

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XL

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1914.

### HEALTH INSURANCE

The man who insures his life is wise for his family.

The man who insures his health is wise both for his family and himself.

You may insure health by guarding it. It is worth guarding.

At the first attack of disease, which generally approaches through the LIVER and manifests itself in innumerable ways TAKE

## Tutt's Pills

And save your health.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

**J. S. COOK,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
GRAHAM, N. C.  
Office Patterson Building  
Second Floor.

**DAMERON & LONG**  
Attorneys-at-Law  
S. W. DAMERON, J. ADOLPH LONG  
Phone 20, Phone 100B  
Piedmont Building, Holt-Nicholson Bldg.,  
Burlington, N. C., Graham, N. C.

**DR. WILL S. LONG, JR.**  
DENTIST  
Graham, N. C. — North Carolina  
OFFICE IN SIMMONS BUILDING

**JACOB A. LONG, J. ELMER LONG**  
**LONG & LONG,**  
Attorneys and Counselors at Law  
GRAHAM, N. C.

**JOHN H. VERNON**  
Attorney and Counselor-at-Law  
PONES—Office 653—Residence 337  
BURLINGTON, N. C.

**Dr. J. V. Barefoot**  
OFFICE OVER HADLEY'S STORE  
Leave Messages at Alamance Pharmacy  
Phone 97 Residence Phone  
382 Office Hours 2-4 p. m. and by  
Appointment.

### ARE YOU UP TO DATE?

If you are not the NEWS-AN OBERVER is. Subscribe for it at once and it will keep you abreast of the times.

Full Associated Press dispatches. All the news—foreign, domestic, national, state and local all the time.

Daily News and Observer \$7 per year, 3.50 for 6 mos.  
Weekly North Carolinian \$1 per year, 50c for 6 mos.  
NEWS & OBSERVER PUB. CO.,  
RALPH, N. C.

The North Carolinian and THE ALAMANCE GLEANER will be sent for one year for Two Dollars. Cash in advance. Apply at THE GLEANER office, Graham, N. C.

## Just Between Ourselves and The Lamppost

By MOSS.

THIS is a little heart to heart talk. It's meant for the business men of this territory, for those who advertise and for those who ought to.

Friend, you must make your customers buy from you MENTALLY before they purchase in ACTUALITY.

You must arouse and interest the mind before you can reach the pocketbook. Thought precedes action.

Make the FAMILY CIRCLE a SHOPPING CENTER. First go about the money spent mentally by the friends. Get your selling story ready for the psychological buying moment. Make it as effective as you know how. Give it a PUNCH. Make every feature a VITAL FACT. List the DETAILS. The people want to know all you have to say. Tell the WHOLE story. Hammer your persuasion home. The results then lie between your competitor and yourself.

Remember, this newspaper takes you into the homes of the BUYING class of people. You can tell your story where it will do the most good. Tell it the WINNING way. We'll help you put ZING into your copy if you want us to.

How to Cure a Sprain.

A sprain may be cured in about one-third of the time required by the usual treatment by applying Chamberlain's Liniment and observing the directions with each bottle. For sale by all dealers.

## The Secret of Lonesome Cove

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

Copyright, 1912, by the Bobbs-Merrill Company

### SYNOPSIS

The body of an unknown woman partly handcuffed is found at Lonesome Cove. Chester Kent, a scientist, investigates the mystery.

He meets Artist Sedgwick, an old friend, who is suspected of killing her and plans to help him.

Sedgwick tells of meeting a beautiful young woman, name unknown, with whom he has fallen in love.

Kent and Sedgwick go to the Inquest upon the woman's body and engage Adam Blair, Sedgwick's lawyer.

Sheriff Schlager and Coroner Breed suddenly withdraw the body from public view. Gannett Jim, an Indian, accuses Sedgwick of murder.

Sedgwick secures an embroidered silver star found on top of the cliff above Lonesome Cove the night the woman died.

Kent believes the woman was handcuffed to a man who wore the star. He meets Alexander Blair, Alexander's scapegrace son.

Gannett Jim, thinking Sedgwick murdered the woman, tries to kill him. Kent spies upon Wilfrid Blair's funerals.

Wilfrid Blair has died suddenly, and Coroner Breed is helping Alexander Blair to suppress the news.

Kent and Sedgwick discover an 1893 picture, which is like the dead woman of the beach. Kent spies upon Wilfrid Blair's funerals.

Kent and Sedgwick dig up Wilfrid Blair's body and are caught at work by Sheriff Schlager and Alexander Blair.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### The Turn of the Game.

STRICKEN with amazement at the hatred in the tone, Sedgwick stood staring. But Kent stepped before the advancing man. "This won't do," he said firmly. "We can't any of us afford killing."

"I can," contradicted Mr. Blair.

