

# The Yellow Letter

By William Johnston  
Illustrations by Y. Barnes

COPYRIGHT 1911  
THE BOBBY-MERRILL COMPANY

## SYNOPSIS.

Harding Kent calls on Louise Farrish to receive 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, a doctor, had been found in old Andrew Elser's room. On it was a stamp and part of the postmark. A left-handed person stamping a letter invariably gets the stamp on crooked. It ordinarily is put in the upper right-hand corner of the envelope. A right-handed person stamping a letter has the stamp on the left side of the envelope as a guide. Try putting on a stamp with your left hand and you will see that your hand comes in such a position that the edges of the envelope are hidden and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the stamp is out of plumb.

"I still fall to see," I said stubbornly. "Why did you not suspect Crandall? There were many things that seemed to point to him—his telephoning to Katharine just before she shot herself, his sudden disappearance, the finding of the morphine syringe in his room, the Arday address in his notebook, coupled with the fact that General Farrish had forbidden him the house. I do not see how you could help suspecting him."

"I'll admit that on the surface these things all did look damaging, but against this was the one important fact that he was too well-balanced—too sane, if I might put it that way, to have committed such a crime. A respectable business man, that he was one of the governors in two clubs, and you yourself informed me that Katharine Farrish had thought highly of him. No well-balanced man commits crimes of this kind."

"Do you mean to tell me," I cried angrily, "that all criminals are insane?"

"Yes," said Davis thoughtfully, "I mean exactly that. The time will come when our courts will not be punitive but curative. Men are criminals because they can not help it. The great well-balanced majority of people see that in the observance of the laws the only hope of a happy, regular life. The unbalanced few, the unhealthy product of unfit parents, in their poor misshapen brains are unable to comprehend this. They be-

calmly, "for not having seen the left-handed clue. You lack the education. Only a person who had seen hundreds and hundreds of envelopes and had studied them closely would have observed it. You remember that a policeman brought me part of a yellow envelope that had been found in old Andrew Elser's room. On it was a stamp and part of the postmark. A left-handed person stamping a letter invariably gets the stamp on crooked. It ordinarily is put in the upper right-hand corner of the envelope. A right-handed person stamping a letter has the stamp on the left side of the envelope as a guide. Try putting on a stamp with your left hand and you will see that your hand comes in such a position that the edges of the envelope are hidden and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the stamp is out of plumb."

"I still fall to see," I said stubbornly. "Why did you not suspect Crandall? There were many things that seemed to point to him—his telephoning to Katharine just before she shot herself, his sudden disappearance, the finding of the morphine syringe in his room, the Arday address in his notebook, coupled with the fact that General Farrish had forbidden him the house. I do not see how you could help suspecting him."

"I'll admit that on the surface these things all did look damaging, but against this was the one important fact that he was too well-balanced—too sane, if I might put it that way, to have committed such a crime. A respectable business man, that he was one of the governors in two clubs, and you yourself informed me that Katharine Farrish had thought highly of him. No well-balanced man commits crimes of this kind."

"Do you mean to tell me," I cried angrily, "that all criminals are insane?"

"Yes," said Davis thoughtfully, "I mean exactly that. The time will come when our courts will not be punitive but curative. Men are criminals because they can not help it. The great well-balanced majority of people see that in the observance of the laws the only hope of a happy, regular life. The unbalanced few, the unhealthy product of unfit parents, in their poor misshapen brains are unable to comprehend this. They be-

