THE WOLVES AND THE LAMB

By J. S. Fletcher.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Sleuth Hounds.

Carsdale went to the police-station readily enough. He knew that his policy in this unforseen matter was to play the straightest game possibly. He could do no more for Sylvia; she, by shooting Werrick, with whatever object, had done for herself. Now he must look after himself, and the only way to do it was to tell plain truth. And he told all he knew, frankly and unreservedly, to the authorities at the station, and to a pleasant-looking man, who in appearance was something between a country gentleman and a sporting publican, and whom Carsdale quickly found to be the celebrated Detective-Inspector Skarratt, from New Scotland Yard, famous for his skill in unravelling mysteries, and just arrived, hot-foot, and prepared to begin the unravelling of another.

The men who listened to Carsdale's story of how he came to be in the flat believed it. Nevertheless, there were questions arising out of it, and as other present proceedings were informal, they asked them.

"What about what this maid says?" asked the police-inspector who had first come to the scene. "She referred to some doings in New York."

Carsdale had no objection to telling all about that—he had already reflected that it would all come out, sooner or later, and he might just as well be first in the field with his version.

"I'll tell you everything in connection with that affair," he said. "It brings no discredit on anybody except the dead man, Werrick. My cousin—the lady in whose flat I found the body just now—married this man when they were little more than boy and girl. He had some money—so had she. They very soon got through it—extravagance, and that sort of of thing. Then they were on their beam-ends, for they had no relations or friends who could help them. At that time I was starting a business in New York, and I got them over there to help me—really to provide for them. She turned out a smart business woman; he got mixed up with a lot of gamblers, and we had great trouble with him. Finally the police laid hold of him—that's what the maid, Guynor, was referring to."

"What charge?" asked the police-inspector.

"Forgery," answered Carsdale, promptly. "He was an expert forger—he forged my name more than once, and I forgave him for his wife's sake. Well, he got five years. Just then I transferred my business to London, and I brought my cousin back with me. I soon went into partnership with the late Mr. Barclay Leverton, of Norfolk Street, and my cousin became our private secretary. Most City folk know our firm—Leverton & Carsdale—and know me now. After Leverton died I kept the offices on—go down to Abbotsbury House, and you'll find that I have the top floor, the whole of it. My cousin, of course, remained with me. We had heard that this man, her husband, had been released from prison in America, and had gone out West. Not long since we heard that he was dead—shot in some brawl in a mining town. That turned out to be false. One night, quite recently, I met him by accident on the Strand. He was down on his luck, of course, nearly broke. I took him home to my rooms in Jermyn Street, and put him up there. I made him promise that he wouldn't molest his wife, and I promised him that I'd set him up again if he kept his promise to me. I gave him a hundred pounds to fit himself out and for pocket money, and up to now he's behaved himself. How he came to be in that flat, I can't think. My impression is that he watched the maid out, followed his wife in, and that she shut him in mistake or self-defence—she was always frightened about burglars, even since there was a burglary in a flat close by. That's all I can guess, and all I can tell you."

"You saw nothing of her when you entered?" asked Skarratt, speaking for the first time.

"Nothing. I haven't seen her since last night, when she left Norfolk Street," replied Carsdale. "I have been out of my office all day to-day—at least since eleven o'clock this morning. I know she had been in then, and gone out again. My people there can tell you about her movements, but they won't be there until ten o'clock to-morrow."

"You'd better give me a description of her," said the police-inspector.

Carsdale gave a full and elaborate description of Sylvia—again he said to himself that it was no use keeping anything back. If he didn't describe her, somebody else would.

Skarratt waited until the description was finished. Then, after a word or two with the inspector-in-charge, he went out. The inspector turned to Carsdale. "I'm afraid we shall have to detain you awhile at any rate," he said. "It can't be helped."

"I suppose not," answered Carsdale. "I quite understand."

And he resigned himself to waiting and to wondering what really had happened in the flat before he got there, and where Sylvia had fled to, and how she had got away. His head ached with the mystery of the whole affair.

Meanwhile, Skarratt went away to flats, and patiently made himself master of the details. He quickly found out that there were two entrances to the building, and that the porters on each had been on duty during the whole of the evening. He elicited from them certain important facts:—

1. One porter, stationed at Entrance A, had seen Mrs. Walsingham enter the building about a quarter to eight o'clock. She was then wearing the costume which he was shown lying on the bed in her room.

