GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1914.

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What is known as the "Blues" is seldom occasioned by actual existing external conditions, but in the great majority of cases by a disorder

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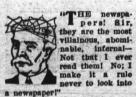
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Any Cobwebs In Your Brain?



never to look into a newspaper?"
That's from "The Critic," one of Richard Brinsley Sheridan's satirical comedies back in the eighteenth century.
"Tis sad, but true, that a few such wonderful "critics" still exist today. Thus they rant of newspaper advertisements:
"The advertisemental Sir, they are the most villainous, abominable, infernal— Not that I ever read them! No; I make it a rule never to look at the advertisements!"
Honestly, folks, isn't it too bad

tisements!"
Honestly, folks, isn't it too bad that the fool killer germ hasn't been invented yet?
You certainly know that this is the age of PUBLICITY.
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a PART OF THEIR BUSINESS; that it PAYS THEM,
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Surely there are no cobwebs
in your brain.
Please laugh at foolish "critics" if you happen to stumble
across any.

across any.

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The Secret

Samuel Hopkins Adams

This information, deemed by its giver to be of no small interest, elicited not the faintest response. Somewhat plqued, the artist turned, to behold his friend stretched on a bench, with face to the ceiling, eyes closed and heels on the raised end. His lips moved faintly in a whistle. Sedgwick shook the whistler insistently.

"Eh? What?" cried Kent, wrench

ing his shoulder free. "Go away! Can't you see I'm busy?" "I'll give you something to think about. Look at this face of a cigar store Indian at the window. No! It'

"Gansett Jim. probably," Kent. "Just where his interest in this case comes in I haven't yet found out. He favored me with his regard out-side. And he had some dealings with the sheriff on the beach. But I don't want to talk about him now nor abou

anything else."
Acting on this hint, Sedgwick let his companion severely alone until a bus-tle from without warned him that the crowd was returning. Being aroused, Kent accosted one of the villagers who had just entered.

"Body coming back?" he asked. "Yep. On its way now."
"What occurred in the house where

they took it?"
"Search me! Everybody was shut
out by the sheriff and the doc. They
had that body to theirselves nigh twen-

the hall, followed by Dr. Breed, who escorted the coffin to its supporting sawhorses. The meager physician was visibly at the fag end of his self con-trol. Even the burly sheriff looked like a sick man as he lifted aside the

coffin lid and spoke.

"There was reasons, neighbors," said he, "why the corpse wasn't suitable to be looked at. Nobody had seen it since last night. We've fixed it up as good as we could, and you'll now please

pass by as quick as possible."

In the line that formed Kent got a place behind Elder Dennett, who had decided to take another look for good measure, as he said. The look was productive one. No sooner had it fall-en on the face of the dead than Den-nett jabbed an indicatory finger in that direction and addressed the sheriff: "Hey. Len! What's this?"

"What's what?" growled Schlager.
"Why, there's a cut on the lady's right cheek. It wasn't there when I en the corpse last night."

"Ab, what's the matter with your eyes?" demanded the sheriff savagely. "You want to hog the limelight, that's your trouble!

This was evidently a shrewd lash at a recognized weakness, and the elder moved on amid jeering comments. But Sedgwick, whose eyes had been fixed upon Kent, saw a curious expres sion flicker and fade across the long jawed face. It was exactly the ex-pression of a dog that pricks up its

through the crowd as a bumpkin in a rear seat called out:

"The dude's eyes ain't mates!" Chester Kent, already conspicuous in his spotless white flannels, had made himself doubly so by drawing out a monocle and deftly fixing it in out a monocle and deftly fixing it in his right eye. He leaned over the body to look into the face, and his head jerked back the merest trifle. Bending lower, he scrutinized the un-manacled wrist. When he passed on his lips were pursed in the manner of one who whistles noiselessly. He resumed his seat beside Sedg-wick. Chancing to look down at the monocle. Sedgwick started and stared.

glass, stood forth, monstrous and dis-torted, every line of the bronzed skin showing like a furrow. The monocle was a powerful magshowing like a furrow.
The monocle was a powerful mag-nifying lens.
The sheriff's heavy voice rose. "Any one here present recognize or identify the deceased?" he droned, and, with-



ficer.
"Feller citizens," began the still shaking physician, "we don't need any jury to find that this unknown drowned woman"—
"The deceased was not drowned."

News Snapshots

President Huerta of Mexico resigned after having been dictator for nearly a year and a half. The elimination of Huerta from Of the Week

the Mexican problem had been demanded by President Wilson from the start of his administration. Ulster celebrated the battle of the Boyne without breaking into real war over home rule, although Irish flags were torn down by Unionists and many heads cracked. The new American battleship Nevada was launched at Quincy, Mass. It will carry ten fourteen inch guns.

