them from spreading. In some outbreaks the symptoms are not typical and we cannot diagnose the disease by the symptoms alone. In such cases we should destroy a sick hog and make a careful post-mortem examination.

If the disease proves to be hog cholera or swine plague, and it is practical under the conditions, the herd should be divided into small bunches. The sick animals should be separated from the well ones and all possible precautions taken against the spread of the disease.

Do not move the hogs to different parts of the farm, nor scatter the disease over the farm. If the yards and hog houses are in such a condition that they cannot be properly cleaned and disinfected we should move the herd to some convenient place and build temporary quarters.

When the weather is warm the only protection needed is shade. In cold weather it is necessary to provide quarters warm enough to prevent the hogs from piling up and catching cold. Portable hog houses are very useful for this purpose.

The yards, feeding floors, troughs and hog houses must be kept clean. All litter must be removed daily, and the frequent spraying of the hogs, feeding floors and sleeping quarters with a water solution (two per cent or more) of a tar disinfectant is a necessary part of the care.

Both the sick and well hogs should be fed a light diet of sloppy food, shorts, bran and the like. Water or slop must not be left in the trough for the hogs to wallow in. Copper sulphate dissolved in the water and slop in the proportion of four or five ounces to the barrel may lessen the chance of infection.

As soon as a hog comes down with the disease it should be removed to the pens set off for the sick animals. These pens should not communicate in any way with the pens where the well hogs are kept.

The dead hogs should be burned. This is not a difficult task if the body is placed on top of a pile of wood that will burn quickly and make a hot fire. If disposed of by burying it should be well done and the body covered with lime. However, this is not as satisfactory as burning.

The length of time that the hog houses and their surroundings will remain infected will depend on the care taken in cleaning them. In filth the germs may live for five months. All litter about the yards must be burned or removed to a place where the hogs cannot come in contact with it.

Whitewash and disinfectants must be used freely about the hog house and yards. If the cleaning and disinfecting is carefully done we may be able to stock up again within a few weeks after the hogs have stopped dying and suffer no further loss, but it is usually best to wait two or three months before we do this, or depend on the hogs that have survived for a fresh start.

Where it is practical we should move the hogs to some other part of the farm and build new and better yards.

The pure-bred hog will mature and come into money more quickly than a scrub, and bring more money for the same weight at that.

If sows are closely watched at farrowing time and the pigs immediately be placed in a position to suck they are not so apt to devour them.

The farmer who marketed his corn in the hog yard and who is now marketing the hogs, can look any man in the face and tell him to go to any old place.

One acre of alfalfa will furnish more forage for hogs than two acres of clover, and it grows faster and keeps on growing as fast as the hogs eat it down.

Healthy Pigs Are Always Profitable.

Pigs will live and grow on rape without a supplement of grain, but a small addition of the latter is profitable. Dry sows will, however, do well on the rape alone.

Never feed more than hogs will eat up freely. Many farmers do not practice this, but keep a quantity of uneaten food lying in the lot at all times.

A few coals from the wood fire of the kitchen put into the houses now and then, where the hogs can grind them up into charcoal, help to keep the hogs healthy.

Steaming food for hogs is an easy matter. All that is required is a large box connected with a small boiler by a one-inch pipe. The pipe should connect the box at the bottom.

If you are in doubt kill the bigger hog, for it makes better meat and the ham of a light hog is hardly worth curing, if you are fond of the meat, for it dwindles far too rapidly.

Southern farmers have learned that feeding cottonseed meal in large quantities is a bad business, as it often leads to fatalities. Fed in small quantities, however, with corn and alfalfa, it is beneficial.

PROPER CARE OF ALL YOUNG PIGS

Successful Hog Raiser Is Present at Farrowing Time to Prevent Accidents.

Take care of the young pigs. Give them close attention from the time they are farrowed until they are large enough to take care of themselves. Personal attention to one's pigs, says T. R. H. Wright, assistant in animal husbandry at the Kansas Agricultural college, is the most important essential in successful hog raising.

The man who cares for and feeds the sow should be with the sow at the time of farrowing. After farrowing about one-half of the litter, the sow will very often get up, turn over and kill about half the pigs already farrowed. So the only safe way is to be in the shed and remove the young pigs as fast as they are farrowed.

See that the pigs are dried properly and put them in a covered box lined with burlap. If the weather is cold, put a jug of hot water or a few hot bricks in the center of the box to keep the pigs warm. The jug or bricks should be wrapped to keep the young pigs from being burned.

Reduce the feed of the sow for a short time before farrowing and give her a thin slop for the first two or three feeds after farrowing. Increase the feed as the pigs get older and as the sow seems to need it.

If the pigs should get too fat, diminish the amount of feed fed to both sow and young. Pigs that are too fat are likely to have scours or thumps. The pigs usually will begin to eat when about two weeks old. Then they should have some feed in addition to their mother's milk. They may be fed with the sow by giving her a little more than she will eat or by providing a separate pen, which the pigs can enter but the cow cannot. Keep the pigs' trough clean, as sour feed or milk will cause trouble.

