SYNOPSIS

While Captain Summers is meditating on the escapades of "The Picaroon," whom he is convinced is really his friend, Martin Dale, Mr. Alexander Ferryman calls and requests that strange happenings at 262 Bank Street, the house next to the one in which he lives, be investigated. Axelson, a watchman employed by Ferryman to guard the house in which he lived before he moved next door after his wife had deserted him, has heard footsteps and seen an eerie green light.

Just as Ferryman is showing the captain a picture of his wife, the telephone rings and a voice tells of finding a woman's body at 262 Bank Street. Summers and Ferryman hurry there.

"The Picaroon," who preys upon the rich and then offers the return of his loot on the payment of 10 per cent of its value to charity, has written a note to Adele Castle, requesting a meeting in Central Park. Adele has had a terrifying experience. She was taken to a strange house where, through a queer green light, she could glimpse only the outline of a man calling himself Dr. Moffett, who tells her he holds evidence which would convict her father of being connected with a crooked financial deal and send him to prison. Mr. Castle tells Adele Dr. Moffett demands blackmail of $100,000.

INSTALMENT SEVEN

A Sad Reunion

Summers started running up the stairs, Mr. Ferryman following as rapidly as he could. A policeman and two plain-clothes men were standing beside a cot in a pleasantly furnished room. The captain looked at the figure lying on the cot. The face he saw was distorted by the ravages of a horrible death, yet it showed traces of beauty. Suddenly as he looked, he started violently.

It was the same face he had seen inside the lid of Mr. Ferryman's watch.

In a moment Mr. Ferryman was at the cot. He stared down at the body. Then, with a long cry of horror, he fell headlong over the cot.

Tragedy had entered the tranquil, green-shuttered house which Alexander Ferryman had maintaned as a sanctuary for his errant wife. The pathos of the situation penetrated even Captain Summers' hard-grained fiber. For four years the husband had lived in hope and grief and faith, waiting hourly for her return, keeping fresh and intact the scenes of their brief married life in order that when she returned they would be able to resume as if there had been no interruption. And now she had come back, but only to meet with a horrible and mystifying death.

Everything was scrupulously neat and clean, yet there was an atmosphere about the place that suggested long disuse. The intimate human touch and feeling had somehow vanished from the furnishings. As Summers inspected the surroundings he recalled what Ferryman had told him about certain mysterious things going on in the house. He had not considered them seriously at first, regarding them as meaningless trifles, or as the hallucinations of a disordered brain. Now he began to wonder whether they might not have some significance.

He turned to one of the two detectives who had been in the room when he entered—a youngish man, straight and lean, with yellow hair and a pair of keen, blue eyes. Summers knew him.

"What do you know about this, McCabe?"

"Not a great deal, sir. The medical examiner left just before you arrived. There wasn't much for him to do. He discovered the woman came to her death by a revolver bullet that penetrated the left lung. He said she must have been dead ten or twelve hours."

The captain arched his black, snarled brows. "Then she must have died about midnight. Why wasn't the body found sooner?"

"Mr. Ferryman owns the house." McCabe inclined his blond head in the direction of the mourner. "He lives next door, in No. 260. The only occupant of this house is Axelson, the caretaker. That's the old fellow standing over there by the door."

"Yes, I know." Summers glanced at the caretaker, pale and shaken, who looked as if the tragedy had shocked him to the depths of his being. "Mr. Ferryman told me all that."

"Axelson makes the rounds of the house twice a day, morning and evening," the young detective continued. "If he finds anything wrong, he steps over to No. 260 and reports to his employer.

"Everything seemed to be all right when he went through the house last night. He heard no unusual sounds during the night, but then he lives in the basement, two floors below this room, and only very loud sounds would carry as far as that."

"Was it Axelson who found the body?"

"Yes, sir about half past 9 this morning, when he reached this room on his usual morning rounds. It was lying there." McCabe indicated a spot on the carpet. "We moved it after the medical examiner had gone."

Summers cast another keen glance at the stricken face of the caretaker.

"Did Axelson recognie the victim?"

"No, sir. She was lying face down when he found her. He didn't stop to look, but ran to the telephone and notified the precinct station. After we had moved her and he had an opportunity to see her face, he let out a scream and said she was Mr. Ferryman's missing wife."

"He seemed actually surprised, did he?" Summers spoke out of a mind that took nothing for granted.

"Yes, the shock almost bowled him over."