Dr. Edwin Carman, whose wife was arrested in the Freeport (N. Y.) murder mystery, consulted daily with her regarding her defense. Cardinal Gibbons returned from abroad and prepared to observe his eightleth birthday on July 23. John D. Rockefeller celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday playing golf, while guards patrolled his estate against possible ottacks of anarchists and 4 W. W. agitators.

Kent had leisurely risen in his place and made his statement. "N-n-not drowned!" gasped the medi-

f you made an autopsy.

"No autopsy was necessary," replied the other quickly. "There's plenty of testimony without that. We've heard the witnesses that saw the drowned body on the grating it washed ashore on."

on."
"The body never washed ashore on that grating."
A murmur ran through the crowd.
"How do you figure that?" called a

voice.
"On the under side of the grating found a cocoon of a common moth Half an hour in the water would have soaked the cocoon through and killed the insect inhabitant. The insect was "How'd the grating get there, then?"

"Dragged down from the high water mark on the beach. It was an old half rotted affair such as no ship would carry. Ask Sailor Smith." "That's true," said the old seaman.

with conviction. "You're an expert, Mr. Smith. Now. was that grating large enough to float a full grown buman body?"
"Why, as to that, a body ain't but a

mite heavier than the water. I should say it'd just barely float it, maybe." "Exactly, but plus several pounds of clothing and some dead metal extra?" "No."

"The clothes would have been sonk ed, and handcuffs weigh something," said Kent calmly.

"There might have been extra spars under the grating that got pounded

loose on the beach and washed away." unded the medical officer des "Look at the face." said Kent, with

finality. "This is a bad coast. Most of you have seen drowned bodies. Did any one ever see an expression of such terror and agony on the face of one who came to death by drowning?" "No, by thunder!" shouted somebody "He's right."

Others took up the cry. Clamor rose and spread in the room. The sheriff silenced it with a stentorian voice. "What are you trying to get at?" he demanded, facing Kent.

"The truth. What are you?"

Schlager's eyelids flickered, but he ored the counterstroke. "Look out it don't lead you where you won't want to follow," he returned, with a signifi-

cant look at Sedgwick.

"This is as far as it has led me." said Kent in his clear, even voice. "The body, aiready dead, was dragged down and soaked in the sea and then lashed to the grating by a man who probably is or has been a sailor.'

"Then the deceased met death on shore, and presumably by violence." said Lawyer Bain.
"It's murder!" cried a woman shrilly. "Bloody murder! That's what it is!"
"Murder!" echoed a voice from the doorway. Gansett Jim, his haif Indian, haif negro face alight with fury, stood there requires with stiffence hand at

there pointing with stiffened hand at

CHAPTER VII. Simon P. Groot Does Business.
TO one moved in the courtroom

one moved in the controom for appreciable seconds after that pronouncement.

First to recover from the surprise was the sheriff. "You, Jim, set down!" he shouted. "If there's to be accusin' done here. I'll do it."

any accusin' done here, I'll do it."
"I do it," persisted the half breed.
"Blood is on his han'. I see it."
Involuntarily Sedgwick looked at his right hand. There was a low growl from the crowd. "Steady!" came Kent's voice at his elbow. "Mistakes like that are Judge

Lynch's evidence. "Whah was he the night of the killin'?" cried Gansett Jim. "Ast him. Whah was he?"

What was he?"
"Where was you if it comes to
that?" retorted the sheriff and bit his
ilp with a scowl.

At that betrayal Chester Kent's eyelids flashed up and instantly drooped

again into somberness.
"This hearing is adjourned." twit-tered the medical officer. "Burial of the unknown will take place at once.
All are invited."

All are invited."

During their slow progress to the door Kent kept up a running comment, which Sedgwick supported with equal coolness. The crowd, darkling and undecided, pressed around them. As they went through the doorway, they were jostled by a sudden pressure, following which Kent felt a touch on his shoulder. He turned to face the sheriff.

"Better get out of town quick," advised Schlager in a half whisper,
"Thank you," said Kent in a clear and cheerful voice. "Where can I get some tobacco?"

tobacco?"
rrett's grocery keeps the best,"
some informant back of him. "End of the square to the right."