## MANURE FOR CABBAGE

### Deep, Rich, Mellow Soil Is of Importance.

### Winter Variety Is Mostly Grown on Early Potato Ground—Hotbeds Are Prepared in February and Seed Sown in Frames.

Cabbage likes a deep, rich, mellow soil. For summer cabbage, a mellow, sand loam will bring the earliest crop. The early June cabbage that is shipped to the Baltimore markets is mostly grown on the deep river bottom lands of the lower portion of Baltimore county, says the Baltimore American. A large portion of this cabbage is grown from night soil which, after fermentation, is sprinkled along the rows, just before the plants are set in the fall. If this fertilizer is thoroughly mixed through the soil it is said not to injure the quality of the cabbage. For the fall and winter cabbage crop, plant on deep, mellow, red clay soil. As the value of the cabbage is in large solid heads, the best fertilizer to use is that of rotted manure from grain-fed horses and cattle, with the addition of 1,000 pounds of high grade vegetable guano sown to the acre and well harrowed in before planting. Winter cabbage is mostly grown on early potato ground. This land, being heavily dressed with fertilizer for the potato crop—not more than 600 to 800 pounds of fertilizer will be needed for each acre planted. The fertilizer is nearly always sown in the drill. The drill rows are then covered in and the ridges rolled. Large growers now use the plants in the machine sets and waters each plant very few plants fall to grow. Plants set by machine are better framed in the ground than plants set by hand. The old method of starting early plants in a hotbed and wintering them in a cold frame has now been abandoned in favor of sowing the seed in a hotbed. The hotbeds are prepared in February and the seed sown in the frames by the middle of the month. When the plants are two inches in height they are transplanted into cold frames. The plants are given abundance of air in the middle of the day, but well protected by glass and thick straw mats when the weather is cold and stormy. In the New England States early plants are raised in hot houses heated by hot water. Expert gardeners grow large quantities of early and late cabbage for their retail trade. Truckers grow for the wholesale markets. Their principal crops are kale, spinach, tomatoes, corn and eggplants.

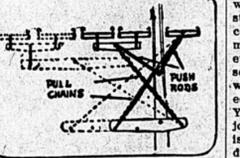
## OVERCOMING DRAFT ON SIDE

### Four-Horse Evener Arranged So That No Horse Would Need to Walk on Plowed Ground.

In reply to a query for an arrangement of four-horse evener on plow so that no horse need walk on the plowed ground the Farmers Call and Breeze prints the following:

Many three-horse eveners do not overcome side draft. The power is so far to one side that the two horses push the tongue over against the one horse. Here is a remedy for any number of horses on one side of tongue and one horse on the other:

Put the tongue hole, or pull pole, in evener so that the length of shorter end will be to the length of the longer end.



DOTTED LINES SHOW EXTENSION. Explanation: Diagram shows evener for three horses. Dotted lines show how it would work if extended for five horses.

one in the proportion of 1 to 2, for three-horse evener. Or in the proportion of 1 to 3 or 1 to 4 if you have a four or five horse evener.

Fasten a chain from short end of evener to doubletree, which will be opposite side, and run a chain from end of evener to singletree. Put in push rods from center of power on either side to tongue, or if there is no tongue from center of one power to center of the other power.

## START HORSE RADISH EARLY

### Make Soil Loose and at Least to Depth of Ten Inches—Work in Well-Rotted Manure.

(By R. O. WEATHERSTONE.)

Horse radish should be started very early in the spring. It consists of one large root from which sprigs are grown and a large number of smaller roots.

These roots, small as a lead pencil, or larger, are cut off into lengths of from four to six inches and should be placed in the ground with the thick end up.

The should be planted about three inches deep and the soil above them pressed down firmly to prevent water from reaching them before they start to grow.

Make the soil loose and at least a depth of ten inches. Work into it plenty of well-rotted manure. Set horse radish in rows about three feet apart and at intervals of about 15 inches.

Then keep the weeds away from them and the top soil loose with frequent cultivation. A row six feet long will supply a family with all it needs. The plant will be ready for use early in the fall and it makes its best growth then.

It should be planted in the fall after all other crops are off, the small root tops removed and stored in sand in the cellar or buried in pits in the ground until wanted for use.