"You would gain nothing by it. If one of us is killed the other will finish the task. You know what I am here for, Mr. Blair. I suppose to open that coffin and then go."

"No," said the master of Hedgerow house. "And it is twenty years ago since his 'no' had been overborne."

"Yes," returned Chester Kent quietly. "Mr. Blair's arm rose, steady and slow, with the inevitable motion of machinery."

"If you shoot," pointed out Kent, "you will rouse the house. Is there no one there from whom you wish to conceal that coffin?"

The arm rose higher until the muzzle of the pistol glared like a baleful, justerless eye into Kent's face. Instinctively he stepped back.



"Open your eyes! Look! Look!" cried Kent.

stead of making any counter motion with the sheriff's revolver the scientist turned, his hand, walked to Sedgwick and handed him the weapon. "I'm going to open the coffin, Frank," he announced. "That pistol of Mr. Blair's is a target arm. It has only one shot."

"True," put in its owner, "but I can score 120 with it at a hundred yards."

"If he should fire, Frank, wing him. And then, whatever happens, get that casket open. That is the one thing you must do—for me and yourself."

Sedgwick stepped to within two paces of Blair. "Blair," he said, with a snarl, "you so much as think with that trigger finger and you're dead!"

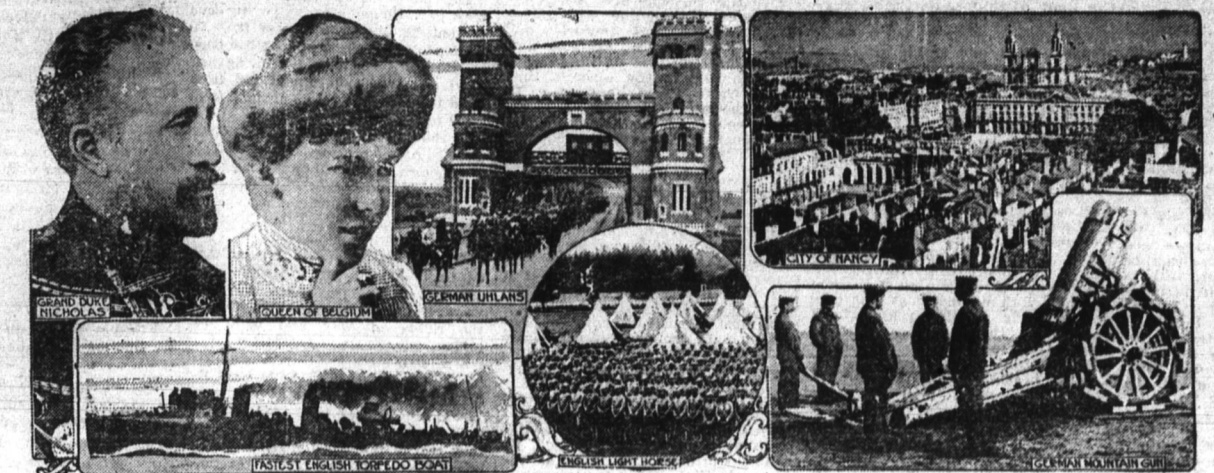
"No; no-killing, Frank," countermanded Kent. "In his place you'd perhaps do as he is doing."

He worked the blade of a spade carefully under the lid and began to pry. The cover gave slightly. Mr. Blair's pistol sank to his side. And then, whatever happens, get that casket open. That is the one thing you must do—for me and yourself."

Sedgwick stepped to within two paces of Blair. "Blair," he said, with a snarl, "you so much as think with that trigger finger and you're dead!"

"No; no-killing, Frank," countermanded Kent. "In his place you'd perhaps do as he is doing."

He worked the blade of a spade carefully under the lid and began to pry. The cover gave slightly. Mr. Blair's pistol sank to his side. And then, whatever happens, get that casket open. That is the one thing you must do—for me and yourself."



### News Snapshots Of the Week

The war in Europe continued over a wide area, though the rigid censorship prevented news from reaching the rest of the world except in fragmentary manner. The principal scene of action was along the borders of the German empire, where English and French troops were united against the Germans and their allies. Nancy, one of the best fortified towns in the eastern section of France, was in the zone of conflict. Much of the heaviest fighting was done in Belgium, though there were many rumors of desperate fighting on the east. German losses in the vicinity of Liege were heavy, and the Russians were also preparing to invade the Kaiser's territory from the east. Grand Duke Nicholas commands the Russian army.

believe I can do it. Che? "You must. As a witness. Come brace up!"

Setting the hulleys lantern down Kent produced a pocketknife. Sedgwick drew a long breath and, walking forward, crouched, stealing his nerves against the revelation that should come when the coffin should be cut and the swathing reveal their contents. "If I feel over, don't let me tumble into the grave," he said simply and choked the last word off from becoming a cry of horror as he beheld his friend draped the knife blade to the hilt in the body and then whip it across and downward with a long ripping draw under which the harsh cloth sang hideously.