"Much obliged," said Kent and strolled leterrals to his car. followed by

sedgwick. As they took their sears and started slowly through the crowd Sedgwick inquired earnestly:
"Do you crave tobacco at this particular moment worse than you do the peace and loneliness of the green fields?"

fields?"
"Policy, my young friend." retorted Kent. "I wish I could think up a dozen more errands to do. The more casually we get out of town the less likely we are to be followed by a flight of rocks. I don't want a perfectly good runabout spolled by a mob."
Both of them went in Sterrett's store, where Kent earned the reputation from Sterrett of being "awful dang choosy about what he gets," and came choosy about what he gets," and came out into a considerable part of the populace, which had followed. 'As they re-embarked the sheriff put his foot on the running board.

"Better take my tip." he said sigdifferently. "Very well," returned Kent. "There vill be no arrest, then?"

"Not just new."

A peculiar smile slid sidewise off corner of the scientist's long, jaw.
"Nor at any other time," he concluded.
He threw in the clutch. When the
car had won the open road beyond the

illage Sedgwick remarked: "Queer line the sheriff is taking."
"Poof Schlager!" said Kent, chuckling. "No other line is open to him.
He's in a tight place. But it isn't the sheriff that's worrying me."

"Who, then?"
"Gansett Jim." "What did the sheriff mean by ask ing Gansett Jim where he was the

night of the murder?"
"Murder?" said Kent quizzictly.
"What murder?"
"The murder of the unknown woman, of course. I think that Gansett Jim killed her and is trying to turn

"But if the sheriff knows where Gansett Jim was at the time of the killing, he can't suppose me guilty, wonder if he really does believe n

"If he does, he doesn't care. His concern is quite apart from your guilt."
"It's too much for me," confesse

"And for me. That is why 1 am going back to the village."

"But I thought you were fright-ened."
"If I stayed away from everything that alarms me," said Kent, "I'd never have a tooth filled or speak to a woman under seventy. I'm a timid soul, Sedgwick, but I don't think I shall be in any danger in Annalaka so

long as I'm alone. Here we are. Out with you! I'll be back by evening."
To his surprise, Kent, turning into
the village square, found the crowd still lingering. A new focus of in terest had drawn it to a spot opposite Sterrett's store, where a wagon, deco-rated in the most advanced style of circus art, shone brilliant in yellow and green. Bright red letters across the front presented to public admira-tion the legend:

SIMON P. GROOT SIMON PURE GOODS

A stout projection rested on one of the rear wheels. Here stood the pro-prietor of the vehicle, while behind him in a window were displayed his him in a window were displayed his wares. It was evident that Simon P. Groot followed the romantic career of an itinerant hawker, dealing in that wide range of commodities roughly wide range of commodities roughly comprised in the quaint term, "Yankee notions." Kent was struck with the expansive splendor of the man's gestures, the dignity of his robust figure and the beauty of a broad whitening heard that spread sidewise fike the ripples from a boar's stem. Two blemishes unhapply marred the majesty of Simon P. Groot's presence—a pair of plahead eyes, mutually attracted to each other, and a mean and stringent little voice.

"There, gentlemen and ladies." Simop P. Groot was saying, "there in

mon P. Groot was saying, "there in that place of vast silences and infolding shadows I met and addressed one

ing shadows I met and addressed one who was soon to be no more. 'Madam,' I said, 'you are worn. You are wan. You are weary. Trust the chivalry of one who might be your father. Rest and be comforted as with balm.' Standing by the roadside, she drooped like a flower. There is no rest for me, 'she said in mournful tones. 'I must away upon my mission.'

"She vanished, that fair creature; into the forest. I looked at my watch the unerring, unwarranted, sixteen jeweled chronometer which I shall presently have the honor of showing to you at the unexampled price of three seventy—and saw that the hour was exactly—for these timepieces vary not one fraction of a second a day—s.45. When next I looked at the face of Father Time's trustiest accountant, it was to mark the bour of the borrid shriek that shook my soul—precisely 9:31. And later, when I heard the dread news, I realized that my ears had thrilled to a death cry.'

Kent moved away, his cbin pressed

down upon his coest. He went to the office of Lawyer Adam Bain and spent an hour waiting, with his feet propped up on the desk. When the lawyer entered Kent remarked:

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"You rather put our two official friends in a hole this morning." "Just a mite maybe. But they've crawled out. I guess I spoke too

"How so?" "Well, if they'd gone shead and buried the body as it was we could have had it exhumed. And then we'd have seen what we'd have seen." "True enough. And you didn't see it as it was?"

"See what? Did you?" "Suppose," Kent said, "you give me the fullest possible character sketch of our impulsive friend, the sheriff."

our impulsive friend, the sheriff."
Half an hour was consumed in this
process. At the end of the time Kent
strolled back to the square, where
Simon P. Groot had been discoursing.
There he found the ornate wagon closed and its ornate proprietor whis-tling over some minor repairs that he had been making. An invitation to take a ride in Kent's car was promptly accepted.

