## THE WALLACE ENTERPRISE, WALLACE, NORTH CAROLINA

THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1936



CHAPTER XIV-Continued -12-

"Well, she can't get away," said at a mastiff. The blow caught Har-Donahey comfortably, shifting his riden unprepared, and he reeled, a and see if there's anything missin"."

Harriden's grip fell reluctantly from my arm.

He then walked with slow step to the closet and looked within to see if the jewel box was safe. I saw him bring it out, try the clasp. It was still locked. There are no words for the agony I felt. The sick mortification. Caught in my

own folly. Then he came back and looked into the open dressing case and a sudden thought seemed to strike him. I saw his fingers move over the lining of the case as I had seen them move before. Then his face turned a dark, hideous red. He whirled about and stood over me, thrusting that swarthy, lower-

ing face into my own. "So that's it, is it?" he said. His

back-do you hear?" "Is the key gone?" Donahey was asking, still thinking of the jewel

case. "Lost anything?" "Papers," Harriden ground out. She took them . . . Inspector,

she's got a lot of papers on her. Search her, I tell you. Get them den's blood . . . It has been washed back at once."

with sincere thanksgiving that I ing on it, by being thrown back hadn't. "Search me, if you like," upon it." and I made a wide gesture with them putting it out.

Then the meaning of it all came to me. The letters had been hidden there, as I surmised-now they guishable. "If you know-thatwere gone. The door had been ajar -he said he had shut it, and I had

Theard it slam as he and Mitchell the letters.

for the sake of her own desire to at her again. Perhaps you struck be with him.

suspected . . . Why hadn't he the screen, knocking it over, and rushed up to me and told me he her head crashed on that andiron." was safe? But there had not been time; he had been pressed to dis-looking at him. I was pose of them, of course. And then iron, watching what I saw there.

Mitchell struck him in the face. He leaped at him like a bull terrier

cigar. "Better take a look round hand at his chin, then, with a choking sound he lunged at his assailant.

With official agility Donahey's big body intervened; Keller and young Watkins sprang to hold Dan. "Not here, Dan, not here-

Keller's reminder had its weight. Harriden gave a queer look toward the bed, to that still, sheeted figure of his wife, and his arms fell. He drew a deep, convulsive breath. He addressed Donahey. "Who-

ever this girl is, she took those papers. She is a thief and a blackmailer. If they aren't on her she has destroyed them. They were here when I left this room." Involuntarily our heads turned to

that fireplace but no flames danced there.

The sight of the andirons exploded something in my brain. It was as though some flash of lightning, voice was terrible. "You give them the flash I had been waiting for, subconsciously, flung into indelible

brilliance the way before by straining vision. I spoke out, throwing all caution to the winds. "You'll find blood on one of those andirons, Mr. Inspector. On the

away, but it is still in the deep "I haven't any papers," I said, places . . . She was killed by fall-

In the stillness that descended on one arm. I let the cat go and heard the room there was literally no sound.

Then a voice came, Harriden's voice, hoarsened, hardly distinyou did it-you-"

"No, you," I said. "When you struck at her the second time. had walked off. Some one had come | When you followed her away from in-Deck had come in and taken the window. It was you who struck at her at the window," I went on. That was the explanation, I real- "You had come up early, though you ized belatedly, of Deck's scene denied this. Nobody remembered downstairs with Letty Van Alstyn clearly enough to contradict you. clearly enough to contradict you. -he had been urging her to get You came to her room, you quar-Harriden downstairs, knowing she reled and then struck out at her. would be only too glad to do it She fled backwards and you struck

her down, perhaps she fell trying And I had never guessed, never to escape you, but she fell across d blundered into the room and "She came down with all her weight. You rushed to draw the In that moment I saw him, ap- | curtains. You lifted her up, carpearing suddenly at the crowded ried her into the closet. Perhaps doorway, staring surprisedly at me you thought she was already dead. s over the crowd. I was afraid he She died very soon, her blood on speak. Nor could the dead under would blurt out something incrim- that closet door . . . You wiped off the sheet. inating himself in order to clear the andiron with your handkerchief. Mitchell's voice came suddenly. me. I didn't want him telling Har- you wet the handkerchief and "Not so fast, Harriden . . . Donariden to go to the devil, that he washed over the andiron but more hey, you've heard this story. I had taken him own letters and blood than you knew had run into can supply a few details. That handkerchief was dried on the radi-