Summers nodded and stroked his sturdy jaw. The other detective assisted Mr. Ferryman to a chair. Sitting in a crushed and lifeless attitude, he stared hollowly at the dead woman. A lavender evening gown, with a great crimson stain over the chest, covered the slender figure. A diamond blazed on her finger and a crescent of rubies gleamed beneath her throat, the rich luster of the jewel forming a sharp contrast against the ravaged face.

It was indeed a strange homecoming, Summers thought. It seemed as if the returning wife had adorned herself in her loveliest raiment in order to give her waiting husband a delightful surprise. Probably she had gone to their former home to dress and put everything in readiness, meaning to summon him from the house next door as soon as her preparations were completed. But how had she contrived to enter without being heard or seen by Axelson? And what had happened after she entered? Who had fired the shot that turned a joyful reunion into a tragedy? And why?

Summers shrugged and decided these questions were futile until he had more facts to go on. Later he would question Mr. Ferryman and the caretaker in detail, but just now it would be useless to try to learn much from them. He let his eyes travel over the room, impressing each detail upon his mind. It looked as if it had at one time served as a writing room and study.

An incongruous touch caught his eye. It was a cluster of violets in a case on the writing table. The flowers were the only intimately human touch in a room that had stood unoccupied for so long that it had lost most of its vital atmosphere.

"Where did the flowers come from?" he asked McCabe.

"Axelson tells me he has orders to get a fresh bunch every two or three days. It seems violets were Mrs. Ferryman's favorite flower."

Summers understood. This was another instance of how Ferryman had tried to keep the abandoned home in readiness for his wife's homecoming. From the violets his glance slid downward. A rubber tube about three feet long was protruding from the long tablecloth and trailing to the floor.

"What's that?" he asked.

"There's a dictation machine behind that cloth," said McCabe. "What you see there is the speaking tube. Axelson tells me Mr. Ferryman had a large private correspondence when he lived in this house, and he got into the habit of dictating to his secretary by machine. He sometimes used this room instead of the library downstairs. Axelson says he dusted the machine only yesterday. He must have left the tube hanging out."

Summers nodded absently. The word that caught in his mind was "dusted." By a sequence of thought it suggested fingerprints.

"Do you mean there has been a—a murder?"

"Yes, sir, just what I thought. And McCabe in reply to his question; "but I didn't find any. Here is something that may interest you, though."

From his pocket he took something folded in paper and unwrapped it. It was a piece of glass, small and thin. "I found it on the floor, about a foot and a half from the body," he explained.

Summers looked at it, turned it over in his palm and felt the rough edges. "Looks like a piece from a lens," he commented.

"Yes, sir, just what I thought. And the queer part of it is that it's stained green."

"Green?" Summers jerked out; and, from force of habit, he inspected the fragment beneath his magnifying glass.

Some people wear stained glasses," McCabe pointed out. "They are mostly people who drive cars, though."

Summers nodded as he returned the piece of glass to the wrapping and stuck it in his pocket. "It may turn out to be a clue," he remarked, without enthusiasm. "Maybe there was a struggle and the murderer's glasses were knocked off and broken. He picked up all the pieces but one. But that's a long guess. That sliver of glass may have been lying here a long time. Did you ask Axelson about it?"

"He can't account for it, sir He says the room has been swept once a week."

"H'm! Then it looks as if—"

Summers did not finish the thought, but merely whispered something in McCabe's ear and left the room to make a survey of the other parts of the house.

"Green," he muttered. "That's queer."

To Be Continued Tomorrow

HOMERS HELP YANKEES WIN

NEW YORK, July 29. — Babe Ruth's 24th home run in the twelfth inning gave the Yankees the victory over Detroit yesterday. Gehrig got his 25th homer in the first inning.

Chicago boosted its lead over Pittsburgh to two and a half games by beating Philadelphia.

The Giants came out of a batting slump with nineteen safe blows to beat St. Louis. Following are the scores for the past two days:

AMERICAN LEAGUE
Sunday

St. Louis 6, New York 7.
Detroit 5, Boston 3.
Cleveland 9, Washington 6.

NATIONAL LEAGUE
Philadelphia 2, Chicago 7.
Brooklyn 3-5, Cincinnati 4-7.
New York 10, St. Louis 5.

Saturday Scores

National League

New York 5, St. Louis 3.
Brooklyn 3, Cincinnati 4.
Boston 10-5, Pittsburgh 3-2.
Philadelphia 1-7, Chicago 6-10.

American League

St. Louis 3, New York 5.
Detroit 0, Boston 4.
Chicago 1, Philadelphia 8.
Cleveland 5, Washington 3.

