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What are the inducements? "The probable clearing up of the case we're on. When I come to tackle it I may find that one man could do it alone. But—"

"Wait. You're going into it, are you?" "Oh, certainly!"

"With or without me?" "Yes."

"Why couldn't you have said so at first and saved this discussion?" cried his wife.

"See here, Chet!" broke out his friend. "Do you think I'm going to let you take that kind of a chance for me?"

"It isn't for you," declared the other with irritation. "It's for myself. Can't you understand that this is my case?"

"Do you care for the rest of the evening?" "No! Well, for the rest of the evening I can be found—no; I cannot be found, though I'll be in room 671."

"All right," said Sedgwick. "You needn't fear any further intrusion. But when is your return?"

"Tomorrow night," replied Kent. "Wilfrid Blair having officially died, as per specifications, today."

Trotter are tradition rather than a prospect in Sundayman's creek. Some, indeed, consider them a myth.

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The Secret of Lonesome Cove

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

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CHAPTER XIII. The Aid of the Stars.

THEY left the elder groaning at his door and went to look up Dinwiddie, the rummaging man.

But he was wholly unable to throw any light on the former owner of the reports in which the drawing had been tucked away.

"Isn't it astounding?" said Sedgwick. "Here's a portrait antedating 1830 of a woman who has just died, young. What was the woman I saw—a revenant in the flesh?"

"If you ask me," said Kent slowly, "I should say, rather, an imitation."

Further he would not say, but insisted on returning to the Nook. As they arrived the telephone bell was ringing with the weary persistence of the long unanswered.

"I've been trying to get you for an hour," said Kent. "Is it about the newspapers?"

"Yes," said the lawyer. "I've got the information." And he stated that four newspapers went regularly to Hedgerow house—the New York Star and Messenger and the Boston Eagle

and the Boston Free Press to Wilfrid Blair. Sedgwick set the Elliott sketch beside the copy and compared them for a time.

Then he fell to wandering desolately about the studio. Suddenly the door opened and his friend and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Kent, for the love of heaven, can't you do something for me?" "You mean about the girl?"

Sedgwick nodded. "I can't get my mind to stay on anything else. Even this infernal puzzle of the pictures doesn't interest me for more than the minute. The longing for her is eating the heart out of me."

"My dear friend," said the other quietly, "if there were anything I could do, don't you think I'd be doing it? It's a very dark tangle."

"If there were only something to do!" fretted the artist. "It's this cursed inaction that is getting my nerves. If that's all, returned Kent slowly, 'I'll give you something to do. And I fancy,' he added grimly, 'it will be sufficiently absorbing to take your mind from your troubles for a time at least.'"

"Bring it on, I'm ready." "All in good time. Meantime I am seriously thinking, my dear young friend," said Kent solemnly, "of consulting an astrologer."

"You're crazy!" retorted Sedgwick. "I wish I were for a few hours," said Kent, with entire seriousness. "It might help."

"Well, that's where I'll be if you don't find something for me to do soon. So come on and materialize this promised activity."

"If you regard a trip to the Martindale Public Library as activity I can furnish that much excitement."

"What are you going to do there?" "Consult the files of the newspapers and pick out a likely high class astrologer from the advertisements."

"That has a mild nutty flavor, but it doesn't excite any profound emotion in me except concern for your sanity."

"You've said that before," retorted Kent. "However, I'm not sure I shall take you with me anyway."

"Then that isn't the coming adventure?" "No; nothing so mild and innocuous."

"Are you asking me to run some danger? Is it to see her?" said Sedgwick eagerly.

"Leave her out of it for the present. There is no question of seeing her now. There's an enterprise forward which, if it fails, means the utter fanning of reputation. What do you say?"

"What's the inducement?" "The probable clearing up of the case we're on. When I come to tackle it I may find that one man could do it alone. But—"

"Wait. You're going into it, are you?" "Oh, certainly!"

"With or without me?" "Yes."

"Why couldn't you have said so at first and saved this discussion?" cried his wife.