"Open your eyes! Look, look!" cried Kent heartily.

A strong trickle of sand flowed out of the rent in the sack and spread upon the ground.

"That is all," said Kent. Relief clattered within Sedgwick for reflexion. He began to laugh in short choking spasms.

"Quiet!" warned Mr. Blair, in a broken tone of appeal. "You've found out the secret. God knows what you'll do with it. But there are innocent people in the house. What is this matter? Blackmail?"

Kent's face withdrew, as it were, behind his inscrutable half smile.

"Peace, if you will," said he. "A trace at least."

"I should like to know just how much you know."

"An offer. I will tell you whenever you are ready to fill me all that you know. I think we are mutually in need of each other."

"I wish you were at the bottom of that pit," retorted the other grimly. "You and your scoundrel of a friend with you."

"Thank you for myself," said Sedgwick. "If I were twenty years younger I would break every bone in your body for that."

"Steady, Frank," put in Kent. "Judge no man by his speech who has been through what Alexander Blair has been through tonight. Mr. Blair," he added, "you've refused my offer. It is still open. And as an extra I will undertake for Mr. Sedgwick and myself that this night's affair shall be kept secret. And, now, the next thing is to cover the evidence. Spades, Frank."

The two men took up their tools.

"I'll spell you," said Alexander Blair, and they hurriedly reentered the sack of clean sand which bore the name of Wilfrid Blair.

"And now," said Chester Kent, petting his blistered palms as the last shovelful of dirt was tamped down, "I'll take you back with me, Mr. Sedgwick. Blair's place and do the best I can for you till the morning. About 6 o'clock we'll find you unconscious below the cliffs where you fell in the darkness. Eh?"

Despite his pain the sheriff grinned. "I guess that's as good as the next life he acquires. You fight fair, professor."

"Then answer me a fair question. What were you doing at Hedgerow house tonight?"

"Why, you see," drawled the official, "I saw you fishin' that stream, and it came to my mind that you was castin' around for more than trout that wasn't there. But I didn't hardly think you'd come so soon, and I was asleep when the noise of the spade on the coffin woke me."

"Bad work and clumsy," commented Kent, with a scowl. "Come along. My car will carry three. Good night, Mr. Blair. All aboard, Frank."

"There was no answer."

"What became of Sedgwick?" demanded Kent.

"He was here half a minute ago. I'll swear to that," muttered the sheriff.

Kent stared anxiously about him. "Frank, Frank!" he called half under his breath.

"Not too loud," besought Alexander Blair.

"The clouds closed over the moon. Somewhere in the open air cracked. Sedgwick had disappeared."

Hope had surged up sudden and fierce in Sedgwick's heart at the gleam of a candle in Hedgerow house. Silent by his side he held his revolver beside his spade and slipped into the shadows.

He heard Kent's impatient query. He saw him as he picked up the relinquished weapon and examined it, and, estimating the temper of his friend, was sure that the scientist would not stop to search for him. In this he was right. Taking the sheriff along for a time in the second story, he slipped into the darkness beyond Mr. Blair, walking with heavy steps and fallen head, made his way back to the house. Sedgwick heard the door close behind him. A light shone for a time in the second story. It disappeared. With infinite caution, Sedgwick made the detour, gained the rear of the house, and skirting the north wing, stepped forth in the bright moonlight, the presence of passion

that I came over wotily without the knowledge of your wife."

"Of whom?" exclaimed Blair, and in the same moment, the girl stepped out, "Oh, no, no; not that!"

"Not?" exclaimed Sedgwick. "That?"

"Marjorie," interrupted Mr. Blair, "think you had best go to your room."

"The girl's soft lips straightened in a line of inflexibility. "I wish to speak to Mr. Sedgwick," she said.

"Speak, then, and quickly."

"No; I wish to speak to him alone. There is an explanation which I wish to give."

"And there is one which he owes you," retorted Blair. "As he seems to have been too cowardly to give it, I will supply his deficiencies. In order that there may be no misunderstanding let me present Mr. Francis Sedgwick, the murderer."

A low cry, the most desolate, the most stricken sound that Sedgwick had ever heard from human lips, trembled on the air. Before he could gather his senses to retort and deny she had drawn herself to her feet, and the rose lowered window framed only emptiness.

"Is it possible that you really believe it?" Sedgwick exclaimed.

"So possible that but for the scandal I would do what I cannot invoke the law to do and exact life for life. And, to crown all, I find you with my son's wife."

"Your son's wife?" The cry burst from Sedgwick's lips.

"In the dead of night at a rendezvous," concluded Blair.

