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The St. John's Standard

NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA.

FEATURES
Society—Fiction
Children's Corner

SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 22, 1919.

The Correspondence School Detective's Latest Adventures

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

THE HOUND OF THE TANKERVILLES

By Ellis Parker Butler.
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On August 21, two mysterious strangers arrived at Riverbank Hotel. On the register their names were "Mr. and Mrs. Gubb." But as these were evidently impossible, they were changed to "Mr. and Mrs. Krump." A minute later the two men turned to conceal their identity or were frightened poor policemen. Hardy had they signed the register before Harold G. Blenk walked into the hotel, turned his back on the two strangers, idly pecked a five-cent cigar to shreds, dropping the bits into a cuspidor, and went out again. A minute later the two strangers walked out of the hotel. They followed Mr. Blenk at a safe distance for about two blocks, and then Mr. Blenk turned a corner. The two strangers turned the same corner. All three then seemed to disappear.
That was August 21st. On the evening of August 22nd, about 10 o'clock, while Mr. Rudolph Krump was sitting in his parlor smoking a meerschaum pipe and idly conversing with his wife, who sat at the opposite side of the table, someone (Mrs. Krump afterward described him as an unusually "black negro") arrived at the Krump door and handed a sealed envelope to Mrs. Krump, who had answered the doorbell. The letter was addressed, in a clear enough handwriting, to Mr. Rudolph Krump. Mrs. Krump handed the letter to her husband—the negro not waiting for an answer—and Mr. Krump opened the envelope and read the short note it contained. As soon as he had read it he folded the note again and again, until it was a mere wad of paper, and put it in his left trousers pocket.
"What is it, Rudolph?" his wife asked.
"Nothing," he said, but he was evidently nervous. He tried to read the newspaper, but could not keep his attention fixed, and presently he arose and wandered around the room. Mrs. Krump watched him anxiously. His wandering led him to the door, and Mr. Krump went into the hall and in a minute returned wearing his hat. He bent over Mrs. Krump and kissed her.
"I go out awhile," he said. "If I don't get back soon, maybe you shouldn't wait up for me."
"Rudolph," she exclaimed, "where are you going?"
Unfortunately she was an unusually cautious woman, and in the in which she sat was one Rudolph had bought just after they were married, and before she had put on flesh. When she arose the next morning, her husband was still in bed, and she was obliged to spend a few seconds getting rid of the chair. By that time Rudolph had left the house. The next morning she awakened and did not find Rudolph by her side. He had not returned. It was the first night he had ever spent away from home, and she immediately thought of foul play. She put on her hat, threw a shawl over her shoulders and hurried to the office of Philo Gubb, paper hanger and graduate of the Rising Sun Detective Bureau's Correspondence School of Detecting. At the door she paused, for she heard voices inside.
"And the total most I will offer to give in pay for him, Uncle Thomas," Philo Gubb was saying, "is ten dollars in currency cash."
"Ten dollars! Say, you would steal the feathers of a new-hatched chicken. Ten dollars! Look at his head. Look at the fire in his eye. Look at his dauntless spirit!"
Inside the room Mr. Gubb was sitting on the edge of a folding bed, and the man he had called Uncle Thomas was standing before him, fumbling a leather thong, at the other end of which was a dog. The dog was not standing. It lay flat on the floor in a state of utter dejection, sadly scratching at its left ear with its left hind paw.
"This spirit don't appear to me to look no more dauntless than what about ten dollars would be valued at," said Philo Gubb. "Ten dollars is all I will offer to consider paying out for him, Uncle Thomas."
"Ten dollars for a genuine Siberian bloodhound!" exclaimed the other. "Ten dollars! And this here bloodhound has crossed more ice after more Eliza than any hound that ever travelled with a Tom show! Why, away back in 1875—"
He stopped short. He had just been trying to convince Philo Gubb that the hound was a young dog.
"Away back in 1875," he continued quickly, "this dog's great-grandfather was chasing Eliza across the ice. And follow a scent! Birdie, get up!"
"What for do you call him Birdie for?" asked Mr. Gubb.
"Because he's so bloodthirsty. We named him after the American eagle—it's a bird, you know. Blood-thirsty! That's what he is. Just the kind of bloodhound an up-to-date detective ought to have. If the Tankerville United 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' company hadn't gone on the rocks here, I wouldn't sell Birdie for a thousand dollars. He's a wonderful dog—wonderful! He's full of wild Siberian blood. He—"
"A few," admitted the dog man. "A few! All good blood, but he's bothered with the trouble of being, suggested Philo Gubb.
"I don't recall the memory of having done so," said Mr. Gubb.
"Well, if you buy this hound you'll have a chance to see some," said the dog man. "How about making a deal? I'll sell you a Siberian bloodhound for \$2500.00—dog, muzzle, dew."