2. The other porter, stationed at Entrance B, recognized the dead man as having entered the building about twenty-five minutes to eight. He had inquired his way to Number 29—which was the number of Mrs. Walsingham's flat.

3. This porter had seen Sophie Guynor go out through his entrance at seven o'clock. She had then told him that she was going to the theatre. A little after eight o'clock she had returned, and had told him that she had such a bad attack of headache that she had been obliged to return home.

Neither porter had seen Mrs. Walsingham leave the flats during the evening. Of that they were positive. Certainly, a large number of people were perpetually passing in and out, but each man knew Mrs. Walsingham so well that he was positive that she had not gone out, again after her coming in at Entrance A.

6. The porter at Entrance B remembered Carsdale coming in very well indeed, because Carsdale, as he often did, had presented him with a cigar. That would be just about eight o'clock.

8. In one of the dead man's pockets Skarratt found a key which admitted to the outer door of the flat. It was newly made, and looked as if it had never been used.

Skarratt, who by that time had summoned an assistant from New Scotland Yard, examined surface matters at the flat quickly but thoroughly. He particularly noted the condition of the bedroom—the revolver, of which he now took charge; the unclosed safe, with its open drawer; the hat and garments hastily thrown on the bed.

Sophie was in the dining-room, crying—on her, too, a policeman was keeping an eye. At his bidding she came into the bedroom, glancing fearfully, as she passed through the drawing-room, at Werrick's body, which had now been laid on a sofa and covered with a sheet in readiness for removable to the mortuary. She looked at Inspector Skarratt's friendly and good-humoured face with a queer mixture of shrewdness and suspicion and defiance.

"Now, my dear," said Skarratt, "I want a little help from you. As you're Mrs. Walsingham's maid, you, of course, know all her gowns and dresses?"

"Every one," answered Sophie. "Every stitch she has!"

"Then just look round here and tell me which costume, or gown, or dress, or whatever she wears for going out, is missing," said Skarratt. "Be particular—don't forget anything.

TO BE CONTINUED.

COSTUME TO MATCH DOG.

The woman who wears black and white very often complements her costume with a black and white wire haired terrier, says the Dry Goods Economist. Sometimes the order of things is reversed and one's costume is chosen to match one's dog. A smart young matron was seen in the vicinity of Fifth avenue recently dressed in golden henna satin, a large hat of fine straw in the same shade and matching kidskin shoes completed her costume. A beautiful furred Chow, who seemed quite conscious of his superior oriental lineage, of the same golden henna color, walked regally beside his mistress.

COMMUNICATION

Senator Watson's Good Work.

FORT PIERCE, Fla.

Editor Miami Herald: Senator Watson has done some good work in the senate. He has created Indian River and Martin counties, and did not introduce any wooden Indian bills.

Neither did he introduce any bills for having tail lights on cows.

Had we more working senators we would have a better state.

I feel grateful for the work in creating Martin county, as it will mean the beginning of progress, for Martin county is the terminus of the greatest trade route on earth.

With deep water at Stuart and the trans-Florida canal across the state, it is but a matter of time when ships will come and go and make Stuart a big city.

That is not the only advantage that Stuart has, for the Isthmus of Tehuantepec in Mexico is only 100 miles from Salina Cruz to Puerto, Mexico, which means that ships will some day enter the Isthmus of Tehuantepec and sail to Puerto, Mexico, and thence across the Gulf of Mexico to Fort Myers and out at Stuart.

This will in time supplant both the Suez and Panama canals, and was the dream of Hamilton Disston of international saw fame, and also the dream of Porfirio Diaz.

Two weeks will be saved on each ship using the Tehuantepec route and the trans-Florida canal over the Panama route, and it will mean cheaper bread in New York, London and all the world, for the grainaries of the British Empire are in Canada, and the Australian commonwealth, and the ships will go by the Tehuantepec route and trans-Florida canal.