ROUNDHOUSE WON SOFTBALL

The Roundhouse broke their losing spell last night by winning their first game in the second half by beating the Superintendent's Office to the tune of 12 to 6. The shops played better ball all through the game than the offices and a win was coming to them. The office boys found Tullock pretty hard to hit and nothing went past Phillips catching for the shops. Foreman, playing third base for the shops, was right there with the goods also. Lauton, Morisin and Holroyd for the offices played a nice game.

Shops	Offices
Cameron	E. Smith
Phillips	Holyroyd
Foreman	Taylor
Rose	Jackson
Petersen	Morrison
Bond	C. Smith
Teng	Summers
De Marco	Lauton
———	Johnson

Umpires—Styles and Smith.

NEAR RIOT BY SOCCER FANS

Winnipeg and Edmonton Tangle in Fisticuffs While Spectators Rush the Field

WINNIPEG, July 29: — The United Westons took the semi-final round from Edmonton 5-2, defeating the Albertans Saturday 3 to nil after two tied games.

Edmonton left the field a few minutes before the end of the game after one of their players was put off the field for hitting a Winnipeg man. A near riot threatened for a while among the spectators who rushed on the field when Winters of Edmonton hit Jack McNeil, Weston half.

BILLIARD GAME

Last Thursday evening there was a billiard game played in which Fred Pyle and J. H. Pillsbury defeated Joe Scott and W. Nelson. The game was refereed by Capt. Elfert.

BASEBALL

Baseball tonight at 6:45. Elks vs. Gyros.

Sport Chat

The Gyro and Elk teams tangle tonight in the City League fixture for this date. This game is important in that the outcome will decide which team is going to occupy second place, and the loser of course will be reposing in the cellar. The Elks have been going strong lately, and with the brand of ball they have been putting up, the Gyros will have to be on their toes and hustling all the time to beat them out tonight. With Nick Chenoski back in the game Moran's crew should be stronger than they have been for the last couple of games, and will battle Harvey's hustlers to the last put-out. With both teams going into the fray with that determination to win, the fans should be treated to a good exhibition of the grand old game.

Judging by reports that are supposed to be authentic, Joe Wright and Jack Guest, former pals and clubmates, have reached the parting of the ways, something that could only be expected, with the rivalry between the pair getting keener every day. Argonaut officials have nothing official to say about the matter. They know the sterling qualities of both scullers, and they are proud to have them wear the old Double Blue colors, but the friction that has crept in since Joe Wright was named as Canada's Olympic representative last season without holding a trial race has been apparent. It was only natural that Guest should be ambitious to win the Diamond Sculls and also the world's title. Unlike others, he did not regard himself as being inferior to Wright, and when Guest departed for England to train for two months under the guidance of the best coaches available, there were some who opined that he had not "played the game" with the former holder of the Diamond Sculls. It's all a matter of opinion. Guest, always a good sportsman, undoubtedly believed that it was his right to train as he saw fit.

MISS AUDREY TREMAYNE NOW TENNIS CHAMPION

Miss Audrey Tremayne, daughter of Dr. H. E. and Mrs. Tremayne, was successful in winning the championship in tennis for Vancouver Island for girls under fifteen recently.

FIGHT INDICATES KEENNESS IN GAME SAYS NEWSPAPER

(Ketchikan Chronicle)

Rowdyism on any athletic field is, of course, a thing to deplore. It is distressing, unsportsmanlike, and all that sort of thing. And yet—well, no dyed-in-the-wool baseball fan will be sorry to read that Hack Wilson of the Chicago Cubs and Ray Kolp and Pete Donohue of the Cincinnati Reds felt impelled to use their fists on one another after a recent game in Chicago.

The only serious complaint against baseball in late years has been that players had lost the old-time enthusiasm that made the game interesting. In the days when Ty Cobb, Kid Elberfield, Frank Chance and Bill Carrigan were in their prime, big league baseball was forever skirting the edge of fisticuffs. Nowadays it is more refined and gentlemanly—and, sometimes, much less exciting.

But the fan can take heart when the players get to fighting. Ball players do not fight unless they are terribly in earnest about the game itself. And when they feel that way, they are pretty sure to play interesting baseball.

TEST MATCH AT OLD TRAFFORD

MANCHESTER, July 29: — When the fourth cricket test match between England and South Africa resumed today at Old Trafford, A. W. Carr, captain of the home team declared,

Facing England's first innings for a total of 427 for seven wickets, Africa had lost one wicket for four runs at lunch.

There was a wet pitch to delay the start.