"That is a lie," said Sedgwick very low, "for which I shall kill you if you dare repeat it even to your own mother. It was no rendezvous. Is your mind so vicious that you can't believe in innocence? Stop and think! How could it have been a rendezvous when I came here, as you know, for another purpose?"

"That is true," said the other thoughtfully. "That still remains to be explained."

"By you," returned the artist. "You speak of your son's wife. To carry out the face of the sham burial shouldn't you have said his 'widow'?"

"The widow of a day, as you well know," answered Mr. Blair bitterly.

"As I do not know all. But I think I begin to see light. The rose topazes on the dead woman's neck. Her topazes. That helps to clear it up. The dead woman was some past girl of love of Wilfrid Blair's. She came here either to reassert her way over him or to blackmail him. He gave her his wife's jewels. Then he followed her to the cliffs and killed her, perhaps in a drunken frenzy. And you, Mr. Alexander Blair, to save your son have concealed him somewhere, bribed the sheriff and the medical officer, contrived this false death and burial and are now trying to suggest to me, as you know to be innocent further to fortify your position. But what damnable lie have you told her?"

During this exposition Alexander Blair's face was a study in changing emotions. At the close his thin lips curled in the suggestion of a sardonic grin.

"I leave you to the company of your theory, sir," said he, and the door closed sharply after him.

Three hours later, wet and bedraggled, but with a fire at his heart, the nightfarer came to his home and roused Kent from slumber on the studio couch.

In brief outline Sedgwick told of the moonlight interview.

"Do you know," Kent said, "I would not wonder if Blair really thought you the murderer. You are a very interesting and ingenious theory. But the fact is that Wilfrid Blair was dead before his father ever learned of the tragedy of Lonesome Cove."

"I understand. Agreed," called Kent. "Tomorrow morning then."

"Kent went direct to Cambridge. He found his friend, one of the finest and profoundest philosophers of his time, sitting in a closed house over a game of that form of solitaire appropriately denominated "idiot's delight."

"It is long since you have done me the honor to consult me," said the old scholar, smiling.

Kent outlined the case to him.

"You see," he said, "there is an obvious connection between the unknown body on the beach and the Blair tragedy."

"Poor Marjorie!" exclaimed the old man. "For her marriage I blame myself largely. When Marjorie Dorrance was left an orphan I was her nearest relative of an age and position such as to constitute a moral claim of guardianship. She visited here when she was eighteen—came like a flood of sunlight into this house. A beautiful vivid girl, half child, half woman; with a beautiful vivid mind. When I returned from one of my journeys into the past I found that Marjorie was engaged to that wretched creature. Now, he is dead. Let me. I have seen little of her in late years. God grant the life with him has not crushed out of her all her sweetness and happiness."

"While I am no judge of women," said Kent judicially, "I should venture to aver that it hasn't. But about calling on her—my being a stranger, you see—and in the first days of her widowhood—social conventions, and that sort of thing."

"Mist and moonshine, my dear sir! Moonshine and mist! Marjorie feels no grief. She will pretend to none—no even to herself. I will take you to her tomorrow."

"Blair'll treat her?" asked Kent.

"Oh, I'll treat! That is a wide term. I believe that the poor weakling did his best to keep faith and honor. But ropes of mud are strong. Those with which she had bound herself drew him restlessly back to the sewers. Here was but a marriage of glamor at best."

"Does she know anything of the manner of Blair's death?"

"No one knows much of it, from what I understand. Unless it be Alexander Blair. One of the family who went to Hedgerow house for the funeral called upon me as a courtesy due to Mrs. Blair's nearest relative. Alexander Blair, he said, was reticent. His dread of publicity is notorious. But from what he, the relative, could ascertain the affair was substantially this: On the evening before the woman's body was found Wilfrid Blair, who had been exhibiting symptoms of melancholia, left the house secretly. No one saw him go, but about the time that he left the unknown woman was seen in the vicinity of Hedgerow house."

"By whom?"

"By a half breed Indian, a devoted servant of the family, who was practically young Blair's body servant."

"Gannett Jim! That helps to explain."

"Whether or not Wilfrid Blair had arranged a meeting with this woman is not known. As you know, she was found with her skull crushed on the sea beach. Blair was afterwards discovered by his half breed servant mortally injured and was brought home to bed."

"That is Alexander Blair's version of the tragedy?"

"As I understand it."

"Wilfrid Blair never was brought home."

"Ah! In any case Alexander Blair is striving to conceal some scandal, the nature of which I have no wish to guess. By the way, I should have added that he suspects a third person, an artist, resident not far from his place, of being his son's assailant."

"Francis Sedgwick."

"You know the man?"

"It is on his behalf that I am acting," replied Kent.

"My informant, however, inclines to the belief that Alexander Blair is wrong; that Wilfrid Blair killed the woman and then inflicted mortal wounds upon himself. Perhaps you would better see my informant for yourself."