"Business first," said Kent. "You're a seller. I'm a buyer. You're got some information that I may want. If so I'm ready to pay. Was any of your talk true?"
"Yep," replied Simon P. Groot austerely. "It was all true but the frills."
"Will you trim off the frills for \$10?"

"Fair dealing for a fair price is my notto. You'll find it in gilt lettering on the back of the wagon. I will."
"What were you doing on Hawkhill

cliffs?" "Sleeping in the wagon." "And you really met this mysterious

wanderer?" "Sure as you're standing there."

'What passed between you?" "I gave her good evening, and she spoke to me fair enough, but queer, and said that my children's children might remember the day. Now, I ain't got any children to have children, so I wouldn't have thought of it again but for the man that came inquiring after

"Not fifteen minutes after." "Did you tell the crowd here that?" "Yep. I sold two dozen wedding rings on the strength and romance of that point. From my description they



"And you heard the woman cry less than an hour later?"

Sedgwick. I thought maybe I'd call is and have him touch up the wagon bit where she's rusty."

broken right to the edge of the thicket and the ground stamped down. One or both of 'em must have broken out into the open, and I lost the trail. But this is what I found on a bazel bush. Do I win the five on 14?"

his pocket, Kerr produced a bill; which he handed over and took possession of Simon P. Groot's "relic." It was an

CHAPTER VIII

Beckenings.

ACTS that contradict each other are not facts." pronounced Chester Kent. Funes of tobacco were rising from three pipes hovered about

Sedgwick and Lawyer Bain were hold-ing late council. A discouraged obser-vation from the artist had elicited vation from the artist and elected Kent's epigram.

"Not all of them, anyhow," said Bain, "The chore in this case is to find facts enough to work ou."

"On the contrary," declared Kent,

efacts in this case are as plentiful as

blackberries. The trouble is that we have no pall to put them in."
"Maybe we could borrow Len Bchlager's." suggested the lawyer dryly.

"We don't seem to be getting much of anywhere," complained Sedgwick.

"Complicated cases don't clear them-selves up in a day." remarked Kent. "In this case we've got opponents who know more than we do." "Schlager?" asked the lawyer. "And's Dr. Breed. Also, I tbink, Gansett Jim. What do you think, Mr. Bain, is the mainspring of the sheriff's

"Money," said the lawyer with con-iction. "He's as crooked as a snake

viction. "He's as crowwith the colle."
"Would it require much money to in-"As much as he could get. If the case was in the line of blackmall, he'd hold out strong. He's shrewd."

"Dr. Breed must be getting some of it." "Oh, Tim Breed is Len's little dog. He takes orders. Of course he'll take money, too, if it comes his way. Like master, like man."
"Those two," said Kent slowly, "know the identity of the body. For

good and sufficient reasons, they are keeping that information to themto find out from them."

"Murderer has bribed 'em." opined

"Possibly. But that presupposes that the sheriff found something on the body which led him to the murderer, which isn't likely. How improb-able it is that a murderer—allowing for argument, that there has been murder—who would go as far as to cover his trail and the nature of the crime by binding the body on a grating, would overlook anything like a letter incrim-

"What did the sheriff find, then, in the dead woman's pocket?"
"Perhaps a bandkerchief with a dis-

tinctive mark. "And that would lead him to the identity of the body?"
"Presumably. Also to some one, we may assume, who was willing to pay roundly to have that identity con-

"That would naturally be the murderer, wouldn't it?" asked Sedgwick. "No. I don't think so." "It looks to me so," said the lawyer.
"He's the one naturally interested in

"I'm almost ready to dismiss the noon of a murderer at all."
"Why so?" demanded both the oth-

with a heavy club."
"Several blows with a heavy club
might have caused such wounds. But
the blows would have had to be delivered peculiarly. A circle on the skull
six inches in diameter, impinging on
the right ear, is crushed in. If you
can impere a man swinging a heaccan imagine a man swinging a base-ball bat at the height of his shoulder repeatedly and with great force at the victim's head you can infer such a crushing in of the bone. My imagina-tion hardly carries me so far."

"Beating down from above would be the natural way," said Bain.
"Certainly. No such blow ever made that wound."
"Then how was it made?" asked Sedgwick.
"Perhabits by a fell from the citiff to

the rocks below."
"And the fall broke the manacle from the right wrist?"

"No; it's certainty. A blow heavy enough to break that iron, old as it is, must have left a mark on the flesh.