## PREPARING FOR CLOVER CROP

### On Thin Soil It Is Well to Break the Ground Preceding Spring—Grow Fertilizing Crops.

If the aim is to get clover and grass on a thin soil it is often a good plan to break the ground the preceding spring and to grow a fertilizing crop during the summer that can be cultivated and then disked into the surface soil. When cowpeas can be grown they are excellent for this purpose. On very thin land I have gotten the finest clover sod in this way. Expectative way someone asks. Well, any way of covering thin soil with a heavy clover sod is not expensive. I like the plan. The tillage kills weed seeds and frees fertility. The vines are chopped in the surface before they become tough. The humus is just where it is needed, and the soil is firm. If one prefers, rape may be sown the first of September, and then the land fitted for clover in the spring without the plow. Leave the vegetable matter at the surface. Or, the rape may be sown in the fall and clover added in the spring. Or wheat may be seeded and clover in the spring.

## Failures in Clover.

Frequent failures of clover may not be due so much to the land, but to the season or to the absence of the proper kind of bacteria.

Clover bacteria do not thrive on acid soils; the application of ground limestone to such soils and the introduction of a few hundred pounds of ground from a clover field may quickly cure a clover sick plot.

## Maggots in Wounds.

Should maggots get in the animal's wounds, kill the pests by a light application of chloroform. After the wounds have been freed of maggots and made perfectly clean, apply freely a mixture of one dram of iodoform and six drams of boric acid, and repeat the application two or three times a day.

## Indicates Sour Soil.

If any one of the several kinds of sorrel is found growing on a piece of land it is pretty safe to assume that the soil is sour and needs sweetening with an application of lime. Besides this, it may be that the tract is not properly drained, in which case it should be tiled, in addition to being sweetened.

## Animals in Delaware.

In the last ten years the value of domestic animals, poultry and bees in the State of Delaware increased 65.8 per cent. The total value of these animals increased 95.3 per cent. Of the 64,868 cattle in the state, 35,708 were dairy cows.

## Farm Operations.

The farm operations of the past year must have taught every thinking farmer some lessons that should be of value to him in the future, if he will but reflect on them. It will pay to recall these experiences to memory.

## For Laying Hens.

A splendid mixture for laying hens is equal parts of cracked corn, wheat and oats, which should be scattered in the litter so that the birds will be compelled to take exercise by scratching for it.

## MOTTO FOR CHRISTIAN HOME

### Ideals Which Consistently Lived Up to Cannot Fail to Make for Happiness in Life.

## HOW MRS. BROWN SUFFERED

### During Change of Life—How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Made Her a Well Woman.

Iola, Kansas.—"During the Change of Life I was sick for two years. Before I took your medicine I could not bear the weight of my clothes and was bloated very badly. I doctored with three doctors but they did me no good. They said nature was having its way. My sister advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I purchased a bottle. Before it was gone the bloating left me and I was not so sore. I continued taking it until I had taken twelve bottles. Now I am stronger than I have been for years and can do all my work, even the washing. Your medicine is worth its weight in gold. I cannot praise it enough. If more women would take your medicine there would be more healthy women. You may use this letter for the good of others."—Mrs. D. H. Brown, 809 N. Walnut St., Iola, Kan.

Compound and I purchased a bottle. Before it was gone the bloating left me and I was not so sore. I continued taking it until I had taken twelve bottles. Now I am stronger than I have been for years and can do all my work, even the washing. Your medicine is worth its weight in gold. I cannot praise it enough. If more women would take your medicine there would be more healthy women. You may use this letter for the good of others."—Mrs. D. H. Brown, 809 N. Walnut St., Iola, Kan.

Change of Life is one of the most critical periods of a woman's existence. Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham's Medicine Co. (Send postal) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of  
J. C. Ayer  
In Use For Over Thirty Years  
**CASTORIA**

Packing Food in Ferns. In Germany the use of ferns is coming into more and more favor for packing food which is transported either short or long distances. The practice became common in England before it gained equal vogue in Germany, and the results are said to be excellent, especially in shipping fresh fruit, butter, fish and other food products which require unusual care.

There is nothing a man will do with so little encouragement as fishing. In Germany the use of ferns is coming into more and more favor for packing food which is transported either short or long distances. The practice became common in England before it gained equal vogue in Germany, and the results are said to be excellent, especially in shipping fresh fruit, butter, fish and other food products which require unusual care.