"Unnecessary, thank you. Mr. Blair is not setting quite all that he knows. He believes I correctly follow his mental processes—that Francis Sedgwick met his son on the night of the tragedy, by chance or otherwise, and that in the encounter which he believed followed Wilfrid Blair was killed. Unfortunately some color of motive is lent to this by the fact that Sedgwick had fallen desperately in love with Mrs. Blair."

"Impossible! Marjorie is not the woman to permit such a thing."

"Without blame to her or, indeed, to either of them, she also believes now that Sedgwick killed her husband."

"And she was interested in your friend?" asked the old scholar slowly.

"I fear—that is, I trust so. Circumstantial evidence is against Sedgwick, but I give you my word, sir, it is wholly impossible that he should have killed your niece's husband."

"To doubt your certainty could be crassly stupid. And are you hopeful of clearing up the circumstances?"

"There I want your aid. The night of the tragedy a person wearing a dark garment embroidered with silver stars was on Hawklift heights. I have reason to believe that this person came there to meet some one from the Blair place. It is to run him down that I have come to Boston."

"A man wearing a dark garment embroidered with silver stars," said the philosopher. "Surely a strange garb in this age of sartorial orthodoxy."

"Not for an astrologer."

"Ab, an astrologer! And you think he came from Boston?"

"I think," said Chester Kent, drawing some newspaper clippings from his pocket, "that somewhere among these advertisements taken from the newspapers which are subscribed for at Hedgerow house he is to be found."

"There I ought to be able to help. Through my association with the occult society I have investigated many of these gentry. Great racials, most of them."

[To be continued.]

"If I knew that I shouldn't be going to Boston to consult an astrologer. And you?"

"I am going back to Hedgerow house," concluded the artist obstinately.

"Do you know Room 571 at the Elyrie?" asked Kent abruptly.

"No. Yes. I do too."

"Walk up to the hotel. Give this card to the clerk. Get the key. Go to that room at once. Lie down on your back with your eyes open and think for one hour by the watch. If at the end of that time you still believe you're right go ahead. Will you do it?"

"Agreed. It's a bargain. But it won't change my mind."

"A bargain's a bargain. It won't need to," said Kent coolly. "By that time, if I have any understanding of Mr. Alexander Blair, he will have put your lady of mystery on the morning train which leaves for Boston by one of the other roads. If not, why, you may take your chance."

"Ticked!" said Sedgwick. "Well, I owe you too much to go back on my agreement. But see here, Kent. She's going to Boston. You're going to Boston. You can easily find out where the Blair live. Go to her for me and find."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Kent piously.

"Why?"

"Haven't I told you that I am a timid creature and especially about females? Over seventy I like 'em, and under seven I love 'em. Between I shun 'em. I'll do anything for you but that, my boy," he concluded as the train came rumbling in.

"Then I shall have to follow and look her up myself," returned his friend. "I'll wire you before I come. Goodby."

"By the way," said Kent, leaning out from the car step upon which he had swung himself, "don't be disturbed if you miss that drawing which you bought from Elder Dennett at a bargain."

"Miss it? Why, where is it?"

"In my suit case."

"What is it doing there?"

"Why, you see, if it's a sketch for a finished portrait by Elliott, as I suspect, some of the art people in Boston might recognize it. Good luck! I hope not to see you soon—too soon, that is! Chance and a deranged railway schedule conspired against the peace of mind of the shy and shrinking Kent. Outside of Boston a few miles in a junction and a crossing. Here Kent's train was held up by some minor accident. Here, too, the train from the north on the other road stopped for orders. Thus it was that Kent, stepping out to take the air, found himself looking into an open Pullman window at a woman's face framed in deepest black.

"Mrs. Blair!"

For once in his life Chester Kent's controlled tongue had broken the leash. Immediately he would have given a considerable sum of money to recall his impulsive exclamation. He was in an agony of distress. But it was too late. The girlish face turned.

"I beg pardon," stammered the man. "Are you Mrs. Blair? I'm Mrs. Kent."

"At this astonishing announcement, amusement gleamed in the woman's eyes and gave a delicate up twist to the corners of the soft mouth.

"I don't recognize you in your present attire, Mrs. Kent," she murmured. "No. Of course not. I meant to say—that is, you know—Kent gathered his forces, resolved desperately to see it through now. "There are things I want to speak to you about. I wish to get on your car."

"Certainly not," replied she decisively. "I do not know you."

"I am a friend of Francis Sedgwick. Try to believe me when I tell you that I wish only to save both of you misunderstanding and suffering-needless misunderstanding and suffering," he added.

"It is too late," she said hoarsely. "Now, what see I and tell-story has Alexander Blair told her? Kent demanded of his mind. "How much does she know or how little?"

The jar and forward lurch of the car before him brought him out of his reverie.

"Can I see you in Boston?" he asked hurriedly.

