PROLOGUE.

the Bills, and a lot of quarreling they did about it.

I knocked at the door at 10 o'clock

and Mr. Ladley opened it. He was a short man, rather stout and getting

bald, and he always had a cigarette

Even yet the parior carpet smells of them.

"What de you want?" be asked sharply, holding the door open about an inch.

"The water's coming up very fast, Mr. Ladley," I said. "It's up to the swinging shelf in the cellar now. I'd like to take up the carpet and move the

"Come back in an bour or so," b

susped and tried to close the door. But I had got my toe in the crack.

"I'll have to have the plane moved

Mr. Ladley." I said. "You'd better put

I thought he was probably writing He spent most of the day writing

using the washstand as a desk, and i kept me busy with oxalic acid taking

towels. He was writing a play and talked a lot about the Shuberts having

promised to star him in it when it was

"H-!" he said, and, turning, spoke

"We can go into the back room,"

heard him say, and he closed the door. When he opened it again the room was

empty. I called in Terry, the Irish

man who does odd jobs for me now

and then, and we both got to work at

the tacks in the carpet, Terry working

by the window and I by the door into

the back parlor, which the Ladleys

That was how I happened to hea what I afterward told the police.

Some one-a man, but not Mr. Lad

ley-was talking. Mrs. Ladley broke

in: "I won't do it!" she said flatly "Why should I belp him? He doesn'

help me. He loafs here all day, smok ing and sleeping, and sits up all night

The voice went on again, as if in re-

ply to this, and I beard a rattle of

glasses, as if they were pouring

drinks. They always had whisky, even

when they were behind with their

"That's all very well," Mrs. Ladley

said. I could always bear her, she

having a theatrical sort of voice one

that carries. "But what about the prying she devil that runs the house?"

"Hush, for God's sake!" broke in Mr.

Ladley, and after that they spoke in

whispers. Even with my ear against the panel I could not catch a word.

The men came just then to move the

plane, and by the time we had taken it and the furniture upstairs the water

was over the kitchep floor and creep-

ing forward into the ball. I had never

seen the river come up so fast. By noon the yard was full of floating ice.

and at 3 that afternoon the police

skiff was on the front streets, and

was wading around in rubber boots

I was too busy to see who the Lad-leys' visitor was and he had gone when I remembered him again. The Ladleys

across the river, had the room just

I put up a coal stove in a back roon

next the bathroom and managed to cook the dinner there. I was washing up the dishes when Mr. Reynolds

came in. As it was Sunday he was in

his slippers and had the colored sup plement of a morning paper in his

hand. What's the matter with the Lod-leys?" he asked. "I can't read for

taking the pictures off the walls.

drinking and keeping me awake."

to somebody in the room.

used as a bedroom.

board.

off what you are doing."

Was Jennie Brice murdered? If she were murdered, who was guilty of the foul deed?

If she were not done away with by an assassin, what became of her?

Whence did she disappear? These and a few other interesting questions are raised at once in this very clever tale of mystery written by a woman who is not only an adept at writing fiction of this character, but the possessor of a style that chains the interest by its clearness and directness and wine by its rich humor.

CHAPTER I.

E have just had another flood bad enough, but only a foot or two of water on the first floor. Yesterday we got the and shoveled out of the cellar and found Peter, the spaniel that Mr. Lad ley left when he "went away." The flood, and the fact that it was Mr. Ladley's dog whose body was found half buried in the basement fruit closet, brought back to me the strange events of the other flood five years tgo, when the water reached more than half way to the second story, and brought with it, to some, mystery and sudden death, and to me the worst case of "shingles" I have ever seen.

My name is Pitman—in this narra-

tive. It is not really Pitman, but that does well enough. I belong to an old Pittsburgh family. I was born on Penn avenue, when that was the best part of town, and I lived, until I was afteen, very close to what is now the Pittsburgh club. It was a dwelling then; I have forgotten who lived there

I was a girl in '77, during the rall-road riots, and I recall our driving in the family carriage over to one of the Allegheny hills, and seeing the yards burning, and a great noise of shooting from across the river. It was the next year that I ran away from school to marry Mr. Pitman, and I have not known my family since We were never reconciled, although I came back to Pittsburgh after twenty

dead; the old city called me, and I

I had a hundred dollars or so, and I took a house in lower Allegheny, where, because they are partly inun-dated every spring, the rents are cheap, and I kept boarders. My house was always orderly and clean, and although the neighborhood had a bad name, a good many theatrical people stopped with me. Five minutes across the bridge and they were in the theater district. Allegheny at that time, I believe, was still an independent city But since then it has allied itself with Pittsburgh; it is now the north side of

I was glad to get back. I worked hard, but I made my rept and my living and a little over. Now and then on summer evenings I went to one of the parks and, sitting on a bench. watched the children playing around and looked at my sister's house, closed for the summer. It is a very large house. Her butler once had his wife boarding with me a very nice little

time, five years ago, I had never seen my niece, Lida Harvey, and then to think that only the day before yesterday she came in her automobile as far as she dared and then sat there, wavng to me, while the police patrol brought across in a skiff a basket of provisions she had sent me.