Some people seem to lie unnecessarily in order to keep in practice. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy. Adv.

Charge for the advice you hand out if you want people to take it.

**6 Silver Spoons Free**  
For 100 GALVANIC Soap Wrappers  
THESE SPOONS must not be confused with the USUAL premium wrappers. The spoons shown HERE are the same as you would buy at your jeweler. They are GENUINE Rogers ware, the beautiful and exclusive LaVigne or Grape pattern, finished in the fashionable French Gray. Each spoon is guaranteed extra heavy A1 silver plate on a WHITE metal base. With ordinary wear they will last a life time.

Here is the Offer  
One spoon given for 20 Galvanic Soap wrappers (front panel only) and one 2c or SIX SPOONS for 100 Galvanic wrappers and five 2c stamps. Coupons from Johnson's Washing Powder count the same as wrappers.

Why You Should Buy Galvanic by the Box  
1st. It is cheaper than buying a few cakes at a time.  
2nd. When the wrappers are removed the soap dries out and goes almost twice as far as when fresh.  
3rd. You get six Rogers Silver Teaspoons.

Mail wrappers to the premium department  
**B. J. Johnson Soap Co.**  
Milwaukee, Wis.

**Petite's Eye Salve** FOR EYE WEAK  
**PISO'S REMEDY** FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND BRONCHITIS

## CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

As if in corroboration of my words, the three of them, Crandall, Davis and the constable, returned just at this moment.

"Come, Miss Farrish," said Crandall, "I think it time I was starting home with you, if you feel able to travel. I have run the car up just outside the cottage. I think we can safely leave the completion of our mission to the inspector and Mr. Kent."

"I wish Mr. Kent was coming back with us," said Louise in a sweetly plaintive tone that made me long to gratify her wish.

"I need him here," said the inspector almost roughly.

"And that comes first for all of us," she said bravely.

I watched the automobile out of sight and then turned back into the cottage, where I found the constable sitting on the floor, fast asleep. Davis, sitting on the floor before some smoldering logs that had been placed in a rudely-constructed

open fireplace, seemed wrapped in thought and did not even look up when I entered.

Nevertheless, I seated myself on the floor beside him, and placing my hand on his shoulder, I said once more: "And now I want to know all about it."

"Shut up," he said, savagely shaking off my hand. "Can't you see I want to think?"

Rebuffed and amazed by his rudeness, I sprang to my feet, only to get a new surprise as, in tones as courteous as his others had been, ruder, he said: "If I were you, Harding, I'd follow the constable's example and try to get some sleep. You and I have a hard day ahead of us tomorrow."

Seeing that he was in no mood to be questioned, I smothered back the many things I wanted to ask him and stretched myself on the floor, not to sleep, but to ponder. As I reviewed the amazing recollections of yesterday of the day before, it seemed as if ages and ages—grim, mystifying, terrifying ages—had passed since that hour when I left my office light-hearted to call on Louise Farrish.

And the morning—the inspector had said—was to bring a hard day for both of us.

What new terror could tomorrow hold?

"Did you notice his eyes?" asked Davis. It was still too dark for me to see the inspector's face, but I felt sure that he was laughing at me. He made me feel that way all too often.

"I didn't," I answered rather crossly, "but what's that got to do with it?"

"I'm afraid, Kent, as I have said before, you will never make a good detective. You are entirely too unservant of important details. Do you recall my asking early in our investigation whether or not Crandall had blue eyes?"

"Yes," I grudgingly admitted, "I recall it."

"As soon as I discovered that Crandall had blue eyes that eliminated him as the probable criminal."

"I don't see your point," I cried.

"I've told you before," said Davis, after a pause long enough to permit him to light another cigarette, "that there are classes of crime and types of criminals, each strongly marked after its own sort. I saw right at the start that this crime was of the hidden sort, of the kind that includes conspiracy, blackmail, secret plotting—the kind that requires a skillful sneak. You never in your life found a blue-eyed sneak. There are lots of blue-eyed desperadoes and burglars. Most of the notorious bad men of the west were blue-eyed, but you don't find a man with blue eyes shooting or stabbing a child or writing blackmailing letters."