She shook her head. "Not now. I can see no one. And, remember, I do not even know you."

Kent cast about rapidly in his mind as he walked along with the car for some one who might be a common acquaintance. He mentioned the name of a very great psychologist at Harvard. "Do you know him?" he asked.

"Yes. He is my mother's half brother."

"And my valued friend?" he cried. "May I get him to bring me?" He was almost running now beside the window.

"Yes," she assented, "if you insist. But I will hear no word of—of your friend."

"If you are married already," he said unsteadily.

"Is wholly mine. I beg you to believe

"If you are married already," he said unsteadily.

"Is wholly mine. I beg you to believe

"If you are married already," he said unsteadily.

"Is wholly mine. I beg you to believe

"If you are married already," he said unsteadily.

"Is wholly mine. I beg you to believe

"If you are married already," he said unsteadily.

"Is wholly mine. I beg you to believe

"If you are married already," he said unsteadily.

"Is wholly mine. I beg you to believe

"I understand. Agreed," called Kent. "Tomorrow morning then."

"Kent went direct to Cambridge. He found his friend, one of the finest and profoundest philosophers of his time, sitting in a closed house over a game of that form of solitaire appropriately denominated "idiot's delight."

"It is long since you have done me the honor to consult me," said the old scholar, smiling.

Kent outlined the case to him.

"You see," he said, "there is an obvious connection between the unknown body on the beach and the Blair tragedy."

"Poor Marjorie!" exclaimed the old man. "For her marriage I blame myself largely. When Marjorie Dorrance was left an orphan I was her nearest relative of an age and position such as to constitute a moral claim of guardianship. She visited here when she was eighteen—came like a flood of sunlight into this house. A beautiful vivid girl, half child, half woman; with a beautiful vivid mind. When I returned from one of my journeys into the past I found that Marjorie was engaged to that wretched creature. Now, he is dead. Let me. I have seen little of her in late years. God grant the life with him has not crushed out of her all her sweetness and happiness."

"While I am no judge of women," said Kent judicially, "I should venture to aver that it hasn't. But about calling on her—my being a stranger, you see—and in the first days of her widowhood—social conventions, and that sort of thing."

"Mist and moonshine, my dear sir! Moonshine and mist! Marjorie feels no grief. She will pretend to none—no even to herself. I will take you to her tomorrow."

"Blair'll treat her?" asked Kent.

"Oh, I'll treat! That is a wide term. I believe that the poor weakling did his best to keep faith and honor. But ropes of mud are strong. Those with which she had bound herself drew him restlessly back to the sewers. Here was but a marriage of glamor at best."

"Does she know anything of the manner of Blair's death?"

"No one knows much of it, from what I understand. Unless it be Alexander Blair. One of the family who went to Hedgerow house for the funeral called upon me as a courtesy due to Mrs. Blair's nearest relative. Alexander Blair, he said, was reticent. His dread of publicity is notorious. But from what he, the relative, could ascertain the affair was substantially this: On the evening before the woman's body was found Wilfrid Blair, who had been exhibiting symptoms of melancholia, left the house secretly. No one saw him go, but about the time that he left the unknown woman was seen in the vicinity of Hedgerow house."

"By whom?"

"By a half breed Indian, a devoted servant of the family, who was practically young Blair's body servant."

"Gannett Jim! That helps to explain."

"Whether or not Wilfrid Blair had arranged a meeting with this woman is not known. As you know, she was found with her skull crushed on the sea beach. Blair was afterwards discovered by his half breed servant mortally injured and was brought home to bed."

"That is Alexander Blair's version of the tragedy?"

"As I understand it."

"Wilfrid Blair never was brought home."

"Ah! In any case Alexander Blair is striving to conceal some scandal, the nature of which I have no wish to guess. By the way, I should have added that he suspects a third person, an artist, resident not far from his place, of being his son's assailant."

"Francis Sedgwick."

"You know the man?"

"It is on his behalf that I am acting," replied Kent.

"My informant, however, inclines to the belief that Alexander Blair is wrong; that Wilfrid Blair killed the woman and then inflicted mortal wounds upon himself. Perhaps you would better see my informant for yourself."

"Unnecessary, thank you. Mr. Blair is not setting quite all that he knows. He believes I correctly follow his mental processes—that Francis Sedgwick met his son on the night of the tragedy, by chance or otherwise, and that in the encounter which he believed followed Wilfrid Blair was killed. Unfortunately some color of motive is lent to this by the fact that Sedgwick had fallen desperately in love with Mrs. Blair."

"Impossible! Marjorie is not the woman to permit such a thing."

"Without blame to her or, indeed, to either of them, she also believes now that Sedgwick killed her husband."

"And she was interested in your friend?" asked the old scholar slowly.