I wonder what she would have thought had she known that the elderly woman in a calico wrapper, with an old overcost over it and a pair of rubber boots, was her full aunt.

The flood and the sight of Lida both brought back the case of Jennie Brice, for even then Lida and Mr. Howell were interested in each other.

This is April. The fl d of 1907 was earlier, in March. It d been a long hard winter, with ice proges in all the upper valley. Then—early March there came a thaw. gorges broke n, filling the up and began to com-

rivers with crushing E Filing ice. Pittsburgh, There are three ri the Allegheny and onongahela uniting there at th to form the Ohio. And all thre pvered with

broken ice, logs aVEST s of debris from the upper variety of the weather bureau. DE AV hay carpets ready to lift thouse our Manday. Mr. Ladley and his mare for Deposition, had the parlor bed 8:15 a.m. room be

the parior bed teaves Square From be hind it. Mrs aves the Square a small a small a per

ing as I have, Mr. Reynolds, you'll signal for every man in the vicinity to stop work and get full. The fuller the river the fuller the male popula-

"Then this flood will likely make 'em drink themselves to death!" he said. "It's a lulu."
"It's a lulu."
"It's the neighborhood's annual debauch. The women are busy in the cellars, or they'd get full too. I hope, since it's come this far, it will come farther, so the landlord will have to

paper the parlor."

That was at 3 o'clock. At 4 Mr. Ladley went down the stairs, and a him getting into a skiff in the lower hall. There were boats going back and hall. forth all the time carrying crowds of curious people and taking the flood sufferers to the corner grocery, where they were lowering groceries in a bas-

they were lowering groceries in a bas-ket on a rope from an upper window. I had been making tea when I heard Mr. Ladley go out. I fixed a tray with a cup of it and some crackers and took it to their door. I had never liked Mrs. Ladley, but it was chilly in the house with the gas shut off and the lower floor full of ice water. And it is hard enough to keep boarders in the flood district.

She did not answer to my knocks, so I opened the door and went in. She was at the window, looking after him, and the brown valles that figured in the case later was opened on the floor. Over the foot of the bed was the black and white dress with the red collar.

When I spoke to her she turned around quickly. She was a tall woman, about twenty-eight, with very white teeth and yellow hair, which she parted a little to one side and drew down over her ears. She had a sullen face and large well shaped hands, with her nails long and very pointed.

"The 'she devil' has brought you some tea," I said. "Where shall she put it?"

"Bbe devil!" she repeated, raising ber eyebrows. "It's a very thoughtful she devil. Who called you that?" But with the sight of the vallse and

the fear that they might be leaving I thought it best not to quarrel. She had left the window and, going to her dressing table, had picked up her nall "Never mind," I said. "I hope

are not soing away. These floods don't last, and they're a benefit. Plenty of the people around here rely on 'em every year to wash out their cellars." "No. I'm not going away," she replied lazily. 'T'm taking that dress to Miss Hope at the theater. She is going to wear it in 'Charlie's Aunt' next week. She hasn't half enough of a wardrobe to play leads in stock. Look at this thumb nail, broken to the

If I had only looked to see which thumb it was! But I was putting the tes tray on the washstand and moving tes tray on the washstand and moving
Mr. Ladley's papers to find room for it.
Peter, the spaniel, begged for a lump
of sugar, and I gave it to him.
"Where is Mr. Ladley?" I asked.
"Gone out to see the river."
"I hope he'll be careful. There's a

drowning or two every year in these

calmly. "Do you know what I was do-ing when you came in? I was looking after his boat and hoping it had a hole

"You won't feel that way tomorrow, Mrs. Ladley," I protested, shocked. "You're just nervous and put out. Many a time I wished Mr. Pitman was gone—until he went. Then I'd have given a good bit to have him back Egain.

She was standing in front of the dresser, fixing her hair over her ears. She turned and looked at me over her

"Probably Mr. Pitman was a man," she said. "My husband is a fiend. a

Well, a good many women have said that to me at different times. But just let me say such a thing to them, or repeat their own words to them the next day, and they would fly at me in a fury. So I said nothing and put the cream into her tea. I never saw her again.