While I was not at all convinced by his argument, I felt that it would be useless for me to dispute it, for I would be invading comparatively unknown territory, whereas he undoubtedly had dozens of cases at his fingertips ready to illustrate his theory. I decided to change the subject.

"I recall, too," I said, "that you asked if Crandall was left-handed. So far as I saw, he is not. What of that? Is that another proof of Crandall's innocence?"

"No," said Davis, "that didn't prove Crandall's innocence. It proved Rouser's guilt. In fact, it was the left-handed clue that put me on the right track and eventually led me to this very cottage."

"Heaven's sake," said I impatiently, "don't talk in riddles. Go on and explain it."

"You're not to blame," he continued

calmly, "for not having seen the left-handed clue. You lack the education. Only a person who had seen hundreds and hundreds of envelopes and had studied them closely would have observed it. You remember that a policeman brought me part of a yellow envelope that had been found in old Andrew Elser's room. On it was a stamp and part of the postmark. A left-handed person stamping a letter invariably gets the stamp on crooked. It ordinarily is put in the upper right-hand corner of the envelope. A right-handed person stamping a letter has the stamp on the left side of the envelope as a guide. Try putting on a stamp with your left hand and you will see that your hand comes in such a position that the edges of the envelope are hidden and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the stamp is out of plumb."

"I still fall to see," I said stubbornly. "Why did you not suspect Crandall? There were many things that seemed to point to him—his telephoning to Katharine just before she shot herself, his sudden disappearance, the finding of the morphine syringe in his room, the Arday address in his notebook, coupled with the fact that General Farrish had forbidden him the house. I do not see how you could help suspecting him."

"I'll admit that on the surface these things all did look damaging, but against this was the one important fact that he was too well-balanced—too sane, if I might put it that way, to have committed such a crime. A respectable business man, that he was one of the governors in two clubs, and you yourself informed me that Katharine Farrish had thought highly of him. No well-balanced man commits crimes of this kind."

"Do you mean to tell me," I cried angrily, "that all criminals are insane?"

"Yes," said Davis thoughtfully, "I mean exactly that. The time will come when our courts will not be punitive but curative. Men are criminals because they can not help it. The great well-balanced majority of people see that in the observance of the laws the only hope of a happy, regular life. The unbalanced few, the unhealthy product of unfit parents, in their poor misshapen brains are unable to comprehend this. They be-

come the rebels against authority, the slaves of alcohol and narcotics, like that poor devil in there. They can not help themselves. It's the fault of their parents, it's the shape of their heads, it's the diseased condition of their nerves. It's our fault for not taking the same care in breeding the human race that we would in breeding horses or dogs."

"Oh, hush," said I. "I ask you how you account for the hyperdermic syringe in Crandall's room and I get a sermon."

"Lawsy, though you are," retorted Davis, "I'm afraid that you are weak in logic. Having decided that Crandall had no criminal connection with the case, what then? I set up the theory that his connection was exactly the same as your own. You were in love with Louise and were determined to trace the hidden danger that was threatening her father. He was in love with Katharine and was trying to do the same thing. In fact, he had several weeks the start of you. Every one of his actions which you regarded as so suspicious and damning were perfectly explicable on this theory."

"But how about the morphine syringe," I asked again.

"Long, long time he been living in daily dread that the anonymous writer of these letters might at any moment carry out his threats and expose him to public shame, and disgrace him in the eyes of his beloved daughters?"

"But how did you learn all this?" I asked.

"Young boasted to Crandall about the weekly letters. So sure did he feel that General Farrish would not dare openly to prosecute him that with reckless malignity he took delight in resulting to Crandall the dread inspiring phrases he had employed and in dilating on the terror they undoubtedly were causing the general. It is small wonder that the sight of you and Louise examining the scrap of one of the yellow letters, coming as it did right on top of Katharine's despatch, act, brought on a stroke of paralysis."