"I fear—that is, I trust so. Circumstantial evidence is against Sedgwick, but I give you my word, sir, it is wholly impossible that he should have killed your niece's husband."

"To doubt your certainty could be crassly stupid. And are you hopeful of clearing up the circumstances?"

"There I want your aid. The night of the tragedy a person wearing a dark garment embroidered with silver stars was on Hawklift heights. I have reason to believe that this person came there to meet some one from the Blair place. It is to run him down that I have come to Boston."

"A man wearing a dark garment embroidered with silver stars," said the philosopher. "Surely a strange garb in this age of sartorial orthodoxy."

"Not for an astrologer."

"Ab, an astrologer! And you think he came from Boston?"

"I think," said Chester Kent, drawing some newspaper clippings from his pocket, "that somewhere among these advertisements taken from the newspapers which are subscribed for at Hedgerow house he is to be found."

"There I ought to be able to help. Through my association with the occult society I have investigated many of these gentry. Great racials, most of them."

[To be continued.]

"If I knew that I shouldn't be going to Boston to consult an astrologer. And you?"

"I am going back to Hedgerow house," concluded the artist obstinately.

"Do you know Room 571 at the Elyrie?" asked Kent abruptly.

"No. Yes. I do too."

"Walk up to the hotel. Give this card to the clerk. Get the key. Go to that room at once. Lie down on your back with your eyes open and think for one hour by the watch. If at the end of that time you still believe you're right go ahead. Will you do it?"

"Agreed. It's a bargain. But it won't change my mind."

"A bargain's a bargain. It won't need to," said Kent coolly. "By that time, if I have any understanding of Mr. Alexander Blair, he will have put your lady of mystery on the morning train which leaves for Boston by one of the other roads. If not, why, you may take your chance."

"Ticked!" said Sedgwick. "Well, I owe you too much to go back on my agreement. But see here, Kent. She's going to Boston. You're going to Boston. You can easily find out where the Blair live. Go to her for me and find."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Kent piously.

"Why?"

"Haven't I told you that I am a timid creature and especially about females? Over seventy I like 'em, and under seven I love 'em. Between I shun 'em. I'll do anything for you but that, my boy," he concluded as the train came rumbling in.

"Then I shall have to follow and look her up myself," returned his friend. "I'll wire you before I come. Goodby."

"By the way," said Kent, leaning out from the car step upon which he had swung himself, "don't be disturbed if you miss that drawing which you bought from Elder Dennett at a bargain."

"Miss it? Why, where is it?"

"In my suit case."

"What is it doing there?"

"Why, you see, if it's a sketch for a finished portrait by Elliott, as I suspect, some of the art people in Boston might recognize it. Good luck! I hope not to see you soon—too soon, that is! Chance and a deranged railway schedule conspired against the peace of mind of the shy and shrinking Kent. Outside of Boston a few miles in a junction and a crossing. Here Kent's train was held up by some minor accident. Here, too, the train from the north on the other road stopped for orders. Thus it was that Kent, stepping out to take the air, found himself looking into an open Pullman window at a woman's face framed in deepest black.

"Mrs. Blair!"

For once in his life Chester Kent's controlled tongue had broken the leash. Immediately he would have given a considerable sum of money to recall his impulsive exclamation. He was in an agony of distress. But it was too late. The girlish face turned.

"I beg pardon," stammered the man. "Are you Mrs. Blair? I'm Mrs. Kent."

"At this astonishing announcement, amusement gleamed in the woman's eyes and gave a delicate up twist to the corners of the soft mouth.

"I don't recognize you in your present attire, Mrs. Kent," she murmured. "No. Of course not. I meant to say—that is, you know—Kent gathered his forces, resolved desperately to see it through now. "There are things I want to speak to you about. I wish to get on your car."

"Certainly not," replied she decisively. "I do not know you."

"I am a friend of Francis Sedgwick. Try to believe me when I tell you that I wish only to save both of you misunderstanding and suffering-needless misunderstanding and suffering," he added.

"It is too late," she said hoarsely. "Now, what see I and tell-story has Alexander Blair told her? Kent demanded of his mind. "How much does she know or how little?"

The jar and forward lurch of the car before him brought him out of his reverie.

"Can I see you in Boston?" he asked hurriedly.

She shook her head. "Not now. I can see no one. And, remember, I do not even know you."

Kent cast about rapidly in his mind as he walked along with the car for some one who might be a common acquaintance. He mentioned the name of a very great psychologist at Harvard. "Do you know him?" he asked.

"Yes. He is my mother's half brother."

"And my valued friend?" he cried. "May I get him to bring me?" He was almost running now beside the window.

"Yes," she assented, "if you insist. But I will hear no word of—of your friend."

"If I knew that I shouldn't be going to Boston to consult an astrologer. And you?"

"I am going back to Hedgerow house," concluded the artist obstinately.