This will mean cheap bread for the people of Florida, for vast flour mills and other great things will rise on the shores of Lake Okeechobee and at Stuart and Fort Myers, thus making bread cheaper, and thus fulfilling the requirement of Jesus to get to heaven viz: "feeding the hungry, clothing the naked."

That's what we want, and with the co-operation of the great Miami Herald, and the chambers of commerce of Florida, Mexico and other places we can get it.

We should make Florida the greatest commonwealth on earth, but unless we get busy, we will not live to see the greatest engineering feat the world has ever known put over.

Today we have a boom. Why not make a permanent thing, by getting congress to recognize the trans-Florida canal, and the great republic of Mexico to hustle up the Tehuantepec route, so that we can enjoy life and have worth while things?

This improvement will cost little, and the few hundred million will be returned many time over when Stuart becomes the same as Jerusalem did in the time of King Solomon the wise.

Yours truly,

B. YORKSTONE HOGG.

MORNING SMILE

AN Irishman on his way to the races was persuaded by three other occupants of the railway carriage to join in a little game of solo whist. For half an hour he lost steadily, and then to his astonishment, he noticed one of the players,

a tough-looking specimen who boasted a shade over one eye, produce an ace from nowhere.

"Look here, gentlemen," said the Irishman, "there's one member of the party cheating. I don't wish to cause any animosity, so I won't mention who it is, but if he does it again I'll knock his other eye out."

Mr. Newlyrich strutted into a club to which he had been elected. He looked around to see if there was anybody there he knew, and after a while he discovered a well-known barrister reading by a window.

He walked across to the barrister and held out his hand, palm down. On his third finger glittered a diamond ring he had just bought.

"Hello, Mr. Briefs," he said, wiggling his fingers to make the diamond sparkle. "What would you do if you had that?"

"I'd sell it," said the barrister, "and buy a nail brush."

One afternoon two visitors rang the bell; and, telling them to be seated, Maggie went into another part of the house to see if her mistress was in.

"I am very sorry," she said, returning a minute later, "but Mrs. Brown went out and won't be back till dinner time."

"That's too bad!" exclaimed one of the visitors. "And to think, too, that I have forgotten my cards. I must——"

"Never mind the cards, ma'am," interjected Maggie. "I told the mistress your names when I went upstairs."

RABBIT SKINS FROM BELGIUM

The rabbit skin and hatters' fur industry in the provinces of East and West Flanders has shown a steady growth since the war, with the increasing popularity of fur garments and trimmings, as well as the demand for the manufacture of hats. The United States is the best customer of the Ghent district in these articles, taking $3,020,592 worth of raw and dyed rabbit skins as well as waste during 1924.

I THINK THIS WILL HELP MIAMI

"WHILE I have some ideas about what will help Miami to reach a higher plane of development," said David Tyre, deputy collector of customs in charge of the Miami office, "they are not new by any means, but in this case repetition will not be harmful.

"It will help Miami if we can build more warehouses and steamship docks to handle the large amount of ocean tonnage coming in from the Atlantic seaboard. This business is growing every day, growing so rapidly that the city has not been able to keep up with it. This same condition holds true in other respects, so it is not alarming. It is merely symptomatic of the speedy growth of the city.

"The ship channel should be dredged to a depth of 25 feet and made about twice as wide as at present. The fact that our channel is only about 17½ feet deep at present keeps many big ships out of the port. Money has been appropriated for this purpose and in a year or two the channel should be completed. It certainly is a credit to the city officials and the chamber of commerce that arrangements have been made to make this money available in advance, so that the work may be started in the near future."

ALFORD CITY

"Where everything grows"

—and now for development!!

OVER ONE THIRD of the acreage of the ALFORD CITY Truck Farms has been disposed of, while so many lots have been secured by prospective settlers in the townsite of ALFORD CITY itself that little imagination is needed to visualize a prosperous growing community with a bustling little city as its center. ALFORD CITY with its surrounding truck farms, composed of some of Florida's richest soil, will soon rear its head in the world of Florida's townships.

A Man and His Ideal

Horace C. Alford is an Alabamian who started life in law. As a lawyer he achieved a successful career. But his bent, his ambition and his ardent desires have always been towards agriculture. Mr. Alford is a farmer who has studied farming as an educated enthusiast would. And he has practiced it.