the princess to go up-you talked distance away with a stupefied air. of a row between you, of her over-I murmured, "I thought thatwrought state of mind, of her hysthat if Anson had been killed there erical threats. You created the impression of a neurotic, irresponsible woman, ready for any rashness . . . You didn't want that closet opened. When Mrs. Keller had the housekeeper unlock it, you there was nothing there. Then they found the blood. You realized you had to make it look like robbery." My voice grew slower, raggeder. "I don't know when you picked up the diamonds-perhaps at the beginning when you meant to make it seem the work of an outside thief. After you decided upon suicide you didn't speak of their disappearance. But when you saw it had to seem robbery, then you thought of them again." It seemed to me that I had been

talking forever in that world of shadows. Not a word now out of Harriden. Not a sign from him

except that immobile attention. "I don't know now why you pinned that chain in my dress that night," I said, and my voice shook over that. "You were furious at me because I had told of the scene

at the window . . . but you were ating Alan Deck even more" "Perhaps you saved out the big pendant intentionally from the first for him," I said. "A man might have hidden a single stone . . Your chance came when you found his case lying about. You stuffed the diamond under the cigarettes,

but you couldn't get it back to him at once. You couldn't leave it out for him to find till all the outsiders were gone. Then you saw that he found it." I stopped suddenly, utterly spent.

I was trembling from head to foot; my blood felt like ice in my veins. "Are we crazy-to listen to this

pack of lies?" Harriden demanded. His brusque tone seemed to sweep

left hand one. It is Mrs. Harri-

"Are We Crazy-to Listen to This Pack of Lies?"

away my words like a house of cards. arrested."

at that time, then the pink towels would still be there. But they were not, and the maid who had taken over the room, on Anson's disappearance, said she had found none. So I knew that Anson had taken were quick to enter. You said her towels and gone." I raised my eyes again to Harriden. "I knew the pink towels were for these rooms. So I asked the maid to look in here-you were downstairs then -and she did. She said the fresh towels were distributed in both bathrooms but that Anson hadn't taken away the soiled ones. I thought that Anson might have been so nervous in these rooms that she had hurried away forgetfully, and gone, for some reason, again into the prince's room, where she met her death . . . But that

wasn't so. "Anson never left the room alive. She began to talk to you about something she had to tell at the inquest. There was something on her mind, a handkerchief she had seen drying on a radiator. The corner was not torn off-you didn't tear that off till you came to pin the diamonds in it. She didn't want to. She told me that any one might have washed out a handkerchief.

She tried to explain it to you." Harriden's dark eyes were blazing like sheet lightning upon me. "She told you about it. She may have said, too, that she couldn't swear that Mrs. Harriden was on her bed when she had looked in at eight. She was a very simple-minded girl, anxious to be truthful. You

lost your head-you may have tried

to bribe her as you did me upstairs -you gave your alarm away. And then you jumped for her. You choked the life out of her. You looked up and down the hall. It was empty. You had only a step or two to take to Rancini's door. You saw his room was empty. It

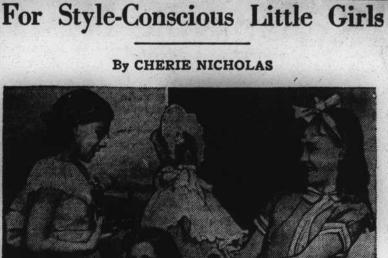
was a desperate chance but you had to take it. You got her in the room, you thrust her in the closet. You wiped your prints off the door. You went back to your room, and no one saw you coming out, that-you -knew-"

My voice trailed out the words automatically. It was the look in Keller's eyes that prompted them, that uneasy, worrying, disquietude. Tom Keller knew something. Perhaps he had seen Harriden leaving the room. Perhaps he had seen him in the hall. I knew it with the strange

wrought-up divination that possessed me; I knew it so surely that would have cried it aloud but Mitchell intervened.

"You remembered to wipe the door knob, Dan, but you forgot Deck's taste in cigarettes. Luckies. When you found his case there weren't but two cigarettes in it, not enough to hold a stone in place, so you crammed it full of your own, making sure to keep the diamond at the bottom. That's where you slipped-nobody here smokes Macedonias but you. The case was full of Macedonias."