Suppose the other was not left dan-

"Where was it, then?" wrist of some other perso

"A man had chained the woman to imself?" said Sedgwick incredulously. "More probably the other way "More probably the other way round."
"That's even more unister the evidence."
"Not if you consider the evidence. You will remember that your mysterious visitor, while talking with you, extriced a heavy bundle. The manacles were, I infer, in that."
"But what conceivable motive could the dead woman have in dressing herself up like a party, going to meet a man and chaining bim to herself?"
"When you have a bizarre crime you must look for bizarre motives. Just at present I'm dealing with facts. The iron was on the left wrist of the body; therefore it was on the right wrist of

iron was on the left wrist of the body; therefore it was on the right wrist of the unknown companion. It is natural to perform a quick, deft agg like snapping on a handcuff with the right hand. Hence, presumably, your visitor was the one who clamped the cuffs."

"And the man broke off his?"

"Yes. But only after a struggle, undoubtedly. If I could find a man with a badly bruised, right wrist I should consider the trail's end in sight. You'll make inquiries, will you, Mr. Bain?"

"I will; and I will keep an eye on Len Schlager and the doc. Anything more now? If not I'll say good night."

After the lawyer had made his way into the darkness Kent turned to his bost. "This affair is really becoming a very pretty problem. Why didn't you tell me of your meeting with Simon P. Groot?"

"Who?"

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"Who?"
"The patriarch in the circus wagon."
"Oh, I'd forgotten: Why, when I was
trying to trail the woman I chanced
upon him and asked if he had seen
her. He hadn't."
"He had. Also he heard a terrified
cry shortly after. The cry, he thought,
was in a man's volce. Simon P. Groot
isn't wholly jacking in sense of obserration."
"A man's volce in a cry? What
could that mean?"
"Oh, any one of several hundred un-

could that mean?"
"Oh, any one of several hundred unthinkable things," said Kent patiently,
"Walt! She must have attacked
some other man as she did me. She
was going to a rendezvous, wasn't
she? Then she and the man she went to meet quarreled, and he killed her by throwing her over the cliff." "And the handcuffs?"

Sedgwick's hands went to his head. "That, of course, is the inexplicable thing. But don't you think that was the way she met her death?"

"Then what do you think?" "Then what do you think?"
"Never mind that at present. The
point is that Simon P. Groot naturally
supposed you to have been mixed up
in whatever tragedy there was going.
You've an unfortunate knack of manufacturing evidence against yourself,
Sedgwick. The redeeming feature is
that the sheriff can't very well use it

to arrest you." "I don't see why."
Kent chuckled. "Don't you see that
the last thing the sherin wants to do

"No, I don't."
"Why, he has the body safely buried
now. You'll remember that he was in
a great hurry to get it buried. Identification is what he dreaded. Danger of identification is now over. If any one should be arrested the body would be exhumed and the danger would re-turn in aggravated form. No; he

turn in aggravated form. No; he wants you suspected, not arrested."
"He is certainly getting his wish."
"For the present. Well, I'm oft."
"Why don't you move your things from the hotel and stay here with me?" suggested Sedgwick.
"Getting nervous?" inquired Kent.
"It isn't that, but I think I could make you more comfortable."

make you more comfortable. Kent shook his head. "Thank you, but I don't believe I'd better. When I'm at work on a case I need privacy. No house, not even a man's own, can possibly be so private as a strange

"Perhaps you're right," admitted the other with a laugh, the other with a laugh, then lapsing into pronoupsed gloom for the first time he said, "It seems pretty tough that I should be in all this coll and tangle because a crazy woman happened by merest chance to make a call on me." Kent's pipe glowed in the darkne Kent's pipe glowed in the darkness and silence before he replied. Then he delivered himself as follows: "Sedgwick"—puff—"try"—puff—"to forget if you cnn"—puff—puff—"that stuff about the crazy woman"—puff—puff—puff—puff.

"Forget 41?" How should 1? Why should 1?"
"Because"—puff "you're absolutely on the" - puff - puff - "wrong track. Good night."

Sundayman's Creek road, turning aside just before it gains the turnpike to the Eyrie hotel to evade a stretch "Why so?" demanded both the others.

"Because there was no murder probably."
"How do you make that out?" queried Bain.
"From the nature of the wounds that caused death."
"They look to me to be just such wounds as would be made by a blow with a heavy club."
"Several blows with a heavy club might have caused such wounds. But the blows would have had to be delivered peculiarly. A circle on the skull six inches in diameter, impinging on glint of a monocle. Then the fac-turned again to its quest. "Are you looking for something lost?" asked the man in the car.

"I'm hoping to discover the eggs certain neuropterous insects."

"And the fall broke the manacle

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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