HORACE C. ALFORD

This is the man who conceived ALFORD CITY and its truck farms. With eminent engineers Mr. Alford has laid out a modern townsite that will take its place among the best—efficient to the last detail. He has made ALFORD CITY an ideal to which he has consecrated the rest of his life—the creation of a neighborly community in which no one shall find any of the distasteful features of a real estate sales "proposition." His counsel as a farmer will be always at the service of his neighbors.

ALFORD CITY TRUCK FARMS

The Richest Farms in all Florida for only $750 EACH

One week ago ALFORD CITY 5-acre Truck Farms were selling at $375 each. Today they are $750. And they are finding ready buyers at that price. Sold quarter down and balance in easy payments, they are the cheapest "buy" in Florida in rich farmland. This soil will raise anything. On land not far away extraordinary crops of English peas, beans, melons, tomatoes, potatoes and other vegetables have been obtained year in, year out. Twenty-foot roadways through property, giving easy access to each farm. A five-acre Alford Farm with little cultivation should make you independent for life.

Depository: Tamiami Banking Co.
We Co-operate With Brokers.

Pre-development prices still prevail but time is growing short.

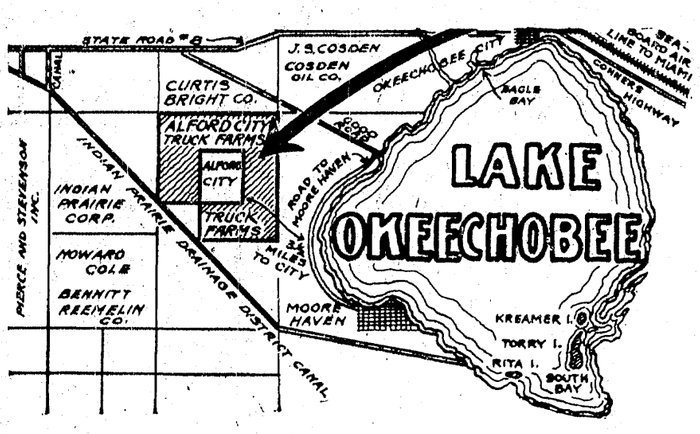
Lots in ALFORD CITY, the Lake Okeechobee townsite, may still be bought this week for

$35

PICK YOURS QUICK!

ONE-FOURTH CASH
BALANCE, EASY TERMS

Study the map below. Note that ALFORD CITY is only 3½ miles from Lake Okeechobee. Observe its proximity to state road No. 8; that it is situated on the Moore-Haven Okeechobee road. The map shows that it is right in the heart of all the big development of the rich Lake Okeechobee lands. STUDY AND THINK!



The fortunes of many of our Florida "kings of finance" have been made by buying before development. These lots are offered you at predevelopment price. They could not be lower. Get YOURS QUICK WHILE THEY LAST.

IMPORTANT! Look out for a full page announcement of the development plans for ALFORD CITY and its surrounding truck farms. In a few days we will give to the world the full details of our plans for its future. We will show what Mr. Horace C. Alford, his engineers and advisers, have devised to make this the garden spot among the Lake Okeechobee farms and townsites. Meantime secure your lot or 5-acre farm. Prices are surely going up!

Sole Selling Agents:

ALFORD REALTY CO., 211 E. Flagler St.

MIAMI. PHONE 6013. OPEN UNTIL 10 O'CLOCK EVERY NIGHT.

How to Reduce

The solution to your personal problem

Have you often wondered how some women keep their figures slender? Have you often wished that you could be slender, too?

Perhaps you have tried to reduce by dieting, exercising or other methods. And still you are overweight.

But have you tried the pleasant way to reduce? Have you used Marmola Tablets?

These tablets are not something new and untried. For nearly twenty years, hundreds of thousands of men and women each year have regained slender figures by using Marmola Tablets. Last year alone, users purchased more than a million boxes!

Surely you would rather use these tablets and regain your slender figure, than try some unknown and perhaps harmful method of reducing!

Get some Marmola Tablets at any druggist's (one dollar a box) and try the pleasant way to reduce. Or, if you prefer, a box will be sent to you in plain wrapper, postpaid, by the Marmola Co., 1831 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MARMOLA
PRESCRIPTION TABLETS