and all?"
"Ten," said Mr. Gubb firmly.
"All right; give me the ten, then," said the dog man, and he took the bill Mr. Gubb offered and went out without another word. He almost ran into Mrs. Krump at the door, and that lady took advantage of the open door to enter Mr. Gubb's office-work room.
In his actions the same nervous disposition was seen. In writing a sales check he often wrote the items with his patent pencil and then, having written, fixed the lead so it would write. That was the kind of nervous man Mr. Krump was; but withal he was a great favorite.
"Into all rights," said Mr. Gubb, when Mrs. Krump had told all she knew of the case. "I had ought to proceed immediately down and up to Doublet Hall and peep through the decorations onto the walls like I promised to hurry up to do, but an important detective case takes first precedence over anything otherwise else. It is remarkably good fortune that I have bought out the purchase rights into this bloodhound dog just at this point of time, ma'am. Into this case the dog is immaterially small, but a bloodhound dog don't need no manner of shape of ches. It traces by the scent of smell."
And Rudolph three last August in strong with the smell of that Rose of Musk toilet soap I told him he was a fool to buy ahead," said Mrs. Krump, wiping her eye. "Five goes he buy, like a dumbhead, and when the front door of the store is open and the wind right I can smell the store at my home yet—thirteen blocks away!"
"If the body is mutilated up beyond the recognition of identification, no doubt that might help to tell who it was that it is," said Mr. Gubb, continuing. "Mr. Krump burst in to tears again."
When the sorrowing wife had departed, Mr. Gubb unfurled the sheet that held Birdie to the premises and urged him to awaken and arise. Eight upward jerks on the thong, each of which lifted Birdie to his hind legs, sufficed to arouse the bloodhound from slumber. He immediately rolled over on his back and put his four legs in the air, the supreme attitude of preparedness on the part of a coward dog. In this position, with his paws curved under and his eyes gazing at Mr. Gubb in craven fear,

the fastest man anyone ever saw outside of the museum.
The moment Birdie entered the intelligent animal, following his nose, walked directly to the brass rail at the base of the bar and put one foot on it. He sniffed deep and raised his head and uttered a series of sharp, eager howls. Mr. Gubb threw the shawl he wore and took a firm grasp on the leash. With his nose to the floor Birdie walked into the hall, where he paused, waiting at the front door. Mr. Gubb opened the door and the bloodhound crossed the threshold, and with his nose to the ground, sniffed the air and led Mr. Gubb to the door.
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As Mr. Gubb and Birdie proceeded down the street, followed by a crowd of children, the gallery in the back room, which was vacated in time in Riverbank, and every boy was a genuine of some degree, crowded the gallery to see a detective and a bloodhound track a criminal; some joined in thinking Mr. Gubb and Birdie were part of an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show parade, on the way to join the band and the remainder of the parade. Never had Mr. Gubb drawn such a numerous escort, or such a noisy one. But Birdie did not mind. Nose to earth, Birdie tugged at his leash. From Eighth street, Birdie turned into the Avenue, following exactly the path taken by Mr. Krump on the night of his mysterious disappearance, and just before he reached Main St. he turned sharply to the left and poked his nose to the crack under the screen door of Cromback's Bank. He barked and looked up at Mr. Gubb with pleading eyes. Mr. Gubb opened the screen door and Birdie entered. Cromback's bank was not a bank at all. It was a beer saloon, with a pool and billiard room in the back. The floors of the barroom and billiard room were always sprinkled with moist fragrant sawdust, and this, with its permeating odor of beer, combined to form a perfume that was sweeter than Roses of Musk to most men of Riverbank. It was cool in Cromback's on the hottest days. The windows of both rooms were kept out of the glaring light, and as the place was built over an old creek there was usually a foot of water in the color. Behind the bar was a beautifully decorated (protected against flyspeaks) by a design representing a splendid schooner sailing seaward into a whale, the whole done in soap. It looked like frosted silver.
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He immediately rolled over on his back and put his four legs in the air.
Birdie remained. All Mr. Gubb's attempts to induce Birdie to arise were futile. It was only possible to get Birdie from one place to another by pulling the thong attached to his collar, as if he were a sled. A bloodhound that has to be pulled like a sled is not a truly efficient bloodhound for tracking purposes.
Mr. Gubb seated himself on the bed and looked at Birdie. Mr. Gubb had never attended a performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." On the other hand, it was quite possible, he argued, that a bloodhound used to cross the ice after Eliza might possibly proceed in sled-formation, sleds and ice being well mated. He bent down and by main force rolled Birdie over on his side.
It was evident that if Birdie had been accustomed to travel as a sled his single runner, or backbone, would have suffered some wear and tear. It should have been hairless, like the flank of a mule where the trace-chain sits. This was not the case; there was as much hair over Birdie's backbone as elsewhere. Deduction, the remarkable faculty possessed by all great detectives, promptly told Mr. Gubb that Birdie did not usually travel on his backbone. This crouching up-side down was a temporary expedient—an evidence of fear.
For some minutes Mr. Gubb studied this situation closely. A ten-dollar bloodhound that will not jump ten dollars wasted, and meanwhile Rudolph Krump, dead or alive, remained undiscovered. It was here that the wide attainments of the modern scientific detective came into play. It was

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With unerring instinct Birdie led

Continued on page 16



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ST. STEPHEN
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