"Do you know Room 571 at the Elyrie?" asked Kent abruptly.

"No. Yes. I do too."

"Walk up to the hotel. Give this card to the clerk. Get the key. Go to that room at once. Lie down on your back with your eyes open and think for one hour by the watch. If at the end of that time you still believe you're right go ahead. Will you do it?"

"Agreed. It's a bargain. But it won't change my mind."

"A bargain's a bargain. It won't need to," said Kent coolly. "By that time, if I have any understanding of Mr. Alexander Blair, he will have put your lady of mystery on the morning train which leaves for Boston by one of the other roads. If not, why, you may take your chance."

"Ticked!" said Sedgwick. "Well, I owe you too much to go back on my agreement. But see here, Kent. She's going to Boston. You're going to Boston. You can easily find out where the Blair live. Go to her for me and find."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Kent piously.

"Why?"

"Haven't I told you that I am a timid creature and especially about females? Over seventy I like 'em, and under seven I love 'em. Between I shun 'em. I'll do anything for you but that, my boy," he concluded as the train came rumbling in.

"Then I shall have to follow and look her up myself," returned his friend. "I'll wire you before I come. Goodby."

"By the way," said Kent, leaning out from the car step upon which he had swung himself, "don't be disturbed if you miss that drawing which you bought from Elder Dennett at a bargain."

"Miss it? Why, where is it?"

"In my suit case."

"What is it doing there?"

"Why, you see, if it's a sketch for a finished portrait by Elliott, as I suspect, some of the art people in Boston might recognize it. Good luck! I hope not to see you soon—too soon, that is! Chance and a deranged railway schedule conspired against the peace of mind of the shy and shrinking Kent. Outside of Boston a few miles in a junction and a crossing. Here Kent's train was held up by some minor accident. Here, too, the train from the north on the other road stopped for orders. Thus it was that Kent, stepping out to take the air, found himself looking into an open Pullman window at a woman's face framed in deepest black.

"Mrs. Blair!"

For once in his life Chester Kent's controlled tongue had broken the leash. Immediately he would have given a considerable sum of money to recall his impulsive exclamation. He was in an agony of distress. But it was too late. The girlish face turned.

"I beg pardon," stammered the man. "Are you Mrs. Blair? I'm Mrs. Kent."

"At this astonishing announcement, amusement gleamed in the woman's eyes and gave a delicate up twist to the corners of the soft mouth.

"I don't recognize you in your present attire, Mrs. Kent," she murmured. "No. Of course not. I meant to say—that is, you know—Kent gathered his forces, resolved desperately to see it through now. "There are things I want to speak to you about. I wish to get on your car."

"Certainly not," replied she decisively. "I do not know you."

"I am a friend of Francis Sedgwick. Try to believe me when I tell you that I wish only to save both of you misunderstanding and suffering-needless misunderstanding and suffering," he added.

"It is too late," she said hoarsely. "Now, what see I and tell-story has Alexander Blair told her? Kent demanded of his mind. "How much does she know or how little?"

The jar and forward lurch of the car before him brought him out of his reverie.

"Can I see you in Boston?" he asked hurriedly.

She shook her head. "Not now. I can see no one. And, remember, I do not even know you."

Kent cast about rapidly in his mind as he walked along with the car for some one who might be a common acquaintance. He mentioned the name of a very great psychologist at Harvard. "Do you know him?" he asked.

"Yes. He is my mother's half brother."

"And my valued friend?" he cried. "May I get him to bring me?" He was almost running now beside the window.

"Yes," she assented, "if you insist. But I will hear no word of—of your friend."

"If I knew that I shouldn't be going to Boston to consult an astrologer. And you?"

"I am going back to Hedgerow house," concluded the artist obstinately.

"Do you know Room 571 at the Elyrie?" asked Kent abruptly.

"No. Yes. I do too."

"Walk up to the hotel. Give this card to the clerk. Get the key. Go to that room at once. Lie down on your back with your eyes open and think for one hour by the watch. If at the end of that time you still believe you're right go ahead. Will you do it?"

"Agreed. It's a bargain. But it won't change my mind."

"A bargain's a bargain. It won't need to," said Kent coolly. "By that time, if I have any understanding of Mr. Alexander Blair, he will have put your lady of mystery on the morning train which leaves for Boston by one of the other roads. If not, why, you may take your chance."

"Ticked!" said Sedgwick. "Well, I owe you too much to go back on my agreement. But see here, Kent. She's going to Boston. You're going to Boston. You can easily find out where the Blair live. Go to her for me and find."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Kent piously.

"Why?"

"Haven't I told you that I am a timid creature and especially about females? Over seventy I like 'em, and under seven I love 'em. Between I shun 'em. I'll do anything for you but that, my boy," he concluded as the train came rumbling in.

"Then I shall have to follow and look her up myself," returned his friend. "I