"And you call that evidence?" Harriden sneered. The man was gathering his power again, full of defiant challenge. "You've turned "Donahey-I want this girl against your friends, have you, for



motifs on the new printed linens are a special lure to children. Then there are the exquisitely sheer printed handkerchief linens and the fine dimities which are adorable for dress-up wear. Lace-trimmed organdie or geor-

gette is a favorite theme this season with the designers of littlegirl party dresses. Georgette made over taffeta is shown quite a little. A significant trend is the use of pastel colors which seem to have almost gained precedence over all white.

In the matter of styling, the princess silhouette is a great favorite while most sleeves are just short puffs. Note the dress worn by the little girl with the gorgeous doll in the picture. Her smart school and

playtime dress is of firm linen cut on the new princess lines. Gay striped printed linen is used as a bordering. The style distinction of this charming dress will make instant appeal to both mother and lite. tle daughter.

The other two children are looking their prettiest in dainty party trocks or perhaps they took part in "last day of school" exercises. At any rate their little pleated sheer frocks are lovely and will be a joy the whole summer through. The wee maiden to the left is wearing an accordion pleated voile as withstand the vigorous test of the charming in pastel colors as it is in wear and tear of the thousand and white. A wide sash about her waist one antics which little folks enjoy ties at the hack in a huge h



**Cause Enough** 

Neighbor-I wonder why your new baby brother cries so mu Bobby-Oh, I guess you'd cry too if all your teeth were out and your hair all off and your legs so weak you couldn't stand on them.

## Self-Protection

"You mean to say Crimson Gulch has an anti-gambling law?'

"Yes," replied Three-Finger am. "We had to have some Sam. way of breaking up the game when a tenderfoot comes along and gets to winning all the money.

TURRET TOP



Horse Fly (on top of auto): 'Gee whiz, this is the toughest equine I ever tackled.

## The Last Word

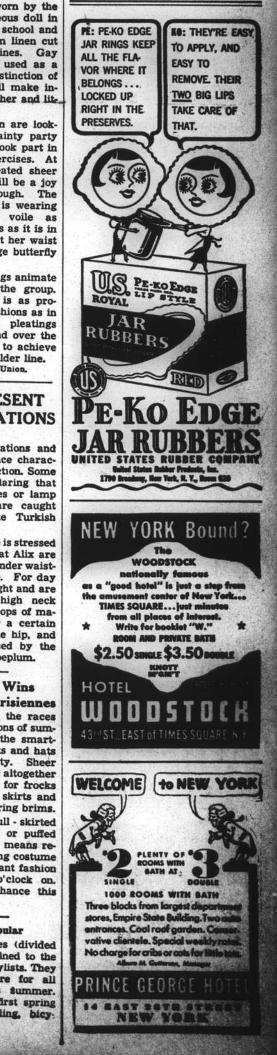
Mother and father were having a few words when father said: "I don't believe in parading my virtues.'

"No?" answered mother. don't think you could, dear. takes a number, you know, to make a parade."

Answered at Last "How far is up?" "As far as down is from the middle."

**Bounded** Out

Teacher-What are the bounds of Australia? Mary-The kangaroo!



pretty party frocks that make every little girl look like a fairy princess of story book lore. For practical daytime and playtime frocks the call is outstanding

girls.

for cotton reps, gabardines, chambrays, crinkled seersuckers (no ironing required is their big appeal), ginghams, novelty cottons soft and spongy, piques and most important, new lines both plain and printed. Now that a sturdy noncrush type of linen is obtainable mothers are jubilant, for in it they have discovered the fabric ideal to

wardrobe resolves itself into many chapters dealing with all phases of fashion. Beginning with simple, novel and amusing beach, swim and playtime togs and cunning sun suits.

T IS with ever increasing enthu-

I siasm that designers are yielding

to the urge of catering to the needs

and fancies of style-conscious little

The story of the modern child's

reaching a grand and glorious cli-

max in a way of entrancing pretty-

the plot carries on through thrilling adventures in the realm of smart school and dressy daytime clothes

tried to save him.

destroyed them-the scandal would the deep grooves of its decorations. be ineffaceable.

I spoke out quickly, "I came in and left it drying on the radiator." the room after the cat, Mr. Harr!den. I knew you did not want it to run in. And I was just going out been confused and strange was sudwhen you came and found me-I was just passing the table where this case happened to be."