See here, Chet! broke out his friend. Do you think I'm going to let you take that kind of a chance for me?



News Snapshots Of the Week Austria declared war on Serbia, and at once the European war crisis assumed a most dangerous stage.

Kent could give his companion's revolt at the unuttered word and supplied it for him. "Grave robbery? It is."

"Where?" "In a private burying ground on the Blair's estate."

"Wilfrid Blair's grave? When was the funeral?" "This morning. I was among those present, though I don't think my name will be mentioned in the papers."

"Why should you have been there?" "Oh, set it down to vulgar curiosity," said Kent.

"Probably you'd say the same if I asked you the motive for this present expedition. I suppose you fully appreciate the chance we are taking?"

"Didn't I tell you that it was rather more than a life and death risk?" "Something cold touched Sedgwick's hand in the darkness. His fingers closed around a flask. No; no Dutch courage for me. Where is this place?"

"On Sundayman's creek, some fourteen miles from the Nook as the motor-funnel."

"Fourteen miles," repeated Sedgwick unsmilingly, following a train of thought that suddenly glowed, a beacon light of hope. "And these Blair's have some connection with the dead woman of the Cove, the woman who wore her jewelry?"

"Her fingers gripped and sank into Kent's hand fibred arm. 'Chet, for the love of heaven tell me! Is she one of these Blair's?'"

"No, nonsense, Sedgwick," returned the other sternly. "You're to act-yes, and think—under orders till the night's job is done."

"There was silence for nearly half an hour, while the car slipped, ghostlike, along the wet roadway. Presently it turned aside and stopped.

"Footwork and follow." "The spades and follow." "He himself, leading the way, carried a coil of rope on his shoulders. For what he reckoned to be half a mile he walked across soaked meadows, until the whisper of rain upon water came to his ears."

"Keep close," directed his guide and preceded him down a steep bank. The stream was soon forded. Emerging on the farther side they scrambled up the other bank into a thicker darkness, where Sedgwick, colliding with a gnarled tree trunk, stood lost and waiting. A tiny bar of light appeared. It came to a rest upon a fresh garish ridge of earth, all pesty and yellow in the rain, and abruptly died.

"Too dangerous to use the lantern," murmured Kent. "Take the near end and die."

Both men, fortunately, were in hard training. The heavy soil flew steadily and fast. Soon they were well deep. Kent in a low voice bade his fellow toiler stop.

"Don't wear ourselves out at the start," he said. "Take five minutes rest."

At the end of three minutes Sedgwick was groping for his spade. "I've got to go on, Chet," he gasped. "The silence and idleness are too much for me."

"It's just as well," assented his commanding officer, "the clouds are breaking; worse luck. And some one might possibly be up and about in the house. Go to it!"

"This time there was no respite until, with a thud which ran up his arm to his heart, Kent's iron struck upon metal. Both men stood frozen into a titter of attention. No sound came from the house.

"Easy now," warned Kent, after he judged it safe to continue. "I thought that Jim dug deeper than that. Spade it out gently. And feel for the handles."

"I've got one," whispered Sedgwick. "Climb out, then, and pass me down the rope."

As Sedgwick gazed the earth's level, the moon, sailing from behind a cloud, poured a flood of radiance between the tree trunks. Kent's face, as he raised it from the grave, stretching out his hand for the cord, was ghastly, but his lips smiled encouragement.

"All right! One minute, now, and we're safe." "Safe!" repeated the other. "With that opened grave! I shall never feel safe again."

"From between the earthen walls Kent's voice came, muffled. 'Safe as a church,' he sturred, 'from the minute that we have the coffin. Take this end of the rope. Got it? Now this one. It's fast fore and aft. Here I go.'

"With a leap he clambered out of the excavation. He took one end of the rope from Sedgwick's hand. 'All ready to haul!' he inquired in matter of fact tones.

"Wait. What are we going to do with this thing?" demanded his collaborator. "We can never get it to the car."

A low chuckle sounded from the shrubby back of the tent. The resurrected stood, stricken. "An owl," whispered Sedgwick at length.

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