There is not much sleeping done in the flood district during a spring flood. The gas was shut off and I gave Mr. Reynolds and the Ladleys each a lamp. sat in the back room that I had made fnto a temporary kitchen with a candle and with a bedquilt around my shoulders. The water rose fast in the lower ball, but by midnight at the seventh step it stopped rising stood still. I always have a skill during the flood season, and as the water rose I tied it to one spindle of the stair

case after another. I made myself a cup of tea and a o'clock I stretched out on a sofa for few hours' sleep. I think I had been deeping only an hour or so when some one touched me on the shoulder and I started up. It was Mr. Reynolds, partly dressed.

"Some one has been in the house way just now in the boat."

"Perhaps it was Peter." I suggested. "That dog is always wandering around at night"

"Not unless Peter can row a boat," said Mr. Reynolds dryly.
I got up. being already full dressed.

and taking the candle we went to the staircase. I noticed that it was a minmte or so after 2 o'clock as we left the room. The boat was gone, not untied but cut loose. The end of the rope was took the second story front, which was empty, and Mr. Reynolds, who was in the silk department in a store still fastened to the stair rail. I sai down on the stairs and looked at Mr. Reynolds.

"It's gone!" I said. "If the house catches are we'll have to drown."
"It's rather curious when you con-

sider it." We both spoke softly not to disturb the Ladleys. "I've been awake and I heard no boat come in. And yet if no one came in a boat and came from the street they would have had to

I felt queer and creepy. The street door was open, of course, and the lights going beyond. It gave me a strange feeling to alt there in the darkness on the stairs, with the arch

of the front door like the entrance to the eddy and pass on. It was bitter rold, too, and the wind was rising.

"Til go through the house," said Mr. devnoids. "There's likely nothing worse the matter than some drunken mill hand on a vacation while the mills are under water. But I'd bester

the darkness. I had a presentiment of It was only discomfort and the cold. The water, driven in by the wind, swirled at my feet. And something dark floated in and lodged on the step below. I reached down and touched it.
It was a dead kitten. I had never
known a dead gat to bring me anything but had luck, and here was one washed in at my very feet.

MR. REYNOLDS came back soon and reported the house quiet and in order.

"But I found Peter shut up in one of the third floor rooms," said. "Did you put him there?"

I had not and said so, but as the dog went everywhere and the door might

blown shut we did not attach

much importance to that at the time. Well, the skiff was gone, and there was no use worrying about it until morning. I went back to the sofa to keep warm, but I left my candle lighted and my door open. I did not sleep. The dead cat was on my mind, and as if it were not bad enough to have it washed in at my feet about 4 in the morning Peter, prowling uneasily, dis-covered it and brought it in and put it on my couch, wet and stiff, poor little

I looked at the clock. It was a quar-ter after 4, and except for the occa-sional crunch of one ice cake hitting another in the yard, everything was quief. And then I heard the stealthy sound of oars in the lower ball.

I am not a brave woman. I lay there, hoping Mr. Reynolds would hear and open his door. But he was sleeping soundly. Peter snarled and ran out into the hall, and the next moment I heard Mr. Ladley speaking. "Down, Peter," he said. "Down. Go and He

I took my candle and went out into the boat, trying to tie it to the stair-case. The rope was short, having been cut, and he was having trouble. Per-haps it was the candle light, but he looked ghost white and haggard.

"I borrowed your boat, Mrs. Pit-man," he said, civilly enough. "Mrs. Ladley was not well, and I-I went to

the drug store."
"You've been more than two hours going to the drug store," I said. He muttered something about not finding any open at first and went into



his room. He closed and locked the door behind him and, although Peter whined and scratched, he did not let him in.

He looked so agitated that I thought I had been barsh and perhaps she was really ill. I knocked at the door and asked if I could do anything. But he only called "No!" curtly through the door and asked me to take that in fernal dog away.

I went back to bed and tried sleep, for the water had dropped an inch or so on the stairs, and I knew the danger was over. Peter came, shiv ering, at dawn and got on to the sofs with me. I put an end of the quilt over him, and he stopped shivering after a

The dog was company. I lay there wide awake, thinking about Mr. Pit man's death, and how I had come by degrees to be keeping a cheap ing house in the flood district and to having to take impudence from every body who chose to rent a room from me and to being called a she devil From that I got to thinking again about the Ladleys and how she had said he was a flend and to doubting about his having gone out for medicine for her. I dozed off again at daylight, and being worn out I slept

(Continued Tomorrow.)