"You were looking through that case! The cover was open, you little crook-you'd got those letters out. . . I tell you, Inspector, I want her searched."

through my arm and Monty Mitch- told her not to disturb Mrs. Harell was by my side. He was no riden." \* taller than I, but he seemed a very tower of strength. I felt courage flowing into me through that friendly touch.

"You've gone crazy again, Dan." he said curtly. "You've been having too many drinks with Letty. You heard Miss Seton say she came in after the cat. She is not interested in your letters."

"You mind your business," Harriden retorted. "What's Miss Seton to you?"

"As it happens, we are engaged," said Monty Mitchell. "That's what she is to me."

An electric shock seemed to run through that room, but no one there was more completely astonished than I was myself. Involuntarily I looked about at him, and he gave me back a funny twinkle, his fingers squeezing my arm. I thought what a comfort it would be to put my head down on his shoulder and sob out all my rage and disgust, but pride held my head high.

"That isn't true." I heard myself saying. "I don't need to take advantage of Mr. Mitchell's protection-of his wish to establish a position for me. I have one of my . I have taken nothing of own Mr. Harriden's."

"You're a liar !" said Harriden violently. "Dama yoa! I don't care whether you're Mitchell's fancy girl or not

Then you washed the handkerchief ator in Mr. Harriden's own bathroom." I spoke as if I were seeing it. I Harriden's voice rumbled out, was seeing it; everything that had "That's another lie! You were listening to that fool Anson." denly crystallized and sure. The name fell like a bolt upon

"You were aghast, but you conme. I had literally forgotten Ancentrated on your danger," I said. son in my absorption in this first You locked the closet and went tragedy. Now his words, and their implication, was a shock galvanizin your room and dressed for dinner. Then you came back and rang ing me to life again.

for the maid. You stood at the "No lie." Mitchell came back and door watching for her; you had his voice was clear-cut, authorita-At that moment a hand slid darkened the room behind you. You tive-his courtroom voice. "The rust spots on that handkerchief correspond exactly to the places

"But she saw my wife on the where the paint has been flecked bed. You've got her testimony to off that particular radiator-and that !" Harriden's voice had loudon no other in the house. That eviened; belligerence rang out of it. dence is conclusive."

"People see what they expect to Mitchell stepped forward, consee," I said. "The room was darkfronting Harriden. ened; you let her have a glance "The first death was accidental. through the open door, then you Dan. Pity you tried to camouflage closed it and went down to dinner." it-to incriminate others . . . Anson No one spoke then. No one was murder." moved. "Anson?" he growled. "I never

saw Anson."

"Oh, yes you did," I flung out.

"When she brought the fresh towels

that part of the morning. That

hour when Anson had been killed."

he had heard no noise in Rancini's

have cared." And I held fast to my

"But you kept worrying about that body in the closet. Perhaps you hadn't taken the diamonds then -perhaps you had, but you realized to your bathroom . . . You were

you hadn't made it look enough like in your room or in this one all a robbery, like an assault from outside. You began seeing the situation. You thought of opening the window. So you went upstairs, halfway through dinner, and when you room. "And if I had, I wouldn't were opening the window, you realized you could make it look like little thread of a clue-my clue suicide. So you took your wife out that I thought had gone astray, that of the closet and thrust her out, had puzzled me so. down into the shrubbery. Perhaps I rushed on. "When I saw her in you had seen the blood on the the hall that morning she had her floor-"

I stopped. I had a queer feeling that I was wrong. I said, "I two. She carried them all into think you hadn't seen it-but you Rancini's room, and when she came thought it wise to lock that closet out she had forgotten the pink ones till you could look it over, later. You locked it and came down again for them. I saw her go in . to dinner."

Afterwards I went to look for those "You were thinking you could towels. I thought-" make it seem either accident or Apologetically my glance sought sulcide and after dinner you asked the prince. He was standing a short | Europe and North America.

I felt a terrible despair. No one

"For the sake of a girl you tried would believe. I had no shred of to blacken and a man you tried to proof. Nothing but that andiron hang your own guilt on," Mitchell -and the blood on it could not flashed back, his eyes as full of war as Harriden's.