REGIMENT TEAM

The Regiment football team for Tuesday follows: Brand; Stiles and Burdett; Edgecumbe, Hadden and Kelsey; Wilson, Russell, Murray, Tinker and Norrington; spares, Strachan, Owens and Heilbroner.

FASTEST OCEAN LINER

German mail liner Bremen, which recently beat the record of the Mauretania for crossing the Atlantic. She is a new steamer 938 feet long and can attain a speed of 29 knots with her 100,000 turbine engines.

STOCK QUOTATIONS

(Courtesy of S. D. Johnston Co. Ltd.)

B. C. Silver, 1.25, 1.50.
Bayview, 2½, 3.
Big Missouri, 1.46, 1.48.
Cork Province, 10, 10½.
Cotton Belt, Nil, 50.
Dunwell, Nil, 18.
Duthie Mines, Nil, 60.
George Copper, 8.55, 8.60.
Georgia River, 34, 35.
Golconda, 1.06, 1.07.
Grandview, 44, 44½.
Independence, 9, 9½.
Indian Mines, 4, Nil.
Inter. Coal & Coke, 35, 36½.
Kootenay Florence, 15, 15½.
L. & L., 2, Nil.
Lucky Jim, 9½, 11.
Mohawk, 3, 4.
Morton Woolsey, 4¾, 5.
Marmot River Gold, Nil, 4½.
Marmot Metals, 3, Nil.
National Silver, 12, 14.
Noble Five, 62½, 63.
Oregon Copper, 24, 24½.
Pend Oreille, 5.80, 5.90.
Pioneer Gold, Nil, 1.50.
Premier, 1.72, 1.84.
Porter Idaho, 49, 51.
Reeves Macdonald, 1.83, 1.85.
Rufus Argenta, 29, 35.
Ruth Hope, 33, Nil.
Silver Crest 6, 6½.
Silverado, 65, 70.
Silversmith, 8, 10.
Slocan King, 4, 5.
Snowflake, 45½, 46.
Sunloch, 2.00, 2.30.
Topley Richfield 25, 27.
Wellington, Nil, 8.
Whitewater, 53, 55.
Woodbine, 4½, 5.
George Enterprise, 26, 30.

Oils

Advance, Nil, 15.00.
A. P. Consolidated, 3.98, 3.99.
Calmont, 4.87, 4.88.
Dalhousie, 3.90, 4.00.
Devenish, 54, 55.
Fabyan Pete, 11¾, Nil.
Home, 22.80, 23.00.
Mayland, 9.80, 10.00.
McLeod, 3.91, 3.95.
Hargal, 1.41, 1.44.
Dallas, 2.80, 2.85.
Turner Valley, 1.00, Nil.
United, 1.10, 1.12.
Freehold, 1.37, 1.40.
Mercury, 1.24, Nil.

FISHING BOAT RACES AGA

Gloucester, Mass., Organ Event to Take Place Las of August

GLOUCESTER, Mass., July —Despite a jinx that has six racing fishe men to the tom of the Atlantic, Gloucest hardy fishermen are planning race again. A trio of schoo already are entered for the ocean competition since Pine's Columbia defeated Cl Morrissey's Henry Ford years ago.

The races are to be held ust 31 and September 2 an Thomas Lipton has been in to attend them. The Ame race committee has been reo ized and has a $2000 fund in treasury.

Ben Pine's Mary, Thomas Gorton's Ca rol and Frank Pearce's Elsie are the boats tered to date. Any American fi ing schooner that has been commission for at least a year eligible to enter.

Resumption of the internat races has been talked of here indications are that nothing likely to develop to that end year. The last race was in when Captain Angus Walters his Lunenburg Bluenose after Pine's Columbia had the second race off Halifax a foul.

Among the former vessels to the bottom before the so-c jinx were the Columbia, w sunk off Sable Island in the hurricane. The Ford met disa on Whale Rock Ledge, off N fondland, a year ago last mon

SIMPLE

The old lady was watching football match.

"What is the object of game, son?"

"Why, er, to put the ball the line."

"Well," said the old lady she fished for a lozenge, should think it would be simpler if they kept out of other's way."—Chatham News

Grant Hall in the West

Grant Hall, senior vice-president of the Canadian Pacific Railway has been taking his annual tour of inspection in Western Canada and is here shown in the grounds of the Empress Hotel, Victoria, with three old friends. They had just returned from a game of golf and the foursome from left to right is: J. E. McMullen, Canadian Pacific solicitor; Mr. Hall; Chief Justice J. A. MacDonald, and E. H. Machin President of the Manitoba Free Press, Winnipeg.