A good feed for both sow and pigs is a mixture of corn, shorts, oil meal and tankage. The amount of each feed must be largely determined by the feeder, because the proportion that is best for one sow and her litter may not be best for another. The run of a good pasture should be given them. Alfalfa, clover and rape pastures make good feed for sow and pigs.

If pasture is not available, alfalfa hay may be fed instead, as pigs relish this almost as well in the summer as in the winter, and it can be conveniently fed in racks. The yards and pens should be so situated as to receive the maximum amount of sunshine as it is one of the best means of keeping the pens in a sanitary condition.

English Milking Machine.

An English milking machine is worked by pedal power.

Storing Seed Corn.

If seed corn is stored properly it should be thoroughly dry in from three weeks in the south to eight weeks in the north, and if kept dry it will be safe from injury except by insects and vermin.

Feed for Colts.

Cut some of the late-planted or smaller growth corn for fodder to feed the colts, calves and lambs; then endeavor to feed the little fellows entirely by themselves.

Caring for Parsnips.

Parsnips for table use will possess a much milder and sweeter flavor if covered with some sort of refuse right where they grew and allowed to remain in the ground and freeze before using.

Collar for Colt.

In fitting a collar to a young colt, it is a good plan to use the cheap cotton kind. They are easy on necks and cost little which is an object when a collar must soon be thrown aside.

RHEUMATISM
Backache and Piles

Z-M-O

We do not ask you to buy—send your name and address and receive a sample bottle free.

Z-M-O penetrates to bone thru skin and muscle and removes pain 5 minutes after you apply it.

You may not need Z-M-O today, yet tomorrow pay any price to relieve pain.

FREE BOTTLE

If you have Rheumatism, Piles or Backache write to M. H. Zaegel & Co., 913 Main St., Sheboygan, Wis., for a free bottle Z-M-O by return mail. At drug stores, 25 cts.

It's a poor plan to try to pull yourself out of trouble with a corkscrew.

Constipation causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets. Tiny sugar-coated granules. Adv.

Kind to Watch.

"Dibbs apparently has no bad habits."

"Beware of that man."

YOU CAN CURE CATARRH
By using Cole's Carbolsalve. It is a most effective remedy. All druggists. 25 and 50c. Adv.

Demands of Trade.

"It would seem a flagrantly clear case," said the magistrate, adding, to the burglar, who had been haled before him, "What have you to say for yourself?"

"Not much, your honor. But I hope you can give me a short sentence. This is my busy season."—Judge.

Be thrifty on little things like bluing. Don't accept water for bluing. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue, the extra good value blue. Adv.

Old Landmark Gone.

The Blaine schoolhouse in Mars Hill up on the hill, the one James G. Blaine honored years ago by giving a bell, which still hangs in the belfry, is no more. It has been converted into a storeroom and moved to another site. A good many bright boys and girls, now old men and women, graduated from the historic building, and no doubt there is a feeling of sorrow as the old schoolhouse leaves the foundation it was builded upon years and years ago.—Kennebec (Me.) Journal.

Peter Doubt's Recipe for Success.

"When I am asked," the Minneapolis Messenger quotes Peter Doubt as saying, "the secret of success, I—" "Surely nobody ever came to you for that," interrupted his wife, with just a touch of sarcasm. "Not up to so far," admitted Mr. Doubt, calmly. "But some day some one will. Bound to. Everybody over fifty years of age is asked, sooner or later, to say what he thinks is the secret of success. And so when they ask me I shall say, 'Simply this: If you feel that you must be born, try to be born lucky.'"

OF COURSE.

She—In painting I suppose you paint the country green and—

He (an artist and Bohemian)—The town red.

A DOCTOR'S SLEEP
Found He Had to Leave Off Coffee.

Many persons do not realize that a bad stomach will cause insomnia.

Coffee and tea drinking being such an ancient and respectable form of habit, few realize that the drug—caffeine—contained in coffee and tea, is one of the principal causes of dyspepsia and nervous troubles.

Without their usual portion of coffee or tea, the caffeine topers are nervous, irritable and fretful. That's the way with a whisky drinker. He has got to have his dram "to settle his nerves"—habit.

To leave off coffee or tea is an easy matter if you want to try it, because Postum gives a gentle but natural support to the nerves as it does not contain any drug—nothing but food.

Physicians know this to be true, as one from Ga. writes:

"I have cured myself of a long-standing case of Nervous Dyspepsia by leaving off coffee and using Postum," says the doctor.

"I also enjoy refreshing sleep, to which I've been an utter stranger for 20 years.

"In treating dyspepsia in its various types, I find little trouble when I can induce patients to quit coffee and adopt Postum."

The Dr. is right and "there's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum now comes in concentrated, powder form called Instant Postum. It is prepared by stirring a level teaspoonful in a cup of hot water, adding sugar to taste, and enough cream to bring the color to golden brown.

Instant Postum is convenient; there's no waste; and the flavour is always uniform. Sold by grocers—50-cup tin 30 cts., 100-cup tin 50 cts.

A 5-cup trial tin mailed for grocer's name and 2-cent stamp for postage. Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.—Adv.