"Evidence-you bet I'll make it stick as evidence. You waited till they were all around Deck, you prompted Letty to ask Clancy for his case, and Deck handed it over. Do you think a jury will believe a man would do that if he had a dia-

mond hidden in it-a stone that would cost his neck . . . He'd have taken out some cigarettes and passed them back. But Deck just handed it over. Just like that. And Clancy gave it to Letty, and you whispered her to feel it, to tell Clancy to feel it."

He swung away from Harriden. He spoke sharply to a white face. "Why didn't you ask Dan for a smoke? You like his brand-you were smoking them tonight. You'll have to testify he prompted you." "Oh, Dan, Dan, it isn't so!" Letty Van Alstyn's voice, overwrought, breaking with hysterical strain, sobbed out at him. "You didn't ask me to say anything."

"You shut up!" said Harriden harshly. "Shut up and keep shut up, d'you hear? Let them talk their heads off. That's all there is to ittalk."

"No one will believe it. Dan." she cried half crying. "No one will blame you for anything. We'll all forget it-you'll forget it. Nora wasn't worth it."

"Wasn't worth it?" He gave a dreadful glare at her, then strode to the bed and with a single gesture he tore the sheet away. Nora Har-I remembered his testimony. That riden's still face lay before us. We saw the loveliness of her profile, like chiseled marble, the rigid, tinted lips, the long, dark lashes, motionless on her cold cheeks.

There is hardly a country in South America that knows its own frontiers, says Answers Magazine, In Asia matters are not much better, for the frontier of China and Russia are always shifting, while -she told me she had to go back between India and Afghanistan there is a wide stretch of No Man's Land. The only continents where frontiers are definitely marked are in a day's sport.

Perhaps the most exciting news is gay printed linens in bold patterns and colorings. Peasant designs in a blaze of daring colors abound and these rustic prints are especially good-looking when made up into separate little coats with hats to match. Florals in effective spacing, cunning animal, vegetable and fruit

> **IT'S EMBROIDERED** By CHERIE NICHOLAS



bow.

Tiers of narrow pleatings animate the frock centered in the group. The vogue tor pleating is as pronounced in children's fashions as in grown-up- styles. The pleatings about the neckline extend over the short puff sleeves so as to achieve the new-vogue wide shoulder line. C Western Newspaper Union.

DESIGNERS PRESENT

SKIRT INNOVATIONS

Unusual color combinations and a strong Oriental influence characterize the new Alix collection. Some skirts are so full and flaring that they resemble parachutes or lamp shades, while others, are caught under at the hem like Turkish trousers.

The feminine silhouette is stressed at all times and clothes at Alix are fashioned to display a slender waistline and curving hip line. For day wear, bodices are skin tight and are usually made with a high neck trimmed with bows or loops of material. All clothes show a certain amount of fullness at the hip, and this is frequently stressed by the use of a full and flaring peplum.

# **Glamorous Apparel Wins**

**Approval of Parisiennes** For the polo matches, the races and late afternoon occasions of summer in Paris, it is now the smartest fashion to wear frocks and hats of the glamorous variety. Sheer fabrics like organdie are altogether enchanting and feminine for frocks with wide and sweeping skirts and hats with wide and flattering brims. These decorative full - skirted frocks, with little capes or puffed sleeves, have not by any means replaced the tailored evening costume with a jacket, an important fashion for parties from five o'clock on. Daylight dining will enhance this

## Culottes More Popular

tailored idea.

The fashion for culottes (divided skirts) is no longer confined to the active sports field, say stylists. They will be seen everywhere for all daytime occasions this summer. Last season saw them first spring into popularity for sailing, bicy: cling and beach wear.

The latest call of the mode is for frocks of monotone silk crepe with complementary jackets made of the identical silk crepe of the dress, the same handsomely allover embroidered in bright contrasting colors. In the instance of the model pictured the sport dress is of pink silk crepe with a short-sleeved box jacket of the same crepe embroidered with green and blue wool. Blue buttons

are on the dress.

'blond" period.

and white accessories.

Short-Term Wigs

fashionable women in London, who

use them to cover hair while it is

regaining its natural color after a

**Black Is Smart** 

Much black is shown for summer

wear with tailored white jackets

Wigs are proving popular among

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Frontiers Always Shifting arms full of towels. Lavender for the prince's room, pink for these