"Poor old man," I said, "how he must have suffered!"

"Far more than we can imagine," said Davis, "for he thought any one but a half-crazed drug fiend, either, could have conceived such refinement of torture as of always using the same peculiar yellow stationery."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## A Plausible Story.

Lady—Why are you wandering around the country, I should like to know, instead of staying at home and taking care of your family?

Tramp—You see, mum, my wife had a very good servant girl—a regular jewel, mum.

"That doesn't seem possible."

"There never was but one perfect girl, and my wife had her, mum."

"Mercy! What a lucky woman!"

"Yes, mum, so my wife often said. But you see, mum, the girl didn't like me."

"She didn't?"

"No, mum. She said my wife would have to discharge her or me, so she discharged me."

"Oh, I see. Here's some money."—New York Weekly.

## Useful Accomplishments.

Every woman who is a cozy corner or handsome.

Every woman who does not have the home longing is abnormal. Home is made up of little things.

One of the largest of these little things is the ability to cook wholesome food.

Sewing and music are next. A woman might be as homely as can be, but if she can cook a good dinner, make a dress, and let her moods slip out of her finger tips on a piano, that woman will have a chance for a truly happy home a thousand per cent better than the best of her neighbor who can't make even an apron, and who cooks badly for her family.

So I say to mothers, whether you have money or not, teach your daughters all the useful and necessary things life will do that they will make good, homelike wives and mothers.

## Case in Doubt.

Ex-Governor Pennypacker, discussing the divorce evil in Philadelphia, said with a smile: "In these times one never, as the saying goes, knows where one is at. An acquaintance of mine extended his hand to me at the Historical society the other day and cried: 'Congratulations! I am the happiest man alive!' Hooked at him doubtfully. Engaged, married, or divorced?" I asked.

## Profits From Turkey.

Profits from turkey are not confined to the price received for them. No other farm food destroys as many insects in a year's time.

## Seed Potatoes.

In 13 comparisons on the Minnesota station, a farm seed from outside sources, gave an average increased yield of 125 bushels of potatoes to the acre more than seed from varieties continuously grown on the farm for three to twelve years.

## Advantage of Sheep.

One of the advantages of sheep is that they can be given the run of pasture later and be turned out earlier in the spring than any other stock.

## Severe On His Own Work

### Artistic Critic at Least Proved That He Was Above Suspicion of Playing Favorites.

Granville Redmond has arrived in the foremost ranks of California's artists. Being recognized himself, after years of striving, he feels competent to pass upon the merits of his contemporary artists.

Recently he left a picture on exhibition at a San Francisco gallery. In the course of the week he went to the place to see how the sale was progressing.

In company with Morcom, the picture dealer, and a few art students, he fell to discussing the pictures.

Every artist therein represented fell under the stroke of his hammer-kellic. Heins, Judson, Burgdorf, Short, Best, Peters, Latimer, Hansen—all came in for their share of cutting criticism. A word or two to most sufficed to finish them. Redmond made his comments the more substantial by

writing them on the margin of the catalogue.

"And this," said Morcom, pointing at last to the picture painted by Redmond, "what do you think of this?"

Redmond was game.

He seized his paper and, quick as a flash, wrote down his criticisms: "Damned rotten."

Cantines Maternelles. There are five dining-rooms in Paris where from fifty to eighty nursing mothers daily receive free meals. Cantines Maternelles these restaurants were called when they were started eight years ago by Mme. Henry Coulet of Paris. At first the only passport needed was the possession of a baby, but owing to the development of a confusing habit of borrowing babies so as to procure a meal, the rule was altered, and the provision of free meals is now dependent upon regular attendance at an adjoining baby clinic.

Writing them on the margin of the catalogue.

"And this," said Morcom, pointing at last to the picture painted by Redmond, "what do you think of this?"

Redmond was game.

He seized his paper and, quick as a flash, wrote down his criticisms: "Damned rotten."