A WOMAN DOCTOR

mays "Eugenics is a necessary facto in the future of the race. The aver age american girl is unfit for mothage American girl is unait for moth-erhood." This may be true but if weak and alling girls passing from girl hood to womanhood, would only rely, as thousands do upon Lydis E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound—that simple remedy made from roots and fer to disappear, so that motherhood might become the joy of their lives.

Advt.

In order to get a return match with Champion Kilbane, Abe Attell says he is willing to meet savaral good boys just to glow that he is still there. herbs, to restore the system to a pormal healthy condition, it would cause many ille from which they suf-

Today, Tomorrow, Wednesday

"THE THREE TWINS"

Musical Comedy Including 20 People.

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Greatest Play, Cast. Charus, Scenery, Production

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MAJESTIC

STRONG ADDRESS TO

TELLS HOW TO GET MOST OUT OF LIFE

Meeting at Y. M. C. A. Yesterday Afternoon Well Attended and Great Interest Displayed.

A strong address to men was delivered by O. S. Dean at the Young
Men's Christian association yesterday
atternoon and a good crowd was in
attendance. Mr. Dean is at present
a member of the faculty of Cullowhee
Training school and was formerly
president of Weaver college at Weaverville. The speaker was given marked attention.

An excellent musical program was

An excellent musical program was rendered. Mrs. Jessie Larson being the soloist, and E. B. Stimson adcompanist, while the Y. M. C. A. orchestra rendered several selections at the beginning of the services. The address of Mr. Dean was in part as follows:

"The men who attend Y. M. C. A. meetings appeal to me as being different from any other class of men with which I deal and to whom I apeak. They are generally men who come face to face with the practical problems of life each day and who have to look them squarely in the face without flinching. Y. M. C. A. audiences are not like the congregations that attend many of the churches how the people at these churches have always appealed to me as having already faced most of life's problems successfully. Neither are nesociation audiences like the pupils I teach in the school room because nearly all of them have yet to face the problems of life. Therefore I am always glad to speak to association men since I can interest them

things of every day life.

"The subject I have chosen today.

"Get the Best You Can Out of the World, and Give the Best You Have to the World," comprises all of the good things of life. If you will take that for a motto in your daily life you can get about all there is to this existence on earth. existence on earth.

"We are so constituted that to get the most out of life it is necessary to mix in with our work a certain amount of pleasure and we should get as much real genuine pleasure and enjoyment out of our work as we

"I do not mean to say that men should indulge in pleasures that are harmful and injurious to their men-tal, physical and spiritual lives. It is a foregone conclusion that men should not do this; therefore, it is not worthy of discussion but men lose much of life because they fail to enjoy many of those innocent pleasures laid before them. "If we are not to enjoy the in-

nocent pleasures of life then why should God splash the purple and solden gunsets on the canvas of heaven, decorate the trees with beautiful blossoms in the spring or bedeck the forests with bronze and

gold in the autumn?
"I grant you that there is certain enjoyment in satisfying the animal cravings of our natures, but men should cultivate the fine art of enjoying pleasures of the right kind is their homes, in their business and on the street. Wherever a man man has been the street. Wherever a man may be he should seek the pleasant in everything with which he comes in con-tact. It is a man's business to be happy and it is also his duty. You should take a delight in everything you undertake. It makes the world brighter and you will be enabled to give more to the world than in any other way. At the same time it will enable you to get more out of life than in any other way."

Willie Ritchie has informed the Milwaukee promoters that he would welcome another prortunity to meet Ac Wolgast in their city.

Promoter Dick Burge of England offers a \$25,000 purse for a Gun-boat Smith-Georges Carpentier bout to take place in London next July.

Tomorrow

FIRST EPISODE A WONDERFUL MYSTERY TALE

Produced by Pathe Players.

Miss Pearl White, Grane Wilbur and Paul Panzer

PRINCESS THEATRE

Worth, In Dollars and Cents?

A gas range will save you at least three hours kitchen work daily because you have no fires to build, no coal or ashes to contend with, no kindling to handle and you save all the time usually spent in waiting for the fire to catch-up and burn freely.

If you do three hours less work daily for 3

days it amounts to 1095 hours in the course of a year, or on a wage scale of 25 cents per hour, a total

\$273.75 WORTH OF YOUR TIME SAVED

Now, a gas range will not only lighten your culinary duties but the actual saying in fuel bills is well worth consideration in every home where household economy is appreciated.

If you cut your fuel bill down only 50 cents per

week for 52 weeks you save in the course of a year the sum of \$26.00 which is more than the actual cost of having a gas range installed in your home. This it over then phone 69. Have our representative call. Let us explain our divided payment plan, that makes owning a gas range easy.

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